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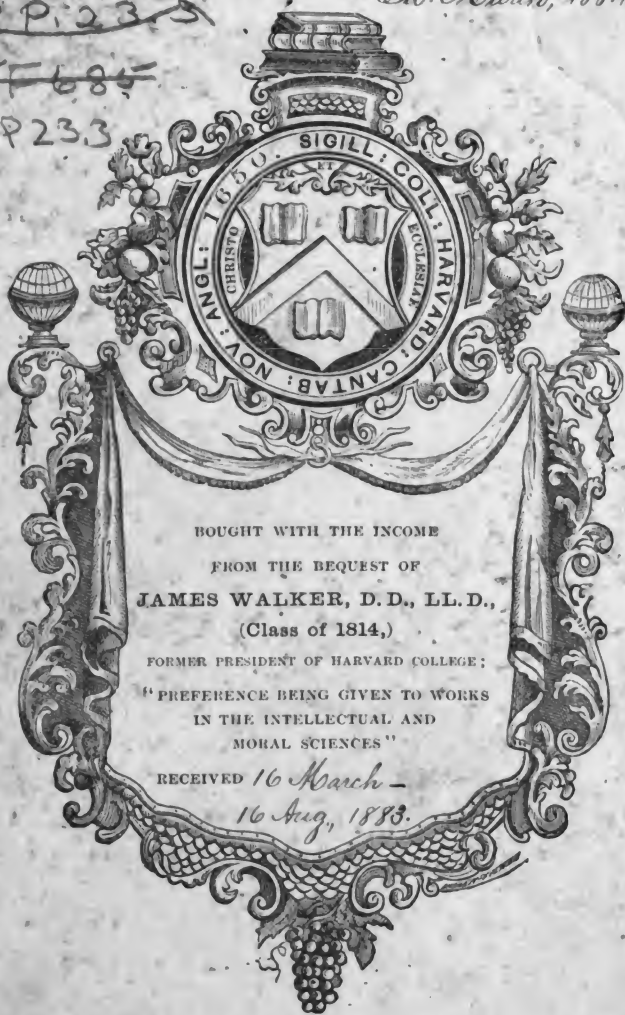
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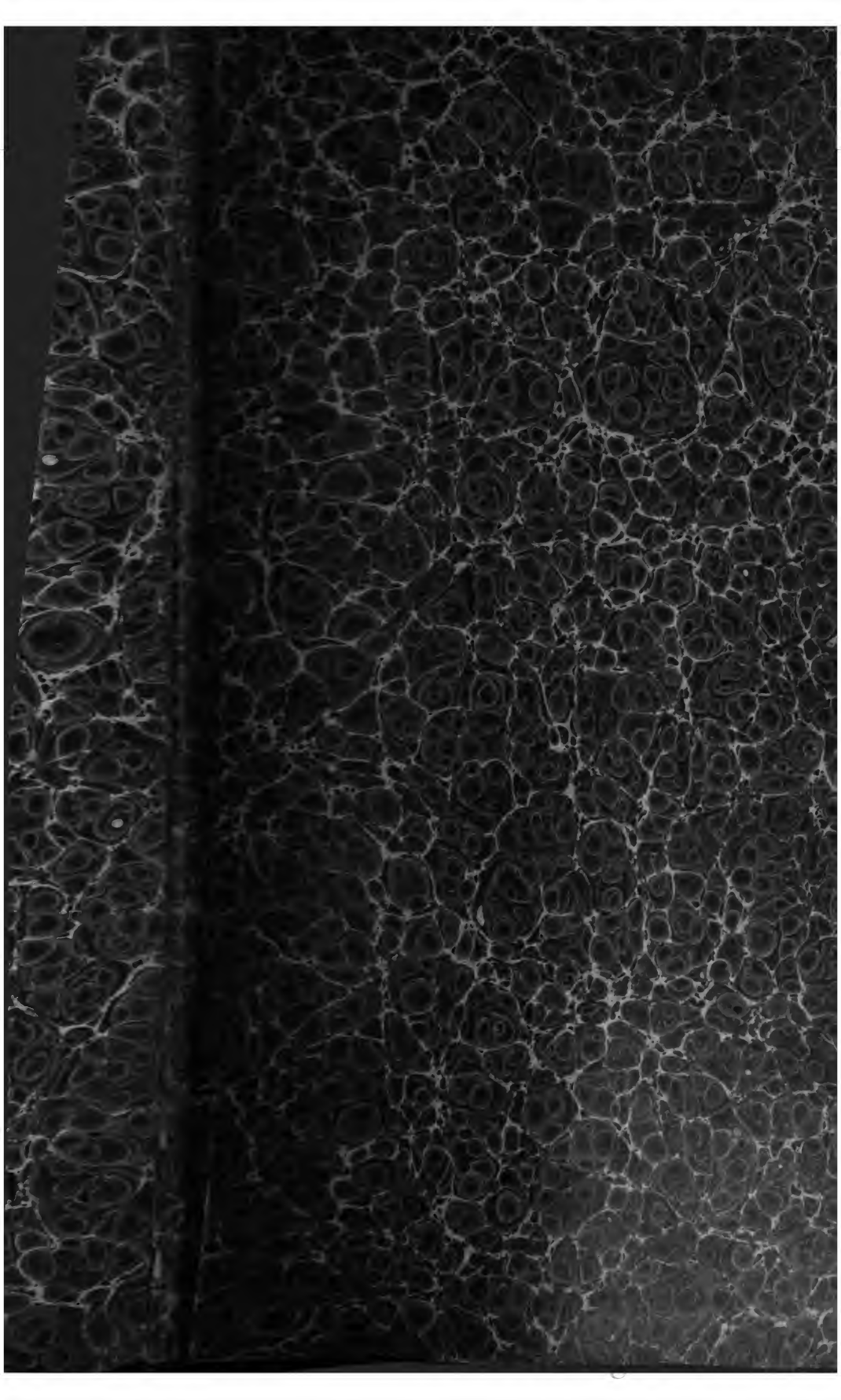
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THE ESCHATOLOGY OF ORIGEN.

PART III.

THE discussion of Origen's orthodoxy in respect to eternal punishment, in our opinion, resolves itself into an investigation of only one serious and decisive question. This is, namely, whether he held and taught any final, determined, and unchangeable state at all for created rational beings, in which they have attained their end. We do not see any plausible reason whatever for ascribing to him the opinion that an apocatastasis, or restitution of all things, will take place at a future epoch, which will bring all angels and men who have sinned to a state of perfect and unchangeable beatitude in God. The error which on a superficial view appears to be involved in his theory is something very different from this. It is, that on account of a natural equality, and potentiality of self-movement in every direction with every degree of energy, which is perfectly free and perpetually changeable, in all created rational beings, the universe must eternally be subject to an endless series of fluctuations. We must acknowledge that such was the idea which seemed to our own mind to be contained in the *Periarchon* before we had examined the work of Prof. Vincenzi. This view is expressed in the article on the "Future Destiny of Man" referred to in a note to Part II. of this present article. There is the same reason for ascribing to Origen a denial of the

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eternal beatitude of the just as for ascribing to him a denial of the eternal misery of the unjust. And there is the same reason for giving him the credit of orthodoxy in respect to eternal punishment as for admitting that he held the Catholic faith concerning everlasting beatitude. •

The principal treatise by Origen which must be considered is the *Periarchon*. This is a sort of summary or manual of the course of systematic lectures and instructions given by Origen as the head of the Catechetical School of Alexandria. The Greek title is *Περὶ Ἀρχῶν*, the title of the Latin translation is *De Principiis*—that is, *A Treatise on Principles*. Origen's predecessor, Clement, announced his intention of producing a work *On Principles* against the Marcionites and other heretics who laid down certain false principles of knowledge and belief. There is no evidence that he fulfilled his promise, but it is thought to be probable that he committed, instead, the task to his disciple and successor. The First Principle which Origen sets forth is the Eternal Word of God, after which come the prophets, apostles, the teaching church, and reason illuminated by the Holy Spirit. The scope and design of his treatise, as explained by himself, is to set forth the revealed truth held and taught in the church, for the instruction of the faithful and the confutation of heretics. In regard to those matters in respect to which the tradition and teaching of the church are not clear, Origen professes to follow probable reasoning, with a modest submission to the judgment of wiser men and to a clearer manifestation of the truth which may be made in a subsequent time. His treatise is divided into four books, treating respectively of God, the World, Free-Will, and the Holy Scriptures.

It is plain that Origen, brought up in Alexandria, the second in rank of the apostolic and patriarchal sees, with the light of a pure and apostolic tradition in one of its chief centres, with a wonderful genius, with a most thorough instruction received in the Academy founded by St. Mark, with the advantage of foreign travel and of personal visits to Rome, with the privilege of extensive acquaintance among his wisest and holiest contemporaries, with the vast erudition acquired by a long lifetime of study, had the best possible opportunities for learning most thoroughly and accurately what was the true and genuine Christian doctrine. At the time when he composed the *Periarchon*, although this was at an early period of his life, he already enjoyed a number of the advantages just enumerated in a sufficient degree to secure to him immunity from all errors, except such

as the greatest of the early Fathers were liable to fall into from the circumstances of their time, the like of which must be condoned to Origen, as well as to canonized Saints and Doctors. His honesty, diligence, purity of intention, and eminent sanctity of life cannot be reasonably assailed or doubted. Whence was it, then, that his writings, and notably the *Periarchon*, were so frequently and severely incriminated? Let this question be answered by Vincenzi:

"How was it, some one will ask me, that these things happened in respect to Origen and his works? I reply that where good seed was sown in the field by the husbandman, tares were afterwards mixed up with that seed by another. An enemy did this; and he used such cunning that the reapers, not knowing how to separate the tares from the wheat, and to detect the enemy who had oversown them, cast all together into the fire to be burned up. And rejecting the labor of the husbandman, his acuteness, ingenuity, and fidelity in cultivating the Lord's field, as an evil work, they assigned to him a portion with reprobates outside of the vineyard of the Lord; not even condoning to him such things as they have condoned to other writers, who, undertaking to make exposition of certain doctrines at a time when they had not yet been explored and defined by the supreme authority of the church, appear to have said what is not entirely correct.

"But if you wish to learn what kind of tares have been oversown upon the wheat, you may know that these are all the false interpretations, corruptions, falsifications, interpolations, invented by envy and malice, and from hatred to the catholic dogma and its defender, Origen. And the framers of these falsifications acted with such treachery and zeal that they so mixed together one *Periarchon* an impious work of Gnostics, among whom the Marcionites were chief, and another the work of the orthodox Origen—two volumes which had been before distinct and separate works from different authors, with different scope and doctrine—that there appeared to be in this composition but one work of one author" (vol. ii. *Pref.* p. xxv.)

It is with this depravation of Origen's doctrine in prior possession of their minds, and under the influence of a supposed condemnation of his person and writings by the Fifth Council, as well as of a violent presumption against him created by St. Jerome, Petavius, and others, that most scholars have been in the habit of perusing the genuine text of his writings. Reading obscure passages in it under such an unfavorable light, and seeing them through a hazy medium, one can scarcely fail to interpret them in a heterodox sense. Justice and fairness require that we should put away all this, and lean toward any interpretation which is probable, by which such passages can be harmonized with other parts of Origen's writings which are

clear in sense and clearly orthodox, and with the general tenor and scope of his teaching.

Now, there are more than sixty passages in Origen's writings in which he unequivocally teaches the doctrine of eternal punishment as a Catholic dogma. One or two will suffice as a sample.

In the preface to the *Periarchon* Origen most distinctly affirms the necessity of an accurate measure and rule of doctrine—*certam lineam manifestamque regulam ponere*—to determine controversies about the genuine Christian dogma. Traditional teaching received from the apostles and permanent in the church, is the rule which he lays down: *Illa sola credenda est veritas quæ in nullo ab ecclesiastica et apostolica discordat traditione*. Going on then to note a distinction between those things which the apostles taught in a definite and manifest form, and those which they taught in a more general way, leaving them to be more thoroughly investigated by those who should come after, he proceeds to specify the principal dogmas which are clearly manifest. *Species vero eorum quæ per prædicationem apostolicam manifeste traduntur, istæ sunt*. He enumerates the doctrine of One God the Creator and Author of Revelation, of Jesus Christ, God and Man, who was incarnated, crucified, and rose again, and of the Holy Spirit, united with the Father and the Son. Then he subjoins:

"After these things, that the soul having its own proper substance and life, when it has departed from this world, shall be disposed of according to its merits, either to possess the inheritance of eternal life and beatitude, if its deeds have gained this for it; or to be *bound over to eternal fire and punishments*, if the guilt of its crimes has drawn it aside to this doom."

The eternal, irreparable lapse and doom of Satan is affirmed in the following passage of the sixth book against Celsus:

"But, more accurately speaking, the adversary is that one who first of beings living happily and enjoying peace, losing his wings, fell from felicity; the one who, as Ezechiel says (c. xxviii.), *walked blameless in all his ways until iniquity was found in him*; and who when he was *in the paradise of God, sealed and crowned with the likeness of His beauty*, and as it were saturated with good things, lost all. In a mystical sense it was said to him: *You are made a ruin, and you shall not be for ever, εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα*."

A parallel passage from the Commentary on the Epistle to Titus explains more fully the sense intended by Origen in the foregoing:

"This is what we must think regarding the devil himself, who is de-

scribed as having offered resistance before the face of God, and as having deserted his own state, in which he had been as one having no stain; who, indeed, *would have been* able, if he had so willed, to persevere even to the end in the same state in which he was from the beginning."

This implies that the devil, having been at his creation constituted in grace with the power of free choice, and in a state of probation, lost by sinning all power of attaining successfully the end of his probation, and consequently could not have the opportunity and means of regaining and being restored to the condition from which he had fallen.

In the same Dialogue with Celsus, Origen proceeds to argue from the dogma of eternal rewards and punishments, as a premise admitted by both parties, with a view of refuting objections against the resurrection :

"How [says Celsus] can one help regarding these notions of yours as absurd, aspiring to possess a body, and hoping for its resurrection from the dead, as if nothing belonging to us were more excellent and precious, and yet exposing the same to all kinds of tortures as if it were a worthless thing? . . . I direct my argument to those who hope that the soul or mind . . . will enjoy eternal life with God. These are justly persuaded that such as have lived rightly will be endowed with felicity, but that the unjust will be tormented with wholly eternal miseries—*πάντα αἰωνίως κακοῖς*. From this dogma neither they nor any one else ought to depart."

In the course of his rejoinder Origen says :

"When we fall in with some whom the calumnies spread abroad against Christians have seized upon in such a way that, believing Christians to be entirely devoid of piety, they will not give ear to those who promise to teach them the mysteries of the divine Word ; then, as common humanity demands, we labor earnestly that *the doctrine concerning the eternal punishment awaiting the impious may be confirmed*, so that it may even be received by those who will not become Christians. So, also, we endeavor to persuade them that those who live well will be endowed with eternal felicity, seeing that many things pertaining to the right ordering of life, which are altogether similar to our doctrines, have been said by the enemies of the faith."

On *Ezekiel vii. 26* : *Trouble shall come upon trouble, and rumor upon rumor*, or, message upon message :

"The first trouble is in this life, because it is evil and impious and has no visitation of God; the other trouble is on account of torments to come after this life. But *there shall be message upon message*, perhaps because after the prophets who have threatened many things concerning the eternal punishment—*τῆς αἰωνίου κολάσεως*—the preaching of the Gospel should come after, clearly explaining the truth concerning Gehenna and other endless torments."

That Origen always means to express the idea of eternity *a parte post*, or duration without end, in its strict and literal sense, when he speaks of the opposite states of souls after the judgment under the predicate of eternity, is manifest from his own clear explanation of the Scriptural usage of terms of this kind:

"Now, concerning eternal life, although we have also in other places often said the same thing, yet we must now briefly remark that in the Scriptures eternity is sometimes taken for a duration which has no end in the present age, though it has in a future one. Sometimes the space of a certain time, or even of the life of one man, is called eternity; for instance, in the law concerning the Hebrew servant, *he shall be a servant to you for eternity*. Doubtless here eternity means the whole time of a man's life. Again in Ecclesiastes it is said: *One generation goeth and another generation cometh; but the earth standeth for eternity*: here eternity denotes the time of this present world. But where (the apostle) speaks of *eternal life* we must look to that which the Saviour himself said: *This is life eternal, that they may know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent*; and again: *I am the way, and the truth, and the life*. And the apostle himself says in another place *that we shall be rapt in the clouds to meet Christ in the air, and so we shall be always with the Lord*. Therefore as the being always with the Lord has no end, so also it must be believed that eternal life has no end.

"*For the wages of sin is death: but the grace of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord*. This which he has just said, *the wages of sin is death*, is similar to that which he had said before, *but the end of these is death*. Of whom, then? Of those, doubtless, *for whom you are now ashamed*, whose fruits he disdains even to mention. And, again, *the grace of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord* is similar to that which he said: *You have your fruit unto sanctification, but the end eternal life*. He well preserves the metaphor—to wit, the figure of military service which he adopted from the beginning—in saying that death as the wages due is paid to those who fight under sin as a king, yea rather as a tyrant, over those who obey him. It was not worthy of God, however, to speak of his giving wages to his soldiers as a debt, but as a gift and a grace, which is *eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord*. Nor do I think it is without a purpose that to the words *eternal life* he added *in Christ Jesus our Lord*, but perhaps because he wished it to be known that eternal life by itself is one thing, and eternal life in Christ Jesus another thing. For they also who will arise to confusion and everlasting opprobrium will really have eternal life, yet not in Christ Jesus, but in confusion and eternal opprobrium; the just, on the other hand, who will rise to eternal life, will have eternal life in Christ Jesus" (in *Epist. ad Rom.*, lib. vi. 5, 6).

It is plain enough from this passage, which is in conformity with what Origen everywhere teaches, that he recognized two final, immutable, and perpetual states, one of eternal fruition of the supreme good gained by grace and merit, the other of eternal loss incurred by demerit. The orthodox interpretation of

his doctrine does not rest on the mere usage of certain terms which may vary in meaning in different connections. The real sense of these terms is shown by the logical connection of ideas in his philosophy and theology, by a view of his scope and method, and a comparison of the different parts of his system with each other which makes them harmonious and reveals their consecutive order and interdependence.

The principal terms used in Scripture to denote that infernal world which is inhabited by those who are not in the heavens where Christ reigns with the angels and the saints, are: *Scheol*, *Hades*, Latin *Infernus*, all which are represented in English by the term *Hell*, *Gehenna* or the *Gehenna of Fire*; and *The Outer Darkness*. Not only the terms *Hades* and *Infernus* are found in the original text and the version of Origen used in two senses, one generic for the habitation of various classes of departed souls of men, and the other specific for the place of punishment of the damned, but the same is true of the terms *Gehenna* and *Outer Darkness*. The real sense of these and other terms belonging to Eschatology and its cognate topics, in any passage of Origen, must be determined by its scope and context, and nothing can be inferred against any Catholic dogma from those sentences in his writings where only an improper interchange between genus and species alters their sense and makes it heterodox.

The Eschatology of Origen is a doctrine in which the Resurrection and Last Judgment are presented as the final term of a long age or series of ages which had a beginning, and which are followed by an eternal and unchangeable state. In the ages before this Final Term all probations, passive purgations, conflicts, redemptions, inchoate and progressive formations and movements, in the universe, are accomplished. In the eternal, endless age after the Final Term, the accomplished finalities of the work of God, and of the good and evil works wrought by the free-will of rational creatures, subsist for ever in the order established and governed by the unresisted, irresistible will and sovereignty of Almighty God. So far as angels are concerned, their probation was over before the probation of mankind began, and the eternal destiny of the holy angels and of the fallen angels was irrevocably determined. So far as man is concerned, his existence is divided into three portions, the time from the beginning of the existence of the soul as the form of his body until death, the time of the separate existence of the soul between death and the resurrection, and the endless duration of his im-

mortal life after the resurrection. The first of these stages is the only period of probation, grace, and merit. During the second stage the soul is passive, and recipient of that action of God upon it which is requisite in order that it may be perfected by the resurrection; having no self-active power to modify its own state or final destiny by any exercise of its free-will. Everything which Origen affirms in respect to the redemption, the purgation, the regeneration and restitution, of man and of the inferior beings related to him, must be referred to this period. And also, in regard to other rational creatures, all that is said concerning the way in which they too are made subject to the reign of Christ and assigned to their due place in the kingdom of God must be referred to the age or ages anterior to the day of the Last Judgment.

The explanation which has been previously made of the doctrine of St. Gregory of Nyssa, respecting the universal apocatastasis, suffices also for this part of the incriminated teaching of Origen, and need not be repeated. After this restitution has been accomplished, after the universal resurrection has taken place, after all things have been subdued by Christ, even the last enemy, death; then, Origen constantly affirms, the sentence of eternal condemnation is pronounced upon all those angels and men who are found by the unerring justice of God wanting that sanctity and merit which are necessary for admission into the kingdom of super-celestial beatitude.

And when the Son of Man shall come in his majesty, and all the Angels with him, then shall he sit upon the seat of his majesty, and all nations shall be gathered before him, etc. (Matt. xxv. 31, 32).

Commentary of Origen: "Those who keep the commandment of God are already near to the Word, and they are called, that they may be made yet nearer, hearing, *Come, ye blessed of my Father*. But those who do not fulfil his commandment are far from him, though they seem to stand near him. Wherefore that presence before him which they seemed to themselves to have shall also be taken from them when they hear, *Depart from me*; so that they who now are seen to be in his presence, presently shall be seen no longer. For this reason we also ought to take care of ourselves, lest even we, withdrawing ourselves as it were to a distance from the Lord, may hear, *Depart from me*, and we ought to do all things so that he may say to us, *Come, ye blessed of my Father*. We ought to consider, moreover, that it is said not merely *ye blessed*, but with an addition, denoting that they do not receive a common honor, because namely they receive a benediction of no other person than God the Father. On the contrary, however, those to whom the word *cursed* is applied are not called *ye cursed of my Father*. For the Father is indeed the bestower of benediction, but each one is an author of malediction upon himself who has done

works worthy of malediction. Now, those who depart from Jesus will fall into the eternal fire, which is of another kind from this fire which we have in use. For no fire among men is eternal or even of long duration, since it is quickly extinguished. But the eternal fire is that of which Isaiah spoke at the end of his prophecy: *Their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched.* Perhaps it is of such a kind of substance that, being by its constitution invisible, it burns things which are invisible, as the apostle says, *Cor. II. c. iv. : For the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.* If, therefore, the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal, it follows necessarily that if that fire be visible it must be temporal. But if it be eternal it is also invisible, by which they who depart from the Saviour are punished. That is similar which Job also says: *A fire shall devour him which is not kindled.* But do not wonder at hearing of a fire which is invisible and punitive, when you perceive that there is a heat invading the bodies of men which causes no little torment, especially to those who are the most severely afflicted by it. And consider that he says indeed that the kingdom has been prepared from the foundation of the world for no others than the just; and therefore their king, Christ, shall give it to them. But he shows the eternal fire as not prepared for those to whom it is said, *Depart from me, ye cursed,* as the kingdom was prepared for the just, but for the devil and his angels; because as respects himself, he did not create men for perdition, but for life and joy. Sinners, however, join themselves to the devil; and as they who are saved are made equal to the holy angels, and become children of the resurrection, and sons of God, and angels, so they who perish are made equal to the angels of the devil and become his children."

Another passage from the *Periarchon* proves conclusively that the cessation of that passive purgation before the judgment which eliminates the vitiosity of nature and effects that regeneration of the soul which prepares it for the resurrection, did not imply, in the mind of Origen, the termination of the punishment which is the proper reward of demerit, and that the common restitution of all men to integrity and perfection of nature did not imply equality in their final destination:

"In those who shall deserve to obtain the inheritance of the kingdom of the heavens, that manner of the reparation of the body of which we have spoken above, by the command of God repairs a spiritual body from an earthly and animal body, which can dwell in the heavens; to those, however, who are of inferior desert, or more abject, or of the last and lowest, in proportion to the worthiness of the soul and life of each one, there is also given glory and honor of the body: in such a way, nevertheless, that the body of those even who are to be destined to eternal fire or punishments, by the very permutation of the resurrection is in such wise incorrupt when it arises *that it cannot be corrupted and dissolved even by punishments*" (lib. ii. c. x. n. 3).

We will now examine some of the principal passages in the

works of Origen which have been interpreted in a sense contrary to the orthodox doctrine of the perpetuity of punishment after the Last Judgment, in general, and in particular of the irretrievable condemnation incurred by those angels who fell from grace by sinning.

Commenting on the declaration of our Lord that one who blasphemes against the Holy Spirit shall not have remission either in this world or in the world to come, Origen says, according to the Latin version of his text :

"Nec tamen sequitur, si non habet remissionem in futuro sæculo, non habere in superventuris sæculis—Nevertheless, it does not follow that if he has not remission in the age to come, he does not have in ages which are to succeed it" (In Joann., tom. xix. 3).

The Greek text reads: οὐ μέντοιγε εἰ μὴ ἐν τῷ μέλλοντι αἰῶνι, ἥδη οὐδὲ ἐν τοῖς αἰῶσι τοῖς ἐπέρχομένοις. In the Latin version the particle οὐ μέντοιγε, which is sometimes adversative and properly translated *tamen*, but also frequently affirmative, when it may be rendered into Latin by *sane certo*, has been understood by the translator in the former sense. If the Greek particle is understood in the affirmative sense a literal translation would read: *non sane, si non in sæculo futuro, nec aliquando in superventuris sæculis*—not indeed, if not in the age to come, neither ever in ages coming after it. The sense of the passage, therefore, according to Vincenzi, who proves that the context absolutely requires this interpretation, is as follows: *Surely, if one who blasphemes against the Holy Spirit does not receive remission of this sin in the age which immediately succeeds the age of this present world, he will never receive it in any subsequent ages.*

There are three passages in the First Book of the *Periarchon*, respecting the apostate angels, which have given special offence to ecclesiastical writers, as seeming to insinuate the future repentance and salvation of these fallen spirits. The interpretation which has been commonly given to them, and which naturally suggests itself to a reader who has his mind preoccupied with the common notion of the Origenistic theory, is in accordance with that idea which we have formerly alluded to, of the essential and perpetual vertibility of free-will in all rational creatures, whether celestial or infernal. A closer examination shows that this view of their meaning is superficial and incorrect. The first passage is as follows, being an inference from the words of the prophet Ezechiel concerning the prince of Tyre, who is

taken by Origen to represent some superior power cast down from heaven on account of his rebellion :

“ From which [he says] it is, most plainly demonstrated that those hostile and malignant powers were not constituted or created with such a character by nature, but from being better became worse and were changed into something baser ; also, that those other blessed powers are not of a nature of such a quality as to be incapable of receiving its contrary, if any one of them so wills and is negligent, and does not guard the blessedness of his state with all carefulness ” (c. v. n. 4).

The first clause of this sentence is irreproachable. But from the second it has been inferred that Origen teaches the perpetual liability to sin in the holy angels, implying the perpetual capacity of repentance in the apostate spirits.

Halloix rebuts this inference by the argument that from a mere metaphysical possibility in nature an actual liability in moral character cannot be inferred. He interprets the doctrine of Origen to be that the holy angels have their wills freely determined to good with such force that any future lapse is certainly and effectually prevented, while the evil angels are morally incapable of conversion on account of their confirmed wilful malice. Yet in both classes of beings their nature remains as it was created, not having any essential repugnance to the state opposite to the one in which they are existing by virtue of their voluntary self-determination. Therefore, if Origen affirms that the holy angels would fall from beatitude if they should sin, and the evil angels would be restored to beatitude if they should convert themselves to good, he is merely stating a hypothetical case which will never be realized. Such an hypothesis does not contradict the dogma of the perpetuity of the two states of blessedness and misery.

Vincenzi explains the sentence differently, by an exegetical criticism on the manner in which Ruffinus translates the Greek aorist into the present tense instead of the preterite :

“ Let no one [he says] accuse me of temerity, if in the author's locution, *beatas quoque illas virtutes non esse talis naturæ, quæ contrarium non possit recipere, si velit ac negligat ; et status sui beatitudinem non omni cautela custodiat*, translated into Latin by Ruffinus so as to denote a present or future time in which a mutation of this sort could take place—if, I say, in that locution I substitute a preterite tense, rendering in this manner: *beatas . . . potuerint, si voluissent, ac neglexissent, et si omni cautela non custodissent status sui beatitudinem*. With this exposition of the sense of these words everything is plain, and no error concerning these spirits, as if they now could sin, is found in Origen. The connection of the argument and

of the words, especially when collated with the preceding context, demands this rendering" (vol. i. pp. 159, 160).

The emendation proposed by Vincenzi makes the last clause of Origen's sentence above quoted to have this sense in English: "that those blessed powers were not of such a nature that they *could not have received* the contrary, if they *had willed*, and *had been* negligent, and if they *had not guarded* the state of their beatitude with all carefulness." An argument in favor of this rendering is the fact that it agrees with a parallel passage cited by St. Pamphilus in his *Apology* and translated by Ruffinus with the preterite tense:

"It is to be regarded as contained in the tenets held by the church that no man has been given over to perdition by God, but that every one of those who perish perishes by his own negligence and fault; since, having liberty of choice, he was able and was bound to choose the good. The same must be held concerning the devil himself, who is described as having resisted in the sight of Almighty God, and as having deserted his own state in which he had been without stain; who indeed *would have been able to persevere* even unto the end in this state in which he was from the beginning, *if he had willed*" (*Apol. S. Pamph. c. i.*)

In the second passage Ruffinus has translated the Greek text so as to make Origen say of the demon: *Se ita præceps nequitiae dedit ut revocari nolit magis quam non potuit*—He has given himself so vehemently to iniquity that it is rather true that he does not will to be, than that he could not be, reinstated. The explanation of this sentence is the same with that of the foregoing. In the remaining passage Origen says:

"Whence also the whole present life of mortals is subject to certain struggles and contests, because namely those beings are striving and warring against us who have fallen from a better state, without any retrospection (*sine ullo respectu*)—that is, those who are called the devil and his angels, and the other orders of wickedness to which belong those hostile powers of whom the apostle has made mention. Now, if, indeed, some from these orders, who act under the principality of the devil and obey his malice, will be able some time in ages to come to be converted to goodness, by reason that there is in them a power of free choice; or, rather, permanent and inveterate malice may be converted by habit as it were into a kind of nature, you who read may even judge for yourself" (c. vi. 3).

If it be granted that Origen here suggests the possibility of a future conversion of some fallen spirits, it does not follow that he refers to the devil and his angels. Nor does he assert any opinion that such conversions will take place, but merely proposes a conjecture that they may be possible. The future ages

of which he speaks need not mean ages after the Last Judgment. Supposing that he intends to insinuate that some other rational creatures besides men, who have fallen under the dominion of the devil, have not yet become so confirmed in evil that they have lost all chance of obtaining forgiveness by repenting before the day of Final Judgment, this is not to call in question the certain doom of eternal punishment in the case of the devil and all other apostate spirits who are finally impenitent. At the utmost he only proposes an erroneous opinion as probable, and this error not a heresy subversive of the Catholic dogma, a slip to which even the greatest of the orthodox Fathers were liable, and which must be condoned to Origen as well as to writers whose sanctity has been solemnly recognized.*

The result we arrive at is that the doctrine of eternal punishment was clearly taught by Origen in the *Periarchon*, a work of his early life, in the *Controversy against Celsus*, a work of his later years, often affirmed and never denied or questioned in any passages of certain authenticity in his other writings, and that he, therefore, consistently maintained it from the beginning to the end of his career. We have his own testimony that the contrary doctrine was imputed to him by a calumny :

"Some of those who take pleasure in accusing their neighbors impute to us and our doctrine a crime of blasphemy which they have never heard from us. Let them take heed of themselves in this matter, since they are unwilling to observe that precept which says that *evil-speakers shall not possess the kingdom of God*, asserting that I say that the father of malice and perdition, and of those who are cast out from the kingdom of God—*i.e.*, the devil—will be saved : which not even a man of disturbed intellect and manifestly insane could say" (*Ruffin. de adult. libr. Orig.*)

In respect to the *Periarchon*, the silence of St. Pamphilus, who expressly vindicates its orthodoxy from all the other principal aspersions cast upon it, respecting this one point, shows that when he wrote, it had not yet been assailed on that side. The same Pamphilus, a learned and holy priest and martyr of Cæsarea, the teacher and spiritual father of Eusebius, gives the following testimony, in which Eusebius fully concurs, to the entire orthodoxy of Origen, and to the falsehood of the accusation made against him :

"Therefore, undertaking to show from the evidences of his writings what he thought concerning single points, we will collect testimonies principally from those books which his accusers most vehemently incriminate—*i.e.*, from those which he wrote in the retirement of leisure and quiet.

* Vincenzi's explanation is different, but we do not find it satisfactory.

For they assert that these books, especially, differ from the doctrine preached in the church: wherefore we will cite chiefly from the books which he entitled *Periarchon*, since a great number of the sentences on which the accusations of calumniators are based are found in these books. Therefore, from these very books we will set forth among the first principles contained in them what kind of exposition of the faith he made use of; and afterwards, from these principles gathered from many passages scattered through these and other books of his in which his opinions are expressed, we will show that he kept to the doctrine preached by the apostles" (*S. Pamph. Apol.*)

Besides the learned St. Pamphilus and his great disciple Eusebius, Didymus the Blind of Alexandria, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, St. Ambrose, and others, must be reckoned among the admirers of Origen. St. Augustine expresses surprise at the accusation of heresy made against him by St. Jerome. St. Jerome, his great antagonist, before he had been deceived by the cunning of Theophilus, belonged to the same number, and Vincenzi asserts that his two other principal antagonists among the orthodox Fathers, St. Methodius and St. Epiphanius, appear to have in the end either retracted or modified their unfavorable opinion. "For a great many years," St. Pamphilus says, "he was the Teacher of the Church—*Magister Ecclesiæ*."

But even this fact of his high reputation and influence is turned into a weapon against him by an allegation that not only St. Gregory of Nyssa, but also St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Ambrose, and even St. Jerome, show in their writings a wavering and uncertainty of belief in the dogma of the eternity of the punishments of hell, due to their admiration of the writings of Origen and their deference to his teaching. These Fathers are supposed to have amended their error afterwards—an apology for their orthodoxy founded on a conjecture which is not merely groundless but false. In our opinion the allegation itself has no basis, and rests on inferences from a misinterpretation of the language of these Fathers. And we think it not amiss to give succinctly some reasons for this conviction.

To begin with St. Jerome. He is accused of questioning merely the eternity of the punishment of those sinners who are Christians. As he denied emphatically in his *Apology against Ruffinus* that he had ever advanced any opinion as his own which he had afterwards imputed to Origen as an error, and as the longest and most explicit statement of his opinion on the point in question is found in a work written twelve years after his attack on Origen, we need only notice this last; and what-

ever error it may contain, St. Jerome never retracted it. He is refuting Pelagius. He denounces his doctrine respecting hell as unmerciful. But why? Because he dooms those who have lived and died with Christian faith to eternal torments, if they have sinned, without hope of pardon to the penitent. Then he concludes:

"But if Origen says that all rational creatures shall be exempt from perdition, and grants repentance to the devil, what is that to us who say that both the devil and his satellites and all the impious and prevaricators perish for ever, and that *Christians, if they have been caught (by death) in sin, shall be saved, after enduring punishments?*" (*Dial. adv. Pelag.*, lib. i. 28).

A Christian, in St. Jerome's sense, was a member of the Catholic Church, one who was not impious or a prevaricator, that is, had not abandoned the profession and practice of the Catholic religion, and, if he should be in the state of sin when he was about to die, would make use of all the means within his power—the sacraments, penitential acts, prayers to God—that he might be forgiven and reconciled to God. For all such Christians, whether they have only venial sins to be expiated, or mortal sins to be expiated in respect to the satisfaction due to the justice of God after they have been forgiven, the pains of purgatory are the means of purification and salvation. There is no reason to suppose that St. Jerome intended to say anything more than this, or that he believed in the final salvation of any who died impenitent.

St. Ambrose is supposed to teach the temporary nature of the punishments of hell in one passage of his commentary on Psalm cxviii.:

"There is also hope of the mercy of the judge [*i.e.*, in a human tribunal]. The cells of a prison are worse than exile itself, nor is return interdicted in perpetuity to all who are banished. If human judgment does these things, how much more is the same to be awaited from that of Christ by all! The judgment of the devil is deferred, that he may be always subjected to punishments, always bound by the chains of his own unrighteousness, that he may endure for ever the judgment of his own conscience. Therefore that rich man in the Gospel, although a sinner, is oppressed by penal sufferings, in order that he may sooner escape from them. But the devil is shown to have by no means come to his judgment, to be by no means as yet subjected to punishments, except such as he who is conscious of such great crimes endures from his perpetual fear, so as never to feel secure" (*Expos. in Ps. cxviii.*, xxiii.).

The meaning of this passage is cleared up and all difficulty removed from it by an examination of the scope and line of argument of St. Ambrose in the context.

He is explaining the one hundred and fifty-fourth verse, *Judge my judgment and redeem me*. He says that the saints expect their judgment with confidence if they are conscious of their innocence. Then he adds that one who is just before God has another ground of confidence in the mercy of his judge. He continues, that judgment begins with the saints and from the house of God. Their judgment and chastisement has nothing in common with those of the devil and his companions. "For he quickly chastises those on whom he has mercy; so that they may not be longer distressed by the expectation of future judgment, or tormented by a protracted endurance of the misery of guilt; so that each one may render even double for his sins, and thus at length be absolved. For the punishment of the guilty is a kind of absolution of their offences." Then he introduces the comparison of human judgments, in which some persons escape from the severest punishments by being leniently sentenced to lighter ones. After this follows the passage above quoted. The whole line of argument requires that we understand him to be speaking in that passage not of all sinners, or of any who have been condemned to hell, but only of those who are "saved so as by fire"—namely, Christians who expiate their sins in purgatory. In common with some other Catholic interpreters he regards Dives, not as a reprobate, but as a true son of Abraham who had found mercy from God, notwithstanding his sins, and was suffering a temporal punishment in Hades.

We come now to St. Gregory of Nazianzus. There are several counts in the indictment against him. In his Sermon *ad Lumina*, preached at Constantinople, he expresses a charitable hope that Novatians may perhaps be finally saved after a laborious purgation by fire. It is inferred that this fire must be the fire of hell which is consequently regarded by St. Gregory as a temporal punishment. This is a gratuitous conjecture. Let him be understood as suggesting the possibility that some Novatians, being baptized and holding the principal articles of the Catholic faith, might be free from the guilt of *formal schism and heresy*, and escape being sent to any worse place than purgatory, and we have a much more natural and probable explanation of his meaning.

In another magnificent sermon on Baptism, his discourse on Light leads him to speak of Fire, and first of that which is purifying. Then he proceeds:

"There is another fire not purging, but an avenger of crimes; whether it be the fire mixed with brimstone which was rained down on Sodom, the

like of which God showers upon all sinners, or that which is prepared for the devil and his angels; or even that which goes before the face of the Lord and burns his enemies round about; or, finally, that fire more dreadful than all these which is joined with that unsleeping worm, and is never extinguished, but is perennial and everlasting for the punishment of wicked men. These, truly, all have the same power to ruin and destroy; unless, indeed, in this place also, some one may think that we should understand that a *milder fire* is meant, and to be explained *in a manner worthy of God* as the one who inflicts the punishment" (*Orat. xi. in S. Bapt. xxxvi.*)

It is evident that St. Gregory here insinuates that one might explain the nature and intensity of the punishments of hell in a sense less literal and severe than the common one, without prejudice to faith. The translation given above has been made from the Latin version in Caillu's edition. It renders the sense of the original correctly but not literally in the last clause, which reads thus in the Greek text: *εἰ μὴ τῷ φίλον κενταῦθα νοεῖν τοῦτο φιλανθρωπότερον, καὶ τοῦ κολάζοντος ἐπαξίως*. Petau renders it literally into Latin: *nisi malit quispiam hoc humanius, et ut puniente dignum est, intelligere*—"unless any prefers to understand (in this place) this (fire) more humanely and as is worthy of the one who punishes."

In the first of his beautiful *Carmina*, written near the close of his life, St. Gregory gives another faint hint at a possible amelioration in the condition of lost souls:

"Who also made men who were before not existing, and will restore them after dissolution, and will bring them to another life, where either fire or the illumination of God shall be their portion. But whether of God all shall be also at last (partakers) let our discourse await another time"—*Εἰ δὲ Θεοῦ, καὶ ἅπαντας ἐσώσεται, ἄλλοτε κείσθω*.

Petau remarks upon these two passages that St. Gregory evidently expresses a doubt whether the punishments of men condemned to hell at the Last Day may not at some time have an end, and whether all may not at last be partakers of God. The inference is not, however, a necessary conclusion from the premises, and, in fact, it is not warranted in any way. St. Gregory, in the first passage, does not distinctly express a doubt of his own, but merely says that some one may have such a doubt, implying that it would not be against the faith. In the second he alludes to something similar, which he passes by for consideration at some other time. But if, as we may conjecture, he hints at his own hesitation in assenting fully to the most severe view of intense and perpetually unmitigated torment by fire in

hell, and even insinuates as possible that all lost souls may finally receive some rays of light from God, this is a very different idea from that of the final and universal salvation of all rational creatures, or even of all men. St. Gregory teaches most distinctly, in the same sermon from which an extract has been made, that all the unbaptized are excluded from eternal salvation, even though they may be innocent of actual sin. Of these last he says: "They receive from the just judge neither celestial glory nor punishments" (§ xxiii.) If those who are subject to no positive punishment for actual sins are excluded for ever from the beatitude of the saints on account of original sin, much more those who are condemned to hell for actual sins. Doubts or conjectures, or private opinions, respecting the nature, intensity, or duration of positive punishments for sins committed during the time of probation, or respecting some degree of merely natural and imperfect good of which the subjects of eternal doom are not for ever deprived, cannot justly be made equivalent to a denial or a doubt of the Catholic dogma that there is a hell and that it is eternal. Those Fathers who were more or less disciples of Origen are free from any blemish on their orthodox doctrine, in this respect, and this argument against him, as well as the other arguments, falls to the ground.

We might make the vindication of the illustrious Alexandrian much more complete than we have done. But we forbear from making any further demand on the patience of our readers.

We regard Origen as the greatest and most brilliant light of that age of the church which elapsed between the time of St. Paul and that of St. Augustine. He adorned his Christian profession not only by his genius, his learning, and his literary industry, but also by his virtues, his sanctity, his heroism in endurance. It is to be hoped that in these latter ages he will receive that full meed of honor which he has deserved and of which he has been so long deprived.*

* An English translation of the *Periarchon*, the *Contra Celsum*, and some other works of Origen can be found in the *Ante-Nicene Library*.

DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

CANTO THIRTIETH.

SOON as those luminous images (the seven
Which rise or set ne'er knew—nor cloud, save sin—
The pure Septentrion of the highest heaven,
Which unto every one that place within
His duty taught, even as the one below
Helps every helmsman the right port to win)
Stood still, between them and the Gryphon came
The spirits of truth—then turned them towards the car—
As towards their peace: and one, as with supreme
Commission chanting, shouted thrice afar
“Come, spouse, from Lebanon!” and soon the same
The rest repeated, joining in the stave.
Even as the blessed, at the latest sound
Of summons, each one from his burial cave
Shall, newly garmented in body, bound
With Hallelujahs! thus on that divine
Chariot, at hearing such a sage's words,
An hundred sprang as to a moving shrine
Angels of life eterne, ministering Lords!
They all were saying: “O Benedicte Tu
Qui venis!” ever scattering like the Spring
Roses all round, adding, as more they threw,
“In plenteous hands oh! store of lilies bring.”

I have erenow at day's beginning seen
Heaven's orient part all of one roseate hue
And all the rest a beautiful blue serene;
And the Sun's face at sunrise from the view
Shaded by vapor, through whose misty screen
His tempered beams the eye long time sustained,
Thus, underneath a falling cloud of flowers
Which from those angels' hands each moment rained
Into the chariot and around in showers,
Wreathed, over a white veil, with olive crown
Appeared a woman, in a mantle green,
And living flame the color of her gown.

My heart then, which so many a year had been
Free from that old-time trembling when I saw
Her presence once—that violent surprise
Which overwhelmed me so with love and awe—
Now, without further knowledge of mine eyes,
Through some hid virtue that from her went out,
Felt all the might of that first passion rise.
Soon as that sublime force my vision smote
Which, ere my boyhood's close, had pierced me so,
I turned, with such look as a child might wear
Who to his mother runs in fear or woe,
Toward my left hand, to say to Virgil there,
And would have said—the words to my lips came—
“No dram of blood that in my heart is left
Trembles not now ; I feel that old-time flame.”
But of his guidance Virgil had bereft
Statius and me too ! Virgil, my control !
Virgil my Sire, to whom as loved the most
For my salvation I had given my soul !
Nor all the joys our ancient mother lost
Could save the cheeks he late had purged with dew
From turning back to darkness and to tears.
“Dante ! weep not that Virgil parts from you,
Weep thou not yet ; however deep appears
This wound, a sharper sword must pierce thee through.”

From stem to stern as high an admiral stands
To view the mustered mariners of his fleet
And give good heart, encouraging all hands,
Hearing my name, which I must needs repeat,
I turned at sound thereof, and saw that dame
Stand on the car's left side, who first was seen
Through festive flowers from angel hands that came,
Bending her eyes with a majestic mien,
On me, who stood on this side of the stream.
Although the veil which from her forehead fell,
Girt by that frondage of Minerva's tree,
Suffered me not to see her features well,
Queenly she looked, and yet upbraided me,
Continuing thus, with sweet restraint of style
As 'twere she kept her warmer words behind ;
“Behold me well—the one I was erewhile
Good sooth I am : I am thy Beatris.

So, hast thou deigned then to approach the Hill?
Didst thou not know man findeth here his bliss?"

Down dropped mine eyes into the lucid rill;
But seeing myself there, to the greensward near
I turned abashed, and hung my head in shame.
So to the child a mother seems austere
As she to me did; for the taste of blame
Is bitter, sure, if pity grow severe.

She ceased: straightway those angels in accord
"In te speravi, Domine!" begun

And sang to "pedes meos"—no further word.
Like snow whose hard mass, thawless to the sun,
Among the living timbers on the spine
Of Italy, congealed by winds that blow
From the bleak waste beyond Sclavonia's line,
Sinks down into itself with ceaseless flow,
(If but a breath come from the shadowless land,)
As melts a candle its own flame before;

So without sighs and tearless did I stand
Listening their chant whose notes for evermore
Repeat the rhythm of heaven's eternal spheres:
But when those harmonies gave me to know
Their pitying of me, more than if mine ears
Had caught the words—"Lady, why chide him so?"
The ice that had been round my heart comprest
To spirit and water turned and with full flow
Of tears and groans came gushing from my breast.

Then, to the right side of the chariot, she *

Turning, stood motionless and next addressed
Thus the bright substances who pitied me:

"Ye hold your watch in heaven's eternal day,
That night or slumber should not steal from you
One pace of Time's march on the ages' way.

Whence to mine answer greater care is due

That he, there weeping, mark the words I say,
And his grief measured be by his defect.

For not alone by those great circles' force
Which to some issue every seed direct,
According to what stars are then in course,

* Beatris was coming *towards* Dante and first accosts him from the *left* side of the chariot—*her* left side. Now, in addressing the angels, she stands on the other side of the chariot, turning her back on Dante, who listens to these charges as if before a jury.

But through divine gifts, largely rained from founts
Of vapor so far hidden from our view
That human vision nowhere near it mounts,
Such was this being, when his life was new,
In virtual grace, that all right training would
Have made in him the wonderfulest proof:
But alway land grows more malign and rude,
Given to bad seed—all husbandry aloof—
The more the soil be vigorous and good.

I with my beauty held him for a space
And with my young eyes kept his footsteps firm
Mine own to follow in the ways of grace.
Soon as the threshold of its second term
My life had reached, and I my being changed,
Earthly for heavenly—this man wholly gave
Himself to other loves from mine estranged.
And when from flesh ascending through the grave
My spirit in grace and goodness was increased
I was less dear, less lovely in his eyes ;

Then he to false ways turned and wholly ceased
Pursuit of real good, but followed lies

That never yet one promise made entire:
Nor did my prayers avail, wherewith I sought
By dreams and otherwise, in him to inspire
Wish to return—he gave so little thought.

So low he sank that every influence fell
Short of salvation ; nothing could bestead
Save this—to show him the lost race in Hell.

For this I sought the gateway of the dead,
Till my prayers moved—and many a tear that fell—
One who thus far his upward steps hath led.

God's high decree were violate should he
Pass over Lethe's river and partake

Its precious beverage, and no reckoning be
Of penitential drops for penance' sake."

ARMINE.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the tall houses that on the left bank of the Seine overlook the quays, the river, the palaces and gardens of beautiful Paris was a pleasant suite of apartments, into a room of which the sun was pouring a flood of brightness on one of those April days when, after the mists and fogs of winter, Paris seems rejoicing in brilliant life, when the trees of the Tuileries are a mass of tender green and the chestnuts are in bloom along the Champs Elysées, when the very air suggests thoughts of pleasure and the roll of carriages is borne continuously to the ear. On such a day one is inclined to think that all the world, in a literal sense, is abroad, thronging the boulevards, the gardens, the Bois de Boulogne; yet it is, after all, only a small proportion of the inhabitants of the great city whom one beholds. Apart from the vast army who carry on the business of life and who are bound fast to daily toil, whatever form that toil may take, there is the multitude of those who are the victims of physical suffering, to whom sunshine brings only the realization of pain, and for whom there is little repose, even

“When God himself draws the curtain.”

It was on one of these that the sunshine fell as it poured that day into the apartment on the Quai Voltaire. Falling through a window which commanded a wide outlook of sky, it streamed across a couch on which lay a man in the prime of life, yet for whom life in any active sense was as much over as if he had attained the extreme bound of human existence—nay, in any physically active sense as much as if he lay already in a narrower bed than that on which he was now prisoned. Paralyzed from the waist downward, unable to do more than lift himself to a sitting posture, absolutely unable without assistance to move from his couch, racked by constant suffering—suffering so intense that physicians well used to all forms of human agony spoke of it as almost unexampled—there was nevertheless another sense in which life was not over for him. No one could look at his face—singularly attractive, though pale as ivory from

long confinement and worn by pain—without seeing the undimmed light of a spiritual and mental life which was a source of blessing not only to himself but to all who were privileged to approach him.

And there were a few people out of the great world of Paris who valued this privilege—a few who felt when they entered his chamber that they trod upon sacred ground. For here that virtue of patience, which is of all virtues hardest to impatient human hearts, was practised in heroic degree; here was detachment from the world so complete that there was no longer even regret for its loss, yet an intellectual interest in all great questions as keen as that of any one who mingled in its hottest strife; here was that fine sympathy which suffering teaches to the highest natures, an interest which never flagged, and a penetration so seldom at fault that a word or two from his lips often solved a problem or settled a difficulty for those who had hardly been conscious of being read.

And who was the man with whom God had dealt thus hardly, yet thus well? Raoul d'Antignac had been born in Louisiana, but he was descended from an ancient French family, his grandfather, the Comte d'Antignac, having taken refuge there during the Reign of Terror. The latter died without returning to France, and his son quietly settled, lived, and also died in the New World. So, no doubt, would his grandson have done but for the Civil War, into which he rushed with all the ardent soul of a boy of twenty, and out of which he came sick at heart and well-nigh ruined in fortune. It did not take him long to decide what to do. He was not bound, as many men were, by responsibilities which could not be thrown off, to stay and face the dark problems of those days. His only near relative was a sister younger than himself, who lived with her guardian. Selling, therefore, his now almost valueless estate, he left America, went to Rome, and entered the ranks of the Papal Zouaves. It was a service and a life which suited him in the highest degree. Though he had not up to that time been exemplary in the practice of his faith, his was essentially a loyal nature, and he would even in his most careless moments have died for it, as he would have died for his flag. But it was a symbol rather than a reality to him—something handed down from the past, which a D'Antignac could not deny—and not until his residence in Rome could living faith be said to have awakened in him. It was then united to that passionate personal devotion to the Holy Father which Pius IX. inspired in those around him, and

which in the case of young D'Antignac was founded upon the kindest personal notice. They were golden years—the flower of a life early shadowed by stern hardships and dangers, and soon to be more deeply shadowed still—which the young man passed in the Eternal City between '65 and '70. In the brilliant society of those days no one was more flatteringly received than the handsome Creole, who was the boldest horseman, the best dancer, in Rome, and about whom lingered like a perfume something of that grace of the *ancien régime* which his grandfather had borne from Versailles to Louisiana.

And it was here that he came for the first time in contact with one of his own kinsmen and formed a friendship of the most close and enduring nature. Among the Frenchmen of the corps was the young Vicomte de Marigny, who, struck by D'Antignac's name, soon discovered that they were cousins, the Comte d'Antignac who went to America having been his great-uncle. This recognition was not only pleasant to one who had felt himself a stranger in a strange land, but the friendship of which it was the first link was destined to exercise a deep and lasting influence over the life of D'Antignac. For De Marigny was a Frenchman of the school of Montalembert—a man whose intellect bowed down before the majesty of revealed truth, and who to the homage of his mind added the love of his heart and the service of his life. This lofty type of character, with its ardent devotion, was a new revelation to the young Louisianian; and it was De Marigny who first led him, as it were, into the temple of faith. He was afterward to advance further than his teacher, to climb higher on the steep path of perfection; but he never forgot whose hand had guided him over the first steps, and the strong attachment which then sprang into life was never to know diminution or shadow of change.

But the events of 1870 ended this life in Rome. Like many of his comrades, D'Antignac would willingly have died on the walls of the Holy City, but the command of the Sovereign Pontiff was positive—no one of his little band of soldiers should be sacrificed vainly; there should be enough resistance, in the face of overwhelming odds, to show Europe that Rome was violently taken—but no more. So, when the breach in the walls was made and the Piedmontese troops entered the city, where many a barbarous invader had preceded them, the papal soldiers, like St. Peter in the garden of Gethsemani, reluctantly sheathed their swords and went to fall with tears at the feet of him whom they could no longer serve—the saintly pontiff, who

gave them his parting blessing in words that each man will carry engraved on his heart for ever.

Brothers and companions-in-arms as they had been for many days, the hour for separation had now come, and, leaving the desecrated city they could no longer defend, they went their different ways. There was but one way, however, for the Frenchmen—the road to France, where, sinking all political differences, they offered their swords to whatever government could be said to exist, for the defence of their native soil. It was natural that D'Antignac should go with them. In that hour he felt that he, too, was a Frenchman. "Find me a place in the ranks—that is all I ask," he said to De Marigny, who replied that if nothing else proved possible he knew one general who would take him as a volunteer on his staff. But in that hour France was not so rich in swords that she could afford to refuse any that were offered, especially the sword of one who had already seen nine years of military service. D'Antignac was appointed to the command of some of the hastily-levied troops, and had time to distinguish himself by daring gallantry before the end—which was well nigh the end of all things—came for him. It was in one of the battles on the Loire. He had been severely wounded, but still kept his saddle to rally his men for a desperate charge, when a cannon-ball killed his horse, which in falling backward crushed the rider under him. Those near rushed to his assistance, but he bade them go on. "This is no time to help the wounded," he gasped. "Come back afterward, if you can. Forward now!" So they left him in mortal agony, while they went forward to win one of those brilliant victories which even in that campaign of disaster proved of what French soldiers are still capable; and when at last those who were left came back and drew him from under the fallen horse, they thought him dead.

But he was only, as he often afterward said of himself, *half* dead. Besides his wounds the fall of the horse had injured his spine so that paralysis of the lower half of the body followed, and was accompanied by suffering which the surgeons declared could never be more than alleviated and must increase as time went on until at last the vital power of the man's strong frame would yield under it. "Pray for me that it may be soon," he said to De Marigny when he first heard his sentence; and it was almost the only expression of agony which even at the first escaped him. But it was not to be soon. The brave heart was to be tried, the great soul perfected, by years of suffering, by that

anguish of helplessness which seems doubly terrible when it falls upon a man in the flower of his life. After the end of the war and of the awful days which followed he was, by his own request, taken to Paris, "where science can do her best or worst for me," he said; and there the sister who had meanwhile grown to womanhood in Louisiana came to devote her life to him.

This, then, was the man into whose chamber the sunshine streamed with its message of hope and gladness on that April day. It was a cheerful scene which it lit up—a room where cultivated taste had with moderate means produced the most charming result. The walls were covered with engravings and photographs of the greatest pictures of the world, and on brackets bronze copies in miniature of the noblest statues. There were rows of shelves filled with volumes, and tables where books and papers lay, around slender vases filled with flowers. Everywhere the tokens of a woman's hand were evident. The bed in a curtained alcove could hardly be observed, and it was not on this but on a couch that D'Antignac lay, near the sunny window which overlooked the river, with its constant animation, the rich architecture of the palaces, and the verdure of the gardens beyond. Here he was propped to a partly sitting posture by large pillows, while across his limbs a soft rug of warm, rich colors was spread. On the wall above, his sword and the medal of a Pontifical Zouave hung at the feet of a large ivory crucifix.

So, looking, with eyes full of a calm that contrasted strikingly with the suffering-stamped face, out on the brilliant city and far blue sky, he had lain for some time—motionless, since a book which he had been trying to read had dropped from his hand. Presently he extended this hand to touch a bell that stood on a small table by his side, but at the moment there was a low knock at the door of the room, and in response to his "*Entrez!*" the door opened, showing the slender figure of a girl, who carried in her hand a large bunch of lilac.

CHAPTER II.

"*Bon jour*, M. d'Antignac," she said, advancing into the room. "I hope that I find you better to-day."

"Ah! it is you, Mlle. Armine," said D'Antignac, smiling. "Yes, I am better than when you were here last, for then I could hardly speak to you. To-day I am at my best, and I

am glad to see you. You come like a nymph of the spring," he added, as she held out the blossoms for him to inhale their fragrance.

"I felt a longing for the country to-day," she said; "so I went out to Auteuil, and I have brought this back for you. I thought of you very much, the country is so lovely just now."

She uttered these words with an accent that implied much more than was said of the compassion with which her eyes were filled as she regarded him. But he only smiled again.

"It is better than seeing the beauty of nature for one's self, to be in the minds and hearts of one's friends when *they* see it," he said. "And this lilac is a fragrant proof of your remembrance."

"I pulled it with my own hands. I thought you would perhaps value it more than if it had been bought in the flower-market."

"They are such kind, helpful hands that I should be ungrateful if I failed to value whatever they bring me," he said, looking at them as they were busy arranging the lilac in a vase.

She cast a glance at him which was almost reproachful.

"Do not speak to me in that way, M. d'Antignac," she said, "if you do not wish to make me ashamed. For what have my hands ever done—what can they ever do—for *you* that will bear the most remote comparison to what you have done for *me*?"

"We are none of us accountable for the opportunities which are given or withheld from us," he answered, "only for how we use them, and for the will which is more than deeds; else why should the giving of a cup of cold water under some circumstances be more than the giving of a fortune under others? In anything that I have done for you, *ma sœur*, I have simply been God's instrument."

"Is a saint—and I suppose you would refuse to let me call you that—more than God's instrument?" she asked.

"No more," he replied. "But we must not dream of saintliness, poor struggling people like you and I. Sit down and tell me of your day at Auteuil. With whom did you go?"

"Only with Madelon; and we went and returned by the Seine. I love the river, and love it not less because one can disembark at your door."

"You are a subtle flatterer," he said. "But indeed I love the river, too, and am glad to be where I can look down upon it. It is like—nay, it *is*—a poem of nature in the midst of the feverish, turbulent city. For the very water that flows under our

bridges and along our quays has flowed under forest shade and along green fields, has reflected the soft hills and held the heaven in its heart."

Involuntarily he looked as he spoke through the wide, open window, up at that heaven, so blue, so fair, so distant, and the girl watching him thought that he, too, held it in his heart. So thinking, she did not reply, and silence fell for a minute.

It was a minute long enough to photograph Armine Duchesne, as she sat there with her hands clasped in her lap and her eyes fastened on the worn face of the man before her. They were beautiful eyes—large, soft, golden-brown, and thickly fringed. The face in which they were set was delicate in outline, and in complexion of that clear brunette paleness which is seldom seen out of a southern country—a face striking from its refinement and sensitiveness, with a depth of feeling belonging to the type, and a depth of thoughtfulness not so common. It is usually possible in France to tell at a glance the social position of any woman; but the most practised observer might have found it difficult to decide to what rank this woman belonged. The simplicity of her toilette put the idea of a great lady as much out of the question as the exquisite refinement of her personal appearance made it impossible to think her *bourgeoise*. A Frenchman might have solved the riddle by saying, with a glance at her face, "*Artiste*," but it would have been an incorrect solution.

Presently D'Antignac, looking toward her and meeting the gaze of the full, soft eyes, said: "Hélène was speaking of you only this morning and regretting that we have seen you so seldom of late."

"It is I who have most cause to regret it," she answered quietly; "but my father has been at home, and when that is the case I have less time to go out. He has always much for me to do, writing, translating—" She paused, and a shade of trouble was in her glance. "I often wonder," she went on, after a moment, "and it has long been in my mind to ask you, how far I am right in lending even my feeble aid to such work. Sometimes the pen drops from my fingers; I feel that I cannot go on, yet it is work which my father will do himself if I refuse to help him. And can I refuse to help him, who has always been good and kind to me?"

Her voice took a tone of entreaty in uttering the last words, and the slender hands lying in her lap clasped themselves more closely together. D'Antignac hesitated for an instant before answering, and when he spoke it was evidently with reluctance.

"You do not need for me to tell you," he said, "of the responsibility attending the use of the pen. No one can tell how far the influence of a book may extend or when that influence may end."

"But does that responsibility include one who, like myself, has been only a machine to do another's bidding? I often say to myself that I am simply the pen my father uses."

"The comparison is not good. A pen has no sense of responsibility; you have. But," he added, after a pause, "do not understand me as saying that you are wrong. I do not say so: I do not know. Fate—if one may use such a term—has been hard upon you, my poor Armine. You are bound not only by the ties of nature but by your own heart-strings to one whose work in life your mind and soul condemn. And where filial duty ends at the bidding of a higher duty I am not wise enough to say."

"If *you* are not wise enough to say, where shall I go to learn?" asked the girl, with a faint smile.

"Surely," he said, "you do not need for me to tell you where you will find a much better director than I am—one not only with more authority, but with much higher wisdom."

"With more authority, yes; with higher wisdom—ah! I doubt that," she said. "If you are in doubt I am content to remain so, and to aid my father like a machine, a clerk—"

"You are more than that to him," said the other; "but I understand how it is—you do not wish to be told by a voice of authority what will compel you to refuse that aid."

"It would go hard with me," said the girl, "for you do not know my father as I know him. To you he is the most dangerous of those who wish to tear down all the fabric of religious and social order; but to me he is not only my father, but also one whom I know to be a passionate and sincere enthusiast. He does not think of himself, M. d'Antignac: he is not one of those who desire to bring about a revolution in order that *he* may rise on the ruins of what is cast down. He is blind—he is mad, if you will—but he thinks, oh! indeed he thinks, of others rather than of himself."

"I believe it," said D'Antignac gently, deeply moved by the feeling in her last words; "but you must forgive me if I say that is altogether apart from the question. Your father's motives concern only himself; his deeds concern and influence many. But I do not wish to say anything which will make your position harder, so let us talk no more of this."

There was a moment's pause, then the girl said wistfully : " Do you know I often wonder what the lives and thoughts of other women are like? I suppose from the books which I read, and from the glimpses of them which I have had, that they are not like mine. Their lives are full of simple cares and their minds of gentle thoughts; is it not so? But I have known nothing save an atmosphere of revolution and revolt. Terrible sounds have rung in my ears as long as I can remember; I have heard my father and his companions talk passionately of the sufferings of humanity, and preach remedies more terrible than those sufferings. Then I used to go with my mother to church and look with a strange sense of amazement and doubt at the crucifix—that symbol of all which I had heard so often denounced. Even in my childish mind these great problems found a battlefield and drove away simpler thoughts. My mother died, and there was no one to throw a ray of light on perplexities which I could not solve for myself, until God sent you, M. d'Antignac."

"I am grateful," he said, "that even in my helplessness God gave me such work to do."

"Your helplessness!" she repeated. "Who is there that with health and strength does half so much for others?"

He lifted one thin hand as if to silence her; but before he could speak the door again opened and a lady entered, followed by a man of distinguished appearance.

"I knew that I might bring M. de Marigny in at once, my brother," the lady said.

"Surely yes," answered D'Antignac with a quick glow of pleasure on his face. He held out his hand, adding eagerly, "So, Gaston, you are back in Paris!"

"I arrived last night," the other answered, "and, after the transaction of some necessary affairs, you see where my first visit is paid."

His voice was very melodious, and the expression of his face, as he looked down at the pale countenance which looked up at him, was so full of affection that the girl who was regarding the scene felt her heart warm toward him, stranger though he was. She also looked at him with some curiosity, for she had heard of the Vicomte de Marigny, and what she had heard lent interest to this first sight of him.

But her attention was claimed by Mlle. d'Antignac, who turned toward her, saying, as her brother had said:

"Why, Armine, it has been long since we have seen you."

"It has seemed longer to me than to you, I am sure," Armine

answered. "But I could not help it; I have been detained at home. And now"—she rose—"it is time that I should go."

"Not until you come and have a little talk with me," said Mlle. d'Antignac decidedly. "I cannot let my brother monopolize you."

"It is I, rather, who wished to monopolize *him*," said the girl, smiling.

It was such an exquisite smile—so sudden and sweet—that it struck the vicomte, whose glance had fallen on her, and who at the same moment marked the delicate refinement of her face and the pathos of her large, soft eyes. He drew back a little as she advanced to the side of the couch to take the hand that D'Antignac extended.

"Thank you for the flowers and the visit," he said, "and do not let it be long until you come again."

"You ought to know that I always come when I can," she answered. Then, with a bend of the head in acknowledgment of the vicomte's bow as she passed him, she went with Hélène from the room.

"My brother is happy now," said the latter, as she opened a door which led into her own *salon*—a small but exceedingly pretty apartment—"for he has Gaston de Marigny with him. They are like brothers, or more than brothers; for I fancy few brothers have such comprehension, affection, and sympathy for each other as they have."

"It is the first time that I have ever seen M. de Marigny," said Armine.

"The first time!" repeated the other, with some surprise. "How does that happen, when he is so often here?"

Armine shook her head. "I do not know," she answered. "But when we were living in the same house and were together most I think I heard you say that he was not in Paris."

"True," said Mlle. d'Antignac. "He was at that time in Brittany with his father, who was dying of a lingering disease—although even then we saw him occasionally. Now he has just returned from Rome, and how much he and Raoul will have to talk of!"

"How much, indeed!" said Armine. "But I fear that it will make M. d'Antignac sad, he seems to have such a peculiar affection for Rome."

"Nothing makes him sad," answered his sister. "His serenity is never ruffled, his cheerfulness never fails. He seems to have such conformity to God's will that he accepts whatever

happens with perfect acquiescence. When M. de Marigny came to bid him good-by he said a little wistfully, 'Ah! I should like to see Rome again.' But he added almost immediately, with a smile, 'Yet it matters little, since I hope some day to enter a more eternal city.' "

"If he does not enter it the rest of us may despair," said Armine quickly. "I suppose one should not wish him to remain where he suffers so much; but what will the world be like when he leaves it!"

"Desolate enough for some of us," said H  l  ne, while her eyes filled with tears. They were fine eyes—the only beautiful feature of her face. It was a typical French face, even to the slight dark down on the upper lip—a face seen as often among the Creoles of Louisiana as among the people from whom they sprang—and which in this instance only the eyes and the flash of regular white teeth redeemed from plainness. But it was a strong though not a handsome face, full of the expression of that sense which we call common, notwithstanding that in reality it is the most uncommon of all, and which is chiefly shown in administering the practical affairs of life. Certainly H  l  ne d'Antignac did wonders in administering for her brother and herself the moderate fortune which was all that remained to them of a great estate.

"I do not suffer myself to think of the future," she said after a moment. "To-day is all that we possess; and when to-morrow becomes to-day it will bring the strength it needs for whatever we may have to do or endure. That is what Raoul always says. But now tell me something of yourself, my dear little Armine."

Armine smiled—perhaps at the term of endearment, since she was considerably taller than the speaker—as she answered: "Oh! there is nothing to tell of my life. You know how monotonous it is outwardly, and how full of disquiet inwardly," she added after a slight pause. "My father never leaves me that I do not feel as if it may be a final farewell. I know just enough to know how closely he is connected with desperate plans, and to tremble for what the result may be to him. For he," she said, looking at H  l  ne with the same half-proud, half-pathetic air of apology she had worn when speaking of him to D'Antignac, "is not of those who simply direct, who put others forward in places of danger. If there is a service of special peril he takes it upon himself. I know that."

"My poor child, it is a sad knowledge for you," said the other.

"Yes, it is sad," said Armine, "but we have all to bear our burden in one form or another; is it not so? I never feel so sure of that as when I look at M. d'Antignac. And doubts which confuse and trouble me are never so laid to rest as by his voice."

"I do not wonder at that," said his sister. "He has a peculiar power of touching the heart and convincing the mind. But do you know what he said the other day? Some one was speaking of the great sermons which the Père Monsabre is preaching in Notre Dame, and he said, 'I wish that Armine would go to hear them.'"

"Did he?" said Armine quickly. "Then I *will* go. I could not hear a wish of his without attempting at least to fulfil it; and surely it is easy to go to Notre Dame when the Père Monsabre preaches."

"It is easy to go," said Hélène, "but not so easy to hear the preacher. It is said that at least five thousand men attend these conferences; and, since he addresses men chiefly on the great questions of the age, the nave is reserved for them, and women must take their chances in the aisles."

"I shall take mine," said the girl, smiling. "Thank you for telling me. And now I must bid you adieu. My good Madelon is waiting for me below, and I do not wish to keep her longer."

CHAPTER III.

"THAT is an interesting face," said the Vicomte de Marigny, as the door closed behind the two feminine figures.

"Armine's?" said D'Antignac. "Yes, an interesting face, and a more interesting character. You have heard me speak of her—the daughter of a red-hot Communist, a man who devotes his life to forwarding revolutionary aims all over Europe."

"And yet she has that Madonna countenance!" said the other, smiling. "Nature indulges in odd freaks sometimes."

"Oh! Duchesne is himself a man of refinement, a man of talent, and—there is some suspicion—a man of birth," answered D'Antignac.

"Duchesne!" repeated the vicomte, with an expression of surprise. "Are you talking of *him*? But how is it that you chance to know such people?"

"I do not know him at all; I have never seen him," replied

D'Antignac. "But in the house in which we lived before coming here he had an apartment. *Hélène* used to meet *Armine* on the stairs and took a fancy to her face. This led to acquaintance and finally to intimacy. You may conceive my surprise when I found this girl—this child almost—pondering upon the deepest problems of life. Her mother had been a Catholic, and some faint memory of her teaching remained in *Armine's* mind, together with the wild doctrines she had imbibed from her father. When one finds such mental confusion it is usually difficult to clear the ground sufficiently for the reception of first principles; but I have never met with an intelligence which apprehended the logic of truth with greater quickness than that of *Armine*. It had been so long in darkness that it seemed almost to leap toward the light."

"And how did the father take her conversion?" asked De Marigny with interest.

"I do not fancy that he knows anything about it," said D'Antignac. "A man who is busily engaged in trying to overturn all the governments of Europe is not likely to have time to inquire closely into the beliefs of his daughter. The time may come, however, when she will be forced to astonish him by declaring them, for he makes her of use in preparing matter for the revolutionary propaganda, and she begins to question how far it is right to lend her aid to such work. She has just asked my opinion; I confess that I shrank from giving a positive one."

"Has she no director?"

D'Antignac shook his head. "No. Faith is only an intellectual conviction with her as yet. She shrinks from the practice, fearing that it will bring her into some attitude of antagonism to her father. I see that, and I do not press her. God, I think, has his own designs with such a soul as hers. But enough of this! Tell me, Gaston, of yourself, of Rome."

"I will tell you first what will interest you most," said De Marigny. "I was received in private audience by the Holy Father and had the happiness of hearing that he approves all my plans and hopes. I wish that you could have heard him speak of France. You would have been struck by two things—by the heart of the father and the mind of the statesman. He appreciates clearly all our perils and our needs; he sees that chief among those needs is the union of all conservative elements in concerted action against the destructive forces that have acquired power through our divisions. When I told him that the end to which I intended to direct all my effort was to form

a common basis on which Legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists could meet, he said, 'It is a noble aim.' "

"Yes, it is a noble aim," said D'Antignac. "But have you forgotten that such a conservative alliance was formed once before, and betrayed by the Bonapartists?"

"No, I have not forgotten," replied the other, "but I trust to the wisdom which time has taught them. All thinking men must recognize the deadly nature of the peril which menaces us now, must see the darkness of the gulf on which France stands. Those who would blot out every glory of our past will soon leave us no hope in any future, if men cannot be roused from their partisanship for this or that dynasty to act together as Frenchmen and Catholics and thus save their country and their faith."

"France is so cursed with party madness and party blindness that I have little hope of their doing so," said D'Antignac; "but ends apparently as hopeless have been gained by courage and ability like yours, my Gaston. You must expect, however, to be accused of disloyalty to your own party."

"By some of its members—those, for example, who have not hesitated to attack even the Papal Nuncio—it is likely. But what then? It does not matter in the least to what misunderstanding or accusation I am subjected, if the end is gained. And if it is not gained—well, then I shall at least feel that I have not been one of those who stood by and saw France fall into the gulf of atheistic revolution without an effort to save her."

"And what battle-cry will you find to unite Legitimist, Orleanist, and Bonapartist?"

"We know," said De Marigny, "that there was once a battle-cry which stirred men's hearts and carried them victorious through many a conflict. It was 'God and the king.' But since we are not agreed what king we desire, I shall inscribe on the banner which I wish to raise the name of God alone. For the line of battle is now sharply drawn. It is not for any political preference that we have to fight, but for the very existence of faith, for the right to hold, practise, or teach religion at all. Whatever else they disagree upon, our opponents are united in enmity to all that is signified by the name of God; and we therefore should sink our differences to unite in defence of it."

"But, unhappily, while they *are* fiercely united on that point, you have to overcome the indifference of multitudes of those

who nominally hold the traditions of faith; you have to awaken generous ardor where there is now only selfish apathy."

"Then, in addressing such men one must touch their selfishness by showing them the dangers that lie before a godless people. Surely France, of all countries, should not need to be taught by another revolution of what atheism is capable! Those who have ears to hear may hear on all sides the sound of a coming storm which will not be content with throwing down the church only, but which will not leave one stone of social order standing upon another. If men are prepared to supinely yield their religion they must be prepared to yield also their property, and probably their lives."

"The last arguments may touch them," said D'Antignac, smiling. "I am inclined to think that the world is perishing for lack of logic. Certainly a little clear thinking would make many of the evils which afflict modern society impossible. Well, I can do nothing save wish you God-speed," he added, with a touch of wistfulness; "but you know that in this battle, as in the many we have fought together, my heart is with you though I lie useless here."

"Useless!" repeated De Marigny, much as Armine had spoken before him. "That you are not, or ever can be while life animates you; for you animate others to battles which might else be fought with but half-heartedness. I can answer for myself that when courage or purpose flags I come here for a spiritual or mental aid which has never failed me."

D'Antignac's look of thanks was at once eloquent and pathetic. "If," he said, "you do not exaggerate in order to please one who has few pleasures—"

"You must know," interposed the other quickly, "that I do not exaggerate in the least; that you are what I have said, not only to me but to many others."

"Then there is compensation for all that I miss or endure," D'Antignac went on; "for to sustain in any degree those who fight is as much as fighting one's self, without the dangers that attend victory. You don't need for me to tell you what those dangers are," he added, with another smile.

"I do not think that there is any need for me to guard against them," said De Marigny, answering the smile. "If I succeed it will merely be the success of one who lays a foundation for others to build upon."

"So much the better," returned D'Antignac. "To dig deep is better than to build high. Foundations are the most neces-

sary as well as the most difficult part of any work, and if you have not glory with men your glory with God will be all the greater. And now let me hear your plans in detail."

These details the vicomte proceeded to give, and they were not only listened to with interest, but eagerly canvassed and discussed by this man who, prisoned on his couch of pain, showed, nevertheless, the most intimate acquaintance with the various phases of French politics and a striking knowledge of the world in his suggestions and advice.

But the conversation was presently interrupted by Hélène, who entered with a card in her hand.

"Do not fear," she said, with a smile at her brother, "that I am going to introduce a visitor. I told Pierre to deny you to any one as long as M. de Marigny was with you. But here is Mr. Egerton's card, with his compliments and hopes that you are better to-day."

"Egerton!" repeated D'Antignac. "If any one but Gaston were here I should say that I was sorry not to have seen him."

"Then I am sorry to have been the cause of your not having that pleasure," said the vicomte, smiling. "But who is this Mr. Egerton who is to be regretted?"

"To be regretted only when you are out of the question," said D'Antignac. "Who is he? A young, rich, idle American, clever and with intellectual tastes—a man of whom something brilliant is expected by his friends, but who will probably never verify their expectations, because he has no motive for exertion."

"Has he no ambition?"

"None. And, when one thinks of it, why should he have any? He already possesses in large degree that to which all, or nearly all, modern ambition tends—wealth. What has he to gain by subjecting himself to the drudgery of labor in any form?"

"It seems to me," said De Marigny, "that the best answer to that question lies in the fact that in all ages men—that is, some men—have felt that there is much besides wealth which is worth the price of labor: rewards so great, indeed, that wealth will bear no comparison to them."

"That is very true," said D'Antignac; "but it must not blind us to the fact that in our age those rewards are constantly diminishing in value—are of worth only as they lead, indirectly perhaps, but surely, to a golden end. We hear much of work which is to be unselfishly undertaken for the benefit of humanity, but as a matter of fact we see less of it than ever before in the history of the world. Egotism is more becoming a controlling force:

men are more and more asking themselves, *Cui bono?* of any end which does not promise them power or pleasure."

"But the gratification of ambition does promise both," said De Marigny.

"Yes; but wealth can purchase both without the long vigil of labor which is essential to attain any really high degree of excellence in any path of human effort. And when a man has that golden talisman he may say, 'Why should I "scorn delights and live laborious days" for an object which is certainly remote, and which may prove very unsatisfactory if I gain it, when here in my hand is the key to unlock all the doors of life, to enable me to taste all pleasures and most powers, to fill with varied enjoyment the few years granted me in which to live?'"

"If he thinks those few years are the sum of his existence there is no reason why he should not ask such a question," said De Marigny.

"And answer is impossible until you have proved to him that he has a spiritual as well as a physical and mental life, and that these few years are not all in which he has to live," said D'Antignac. "As philosophers, if not as Christians, we must perceive that every disease which is afflicting our age has its root in the same cause—the widespread extinction of religious faith. When man loses his dignity as an immortal being no end remains to him which is not worthless and illusory, save the end of gratifying his personal tastes and desires."

"And has this man of whom you speak no faith?"

"Not the least. What man of culture, outside the Catholic Church, has faith now?"

"Yet I am interested in him," said Hélène, who, with some needlework, had sat down near the open window. "He is intellectual and he is reasonable. I have not found in him any of that ignorant arrogance which characterizes so many of those who are known as 'positive thinkers.'"

"And who are at least positive in the expression of their crude opinions," said the vicomte, smiling.

"Well, that Mr. Egerton is not," she said. "He has the good sense not to be positive in anything—not even in denial—when all is doubt with him. It is honest doubt, I think—which makes me sorry for him."

"There is no need to be sorry for him on that account," said M. de Marigny. "It is the best ground for congratulating him. If he is honest in doubt he may at length receive light to say *Credo*."

D'Antignac made at this point a slight negative motion of the head. "He does not desire to say it," he observed. "That is the worst of eras like this. Men do not wish to be left behind in what they regard as the great intellectual movement of the age. They regard it as the highest triumph of human intelligence to be in doubt about everything. Even the desire for faith is dead in them."

"But it may be wakened," said Hélène.

"Yes," said the vicomte, "it may be wakened."

He glanced as he spoke at the ivory crucifix, and then at the worn face beneath. "And here," he added, "is a good place to waken it."

CHAPTER IV.

THE same sunlight which was streaming over the wide boulevards and over pleasure-grounds thronged with people poured on this afternoon some of its rays into one of those narrow streets of old Paris which seem to have been purposely built to exclude all such rays—a street in the immediate neighborhood of the Sorbonne, where two young men met face to face an hour or so after Hélène d'Antignac had taken to her brother the card of a visitor whom he did not see.

"What, Egerton, is this you?" exclaimed one. "How comes it that a butterfly from the Champs Elysées has fluttered over here into the Quartier Latin?"

The speaker was evidently a denizen of the region. On him the stamp of the student was set, in dress and air as well as in the large portfolio which he carried under his arm. He was short and thick-set, with little grace of appearance, but his dark, heavily-bearded face was pleasant as well as sensible, and out of it looked bright, good-humored eyes. He might easily have passed for a Frenchman, not only from resemblance of type but from resemblance of manner, acquired naturally by long residence among Gallic people; but when he spoke English it was at once apparent that he spoke his native tongue, though—an English ear would have detected—with an American accent.

The man whom he addressed was a much more distinguished-looking person. Tall, slender, handsome, with an air of elegance pervading his careful toilet, he was certainly the kind of figure more likely to be encountered in the Champs Elysées than in the Quartier Latin. But that he did not deserve the epithet bestowed upon him was sufficiently evident from the intellectual

character of his face and from the observant glance of his clear eyes. Any one who had followed the regard of those eyes for some time past would have seen that he did not move indifferently through this classic quarter of the colleges of Paris, this spot sacred to learning, where for so long Europe sent her scholars and students in multitudes to gratify that passion for knowledge which, except among the philosophers of Greece, never existed in the world to a greater degree than in the schools and among the schoolmen of the middle ages.

Like most of his generation, Alan Egerton knew little of those ages save that they were generally credited with having been "dark"; but he would not have been an educated, much less an intellectual, man, if he had not known the fame of the University of Paris, and if he had not felt a certain thrill in passing over ground which has been the chosen arena of the human intellect, and where the very stones were suggestive of a thousand kindling memories. Nor was he one of those with whom custom stales such memories. Many times before had he looked on the ancient, time-stained walls of the Sorbonne, many times before trod the narrow streets, but never without a keen realization of all that the first had enshrined and all that the last had witnessed. He was looking down one of these streets with a glance which noted all its picturesqueness when accosted by the salutation recorded above.

"Ah! Winter," he said, with a smile, "you are the man I am in search of. I have been to your apartment, but, not finding you, strolled in this direction, thinking it likely I should meet you."

"Yes, the lecture is just over," said Winter, shifting his portfolio a little. "And what may your lordship want?"

"I want," said the latter, "to say that I have changed my mind on the subject we were speaking of last, and that I believe I should like to hear your revolutionary tribune."

Winter gave him a quick glance. "You are in need of a new sensation, then?" he said.

"Partly," the other answered; "partly, also, I am in need of information. It struck me after our last conversation that I know very little about this tremendous movement called Socialism—"

"Very little indeed," put in Winter.

"And that since it is well to inform one's self on all subjects, and since I am here in Paris with little to do, I might as well embrace the opportunity you offered me, especially as you promised that I should hear some real eloquence."

"You will undoubtedly hear it," said Winter emphatically. "But you will also hear some very plain speaking. Duchesne does not wear gloves when he deals with silken gentlemen like yourself, who, possessing all the goods and pleasures of the world, still find life only a weariness and a burden."

"It strikes me that we should rather be pitied than denounced for that," said Egerton pleasantly. "However, I shall not mind how roughly M. Duchesne handles us, if he affords me a little intellectual amusement."

"Intellectual amusement!" repeated the other. "Yes, that is all you care for. Questions which are convulsing the world, shaking nations to their centre, and making thrones tremble, only serve to amuse an intellectual sybarite like yourself."

"And why not?" demanded the other, with undiminished good-humor. "If their importance is so great it surely will not diminish it that they serve to amuse an insignificant intellectual sybarite. That is a good term, Winter, by the way. I am much obliged to you for suggesting it."

"Don't let the obligation overpower you," said Winter, "for I don't myself think it very flattering. But it describes you exactly. I am never with you that I am not struck by the manner in which you trifle with all beliefs and hold none."

"None has ever yet showed me good reason why I should hold it," replied Egerton. "I have not your faculty of enthusiasm. I cannot see a prophet in a revolutionary ranter, or a coming Utopia in the reign of the mob."

Winter uttered something like a growl, but beyond this did not speak, so they walked on in silence for a moment—Egerton having turned and joined him—until, leaving the narrow street with its high, dark houses, they turned into the boulevard which under the Second Empire was opened through the quaint, winding, mediæval ways, bringing daylight to many an obscure spot where crime and wretchedness dwelt in darkness, but also demolishing much of the picturesqueness and spoiling much of the charm of this old famous quarter. As they entered the broad thoroughfare which is known on the left bank of the Seine as the Boulevard St. Michel, and which forms a direct line with the Boulevard de Sebastopol on the right bank—the Napoleonic and Haussmannic idea having been to lay out as many straight and tedious avenues, which cannon could readily sweep, as possible—Egerton said:

"You have not yet told me when and where I can hear this Duchesne."

"I have not told you," Winter answered, "because I don't know. I don't even know whether or not he is in Paris now. But if you are not in haste I may be able to find a man who is pretty certain to know."

"I am not in the least haste," Egerton replied.

"Then we will go to a café which he frequents and where there is a chance of meeting him—at least he is often to be found there at this hour."

They proceeded, therefore, along the Boulevard St. Michel until, after crossing the Boulevard St. Germain, which intersects it, Winter turned into one of the cafés that are numerous in the neighborhood. It was a dark-looking place, not rendered more cheerful in aspect by the clouds of tobacco-smoke rising from the groups of men who were sitting around various small tables, drinking moderately and talking excessively. Winter received a running fire of salutations as he passed among them; but he did not pause until he reached a table in a corner near a window where only one man was sitting buried in a newspaper, by which stood a glass of absinthe. On this man's shoulder Winter laid his hand.

"*Bonjour, Leroux,*" he said. "I am glad to find you."

"*Bonjour, cher Winter,*" returned the other, glancing up. "How goes it with you to-day? And why are you glad to find me?"

"Because I want some information that you can probably afford," replied Winter. "But first let me introduce my friend Mr. Egerton, and, if you do not object, we will join you."

"With all my heart," said Leroux, adding, with a motion toward his glass as they sat down, "Will you join me in this also?"

"We prefer a bottle of wine—eh, Alan?" said Winter. "You had much better drink it instead of that poisonous stuff, Leroux."

Leroux shrugged his shoulders. "I am getting up inspiration for my night's work, as an engine gets up steam," he said. "It is a matter of necessity."

"M. Leroux is a writer, a *feuilletonist* whom Paris knows well," said Winter, addressing Egerton.

"Whom Paris does not yet know so well as it may, perhaps, some day," said the *feuilletonist* calmly. "*Eh bien*, you have not yet told me what it is that I can do for you."

"Briefly, then, you can tell me whether Duchesne is in Paris, and, if so, when and where he is likely to speak. My friend wishes to hear him."

Leroux turned a pair of keen eyes on that gentleman.

"Monsieur has heard of Duchesne, then?" he said.

"Yes, I have heard of him," Egerton answered; "but what I have heard would not have made me desire to listen to one of his speeches, if Winter had not assured me that he is singularly eloquent; and real eloquence is something very uncommon."

"Monsieur is not, then, interested in the cause to which Duchesne lends the aid of his eloquence?"

"One cannot be interested in what one knows little about," replied Egerton indifferently. "I confess that I am not very favorably inclined toward it. But I am open to conviction," he added, with a smile.

"In that case it is well that you should hear Duchesne," said the other; "and, as it chances, he speaks to-night in the Faubourg Montmartre. I did not think of going, for I have heard him often; but he is always worth hearing—a man of wonderful power, *ma foi!*—and I shall find pleasure in accompanying you."

"You are very kind," said Egerton; "but is it necessary that you should give yourself that trouble? Can I not go alone, or with Winter?"

"The meeting is, of course, not secret—we have advanced beyond that," said the other; "but people of your class and general appearance are not common in Montmartre, and, in order that you should see and hear to the best advantage, it is well that you should be accompanied by some one better known than our friend Winter."

"I am only 'a looker-on here in Vienna' like yourself," said Winter. "You had better accept Leroux's offer. He is one of the army of which Duchesne is a leader."

"Then I accept it with thanks," said Egerton. "But, if I may be permitted to ask a question," he added, looking at Leroux with a very clear and comprehensive glance, "it is, What ultimate end does this army propose to itself?"

The other smiled a little grimly. "An end which is not likely to please men of your order," he said. "A thorough equalizing of all the inequalities of fortune, a share of the sunshine for every human being, and such an entire recasting of society as will make it impossible for one man to accumulate wealth from the labor of others."

"They are apparently very fine ends," said Egerton. "What I fail to perceive is any means by which they can be

secured which would not be a worse tyranny than that which you wish to abolish."

"It will seem a tyranny, doubtless, to those who are the sufferers," said Leroux; "but they may console themselves with thinking what worse things the great mass of humanity have endured for many ages."

"That is, I am to be comforted for being robbed of my coat by the consideration that other men have lived and died without coats."

"If you choose so to put it. Have you not an English proverb which says that 'turn about is fair play'? Well, the Socialists do not propose so much as that; they do not say to you, 'Turn about with these men who have been so long crushed by want and agonizing in distress'; they only say, 'You shall share with them the fruit of their toil; the great bulk of humanity shall no longer groan and travail that a few may wear purple and fine linen. We demand and we will have an equal share of the goods of earth for every human creature.'"

"I, for one, am willing to admit that the demand is natural on the part of those who make it," said Egerton, "and I am willing to go a step farther and declare that I should be glad to see the thing accomplished, if it could be done without great and overwhelming injustice."

"Do you mean that equality would be injustice?"

"I mean that to forbid a man to profit by the powers of mind or body which exalt him above another man would be manifestly unjust."

"And would it not be, is it not, more unjust for him to use those powers of mind or body to take from the other man his right of prosperity and happiness, to make that other a mere machine to minister to his pleasure and to do his bidding?"

Egerton did not answer. He was, in fact, confronted with a subject on which, as he confessed to Winter, he had thought little, and that little in a vague manner. There was to him, as to most generous natures without a firm basis for thought, some attraction in the ideal which Socialism presented; but he could not blind himself to the practical difficulties in the way of the realization of that ideal, though not sufficiently equipped with arguments to be able to present those difficulties in a forcible manner. It was Winter who now broke in, saying:

"The new gospel of the world—that on which Socialism rests—is the gospel of man's duty to his fellow-man. We have outgrown and flung by the childish fable of a Supreme Being

with the power to bestow arbitrary rewards and punishments, and the belief that there is another life of more importance than this. We have faced the fact that this life is all of which we know or can know anything, and that it is our duty neither to spend it in misery ourselves nor to suffer any one else to do so."

"It seems to me," said Egerton, "that in such case the word duty becomes unmeaning."

"On the contrary, it becomes more imperative in its meaning than ever before," said Winter, "for the object of it is close beside us instead of being remote as formerly, and is altruistic instead of egoistic."

"Yes," said Leroux, "the immortal principles of the French Revolution—that first great assertion of the rights of man—are now the watchwords and battle-cries of humanity throughout the whole world. The fundamental truth which Jean Jacques Rousseau was the first to announce, that 'man is naturally good and that by institutions only is he made bad,' is the foundation of all the teaching of modern philosophy and the hope of the human race."

It occurred to Egerton that this hope of the human race was very much belied by its past experience; but he kept silence with the modesty befitting one who was receiving new and enlightened ideas. Whether it was owing to absinthe or inspiration, Leroux proceeded to expound these ideas at length and with considerable eloquence, so that when Egerton finally parted from his companions—having made an appointment for the evening—he felt as if it were hardly necessary to journey to Montmartre for more of the revolutionary gospel.

As has been already said, however, there was much in this gospel which attracted him. He was not one to wrap himself in material comfort and scoff at dreams for relieving the misery of mankind. He recognized the truth that in these dreams there is a great deal of noble and generous ardor, if not a large amount of practical wisdom. As he walked slowly toward the Seine, glancing here and there into those narrow streets, lined with tall, dark houses, which open from the modern boulevard, and where the poor of the great city still dwell in wretchedness and squalor and crime, some of the sentences which he had been hearing came into his mind. "An equal place in the sunlight for all." Surely it was little of physical, mental, or moral sunlight which these children of poverty knew from birth to death! "The great bulk of humanity shall no longer groan and travail that a few may wear purple and fine linen." He looked down with a

slight whimsical smile at the careful attire which with him represented this purple and fine linen. "Well, if it could be made absolutely certain that they would no longer need to groan and travail and live in darkness, I should be willing to resign it," he thought.

It was at this moment that he entered the Place St. Michel, and his glance fell on the fountain, above which stands the sculptured figure of the great Archangel trampling his infernal foe, the enemy of God. No Christian faith or knowledge had this man of culture; to him that majestic angel, the captain of the heavenly host, was no more than a poetical myth; but as an allegory and a type of the eternal battle between good and evil, between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, it struck him at that moment with peculiar force. Was it not seething and roaring all around him, this battle? and was not this wonderful Paris the chief battle-ground of the world, the place where strife was hottest, where the loftiest good confronted the deepest evil, and where light and darkness met in an irreconcilable struggle? And then there rose in his mind the question which in these days many a perplexed soul is asking itself: "Where is light?"

Leaving the Place, he walked toward the Quai St. Michel, and as he emerged on it he lifted his eyes to see a glorious and beautiful sight—the great front of Notre Dame, with its massive towers rising in the golden sunlight of late afternoon. Many volumes have been written upon the architectural splendor of this noble church, but no words can express the air of steadfast repose in which it seems steeped, as if the ages of faith had breathed their spirit over every stone. Like that truth which is unchanging amid the changing fashions of time, it stands in the heart of the turbulent city, on that island of the Seine where the Parisii built their huts and founded the town of Paris, where St. Louis administered justice, and where for eight hundred years successive storms of human passion have raged and innumerable millions of human beings lived and died around those mighty walls, within the shadow of those splendid towers. Well may they wear their aspect of immovable calm, and well may the host of sculptured figures look serenely down from over the vast portals through which the Crusaders passed; for this old sanctuary of faith has heard the battle-cries of the League and of the Fronde, and the wilder cries of Revolution, yet stands and looks over the great city of to-day as it looked over the "good town" of Philippe le Bel.

Some of these thoughts were in Egerton's mind as, having crossed the bridge, he paused in the square before the cathedral and looked up at its marvellous façade. And as he looked the eloquent words of a writer from whom the light of faith was, and yet is, veiled recurred to his memory. "There are," says Victor Hugo, "few more beautiful specimens of architecture than that façade, where the three porches with their pointed arches; the plinth embroidered and fretted with twenty-eight royal niches; the immense central mullioned window, flanked by its two lateral windows, like the priest by the deacon and the subdeacon; the lofty and light gallery of open-work arcades supporting a heavy platform upon its slender pillars; lastly, the two dark and massive towers with their slated penthouses—harmonious parts of a magnificent whole, placed one above another in five gigantic stages—present themselves to the eye in a crowd yet without confusion, with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, powerfully contributing to the tranquil grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony of stone, if we may be allowed the expression; the colossal product of the combination of all the force of the age, in which the fancy of the workman, chastened by the genius of the artist, is seen starting forth in a hundred forms upon every stone; in short, a sort of human creation, mighty and fertile like the divine creation, from which it seems to have borrowed the twofold character of variety and eternity."

It is this twofold character of variety and eternity—but chiefly of eternity—which the mighty stones of Notre Dame most fully breathe, and which at this moment appealed even more than its beauty to the man who gazed. "It had that repose—the old faith," he thought with something like a pang of regret. It did not occur to him to question what he had long accepted as a truth, that this old faith, having helped mankind in upward progress, was now to be thrown aside as a thing fit only for the infancy of the human intellect; but he felt that none of the new creeds offered the sublime repose which was expressed here. "If I could put myself into the thirteenth century how undoubtingly I should enter and kneel before that altar!" he thought. "But a man must belong to his age."

He did not enter. He turned and walked away, while the great front of Notre Dame with its solemn grandeur mutely answered that man's dreams and theories indeed pass with the passing time, but that God's eternal truth is *for all ages*.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

THERE is perhaps no physical science, as things now stand, which may be freely studied with so little danger to faith as that of astronomy. This is no doubt due principally to two causes. The first is that the department of this science on which most labor has heretofore been spent, and which constitutes the chief part of it as usually presented, is in a perfect state, or very nearly so, and therefore is entirely true; we refer, of course, to that which treats of the masses, distances, movements, and forces existing in the universe and having astronomical importance. And the statements made on these points, being true, do not conflict with faith, which has only to fear the error still remaining in sciences as yet imperfectly formed.

The second cause of the safety of astronomical study is the spirit in which this science has been and is pursued in all its branches, and which its votaries seem to have caught from the great man who may almost be called its founder—a spirit of caution, of not stating things as certain until they are proved; in short, the mathematical spirit, which is satisfied with no evidence not perfectly conclusive. Sir Isaac Newton and the other illustrious investigators who followed in his path did not, like many modern scientists, determine beforehand that such or such a theory *must* be true, and support it with the zeal of advocates; therefore they not only arrived more speedily at the ultimate truth, but also passed through less error on the way to it. They were calm, impartial, and patient; ready at any time to change their minds, even when well settled, if facts should require it; and therefore they were seldom obliged to change minds so prudently determined. And the same spirit is, as we have said, in their successors to-day; astronomers have, as a rule, no “views” in the incomplete branches of their science which they are resolved to see through at any cost, and therefore those who look to them for information are in little danger of taking the uncertain for the certain, what is temporarily probable for what is fixed for ever.

For these two reasons, then, astronomy as actually taught by astronomers is a safe matter of study, both in its conclusions and in the spirit in which it is followed. Still, its real results are

of course sometimes misunderstood by the unprofessional, and hasty conclusions drawn from the facts which it teaches. One such conclusion regarding a matter of great interest is our present subject; that matter is what is commonly called the plurality of worlds.

"You hold, do you not," an inquirer will perhaps say to an astronomer, "that the fixed stars are all suns like our own?"

"Yes, we believe them to be so."

"And they have planets circling around them as the earth does around the sun?"

"Yes, that is quite likely."

"And these worlds may probably be inhabited like our own?"

"Yes, that is very probable."

"And how many stars are there?"

"No actual count can be made. Ordinary telescopes will show millions of them."

After such a conversation the inquirer leaves with the impression that astronomy teaches the existence of countless millions of worlds inhabited like this earth, and perhaps proceeds to ask himself, "How can Christianity as commonly taught be true, if astronomy is correct? How can God have shown such singular favors to us, a mere speck in his intelligent creation? How can he have passed by millions of millions of beings like ourselves, and come only to us here in this little world of ours?"

Now, we shall set aside the question whether these fancied results of astronomy can be reconciled with the teachings of faith. Some think that they easily can be; indeed, that the knowledge of God which we have by revelation would be rather in favor of the supposition that there are vast numbers of other worlds besides our own, inhabited by intelligent creatures, than against it. Faith, it must be understood, by no means depends on this astronomical conclusion; it stands with or without it. But with this matter we have at present no concern. All that we wish to show is that this result of astronomy is in point of fact, as has just been said, only a fancied one; that the real science is entirely non-committal on the question of a plurality of worlds, and, indeed, that its actual discoveries, so far as they give direct evidence, are rather against such a plurality than for it.

All that the astronomer actually teaches in the above supposed dialogue is that the fixed stars are suns like our own; he does not teach positively that they are attended by planets,

much less that these planets are inhabited. He may think so as well as his questioner, but he does not pretend to know.

As to the fixed stars being suns, that is a fair conclusion from actual observations and measurements. The distance of some of them is approximately known by methods precisely similar to those resorted to by ordinary surveyors; and the astronomer's results in this matter cannot be questioned, unless we also question the determination of the height of the Himalaya Mountains, or of others on which man has not yet trod; or, indeed, unless we doubt either the evidence of our senses or the formulas of trigonometry. The astronomer's result is not so accurate as the other, and is acknowledged by himself not to be so, owing to the inadequately short base-line which he is obliged to use, it being in the most favorable case only about one hundred thousandth of the distance which he has to determine. But it is correct enough for him to assert positively that the stars whose distance has thus been measured are just about so far away that our sun, if put where they are, would, on the known laws of the diminution of light with increased distance, look like one of them. We know, then, that these stars are luminous bodies comparable in splendor with the sun, and that in fact some of them decidedly surpass it in intrinsic brilliancy. With regard to their dimensions nothing can be positively determined, as they show no disc, but appear simply as points; but this they would do, unless vastly larger than the sun. In the case of the double stars, however, something can be ascertained about their mass or weight from the rapidity with which they circulate about each other; and the conclusions thus reached tend to confirm those derived from their light, and to equate them, roughly speaking, with our own sun, or star as it may therefore truly be called.

With regard to the immense majority of stars, on which no special measurements for distance have been made, all that can be said is that none of the brighter ones, say those visible with the naked eye, the positions of which have been often well observed, can be many times nearer to us than those whose distance has been found, and that probably few of them are as near. About the innumerable remainder we can only say that they are, on the whole, far beyond the limits of our solar system, though some objects taken for stars have afterward proved to be planets. This is quite evident; for if the Milky Way, for instance, composed of telescopic stars, were anywhere near our system, it would shift its position very perceptibly, which it does not do.

This, then, is all that is absolutely known about the distance and real size and brilliancy of the stellar host. Still, it is reasonable to presume that the stars not yet measured accurately for position are similar to those that have been, and no nearer to us; and, indeed, that probably most of them are much farther away, their faintness being due to their greater distance; and that, therefore, the millions of stars which telescopes reveal are really all, or at least almost all, suns. We may as well grant this; millions of suns may as well be admitted as thousands.

But, admitting them, have we anything as yet to prove a plurality of worlds? To this it must be answered most decidedly in the negative. The very fact that the stars are suns (a fact confirmed also by spectroscopic observation) is itself a strong proof that they are not worlds. For our own sun cannot be so regarded without a great strain on credulity.

For what is the sun, so far as science reveals it to us? Simply a blazing mass of matter, partly in a gaseous state, partly in a liquid or viscous one, but giving no evidence of solidity anywhere, or of any permanent forms. Its surface is torn continually by storms raging with a fury which we cannot begin to imagine. *One hundred miles a second* is a velocity not at all rare, as it would seem, in solar winds. The great "protuberances" have been seen to rise at this rate from the sun's limb, though resisted by a force about twenty times as great as that of gravity here. Immense chasms, called spots, appear frequently on the solar disc, and spread in a short time so as to cover an area greater than that of our whole globe. Every atom on the sun's surface is probably always moving at a rate far surpassing the most violent and rapid movements here. A Western tornado let loose there would pass entirely unnoticed.

But the enormous temperature of the sun is in itself and in its consequences the most fatal barrier to any possibility of life or organism. This temperature cannot be exactly estimated, but the most recent observations place it at a point immensely exceeding that of the hottest iron furnaces, and it is not improbably sufficient to dissociate or break up, at least partly, some of the supposed chemical elements, and at any rate to reduce them to vapor. The centripetal force due to the sun's immense mass seems to be all that holds it together.

In such a state of things the idea of inhabitants, in any ordinary sense, is simply absurd. Far better conditions for life are found in empty space.

"But," it may be said, "granting that the sun's surface is

uninhabitable, may there not be regions in its centre which are shielded from the immense heat prevailing on the outside, and where life is consequently possible?"

Of course no one can say that some arrangement may not have been made for this purpose. But why should we look for such a habitable orb in the centre of the sun rather than anywhere else in space? All that we know about the sun from observation makes such a supposition not, indeed, utterly untenable, but certainly very improbable. All that we see is a blazing, raging wall of fire. There may be some arrangement by which people can live close behind it, yes; but it does not seem at all likely that there is, and observations give no evidence of it. If you know that there are people somewhere and cannot find them anywhere else, then you will believe them to be there, of course; but it is, as it would seem, the last place to look for them. An *a priori* principle is required to find people in the sun; facts do not point that way. The amount of the matter is that astronomy, as far as it says anything at all, tells us that the sun is not a fit place to live in. It does not say, "You cannot believe in life there," but it does say, "I have done nothing to encourage such a belief." And, as its judgment is that the stars are suns, it says the same regarding them.

Science, then, in this immensely preponderating part of the visible creation, gives no sign of the existence of life, and the strongest signs against it. Let us turn now to the small but more promising remainder.

The planets certainly do not present the same difficulties to habitation as the sun and the stars. They are not so enormously heated, nor, so far as we can see, vexed by furious storms like those which agitate the sun's surface. There seems, however, to be some reason for thinking that the larger ones are in a liquid state, perhaps resulting from high temperature; and of course two of the smaller ones—namely, Mercury and Venus—would be uncomfortably hot for us on account of their nearness to the sun. The remaining one, Mars, would also be rather cold; but its deficiency in heat received from the sun could be made up, no doubt, from some internal source. And, at any rate, here, as on Mercury and Venus, though we might not be comfortable, other beings might do well; matter could exist in its three states, solid, liquid, and gaseous; chemical combinations and bodily forms could be preserved. Even on the asteroids, though they are too small to have any heat of their own and are far from the sun, life in some forms might exist, though we could not live.

The secondary planets, or satellites, also do not seem to be uninhabitable.

But are there any positive indications leading us to believe in the actual existence of life on the planets? So far we have nothing but a mere possibility of it.

If we look at the nearest heavenly body to us, the moon, so far from being encouraged to believe in life there, its possibility even seems to disappear; at least the possibility of a life enjoyable by intelligent beings. The only occupation for inhabitants of the moon would seem to be astronomy, for which, no doubt, there would be an excellent opportunity, owing to the absence of the atmosphere, with its disturbances which cause so much annoyance to star-gazers here. In the contemplation of other bodies, particularly of the earth, the denizens of the moon might derive a satisfaction which they would seek for in their own world in vain.

For what is the moon, as clearly revealed to us by powerful telescopes? Merely a ghastly desert of bare rock, pitted by what would seem to be the enormous craters of extinct volcanoes, and rising in many places into jagged and precipitous mountains. Water, if there were any in the liquid state, would surely show itself by some evaporation and condensation, and, if it or any liquid existed in the form of lakes or seas, would be distinguishable by the want of permanent markings on its surface. But everything seen in the moon is permanent and unchanging, except the shadows cast by the enormous mountains and by the edges of the craters, as the sun slowly passes over them in the long lunar day. No atmosphere, or the merest trace of one; if possibly respirable, it cannot be of density sufficient to diffuse the sun's light over the sky. The sun is a blazing ball in the black vault of heaven, against which the bare rocks which it illumines stand out in terrible distinctness. Can we imagine a life enjoyed by intelligent beings here?

It may be said that the beauty of nature is not absolutely necessary to happiness, and that if there are possibilities on the moon for the maintenance of life its inhabitants may find other sources of enjoyment, and shut what senses they may have to their dismal surroundings. True; but what argument is such a place as the moon for the existence of such beings? The conditions of some sort of life may exist in empty space; the asteroids themselves may be large animals, for all we can positively say to the contrary; what advantage is there in a place like the moon for life upon its surface, except that there is something to stand

on and the means of moving about from one horrible scene to another?

Of course it may be urged that we have never seen the other side of the moon. That is true. Good conditions of life may exist there. They may; but astronomy teaches us nothing about it, except that there is probably solid ground on which to rest. On that basis we may build what we please, but that basis is all that science furnishes.

And it fails to teach us even as much as this about the other planets and satellites, with one exception, of which we will immediately speak. We know not if they are solid or liquid; we fail to see any certainly permanent marks on their surfaces. We do not see any conclusive reason against the existence of intelligent life on them; but we fail to find anything by observation which leads us positively to believe in it.

There is, however, one planet—namely, Mars—which does appear to be in a habitable state. It has a surface with permanent markings seeming to be land and water, and white patches at the poles, probably consisting of snow, as they diminish when turned toward the solar rays. It seems also to have an atmosphere; in short, here there is some positive evidence of a place fitted up for habitation. The evidence, of course, is not conclusive; if we could come as near to it as we are to the moon the seeming probability of life might disappear. The moon seen with the naked eye, or even with a low-power telescope, does not show the true character of its surface. However, the advocates of a plurality of worlds can make a good point out of this interesting planet, and no one can object to their doing so.

We have, then, in our solar system one planet, our own, which we know to be inhabited, and another which gives strong signs of being habitable. But to establish a state of things which can give trouble to the believer in revelation, whatever his views may be, we must have more than two worlds. We must have hundreds at least, not to say thousands. Where are the rest to be found?

“Why, of course,” it will be said, “in the similar planets which no doubt revolve around the millions of stars which we know to exist, and which you yourself admit.” Yes, we admit the stars, but where are the planets?

We risk little in saying that it will for ever be impossible from our present position to discover a planetary system round any of the stars. Many of them have faint companions, it is true; but these faint companions are immensely brighter than

our largest planets, and are almost certainly in most cases, and probably in all, suns like their principals. Astronomy, then, gives no proof of the existence of planets revolving around the stars, and never can give any of a planetary system like our own. It is, and must always remain, non-committal on this point.

Some few objects are known in the stellar regions which may possibly be very large planets—that is, which may be shining by reflected light, or, if self-luminous, still not at so high a temperature as to render life out of the question on their surfaces. One at least there is which does not shine at all, or so faintly as to be utterly invisible to us, and which yet is known to exist in the immediate vicinity of the bright star Procyon by its disturbance of that star's position. The companion of Sirius is also a difficult object even for quite large telescopes, and yet it also is so large as to disturb its bright neighbor very perceptibly. These objects, and perhaps others, may be habitable; but the mere fact of their slight luminosity does not prove them to be cool or even solid. A gas may be heated more than a solid can be, and yet be scarcely visible, at any rate at stellar distances. The planetary nebulæ are perhaps the hottest bodies in the universe, and yet they can only be seen with telescopic aid.

The testimony of astronomy, then, as given in the whole universe, fails to establish the existence of other inhabited, or even habitable, worlds than our own. It finds, indeed, only a few objects which are at all promising for the maintenance of life. No one who is disquieted by the idea of a plurality of worlds, or still more by that of an immense multiplicity of them, need be kept in disquiet by the evidence which it gives, or is at all likely to give.

“But,” it may be insisted, “does not the existence of suns necessarily involve that of planets? Would not other suns form them, as it is said ours formed our system?”

“No,” it may be answered, “not necessarily, even if we adopt the so-called nebular hypothesis, which we are not bound to do. Of course on that hypothesis there would be a strong probability of their formation; but even if they were formed we should still have only absolutely unknown planetary systems, the inhabitants of which must be more entirely creatures of speculation than the systems themselves.”

But the argument which is perhaps the strongest to most minds still remains. People say, “What is the use of all these suns, if they are not inhabited and shed light on no inhabited worlds?” This is the difficulty which principally troubles the

religious man, who naturally seeks for a design or plan in all the works of God.

To this it may be answered, "What is the use of our sun itself, on this principle?" Only an almost incalculably small fraction of our sun's light and heat reaches any of the planets. The vast mass of it is shed abroad in space, and, so far as we can see, utterly wasted and thrown away. If an uninhabitable sun without planets seems an impossibility, how shall we account for our own sun, which is only infinitesimally utilized by the planets which it has? The work which it does for us could be done, so far as we can see, equally well by a very little piece of itself placed at a short distance from us. The sun must have other ends to serve, it would seem, in the Divine Mind, than the material service which it renders to us. If those ends be entirely separate from ourselves and having no reference to us, at least for the present, why cannot the stars subsist for similar ones? And if one of these ends be the manifestation to us of the glory of God, why do not the stars serve that end where they are? Must there be corporal, animate, and intelligent beings living nearer to them than we, in order to justify their creation? We see and appreciate them; the angels and the saints also praise God for them; is not that enough? If there were people like ourselves living in planetary systems around them, no doubt all this would be increased; but such an increase is not necessary. For what limit could we assign to it? To require it indefinitely would be to call for more inhabitants even here.

An undue importance attached to matter is at the bottom, as it would seem, of much of the difficulty felt on this subject. We forget that the material creation is of itself of slight importance compared with the spiritual. The vast masses and distances existing in the universe overwhelm us; but really there is little more significance or importance in a large mass of matter than in a small one, in a long distance than in a short one. When we look at the matter without prejudice we shall probably see the glory of God displayed as much in any one of the numberless organisms with which this earth abounds as in the whole machinery of the solar system. We understand and appreciate the working of the latter more completely than that of the animal body, and for that reason, perhaps, seeing it more thoroughly, admire it more; but if we knew both equally well the body would be the more wonderful of the two. Indeed, if the solar system were reduced to the dimensions of our bodies, though

still worthy of admiration, it would fail to impress us; and it would never occur to us that it was so grand and beautiful that it ought to be inhabited. And yet why should it not? Why should mere size make such a difference?

Really there is no reason why the great masses of matter which we see in the universe should require a special explanation, any more than if they were all reduced a thousand million diameters and placed on the earth before us; unless we hold that a whale requires a special purpose for its existence, but that a dog or cat is to be taken as a matter of course.

Now, in conclusion, let it not be understood that we wish to show that there cannot be, or even that there is not, a plurality of worlds. For many reasons we all must desire it, for the glory of God and for our own sakes. Here we see the places to put many intelligent creatures, and possible accommodations for them; very well, let us put them there, if we wish, by all means. But let us not imagine that we are required to do so; that all this matter requires spirit to dwell in or upon it; and let us not imagine, either, if indisposed to believe in the plurality of worlds, that the positive results of astronomy require us to do so.

NATIVE IRISH HUMOR.

It is, of course, a truism to say that humor displays the characteristics of the race from which it emanates, as well as of their condition and circumstances and their education and development. We should not expect delicate wit among the cave-dwellers; and Charles Lamb has moralized upon the growth of humor with the coming-in of candles, and the check that there must have been upon facetiousness when you had to feel your neighbor's cheek in the dark to know whether he appreciated a pun. It may be said that there are certain sorts of humor common to all mankind, as is manifest not only in the resemblances of folk-lore from the most ancient stories of the early races of India, in the birthplace of humanity, to the plantation stories of the negroes of the South, and which are a proof either of its common origin or its common characteristics, but also in the jests and sayings that have survived from the earliest dawn of literature to the modern end-men of minstrel troops and the clowns of the circus. But, aside

from the wit, which is the growth of culture and depends upon it for its appreciation, and which is so cosmopolitan as to be but slightly marked, except in verbal forms, with national characteristics, the native humor of a people has a flavor and indigenous element partaking of their characteristics to an essential and significant degree. In fact, from a strongly-marked specimen it might be possible to reconstruct the race in essential features, as learned scientists can re-create in their minds an animal of the paleontologic race from a fossil toe-bone or eye-tooth.

Among the most strongly marked of the native humor is that of the Irish. It reveals not only their characteristics but their history, and exhibits not only the qualities of the original race and the results of the intermingling of blood and language, but the misfortunes of the Irish and their efforts to rise against them. If that which was purely Gaelic is lost in distinct form and survives only in tradition and admixture, and the present product shows a trace of the incomplete intermingling of the languages, the substance of the whole exhibits the characteristics of the original race as influenced by their history and circumstances. Comparing it with that of Lowland Scotch and American, the two other provincial varieties of what may for convenience be called the common English stock, it presents a strongly-marked difference. Lowland Scotch humor is dry and caustic, and generally has a strong infusion of sarcasm and bitterness. A hard, knowing smile is the highest tribute to its efficiency, and the difficulty of the Scotch nature in apprehending any touch of mellow humor or burlesque travesty has been made proverbial by Sydney Smith. Perhaps as perfect and characteristic a specimen of Scotch humor as can be found is the familiar one, recorded in Dean Ramsay's *Recollections*, of the preacher who was "sootherin'" away on some fifteenthly head of the doctrine of atonement by faith, until the endurance of even a Scotch congregation was worn out, and no one was in a state of proper wakefulness except a half-witted fellow in the gallery. The preacher, indignant at the disrespect, awoke his audience by a reproof for sleeping under sound doctrine when an idiot like Jemmy Irving was wide awake. "Yis," was the answer of Jemmy, angered at the unflattering designation, "and if I hadna been an eediot I wad hae been sleeping too." This is better than the response to the toast of "honest men and bonnie lasses" to the effect that it might be drunk without offence to the modesty of any of the party, although that has the full Scotch

flavor of caustic bitterness, inasmuch as it is more native and idiomatic.

The original quality of American humor was supposed to be that of pecuniary meanness dignified by the name of smartness and "cuteness." There was some truth to this so far as the native race of New England was concerned, but that was altogether too provincial to be considered a national characteristic, although the generic Yankee was long accepted as typical of the people, and is so still to foreign comprehension. The original Yankee had a strongly-marked individuality and has taken a permanent place in literature from the genius of Lowell. But he never represented the prevailing characteristics of the American people even in the Revolutionary era, and has long been outgrown as a type even, if not approaching extinction in his own home. Neither is the peculiar dialect and form of that later and much more luxuriant growth called Western humor to be accepted as the generic type, although it contains much that is characteristic. It is somewhat difficult to fix on what may be considered the peculiar substance of American humor, as it represents, as do the people, such various elements, and even an unformed national character. It is at once so luxuriant under the stimulus of the newspaper press, which, with a great deal that is forced and artificial, exhibits a rich and varied growth, and it takes so many forms, that the characteristic essence is difficult to determine. We take it to be, however, a sort of extravagance and confidence suited to the size of the country and the capacities of life, and which was perceptible in the humorous mendacity of the smart Yankee, as in the more exaggerated boastfulness of the Western backwoodsman who "could grin the bark off a gum log." Unquestionably the generic phase of American humor at the present day is that developed in the newspapers, and of this there is an abundance equal to the fertility of the soil. Perhaps as fair a specimen as may be taken at random out of the heap, which is daily buried under its own accretions, and showing the recklessness, extravagance, and easy absurdity which mark American humor, is this waif and stray of the anonymous newspaper humorist: "The fly is not a determined positivist. He always 'specks so.'" This, if not in any form of dialect, is essentially characteristic.

Irish humor differs from the Lowland Scotch in that it is seldom sour and harsh, and from the American in that it has a touch of deep feeling in its extravagance. What has been attributed to it as a prevailing characteristic, that of blunder and

confusion of language, merely results from the imperfect intermixture of the speech of the two races, or the Celtic thought in English words. In essence it is an attempt to encounter or to relieve misfortune by gayety, and the deep feeling is always struggling through the jest. This is not to say that there is not much that is the result of native joyousness of temperament, but it is the struggle of that temperament against misfortune, which has been so prolonged as to make an element of the national life. The loudest laugh is not the sign of the merriest heart, and the strongest effort of mirth may be the offspring of recklessness to escape despair. The humors of the wake might be taken as a striking specimen of the character of Irish merriment. They are very far from being the evidence of irreverence and lack of feeling which they seem to a colder and more prosperous people, but a struggle to escape overwhelming grief or the kindly purpose to relieve it; and, except in the most degraded instances, they always verge perilously close upon lamentation and wailing, as they are always interspersed with them. Every keen observer of Irish humor has observed this, and only the dull or prejudiced can fail to perceive it. There is none of the humor of the melancholy Jacques in the Irish race. That wooing and dallying with melancholy, as if it was a treasure to furnish food for wit and genteel cynicism, is entirely absent from Irish humor, and the people are too familiar with misfortune to make it a friendly companion. It rather roars and flings and capers, and is ready for any extravagance in order to escape the presence of misery. William Maginn, himself an example, in life as in literature, of the characteristics of Irish life, its wild merriment to escape real misery, has declared in a moment of sober thought and keen perception that the really unhappy person of the two is not Jacques but Falstaff; and there is truth in the fact, if not in the meaning of Shakspeare. He says: "Is the jesting, revelling, rioting Falstaff, broken of fortune, luckless in life, sunk in habits, buffeting with the discreditable part of the world, or the melancholy, mourning, complaining Jacques, honorable in conduct, high in moral position, fearless of the future, and lying in the forest away from trouble—which of them, I say, feels more the load of care? I think Shakspeare well knew and depicted them accordingly."

The commonly conceived and representative form of Irish humor is that which is known as the "bull," the unconscious confusion of language with meaning, and, as a mere blunder, is of course not a faculty. The genuine Irish "bull" is, however,

not a blunder, but is a powerful expression of meaning in defiance of language. Its cause, as we have said, is the rapidity of Celtic thought in the English speech not entirely familiar to the tongue, at least to the extent of adapting itself to the processes of the brain, and its result in its best form is a much more vivid condensation of meaning by a short cut through the properties of nature and the rules of accident. The Irish "bull" has suffered, like all forms of Irish literature and national expression, from the counterfeit and burlesque. It was a favorite form of ridicule for English buffoonery and prejudice to represent the speech of the Irish as crowded with dull and gross blunders, which were the invention of very much clumsier wit than their own; and like the brogue, which was represented as the Irish dialect, the false "bull" betrayed its counterfeit by its silliness and its vulgarity. English jest-books from the days of Joe Miller to the present time contain a collection of stupid blunders in speech and meaning which are described as Irish "bulls," but which were never born in the quick wit and vivid eloquence of the Irish people, any more than the language in which they are clothed—the "och, hubbaboo," etc.—has any connection with the native Doric. The coarse burlesque has in a measure gone out of date since the growth of a native Irish literature and a more intelligent knowledge of Irish character and dialect, and in its present form is chiefly confined to the jokes of the minstrel-halls or the "penny gaffs," but it is still taken as a representative form of Irish humor.

It has existed and does exist in the form which we have defined as the hurry of the thought beyond the limits of language, and the strength of the imagination confounding the properties of words and nature, and the best "bulls" are deliberate hyperboles of humor. The most famous master of this form of expression—the unconscious and the deliberate crush of words and sense to express meaning—was Sir Boyle Roche, whose name has become a synonym and whose flowers of eloquence are treasures of literature. He did not escape, even in his lifetime, the suspicion that he was shrewder than he appeared to be, and that, if he did not purposely invent his wild metaphors, he at least cultivated his faculty of blunder to divert attention from political conduct very well calculated for his profit, and to weaken public indignation at treacherous and ruinous measures of legislation by the sense of humor. This suspicion would be strengthened by the real pith and meaning in some of his most laughable tropes and expressions, but Sir Jonah Barrington describes him

as dull and earnest and with a real confusion of intellect, and it is probable that his wisdom, like that of Sancho Panza, was a double factor with his stupidity. But, at any rate, his "bulls" furnish the best examples of blunder with a meaning, and often express with force and conciseness what a rigid accuracy would have failed to reach. This aphorism is strong enough to be a proverb: "The best way to avoid danger is to meet it plump." Nor is this other, delivered to enable Lord Edward Fitzgerald to avoid an apology to the House, without a pregnant meaning: "No gentleman should be asked to make an apology, because no *gentleman* could *mean to give offence*."

The famous bull about posterity had a very sensible meaning to it, and the blunder was in the expression and not in the argument. It is worth while to give it in its exact language and as it was delivered, to rescue it from the mutilated form in which it is commonly current. The question was on the immediate payment of a national tax instead of funding it with the debt, when Sir Boyle arose and delivered the following unanswerable argument: "What, Mr. Speaker, and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman and this still more honorable House why we should put ourselves out of the way to do anything for posterity; for what has posterity done for us?"

Others of Sir Boyle Roche's "bulls" were mere blunders, but one of them may be taken as an example of the vividness of the imagination simply overcrowding sense, which is an essential property of the genuine Irish bull:

"Mr. Speaker, if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones about the ears of the nation. There, Mr. Speaker, if those Gallician villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on that very table, may be, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps atop of one another. Here, perhaps, the murderous Marshallan-men [Marsellois] would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table to stare us in the face."

That confusion of ideas to the loss of personal identity is considered an extreme example of the "bull," and the following, which was made by an Irish gentleman to Lord Orford, is said to be the most perfect on record: "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse." But Miss Edgeworth discovered that it was not originally Irish, and that a similar expression had been put at an earlier day into the mouth of Sancho Panza: "Pray

tell me, squire," says the duchess, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, unless they have changed me in the cradle."

There are, however, genuine and original examples of this extreme form of mental confusion of identity among the native flowers of blunder. This is complete as well as complex, and, in the language of Mr. Burke, is "a perfect and well-rounded specimen of perversity": "I thought I saw Tim Doolan coming down the street, and it was Paddy Donovan. Paddy tuk me for my brother, and when we met it was neither of us."

The resemblances of folk-lore are remarkable, and it is possible that these may be found to have originated in the first record of primitive humor or to have its counterpart in the fireside jests of a hundred different races. It is from one of the peasant stories of Ireland entitled *The Three Wise Men*:

"At last all were married to the other sisters, but the dickens a foot farther than the four corners of the big bawn they'd separate from one another.

"They were all conversing one day in the bawn, and one of them made a remark that put them all into a great fright. 'Aren't there four brothers of us altogether?' says he. 'To be sure,' says one, and 'To be sure,' says another. 'Well,' says he, 'I'm after counting, and I can't make out one more than three.' 'And neither can I,' says one, and 'Neither can I,' says another, and 'Neither can I,' says the last. 'Some one must be dead or gone away.' Well, they were all in a fright, I can tell you, for a while. At last says the one that spoke first, 'Let every one go and sit on the ridge of his house, and I will soon see who is missing.' Well, they done so, and then the poor-fellow that stayed to count, after looking all round, cried out: 'O murder, murder! there's no one on my own house. It's myself that's missing.'"

There are specimens of "bulls" which are too keenly feathered with wit and malice to be admitted as blunders, whether they were the result of accident or not. Of this sort was the reply of the Irish lady to George II. as to whether she had seen all the sights of the metropolis: "Oh! yes, please your majesty, I have seen every sight in London worth seeing except a coronation"; and this of Sir Boyle Roche to the assertion in a speech by Curran that he "was the trusty guardian of his own honor": "I had understood that the honorable gentleman had always been op-

posed to sinecures." These are the flowers of wit and not of blunder.

The native humor of a people is generally to be found in its most characteristic forms in its proverbs and proverbial expressions, which have been described as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," and they reflect the habits of thought and prevailing objects of interest which make the common life rather than any individual idiosyncrasies. For some reason the native speech of Ireland is not enriched with so great a number of proverbs as that of many other countries—notably Spain and Scotland—probably because the turn of thought is rather toward the imaginative than the sententious form of expression. There is something of Oriental flavor in the redundancy and figurativeness of Irish expression which escapes the condensation and dryness necessary to the perfect proverb. There are some, however, of marked originality and picturesqueness of expression in the list of Irish proverbs. The following has always struck us as remarkably felicitous and graphic:

"The life of an old hat is in the cock of it."

This expresses at once the courage in the face of adversity, and lightness of heart under the load of misfortune, characteristic of the Irish race, with the utmost vividness, and might have furnished a motto for a chapter in the *Clothes Philosophy*, if Carlyle had had any knowledge whatever of laughing at fate. As a whole it is one of the most perfect and picturesque expressions of proverbial wisdom.

There are many other proverbial expressions in prose and verse inculcating the wisdom of meeting misfortune with good-humor, such as would be the natural result of the temperament and condition of the Irish race; as,

"Why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes well through the world, my brave boys";

"Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face;
The heart will be aisy, if it's in the right place";

"The worse luck to-day, the better to-morrow," and others, although none equal the first in vividness and originality.

"Like Madge's cocks that fought one another, although they were of the same breed," is a proverb, unfortunately, but too

natural an outgrowth of the internecine strife so long the bane of Ireland.

Many of the proverbial expressions of great vividness and power of expression are the sadder lessons of woe and misfortune—such as “It’s a sad burden to carry a dead man’s child”—which do not come under the head of humor.

But if the native Irish speech is deficient, in English, of proverbial sententiousness, it more than makes amends in the richness and eloquence of its bitterness and kindness in banning and blessing. The eloquence of the Irish beggar-woman in rewarding charity with blessings and niggardliness with cursing is widely renowned, and the impulsive speech of the people in expressing good or ill will is without a rival in its imaginative force. There is a flavor and force in epithet and expression strikingly Oriental in its character in Irish vituperation, and some of its phrases more than rival the Arabic figurativeness. The following, selected by Carleton, are as characteristic as any, although the whole language is full of others equally remarkable: “The curse of Cromwell be upon you”; “May you die with a caper in your heel,” significant of hanging; “May the grass grow at your door and the fox build his nest on your hearth-stone,” and others of even worse import—expressions of familiar and traditionary use, and full of the highest degree of imaginative bitterness. They would not misbecome the mouth of an Eastern prophet in a fury of inspired malediction. Those which give a humorous turn to the ill-will, or are merely the badinage of satiric affection, are hardly less graphic, such as “The devil go with you and sixpence, and then you will want for neither money nor company,” and “Six eggs to you, and half a dozen of them rotten,” and many others that require but a moment’s recollection of the familiar Irish-English dialect to bring up. There are several specimens of sustained eloquence and fecundity in these sort of backward blessings which have been put into the form of verse, such as the celebrated “Litany of Doneraile,” by Patrick O’Kelly, the “brother bard” who afforded so much amusement to Scott and his party on their visit to Ireland, and whose modesty was signified in the following tribute to his own greatness:

“Three poets, of three different nations born,
The United Kingdom in this age adorn:
Byron, of England; Scott, of Scotia’s blood;
And Erin’s pride, O’Kelly, great and good.”

The bard, having lost his watch and chain of Dublin manufac-

ture while on a visit to Doneraile and as a consequence of being "overtaken" with drink, pours forth his maledictions on the devoted inhabitants in some twenty verses and, until the rhymes on its concluding syllables are exhausted, with a very graphic fecundity of expression. A still more famous example is the lament of Nell Flaherty for her drake and her invocation of a catalogue of woes upon the villain that stole it. "The villain that stole Nell Flaherty's drake" is, in fact, almost as celebrated, although equally unknown, as "the man that struck Billy Pater-son," although there must be a belief that he perished soon after his foul deed, if he was visited by but a tithe of the misfortunes invoked upon his head. The ballad has long been a standard favorite in the stock-in-trade of the itinerant singers, but has more force and eloquence than the ordinary products of the ha'penny muse.

The current speech of the Irish peasantry is full of powerful humor and racy expression to a degree that is proverbial. The note-book of every tourist is filled with examples of the wit of guides and car-drivers, and the books of native authors, describing the native life, derive much of their richest flavor from the natural and spontaneous expressions of the people. Many pages might be filled with these flowers of humor in song and jest, and out of the abundance it is difficult to make a choice of single specimens most completely representing the characteristic spirit of native Irish humor. Perhaps these two will do it as thoroughly as any, the first expressing the figurative strength of the imagination, the flavor of poetry, and the depth of earnest feeling, and the second the spirit of extravagant humor in accident and misfortune.

The first was uttered by a fool, in the natural sense of the word, whose class has been distinguished for a more vivid wit and strength of expression than was the gift of wiser men. This fool was standing among some workmen cutting turf in a bog when an unpopular agent, who had acquired by his passion and vindictiveness the significant nickname of "Danger," was seen passing along the high-road. "Ah, ha!" said the fool, "there you go, Danger, and may I never break bread if all the turf in this bog id warm me to you."

The second was the expression of a man who had been knocked down and run over by some cavalry soldiers in the streets of Dublin. As he picked himself up, fortunately without serious harm, a bystander exclaimed, "Down on your knees, you villain, and thank God!"

"Thank God, is it?" said the victim of the accident. "What for? Is it for letting a troop of horse run over me?"

If these do not convey an idea of the prevailing characteristics of Irish humor we shall despair of doing so, although the catalogue of specimens might easily make a volume. In this brief sketch we have paid no attention to the wit and *jeux d'esprit* of Irish society—which, particularly at the period of its best estate, just previous to the Union, were richer and more abundant than that of any other nation that we know—nor of the humor to be found in the national literature, although both are very tempting subjects, but have only attempted to convey an idea of that which is the outgrowth and characteristic of the people.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS IN THE *NEW-ENGLANDER* FOR JANUARY, 1883.

MR. A. BIERBOWER recently wrote for the *New-Englander* a long article under the title "St. Thomas Aquinas; or, The Scholastic Philosophy in Modern Theology," wherein he very earnestly labors to show that the Angelic Doctor's philosophical and theological works, so highly praised by generations of great men, and so much recommended to our diligent study by the present Supreme Pontiff, are "historic curiosities," "out of date," of no use whatever in our time, and, still worse, pregnant with "the three greatest intellectual vices, prejudice, slavery, and dishonesty." As St. Thomas is known to be the greatest representative of Catholic thought, it is evident that the attempt to slight him or to discredit his theological doctrines is an attack on the Catholic Church itself—an attack which Protestant editors of Methodistic proclivities may still consider an honorable task and a Christian duty; which, however, in the case of our writer, who is not a bigot, must be the outcome of intellectual dizziness, unless it be a mere compilation from some infidel encyclopædia or from some of the thousand detestable productions by which our "enlightened" age is contaminated. It will not be amiss to pass in review the principal parts of the calumnious article; for, though it deserves no attention, we can draw some interesting instruction from the very blunders with which it teems.

Our writer starts with the notion that in the thirteenth cen-

tury, with the dawning of that light which, in his borrowed cant, *was to slowly brighten into the Reformation*, a movement was made by Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and Duns Scotus "to reconcile science and religion." This notion is absurd. Religion could be, and was, elucidated and confirmed by scientific reasoning; but when was religion in need of being reconciled with science? or when was science in conflict with religion? Error, prejudice, and sophistry existed, of course, in the thirteenth as well as in every other century, but with these religion never sought reconciliation; on the contrary, it waged perpetual war against them—a war, too, carried on with the friendly help of science, history, and philosophy no less than with argument from Scriptural and ecclesiastical authorities. If Mr. Bierbower believes the contrary let him try to substantiate his view, not by the useless repetition of threadbare slanders, but by pointing out a single scientific truth with which religion had to seek reconciliation.

Of this pretended reconciliation he adds that to effect it "it was harder then than in our day, because religion at that time included all the mediæval theology, with its accretion of fabulous legends, which have been largely eliminated by the Reformation." Does the author believe that the church has now repudiated the mediæval theology? We assure him that this is not the fact. We might also assure him that no fabulous legends have ever found favor with theology, while, on the other hand, it is not true that the "Reformation" has largely eliminated either traditions or anything else from the ecclesiastical record. "Reformers" have unfortunately succeeded only in eliminating themselves out of the one universal church of God, just as the Jews did in rejecting Christ, thus bringing upon themselves, not upon him, a lasting disgrace and a richly-deserved condemnation.

"St. Thomas Aquinas," says our critic, "systematized the whole of Christian theology with a view to accommodate it to Aristotle." Is this true? Is it not evident, on the contrary, that St. Thomas really labored to accommodate Aristotle to Christian theology? That he "Christianized" Aristotle, even our critic admits; but where do we find him to have sacrificed theological truth to Aristotle?

Next we are informed that "Duns Scotus, in the spirit of Kant, gave up all Christian doctrine as incapable of rational proof, and demanded it to be received on authority, which authority should also compel obedience; at which point reconciliation practically ended, to be succeeded by the subjection of

science until the Renaissance of the sixteenth century." Our reader already knows that a reconciliation of religion with science was never attempted, as the one never was in conflict with the other; we need only add that Scotus' spirit was not "the spirit of Kant," and not only did he not give up all Christian doctrine as incapable of rational proof, but he himself found out and maintained many and solid rational proofs of Christian doctrines. It is not the scientific reasoning of theologians, but only the revealed mysteries, that he demanded to be received on authority; but this had always been demanded by the doctors of Christianity since the apostolic time, and demanded, too, with the implied addition that such authority should also compel obedience; for, as our Lord declares, if any one does not obey the church, let him be anathema.

What shall we say of that nightmare of all infidels, "the subjection of science"? In the case of revealed truths every one must allow that reason and science (among Christians) have but to bow and submit, after the Renaissance no less than before it; for our poor reason and our lame science are not the standard and measure of God's unfathomable mysteries. But philosophy and science have a free field within the range of natural knowledge; and so long as they have been content to expatiate in this their own sphere they have been respected by theology. Infidel science and materialistic philosophy have, of course, no claim to be respected, whatever our author may say to the contrary.

What follows is very curious. In the thirteenth century, according to our writer, "Christianity was accepted by all, and so had to be reconciled with whatever was held by any. Though unlike any of the previous systems, yet it had to be shown in unity with all of them. It thus had to be reconciled with Judaism, with paganism, and with philosophy." The reader will ask: How could this be done? And our author answers: "In reconciling it with Judaism it was attempted to harmonize the Old and New Testaments, and to explain the rejection of the ceremonies and sacrifices, as well as the laws of Moses, by the theory of their fulfilment in Christianity. In reconciling it with paganism there was a compromise, or combination, known as Catholicism, in which the idolatry, or image-worship, of the pagans, together with their divinities and ceremonies, were preserved under other names and associations. In reconciling Christianity with philosophy there was a combination, first with Platonism, or rather Neo-Platonism, in a mystic theosophy con-

cerning the Logos, the Trinity, and the soul in relation with the divine mind ; and afterward, on the superseding of Platonism by Aristotelianism, with the latter in a logical system of nature and its supernatural relations." This is rare erudition indeed ! Unfortunately for our author, the whole Christian world knows that in the thirteenth century nothing was done which may serve to justify or excuse his assertions. No attempt was made to harmonize the Old and New Testaments, for the simple reason that they had always been known to harmonize since the Holy Spirit, on the day of Pentecost, had filled with his light the minds, and with his fire the hearts, of the apostles in the Cenacle. Similarly, the theory that the Mosaic ceremonies and sacrifices had had their fulfilment in Christianity was fully established in the clearest terms and in the most peremptory manner by St. Paul the Apostle in many of his letters—which he did, too, in spite of obstinate Jewish opposition, so far was he from harboring the preposterous idea of "reconciling" Christianity with Judaism.

But then what is known as Catholicism "was a compromise with paganism," for it preserved "the idolatry, or image-worship, of the pagans." Must we answer this? There was a time when every Protestant preacher could reckon on the credulity of his hearers for the acceptance of such a gross falsehood ; but we believe that that time is past, and accordingly we need not expend a word in refuting what even moderately-instructed Dissenters would now be ashamed to maintain. We will only remind the author that Catholicism is not an invention of the thirteenth century. The church was Catholic since the day when the apostles were commissioned to preach the Gospel to all nations. On the other hand, Christianity did not await the thirteenth century for paying due honor to the images of our Lord, his Blessed Mother, and his saints. Images were honored (though by no means *worshipped*) in all Christian times, and their veneration was uniformly upheld by the oriental and occidental churches, even in defiance of the iconoclastic emperors and their long and cruel persecutions.

Finally, we are at a loss to understand how the love either of Platonic or of Aristotelic philosophy, which the Christian theologian may have professed, can be construed into a *reconciliation* of Christianity with philosophy. Had the theologians abandoned any of the Christian doctrines for the sake of Plato or Aristotle, the thought of such a reconciliation might have been admissible. But such is not the case. They, the theologians, uni-

formly looked upon philosophy, not as a sovereign, but as the *handmaid* of theology; and the thought that they may have sacrificed any portion of Christian doctrine to Plato or Aristotle is altogether unworthy of a writer conversant with the history of theology.

"Reconciliation," adds the author, "from this time forward consisted mainly in showing that there is nothing in science contradictory to what may possibly be true outside of our knowledge—namely, in those things which are accepted on faith." These last words contain the main prop of our author's theory. He believes that what is accepted on faith is "outside of our knowledge." According to such a theory we ought to say that because we accept on faith the creation of the world the fact of creation is unknown to us; and because we believe that Adam sinned, and his sin was inherited by all his descendants, we do not know anything concerning Adam's disobedience or the original sin. This is just as much as to pretend that we do not know the existence of Pekin, Australia, or Tartary, because we only trust geographical maps or the descriptions of travellers; and we know nothing about Alexander, Hannibal, or Totila, since we have not seen them ourselves, but only believe the testimony of historians. The theory is new, and, we fear, will not be "accepted on faith."

Mr. Bierbower, having given us these bits of perverted mediæval erudition, leads us by degrees to an examination of St. Thomas' works; and while preparing a general attack and a complete demolition of the same, he feels bound to make a little show of liberality by admitting that the saint was "the intellectual Charlemagne of the middle ages, who conquered and organized in one intellectual empire all the sciences"; nay, he was "the spiritual Hildebrand, who subordinated in one moral system all our thought." But, after all, "he added little that was new to philosophy, and not much to theology. He mainly collected what had been written before, and argued for or against well-known propositions. Like a judge, he summed up, expounded, and decided, but did not make or suggest much that was original. He was a storehouse, in whose mind was gathered and arranged in system all existing knowledge; and he discoursed intelligently about it, giving it fixed form and statement."

This may look fair enough; but our progressive writer immediately adds: "He reconciled, however, a past religion to a past science; he did not much that will affect the present age

or its problems. The philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas is accordingly essentially worthless to-day. No scientific man gives any serious attention to his distinctions, or can arrive at any discoveries or formulations of truth through them, while the speculative philosopher has passed to other subjects and other methods. St. Thomas is hopelessly out of date, and all the galvanizing from that powerful battery, the Vatican, will hardly bring him to life in this century."

Alas! how hastily Mr. Bierbower believes in his dreams, though he believes so little in revelation. "A past religion"! Is, then, the Catholic religion less widespread in our age than it was in the thirteenth century? New churches, new colleges, new monasteries are every year erected, new dioceses formed, new missions opened throughout the wide world, new saints are canonized, new definitions of faith are made, and everything shows a superabundance of Christian life that wins the hatred of free-thinkers and provokes the jealousy of the well-paid but unsuccessful Protestant proselytizers. If all this shows that the old religion is past let Mr. Bierbower himself decide.

He is no less mistaken in his second statement concerning the old science—that is, the scholastic philosophy. Modern thought, we know, does not sympathize with it. But can we ticket it "a past science" only because a few scores of sceptical unbelievers ignore it and hate its crushing power? Infidels are not yet, and very likely will never be, the rulers of the philosophical world. No, sir; neither Catholicism nor metaphysics are "out of date"; they need no galvanizing; they both live, and thrive, and fight their battles, and conquer, in spite of all your puny efforts and idle talk.

But the Thomistic philosophy, we are now told, is a science "essentially worthless." Why? Apparently because nowadays everything must be worthless which does not pay readily in dollars and cents. We willingly concede that St. Thomas did not write for the utilitarians, nor did he expect that his distinctions, definitions, and syllogisms would engage the attention of the empiricist whose ambition is satisfied with a United States patent and its advantages. He wrote for speculative philosophers; and though our author affirms that these "have passed to other subjects and other methods," we make bold to tell him that even in this he is again at fault. There are now, on an average, one thousand Catholic bishops, one hundred thousand regular and secular clergymen, and a considerable number of educated Catholic laymen who can fairly be reckoned among

decent speculative philosophers. These have not passed to other subjects and other methods; they still follow with conscientious fidelity the scholastic method, and glory in the study of the high questions which modern men have "given up." Their philosophy, too, challenges all the theories of your Herbert Spencers, Mills, Darwins, and of the whole crew of their materialistic, sceptical, atheistic, or pantheistic followers, who profane the name of philosophy by attaching it to hollow, monstrous, and often degrading doctrines. Your men who "have passed to other subjects and other methods," besides being exceedingly few as compared with our great body of Catholic doctors, are also so divided among themselves, so destitute of sound principles, so inconsistent in their views, so loose in their terminology, so reckless in their conclusions, that, were it not for some graces of style, for the patronage of secret societies and the imbecility of the half-educated multitude, most of them would have already seen their name consigned to the catalogue of the sophists, or perhaps even inserted in that of charlatans.

Nor can our author accuse us of exaggeration. He himself confesses that the present "progress" in modern philosophy "consists less in solving the questions which it discusses than in giving them up." To be sure, if questions are given up we cannot see that much room will be left for speculative philosophy. He also confesses that "we [*that is, the modern thinkers*] have reduced ourselves to ignorance of the very terms in which the scholastics did their thinking, and by sweeping away their distinctions we cannot seriously consider their questions." And, as if this were not yet sufficient to make us see the depth of degradation to which modern philosophical thought has descended, he takes the trouble to inform us more in detail of the present deplorable state of things in the following words, which we beg our reader to keep in his mind for future reference:

"We do not consider to-day whether the soul is material or immaterial, because we do not know the difference between matter and immaterial stuff, as we once thought we did. We do not consider whether the mind is simple or composed, because we do not understand what simple is, or what composed is, in that remote and refined sense as applied to something beyond our tests. We do not consider whether space is finite or infinite, because we do not know, since Kant, whether there is any space or not. We do not consider whether time is eternal or not, because we do not know whether there is any time. We do not consider the old questions of the forms and modifications of substances, because we do not know what form, or modification, or substance is. We do not consider what is absolutely true, or right, or perfect, because we do not know whether there is

any absolute, as we once seemed so well to know. These questions, with the resolving and sublimating of their factors, have passed away from philosophy, except as historic curiosities; and their primitive simplicity, which once divided men in issues, interests us no more."

Could anything be more instructive? We now see that the haters of the scholastic philosophy, the representatives of modern progress, the men who presume to write articles against the Angel of the Schools, "have reduced themselves to ignorance of the very terms in which the scholastics did their thinking"; they "do not know" whether the soul be material or immaterial; they "do not know" whether there be any space or not; they "do not know" that there is anything to be called *time*; they "do not know" what is form, what is modification, what is substance, what is right, what is true. All these realities have been "sublimated"—that is, deliberately and remorselessly set aside as "historic curiosities." And yet we fancy that Mr. Bierbower, notwithstanding his declaration that he, as a philosopher, does not know the existence of time, may yet, as a plain American citizen, rejoice in the possession of a good watch and know the hour of dinner. Nor can we doubt but that, though he, as a modern thinker, does not know whether there is any space, he may still relish a short drive of a couple of miles outside of Chicago to breathe the pure air of the country; for, though he cannot decide whether air be "a substance, a form, or a modification," yet, as a man of sense, he will practically recognize that air, life, health, and comfort are not "historic curiosities," and that their factors resist "sublimation."

But if we admit with our writer that modern thinkers are ignorant of the definitions of the most common things, and even of the terms by which such things have been uniformly expressed by the best philosophers of the past, what will be the inference but that such speculative thinkers are either buffoons or hypocrites? For how can they pretend to speculate, if they do not care for the definitions of things? And what terms can they employ to make themselves understood, if they are "ignorant" of the traditional language of philosophy? They may, indeed, invent new terms, as they have done; but how can these terms convey any definite notion, since definitions "have passed away" from their philosophy? Let, then, Mr. Bierbower either confess that his picture of modern speculative philosophy is a black calumny, or else encourage the modern thinker to speculate in railroads, politics, or money, where he can have a chance of success, rather than in philosophy.

It is pretty evident, we think, after these remarks, that our writer's reasoning, instead of proving that his speculative philosophy can successfully defy the old schools, demonstrates the impossibility of a healthy philosophy not based on recognized principles, not ruled by good definitions, not studious of the wisdom of past generations. Now, this is the reason why the Vatican—"that powerful central battery," as our author calls it, or rather that *dynamo-machine*, as we might say (for batteries are growing obsolete, and the language of progress is imperative)—sends out a stream of irresistible power, not to galvanize a defunct doctrine, but to enlighten the world with the pure light of a true and saving philosophy. Wisdom was not born yesterday. The accumulated labor of the profoundest thinkers of the past is the base of our intellectual civilization. The modern world may be foolish enough to reject such a precious inheritance; but the Pontiff of the only true Church, to whom the spiritual and intellectual progress of Christianity is a matter of the gravest concern, sends out a warning to which no lover of truth can be indifferent, and for which all educated men should offer him expressions of sincere gratitude. But let us return to our writer.

Mr. Bierbower gives us a sketch of St. Thomas' life, on which we have no time to dwell. Suffice it to say that it is very offensive. He does not find anything very remarkable in the life of the saint, "except what is not true." He remarks that St. Thomas, when a boy, "would steal to give to the poor," and charges Archbishop Vaughan, his biographer, as holding that "saints often get to be so good that a little stealing does not hurt them." With the same levity he pretends that St. Thomas was "a spiritist." As the devil once appeared to him in the shape of a negro St. Thomas rushed at him with his fist, whilst Luther is said to have in a similar circumstance thrown at the devil an ink-bottle; whereupon our writer makes the pleasant remark that "Protestants have ever fought the devil with ink, while the Catholics have fought him with force." Alas! what blissful ignorance of history.

Of St. Thomas as a philosopher our writer says among other things that he was in advance of his contemporaries, "but only as a leader, not as a reformer or revolutionist." This is true, of course.

"His mind was naturally rational and discriminating, and his writings are usually fair and logical. His method is to take a proposition, or text, or word, and to expound its meaning, and

discuss every question that rises in connection with it, as well as to adduce what the Fathers, Aristotle, and Scripture say on the subject." This is the method prescribed by reason in the investigation of truth; and yet this is the method that our writer considers unworthy of modern philosophers.

"Aquinas . . . distinguished clearly between theology and science, which had before been badly jumbled. The peculiar Christian doctrines, he taught, cannot be proved by reason, and we should not attempt it. They are to be received on faith. The most that reason can do is to show that they do not contradict science, and, in a few cases, to confirm them by analogies or other assistant proofs." This is not St. Thomas' teaching, as we shall see further on.

"He next taught that there are two sources of knowledge, revelation and reason." Certainly. "By revelation we get theology." Not theology itself, but the subject-matter of theology. "By reason we get science or philosophy." Of course. "By revelation he means not only the Bible, but also the church, Fathers, and decrees of councils." Not exactly. The church, the Fathers, and the councils are only witnesses of the Christian faith. "By reason he means not only the faculty we call by that name, but the general body of pagan and Mohammedan philosophy, and particularly Aristotle." By no means. That body of pagan philosophy was indeed respected by St. Thomas wherever he found it to agree with reason, but was freely contradicted and refuted by him wherever he found it to be wrong.

"In answer to the question how we know that what we get by faith is true (seeing that it is not proven) he would say that we are inwardly moved by God to accept the documents of revelation and the teaching of the church, from which, being once accepted, it can easily be demonstrated." But this is not St. Thomas' answer. He teaches, on the contrary, that we possess the strongest rational motives for admitting both the truth of what we believe and the duty of believing it. Nor does the holy doctor say that what we get by faith is "not proven"; he only says that the articles of faith are not *intrinsically* evident to our understanding, which is quite a different thing. Facts may be known without being understood; and most of our knowledge, even of the natural order, comes to us by authority without *intrinsic* evidence. It is therefore a fallacy to confound the knowledge of the fact with the knowledge of its explanation, as the author has done. Nor is it St. Thomas' doctrine that dogmas once accepted can be easily demonstrated. Demonstration is,

for St. Thomas, a proof based on the *intrinsic* evidence of things ; whereas faith, according to him and to all our theologians, has nothing to do with *intrinsic* evidence, but is based on the sole authority of Him from whom the revelation proceeds. Not even the strongest motives of credibility can beget such evidence ; they only make truth so *evidently credible* that its rejection, on the part of the well instructed, would be an act of dishonesty and an evidence of unpardonable imprudence. This goes far to explain what our author finds so hard to understand—viz., how “the intellect assents to articles of faith in obedience to the command of the will without being forced by proofs.” If those articles were presented to us with proofs of *intrinsic* evidence our intellect would indeed be “forced” to assent, and our faith would be without merit ; but since they are presented to us only with *extrinsic* proofs, our intellect, while “forced” to admit their evident credibility and the duty of believing them, is still free to withhold, though imprudently and dishonestly, the assent of faith.

Our author mentions some of our motives of credibility, and he adds : “These make faith easier ; and while they do not prove it, make it less irrational.” Thus, according to him, when we believe on motives of evident credibility we are still acting “irrationally.” To act rationally we should only believe when we have seen. But, if so, then there is not, nor has there ever been, on earth a rational man. People go every day from New York to Liverpool with no other protection than a ticket ; and they do not doubt but that their steamer takes them to Liverpool, not to Rio Janeiro, Lisbon, or the Cape. Their intellect, however, is not “forced by proof” to see this. Will, then, our author call them “irrational” ? A man, feeling unwell, consults a skilful physician, who prescribes some pills, the nature and composition of which are a mystery to the patient. Clearly, his intellect is not “forced by proof” to admit that such pills are good for him, and yet he takes them as ordered. Will our author say that medicines must not be taken before a perfect analysis is made of their ingredients ? In these cases, and in numberless others, we act rationally, though our intellect is not “forced by proof,” but only believes on what it considers sufficient motives of credibility. Is it, then, only in the case of religious faith that our intellect must be “forced by proof” under pain of acting irrationally ? If Mr. Bierbower finds leisure to compare the knowledge acquired by faith with that obtained by intrinsic proofs, he will easily discover their different nature, and

will then realize the fact that the source of his blunders is to be traced to his "sweeping away of scholastic distinctions."

And now let us hear what are, "when reduced to plain language," the principles which our writer finds involved in the Thomistic doctrine on faith:

"First, we may take some things for granted without proof; secondly, we must not consider some things when there is danger that we will doubt them; and, thirdly, if we find any of certain things untrue we must not admit the fact. Here we have the three greatest of all intellectual vices—prejudice, slavery, dishonesty. . . . We are to come with predilection to our investigation of religion; we are not to investigate at all where we are likely to learn anything different; and we are not to admit our conclusion, if found to be unfavorable. Taking for granted what we want to know, we are not to consider what discredits it, or to admit anything found contrary to it. Starting out to find the truth, we are to take up something without looking at it, then not to examine it, and if we ever learn our error afterward, not to acknowledge it. . . . Religion is thus, according to Aquinas' system, never actually examined, is never allowed on principle to be examined, and its acceptance is never to be affected by examination, if had."

We cannot but admire the singular acuteness of the man who, alone among thousands, has been able to discover all this nonsense in the Thomistic doctrine; the more so because this same man "does not know" a great number of things once known to everybody, but which, "with the resolving and sublimating of their factors, have passed away from philosophy." Perhaps, however, his strange discovery may be accounted for by saying that the old logic, too, has now been "sublimated" like all the rest, or by recalling to mind how our progressive writer has "reduced himself to ignorance of the very terms in which the scholastics did their thinking"; for, if so, what else could be expected from him but that he would attach to the terms of the Angelic Doctor a false and impossible meaning?

Where did St. Thomas say that "we must take some things for granted without proof"? Nowhere. But, says our writer, does he not "accept the dictum of St. Anselm, *Credo, ut intelligam*—I believe, that I may know"? Certainly he does. What then? Then, our writer infers, "we are to accept some things that we do not know to be true, and then to deduce the rest of our knowledge from them, or base our intelligence on our ignorance." But this is a vicious argument. The dictum of St. Anselm does not mean "I believe what I do not know to be true"—it means just the opposite: I believe what I know to be true; but as every known truth can and does lead to the knowledge of

other cognate truths, I recognize also that there is a knowledge which depends on belief: *Credo, ut intelligam*.

But St. Thomas, says our author, "asks us to accept without evidence the principle of revelation, the Scriptures, the councils, and the teaching of the church." This is a false charge. St. Thomas never asks us to accept anything without evidence. He himself furnishes the student with the best evidences of Christianity, though he does not develop them in separate treatises, as they were not controverted in his time. The treatise *De locis theologicis* became necessary only when the "Reformers" had begun to trouble the minds of the faithful with their malicious falsehoods and fanciful Scriptural interpretations; and when the errors of the Protestant sects had so unsettled the minds of many as to make unbelief respectable and fashionable, the same treatises went on multiplying everywhere in defence of Christian faith, till libraries are full of them, and no man who reads can honestly pretend that our faith has been accepted "without evidence." But if the form given to these polemical treatises was new, their substance was old, and most of it was culled from St. Thomas' works—so false is it that "he asks us to believe without evidence."

As our author seems not to understand the grounds of our belief, we will offer him a specimen of our method of reasoning concerning the evidences of faith. Mathematicians maintain that two lines may continually approach without ever being able to meet. This is, to the vulgar, a mystery, or, as others would say, an absurdity; and they would ask: Where is the evidence? Now, the only evidence they are capable of appreciating may be put in the following syllogism: What competent judges declare to have been rigorously demonstrated is true. But mathematicians, who alone are competent judges of the question, uniformly declare that a curve called *hyperbola* and a straight line called *asymptote*, though continually approaching, can never meet, and that this is a theorem rigorously demonstrated. It is true, therefore, that two lines may continually approach one another without ever being able to meet. This argument contains the *extrinsic* evidence of the theorem, the only one, as we have said, that common people with no mathematical training can appreciate. The *intrinsic* evidence is by no means wanting, but it is only implicitly presented, inasmuch as it is testified to by all competent authorities. If, then, the theorem be accepted on the strength of the above syllogism, who will say that it is accepted without sufficient evidence? Is not the uniform authority of mathematicians the best criterion of mathematical truth?

And now let us come to our case. A revealed truth—say, “that God is one essence in three Persons”—is promulgated, and men are commanded to believe it. They ask: Where is the evidence? And the evidence is given them in the following syllogism: What God has himself revealed and taught us to believe is undoubtedly true; but God has revealed and taught us to believe that he is one essence in three Persons; and therefore there is no doubt that God subsists in three Persons. Here again the evidence is *extrinsic*: it only proves the truth of the mystery, without explaining it. The *intrinsic* evidence, which would give us a clear insight of the mystery, is withheld from us in the present life, but with no detriment to our faith; for such evidence is not the ground of belief. When, therefore, the mystery is thus proposed and believed, who will pretend that it is believed “without evidence”? Is not God’s infallible word the best and surest criterion of all truth? Our author can only reply that he has no evidence compelling him to admit that God has spoken. But this evasion has no bearing on the present question. If he has no evidence of the fact of revelation, and if his ignorance of revelation is invincible and inculpable, we shall certainly not require him to believe: we would only require him to study. But how can a writer who professes to have examined St. Thomas’ works be still laboring under inculpable and invincible ignorance of that which forms the main subject of the Thomistic teachings? As for us, when we know that God has spoken, whether by words or by miracles, by prophets or by apostles, by angels or by Christ, by Peter or by his successors, we know that there is more than sufficient evidence for our belief. It is vain to tell us that “we take for granted what we want to know.” The only thing we want to know is the fact of revelation; and this we do not take for granted, but we ascertain it by proper evidence. The ignorant, indeed, may not be able to gather such evidence; but, as in all other things, so in religious matters, it is the duty of the ignorant to listen to their natural guides, in doing which they act most wisely, as they obey the command of the apostle, who orders us not to trust our abilities, not to indulge in private views, not to form sects, but to hear the church.

The second charge—viz., that, according to St. Thomas, “we must not consider what discredits our faith”—is notoriously absurd, not only because our faith is in no danger of being discredited, but also because St. Thomas himself, by the confession of our writer, “states fairly and strongly the opposite views, so

much so that many Catholics have objected to his influence as making infidels by raising objections which he cannot answer." Thus our author gives the lie to himself.

The last charge—that, if we find among our articles of faith anything false, "we must not acknowledge the fact"—needs no discussion, as it is only a silly impertinence.

And here we must stop. We do not know to what religious denomination Mr. A. Bierbower belongs. He may have been educated in some Christian sect, but his writings certainly do not afford the least evidence of a Christian spirit. Indeed, his article on St. Thomas Aquinas might have been written as well by a Jew or a pagan. Its prominent features, as we have proved, are levity, ignorance, and presumption. We apprehend that those among the contributors to the *New-Englander* whose names are preceded by the qualification "Rev." must feel some embarrassment in seeing themselves associated with a writer who openly labors to uproot the foundations of Christian faith.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"It is a more than pleasing, it is a generous, labor to attend to the neglected and to remember the forgotten."—BURKE.

IN the tales of fairyland, so real to our childish faith, we all remember the bright throng which assembled at the birth of the young prince, each bringing to his cradle her gift of some beautiful thing which was to enrich his future life; and so numerous were the treasures poured out upon him that it seemed as if nothing more could be bestowed to secure for this happy and favored being an unclouded destiny. But the malignant face of the uninvited fairy always peers out from the background of the picture, and, when no one is looking, she casts in her gift among the rest, and the fatal spell begins to work, silent and unsuspected.

Perhaps no name in the literary annals of the century suggests so clear an illustration of the truth underlying the old fairy tale as that of John Howard Payne, in whose checkered and mournful history a fresh interest has been of late revived through the project of bringing his remains from their resting-place at Tunis back to his native shores. There is something peculiarly fitting

in the fact that this pious duty should be performed by a personal friend, the venerable and munificent Corcoran, thereby proclaiming his affectionate regard for that gifted soul which in all its earthly course succeeded in but one thing—that of awakening in those who knew him best the most devoted attachment. At the time when Payne, a mere boy in years, was arousing the wildest enthusiasm throughout the country by his wonderful impersonations, his name upon every lip, his footsteps followed by admiring crowds, the cynosure of all eyes, courted and flattered by all classes of society, this friend, an unknown student in the halls of the quiet old college of Georgetown, carried away with the delight of his splendid acting, became one of the warmest admirers of the young tragedian, although he did not until long afterwards make his acquaintance. To-day that student, a gray-haired man full of years and of honors, president of the alumni association of our oldest Catholic university, the millionaire philanthropist whose name is synonymous with all good and generous deeds, stretches out his kindly hand in a last greeting to his early friend and calls him home. In regard to the character and talents of Payne one is forced to set aside the ordinary standards by which such judgments are usually formed. The plain statement of facts in the earlier portion of his extraordinary career sounds like the extreme of exaggeration. Born in the city of New York soon after the close of the Revolution, which left all the elements of society seething and heaving under new and untried conditions, forcing into eager and restless development all resources of the people, intellectual as well as material, the abnormal activity of life surrounding him from his first consciousness seems to have had a proportionate influence upon his mental growth. At an age when the average boy is content with a judicious mingling of sport and study this high-strung spirit was finding utterance for itself in editorial work of ability so marked that veterans in such labor were led to inquire whose it might be. To the honor of that much-abused class be it said *en passant* that he received cordial recognition and encouragement from its members, and from at least one of them substantial aid. Modest and unassuming, he was yet frank and unembarrassed in the expression of his views, and his conversational powers were found to be out of all keeping with his thirteen years. Poetry was so innately a part of himself that he wrote without effort verses considered to be worthy of being sung on ceremonial occasions, and he threw off odes, satires, sonnets, or anniversary stanzas with the ease of the practised literary hack.

Payne possessed a remarkable facility in the acquisition of language, and it is almost incredible that, with the very limited opportunities afforded him, he should have been enabled to attain his well-known mastery of the French—an accomplishment to which he was to owe, in a later time, his daily bread. The polished address always so noticeable in him was the natural result of his home-training. Brought up in a household numbering seven children, his surroundings were all those of refinement and culture, though not of affluence. The social rank of the family was of the best, and his father a man of rare attainments and spotless name, while his mother, a noble woman, was well fitted in all respects for her place in such a group. In short, it would be hard to conceive a pleasanter picture than that of Payne's childhood affords. It will, then, readily be perceived whence his loving heart drew inspiration for his song of "Home," when recalling, in the sad retrospect of after-years, the memory of those golden days which came all too soon to an end. Before the young poet was sixteen the happy circle was broken up, the death of both parents occurring within a short period, and the children separated, never to be together again as a family. The world was all before him where to choose, and without hesitation he determined upon the stage, the object of his earliest aspirations. Of his phenomenal success we have already spoken. His first appearance was in Boston, to which city his family had several years before removed. Payne's undoubted dramatic ability was supplemented by a noble bearing, an expressive and remarkably handsome face, and a beautifully-modulated voice. He delighted in rôles requiring impassioned acting, into which his sensitive and enthusiastic nature enabled him to throw himself with an effect nothing short of marvellous in one so young. No parallel instance is to be found in histrionic art, save that of the English prodigy, Master Betty, to whose merits the great Macready pays such graceful tribute in his *Reminiscences and Diaries*. In some recently-published recollections of Payne* it is surprising to find Mr. John T. Ford, the oldest theatrical manager now living in this country, asserting that "the haughty and sensitive Macready was forced to act subordinate rôles with Betty." When the "young Roscius," as he was called, appeared first, under the management of Macready's father, the son was a school-boy at Rugby; and on one occasion, as a special indulgence, the latter was taken with one of his school-fellows to see Master Betty act Richard III. He

* *Washington Evening Star*, December 18, 1882.

says that he "could form but little judgment of the performance," but that both were carried along by the enthusiasm around them.* By the time that Macready had earned the right to be "haughty and sensitive" Betty had long lost the prestige of his brilliant youth, and no possibility of rivalry was ever thought of between them. Payne was now seemingly on the high-road to fame and fortune, looking forward to the inevitable trip across the water for an English verdict, without which no American actor's cup of happiness was then full. But just here began the evidence of that leading defect in his mental make-up, the lack of decision which gives the keynote to all his after-failures. Inexperienced, confiding, easily swayed by those he trusted, he was beset by a multitude of counsellors, well-meaning, no doubt, but sadly injudicious. Persuaded by these, he quitted the career for which nature had designed him and took charge of some half-developed library scheme in connection with the Boston Athenæum. The necessary result ensued and the enterprise failed; and Payne found himself without employment, his hold upon the public of his own country broken, and without means to seek his fortunes abroad. So great was his popularity, however, that this difficulty was soon removed, and through the kindness of friends he made the journey in 1813. The then existing state of feeling between England and our own country made him the victim of misplaced official zeal and subjected him to an imprisonment in a Liverpool jail. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "The mayor treated us with great politeness, and indulged us with permission to be removed to our present lodgings, which are delightful, and for which we are permitted to pay five guineas apiece weekly. The only thing that interferes with our comfort is the confinement within our massy gates." Upon the examination of their passports by the authorities at London orders were sent for their release, after fourteen days' detention. The young actor carried with him letters of such a character as ensured him a pleasant reception, and he was taken by the hand by Coleridge, Southey, Sheil, Barry Cornwall, Charles Lamb, and all that coterie of English wit and learning. His first appearance upon the stage was at Drury Lane, in *Douglas*. He had never seen the lady, Mrs. Powell, who was to support him, until they were both dressed for the play. But her womanly heart must have felt for the youth in so trying a position, for she received him with such genuine kindness, and seconded him so ably in every point, that he was at once re-

* Macready's *Reminiscences and Diaries*, p. 12.

assured, and "the performance throughout was received with unbounded applause." * Leslie, the artist who painted his portrait in the character of Young Norval, has sketched this epoch in Payne's life in a few airy sentences rather misleading as to actual facts. After stating that Master Payne had acquired a small fortune in America by his personations, he says that he played a short engagement at Drury Lane, "but with little applause, excepting from the American friends who mustered to support him." He mentions having attended one of these performances in company with Benjamin West, who was "pleased with Payne." † In contrast with Leslie's assertion is the well-known fact that the leading English journals were unanimous in praise of the ability displayed by the adventurous youth, and that the interest he aroused was continually increasing as he became known in the provinces. In Liverpool he received the highest commendation; in Manchester he was pronounced equal if not superior to Betty; and in Dublin he had the advantage of Miss O'Neil's support, where, appearing together as Romeo and Juliet, the enthusiasm they awakened was unbounded. The popularity which Payne achieved during this engagement was increased by the fact of his playing gratuitously for benefits to various members of the company. He was everywhere fêted and loaded with hospitable attentions. He was intimately acquainted with Daniel O'Connell, and travelled in his party on one occasion when the latter was making a sort of triumphal progress through Ireland. Charles Phillips, in one of his florid speeches made at this time, and which has since become a stock piece for declamation, mentioned Payne in direct terms of highest compliment. That Payne returned to London, at the close of a singularly successful series of engagements, not much better off than when he arrived in England, it is quite safe to say, was owing in great part to the unthinking indulgence of his expensive tastes. Impulsive and unpractical, it is not surprising that he should have enjoyed to the full the sunshine of what looked like prosperity, without taking thought for the future. Still, whatever his own share of blame in the result, it is certain that he was most unfairly treated in his business affairs with the Drury Lane Theatre. With his usual unsuspecting frankness, he seems to have left pecuniary matters very much at the discretion of his employers, and unhappily became the victim of his trust in managerial human nature. Finding himself powerless to enforce

* Gabriel Harrison's *Life and Writings of Payne*, p. 35.

† Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections*, p. 146.

his claims for past services, he accepted a position offered him by one of the stockholders of the theatre, which necessitated his residence in Paris. Here he was to examine new plays, translate, adapt, and arrange them for the English stage, and further by all the means in his power the interests of the theatre. His fine dramatic instinct and quick intelligence peculiarly fitted him for the work, which was executed with a skill and celerity unprecedented, to the entire satisfaction of his patron and the pecuniary advantage of the managers. Everything which he sent over was received with thanks and commendation. But when Payne, finding himself nearing the end of his means, ventured to request the payment of his stipulated salary, a great change occurred. Manuscripts then in hand were returned to him, and upon going in person to London for explanation and redress he was coolly informed that the contract with himself, having been made by an individual member of the committee, was not binding. Thus deliberately cheated out of the fruits of long and conscientious labor, and driven to extremity, he became a subordinate member of the rival theatre of Covent Garden. Being honorably treated in regard to salary, he was enabled in some degree to repair his embarrassments, but added nothing to his reputation as an actor. Afterwards he was induced, most unluckily as it proved, to undertake the management of a minor theatre—an enterprise which utterly failed, leaving him seriously involved.

His next essay was the production of his first original play, the tragedy of *Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin*, by which he will be chiefly remembered in the line of dramatic authorship, as in poetry he will be for ever associated with his one immortal song. The play, as originally conceived, was for Edmund Kean; and old as the subject is, having been over and over again used before Payne took it up, it has in his hands a surprising vigor and freshness. The leading defect, to the mind of the play-goer, is the absorption of the whole interest, action, and expression into the rôle of Brutus. But this was in accordance with the imperious demands of the actor, whose will was law within the sphere of his despotic sway, and who was so completely the idol of the day that every word, and glance, and tone was received with a rapture of delight. Had the play possessed far less of merit than it does Kean's approval would have secured its success. In the preface to the work Payne acknowledges his indebtedness to his predecessors for such ideas, and even diction, as seemed best suited to strengthen his own conception, and adds: "Such obligations, to be culpable, must be secret; but it

may be observed that no assistance of other writers can be available without an effort almost, if not altogether, as laborious as original composition." The prologue of the play was written by Payne's admirer and friend, the Rev. George H. Croly, author of the once popular romance *Salathiel*. Enthusiastically welcomed by the press and the public, and remunerative as it was to its author, the irony of fate decreed that this dawn of prosperity should be turned into disaster. Rapacious creditors urged their claims, and Payne was thrown into prison. Not even yet disheartened, he began at once another play, now but little known, called *Thérèse; or, The Orphan of Geneva*. This also succeeded, to better purpose for the poor author, who was finally enabled to go to Paris, where it is pleasant to find him in company with Washington Irving. In his allusion to his first meeting with Payne there is a little touch which brings out the womanly side of his character, the gentleness which no troubles ever could embitter. In his little room, opening upon a garden, were two pet canaries, which flew about at will all day, and returned to a dainty, moss-covered shelter at night. Payne had, of course, many friends at the French capital, and Irving's letters secured him from any lack of society. Together they went everywhere and enjoyed the gay life around them. Among those to whom Payne presented his compatriot was the great Talma, with whom Irving was greatly pleased. But, delightful as were their surroundings, the two authors were not tempted to idleness, and in a short time they were jointly employed upon the work of adapting plays. In consequence of one of Payne's rapid changes of fortune he was at one time in possession of a fine suite of apartments in the Rue Richelieu, and when the inevitable reverse came his friend took them off his hands with all their handsome appointments. The latter writes gleefully to his brother of his new quarters, delighting especially in their being near the great national library. The partnership in literary work continued for some time, and, spite of the fact that it was dangerous for Payne to be seen in London on account of his financial embarrassments, he was always the bearer of such plays as were to be submitted to managers there. On one occasion he wrote to Irving that he had secured a lodging under the name of Hayward, which he was every moment forgetting, and that his bed was over a livery-stable, where coaches were entering every hour and where every horse had a bad cough.* In another let-

* *Life and Letters of Irving*, vol. ii. p. 170.

ter he speaks of having grown too portly for the stage since he had begun to "fatten on trouble and starvation."

The two friends translated from the German, rewrote and adapted available English plays, and altered French pieces. Among the latter was *Charles II. ; or, The Merry Monarch*, an adaptation from *La Jeunesse de Henri Cinq*, by many supposed to be Payne's sole work, in which Charles Kemble made a fine impression.* That Irving was not credited with his rightful share in this and other plays was no fault of Payne's. Himself the soul of generosity, he would never have dreamed of such an act, if Irving had not stipulated for the concealment of his name. Charles Lamb entered into and enjoyed the broad comedy of *The Merry Monarch* with keenest zest. The least successful work during this partnership was that of *Richelieu*, which was not brought out until 1826, when Washington Irving was minister at the court of Spain. Payne wrote a charming dedication of the play to him, in which he states that it is "imperative upon him" to offer him public thanks and acknowledgment for the aid which gave to the work its highest value. Its want of acceptance by the public was due to the lack of incident, and it was pronounced better fitted for reading than for representation. The joint work seems to have produced a considerable remuneration, and at all events was an important aid to both authors at the time. The most cordial relations continued unbroken between them through life, and even when their paths were most widely divergent.

The opera of *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, brought out in 1823, and in which was incorporated "Home, Sweet Home," so well characterized in an after-dinner speech by Mr. William Davidge, the comedian, as "the brightest jewel in the coronet of simple song," was the work of Payne alone. An endless number of anecdotes have been told about the circumstances under which this song was written, but the one generally received seems to be that which fixes it as subsequent to the failure of Payne's undertaking as manager of Sadler's Wells Theatre, when one night, walking the streets of London, he passed before the windows of a stately mansion in which merry children were dancing in a lovely group; a sudden, overwhelming sense of his

* In the *Library of Choice Literature* edited by A. R. Spofford and C. Gibbon, vol. viii. p. 362, we find the following in regard to the plays of Payne: "Among his best dramas are *Virginius* and *Charles II.*" Harrison says: "The *Virginius* of Payne never appeared; parts of it, however, were quoted in the *London Magazine* and highly commended" (*Life of Payne*, p. 75).

own lonely, almost destitute condition smote upon him, and out of the gloom and darkness his beautiful words sprang forth, the inspiration of a single moment. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. But, unfortunately for the romance of the story, there is another version, equally well authenticated as having been told by Payne himself, which gives an entirely different aspect to the subject. In this the author is said to have told his particular friend, Mr. James Rees, of Philadelphia, that the words of the song were suggested to him by an air sung by a peasant girl in Italy. He was so attracted by the melody that he spoke to her and asked her to repeat it, so as to enable him to jot down the notes, as she could not give him the name of the song. He sent both words and music to his friend, the celebrated composer, Henry Bishop, who, happening to know the air perfectly, adapted Payne's words to it. The acknowledged difficulty of writing a really great song brings to mind the fact that of all the songs endeared to us by early and familiar association there is not one that Americans can claim exclusively except this. Tender old ballads by the score we borrow from the Irish, Scotch, English, and German, but of our own there is but one. The wonderful influence of "Home, Sweet Home" is not easily explained. Its spell is one of feeling, subtle as a perfume, which eludes the scalpel of the critic and defies analysis. Simple as the utterance of a child, it has yet the pathos of a strong man's yearning. It touches the heart by its suggestion of sympathy with all other hearts, and its soft tones bring to the dullest ear some echo of what Wordsworth calls

"The still, sad music of humanity."

The words of the song as originally written are these :

" 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 (Like the love of a mother,
 Surpassing all other,)
 Which, seek through the wide world, is ne'er met with elsewhere ;
 There's a spell in the shade
 Where our infancy played,
 Even stronger than time and more deep than despair !
 " An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
 Oh, give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again !
 The birds and the lambkins that came at my call,
 Those who named me with pride,
 Those who played by my side—

Give me them, with the innocence dearer than all !
The joys of the palaces through which I roam
Only swell my heart's anguish. There's no place like home !"

The precise form in which Payne himself finally arranged it for the opera, and which is preserved in his own handwriting, is as follows :

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the wide world, is ne'er met with elsewhere !
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home !
There's no place like home !

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !
Oh, give me my lowly, thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
There's no place like home !
There's no place like home !"

It will be seen that this version, now universally sung, differs from the first only in being condensed into smaller compass, and it certainly loses nothing of its sweetness by the change. The alteration was evidently made with reference to its operatic effect, not from any lack of adaptability in the omitted verses to the beautiful air.

Payne's own literary taste must have made him aware from the first of the perfection of this song, for in the opera which formed its setting the heroine, Clari, says of it: "It is the song of my native village, . . . the first music heard by infancy in its cradle ; and our cottagers, blending it with all their earliest and tenderest recollections, never cease to feel its magic till they cease to live." The popularity of the song was unprecedented and made the fortune of every one connected with it, except, as usual, the author, who received eighty pounds as his share of the proceeds.

From this time forward Payne's history seems to have constantly repeated itself by its record of alternate sunshine and shadow. During his residence abroad, covering a period of twenty years, he led by no means an idle life. On the contrary, the work he accomplished, had it met with anything approaching proper compensation, would have made him entirely independent of the frowns of fortune. But, as we have seen, he lived

only for the present. The associate of men far richer than himself, and dependent upon his playwriting for means to gratify his refined and expensive tastes, he too often allowed shrewd and avaricious employers to take advantage of him rather than subject himself to the annoyance of securing his rights. He prepared about fifty pieces, covering the whole range of stage presentation, many of them entirely original; and even those which were called adaptations were his own in so many particulars as almost to make the term a misnomer. The genius of the French stage is so utterly unlike the tone of the English mind that the effort to transplant from one to the other involves much more than would at first sight appear. Let any one who questions the difficulty of the task undertake to put into French a single scene from any of the most familiar plays of Shakspeare, and he will soon be convinced. As a matter of course, managers in this country had availed themselves of Payne's plays again and again. Equally as a matter of course, the author had derived no iota of profit therefrom, but, with his usual *insouciance*, he had not allowed the fact to give him any concern. Some of his friends in New York, however, indignant at the injustice done him, determined to take some steps towards reparation, and induced him to return to the United States, hoping that the good feeling of the people at large would sustain the undertaking. His reception amounted to an ovation in some respects, and personally he was treated with honor everywhere. But when the question of his position as an author in search of his unquestionable rights came up, an opposition was at once formed, and he found himself, like Charles Dickens on international copyright, fighting the air. Still, he had abundant reason to be satisfied with his welcome home, in the renewal of old ties and in the field for fresh adventure opened to him. His championship of the Cherokees, and the air of romance which marks the account of his intercourse with them, were quite in keeping with his imaginative turn of mind.

Payne's appointment to the consulate at Tunis was in deference to the wishes of Webster and Marcy during the Presidency of John Tyler,* and there seems every reason to suppose that he filled the post creditably. His letters from this far-off spot, so little known even now, are full of interest. Indeed, for vividness

* While Payne was seeking a foreign appointment the son of the then President drew from him the following acknowledgment in a confidential moment: "Mr. Tyler, it has cost me more diplomacy, since I have been in Washington, to conceal my poverty than would be necessary to conduct the foreign affairs of the government."

of word-painting they cannot be surpassed, the scenes depicted seeming to be actually brought before the eye. In one addressed to his sister in 1844 is a passage which may serve as a clue to the philosophy, or want of philosophy, which characterized him: "But, after all, what signifies that which we call fame? What matters it even during life, to any one but the inventor, whether his invention bears his name? And when he is dead who cares a jot or knows the difference? . . . The main point is gained when an obtuse world is persuaded to permit a great improvement, either mechanical or moral, to make it happier or better." Recalled under Polk's administration and reappointed by Fillmore in 1851, John Howard Payne died at Tunis in the following year.*

In completing this account of the career of Payne, which we have tried to give in an unbiassed spirit, it is due to his memory that we refer to the cloud under which his name has seemed to rest. There has been a sort of implied condemnation in the mention of him, a hint of reproach, unexpressed but unmistakable, which constitutes the worst form of injustice. Perhaps this injustice has been confirmed in the minds of some persons by the only portrait of him which has been publicly exhibited within our recollection, the work of Mr. A. M. Willard, of Cleveland, Ohio. The artist's reputation is guarantee for the excellence of the painting, but as a likeness it is simply hideous—a fact sufficiently accounted for by its having been copied from an old daguerreotype. It suggests a face ruined by dissipation rather than the half-melancholy expression said to have marked the later years of a notably handsome man.† Patient investigation into every accessible collection of facts regarding him, and frequent conversations with a few surviving contemporaries who knew him well, fail to show any ground whatever for such a state of things. His whole career, so far as can be ascertained, presents an unstained record, and he seems to have been entirely free from petty vices. If in anything he belied the delicate natural refinement which appeared to characterize him, there is at least no evidence to prove it. His faults were such as are

* There has been so much confusion in regard to the precise date of his death as to necessitate some pains to ascertain the truth. Through the kindness of the Hon. William Hunter, Assistant Secretary of State, we are informed that the official despatch from Mr. C. Gaspari, Vice-Consul-General of United States at Tunis, on the 9th of April, 1852, states that Mr. Payne died at nine o'clock in the morning of that day.

† In speaking of Mary Lamb when in Paris in 1822 Crabb Robinson says: "Her only male friend is a Mr. Payne, whom she praises exceedingly for his kindness and attentions to Charles. He is the author of *Brutus*, and has a good face" (*Diary*, vol. i. p. 477).

entirely compatible with much that is purest and best in erring human nature ; and while it must be a source of regret that such gifts as his were never productive of any great thing, we need not therefore deny him the tribute of kindness and respect. For a temperament like Payne's it was a crowning misfortune to have been thrown into the desultory kind of life which we have briefly sketched. The very versatility he possessed was a drawback to him, in that he was tempted, for temporary advantage, to seize whatever presented itself, without regard to the future. His clear literary style would have made him an acceptable writer on general subjects, his powers as a dramatic critic were strongly marked, and as an actor he would undoubtedly have succeeded. But in dividing his energies amongst all these he frittered away the possibility of becoming great in any one of them. Drifting with the tide of the hour, he made no real effort to acquire the habit of concentration, and so the evil went on increasing. Yet while lamenting all this lack of purpose, and even of ordinary prudence in affairs, one cannot but be struck with the singular sweetness of his nature. There was in him so much calculated to please, such an infinite variety, wit, humor, sentiment, grace of manner, and personal fascination, that one feels it impossible to judge him harshly. No flattery was ever able to spoil his frank and simple modesty, nor disappointment to array him against his fellows. Surely, if it is something, in this work-day world, to have planted but a flower where before there was none, that life which gives some added beauty to human existence, whether by written word or gracious deed, cannot be deemed altogether useless.

The spot chosen for the final resting-place of John Howard Payne is one of great beauty. Overlooking a varied landscape and almost within sound of the busy life of the federal capital, it is yet an ideal necropolis in its restful calm. The rustling of leaves and the song of birds seem only to emphasize the quiet of the place. The summer sun is tempered by the shade of forest trees which give it the name of Oak Hill, and the dreariness of winter brightened by numberless evergreens. The ceremonies of the re-interment are to be held on the ninety-second anniversary of Payne's birth, the 9th of June next. There, in his native land, and surrounded by his own people, while the breath of flowers about his grave floats upward like a prayer, let him be laid to his final earthly rest, with no thought less kindly than befits a brother's tomb.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT
IN THE LOUVRE AT PARIS, A.D. 1667.

I.

THEY gathered in Louis' famous court,
Noble and valiant men,
And bravest, noblest among them
They reckoned the great Turenne.
But oft, when they looked upon him,
They sighed with doubt and dread :
"Now God have mercy on him !
For he hath not the faith," they said.
Though Louis, Magnificent Monarch,
Uttered his high behests,
Or with almost tender pleadings
Melted into requests ;
Though Bossuet, the famous bishop,
Expounded with marvellous skill,
Command and wisdom alike they failed
Their purpose to fulfil.

II.

"Your faith is fair beyond compare,"
So spake the great Turenne.
"Happy ye that believe it—
Yea, happiest of men !
Yet a faith so strange and wondrous
My soul cannot receive."
Then the cry of men went up to God :
"Make this great soul believe !"

III.

One day, within the Louvre,
The chief with the bishop spoke,
When from the palace gallery
A sudden flame outbroke ;
And Turenne, for ever ready
If peril or death were nigh,
Sprang to the scene of danger
As if to the battle-cry.

Over the hurrying tramp of men
His well-known voice rang out :
Many the foe of France had fled
Before that clarion shout !
But the wind rose high and fanned the flame,
And it would not be controlled ;
From the Louvre to the Tuileries
The fiery billows rolled.
And men stood back in horror
At sight of the surging tide,
And the furious clouds of blinding smoke
Pouring far and wide.

IV.

Then up rose Bossuet, the bishop,
Bossuet, Eagle of Meaux,
And away from the clamorous multitude
Did the mighty bishop go ;
And they knew by the power of his presence,
And the light in his eye that shone,
That unto the court of the King of kings
Had the mighty bishop gone.
Unto the palace chapel
Steady and calm went he,
His eagle gaze to God upraised,
Undazzled, unfalteringly.
With the faith that moveth mountains
And will not be gainsaid,
" This is thy hour, O God of power ! "
So the bishop prayed.

V.

Hark ! through tumult and trembling,
And cries of command and fear,
What solemn sound of holy bell
Do serf and courtier hear ?
Down on their knees with one accord
The awe-struck crowd they fell :
He bringeth the Blessed Sacrament
With the sound of solemn bell.

VI.

Roaring flame to face him
As he entered the long arcade,
Yet straight to meet its fury
His way the bishop made.
"Thou who didst calm the winds and waves,
Calm now the winds and flame!
Lord, my God, in my hands upheld,
Do honor to thy great Name!"

VII.

He lifts the Holy of Holies
High o'er the prostrate throng.
O marvellous Benediction,
To be remembered long!
With horrible smoke for incense,
For tapers the raging fire;
But the bishop is rapt in Jesus Christ
And in one intense desire.
No doubt in his eagle spirit!
God will make known his Word.
One prayer is filling the bishop's heart:
"Make his eyes see, O Lord!"

VIII.

Silence!—the awful wind is dumb.
Silence!—the flame is still.
God in his Blessed Sacrament
Has wrought his servant's will.
Silence—and then, with peal on peal,
From the adoring throng
One grand *Te Deum laudamus*
Rose eloquent and strong.

IX.

The Almighty God hath conquered,
Conquered once and again,
For prostrate and vanquished before him
Lieth the great Turenne.

THE EARLY IRISH CHURCH AND THE HOLY SEE.

IVY grows nowhere so luxuriantly as in Ireland, which is peculiarly the country of ruins—a land through which the architect, the minstrel, and the historian must ever wander with emotional feelings. There are large towers completely veiled by ivy, and tottering walls kept up solely by the stems that had grown into thick timber. In no part of Ireland does the ivy look so picturesque as around the ruins of the monastic abbeys and convents of Meath, many of which were founded by the English of the Pale. The ruins of the once magnificent abbey of Bective is one of the most remarkable—a place where the tourist or pilgrim might linger in holy thought within the walls that once contained the splendid library, now ornamented at every point, from top to bottom, with thick, rich clusters of the ivy green. To the Catholic mind especially there is something emotional in a visit to the ruins of Bective Abbey. The awful solitude of the place adds a solemn interest to its beauty and brings the contemplative mind back to the simplicity and piety of the olden times. In the library of Bective Abbey were once deposited some five thousand MS. volumes written in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Spanish. The arts and sciences were cultivated there on a large scale. The Bective community were in correspondence with the great monastic houses of England, Spain, and Italy. Every year Bective was visited by Continental scholars, minstrels, and pilgrims. The hospitality was profuse to all classes. Paul Markham, an English monk, who visited Bective, relates that the milk of twenty cows was given daily to the poor of the neighborhood, and the monks employed one hundred laborers on their farms, besides a large number of men who were working about the abbey. During the summer evenings, according to this English monk, some member of the community delivered lectures to the men of the locality on foreign countries, especially England, and those addresses were listened to with marked attention by the “wild Irish”; and although they had little knowledge of reading or writing, they were nevertheless acute and intelligent, and, better still, admirably instructed in all the principles of the Catholic religion. To whom were they indebted for these blessings but to the much-calumniated monks? Mr. Dixon, a recent writer on the Reformation

epoch, contends that "little as the Irish and their clergy cared about the Reformation, they cared just as little about the pope, who had been only known to them for centuries as abetting their English conquerors."

A painstaking visit to the archives of the Vatican will convince the Rev. Canon Dixon that he is much mistaken in attributing to the Roman pontiffs a desire to "aid and abet" the government of England in the oppression of the people of Ireland. The contrary was the fact. Mr. Dixon's large, comprehensive, and tolerant mind should not be led astray by writers of the *now* exploded Burnet school of thought and veracity. It is true that many of the "clerical statesmen" of England in the old Catholic times acted in an unfriendly, if not a despotic, spirit towards the Irish people; but there is no direct evidence to prove that the pontiffs in any way approved of such a policy. Besides, history shows that the English kings of those times were men rather difficult to control in their desire to extend their conquests and maintain them by treachery and barbarism.

The questions here incidentally raised are of immense importance in relation to the progress of Catholicity amongst the Celtic race. And the issue is one in which every student of history must feel an interest. The greatest misapprehension extant is the belief that the creed which the advisers of Queen Elizabeth would force upon the unwilling people of Ireland was simply that which existed before the Norman invasion. Many Anglican writers have stated that Elizabeth "did not abolish the ancient Church of Ireland, but merely removed the abuses of Rome, its priesthood and their *superstitions*."

All the notable Irish scholars and confessors *before* the English invasion are *now* claimed as "Protestant saints" because, as those who make the false and preposterous claim allege, Ireland was only brought into connection with the see of Rome through her Norman invaders. Well, for historical facts: Thirteen hundred years ago St. Columbanus * addressed Pope Boniface in these words:

"We are the scholars of St. Peter and of St. Paul, and of all the Disciples, subscribing by the Holy Ghost to the *divine canon*. *We are all Irish*, inhabitants of the most distant part of the world, receiving nothing save what is the evangelic and apostolic doctrine. None of us has been a heretic, none a Jew, none a schismatic; but the *faith just as it was delivered to us by you is still held unshaken*."

**Columbanus* is the Latin form of the original Gaelic appellation of the great Irish apostle to the Continent, *Colm bán*—that is, the "fair (or white) dove."

Again, I repeat, the records testifying to the above are numerous, in Rome, on the Continent, and in Ireland itself; yet such men as Lord Plunket and Archbishop Trench * are so regardless of historical records that they continue to make assertions which *they know to be untrue*.

In the reign of Edward VI. Protestantism had failed to win a single Irishman from the olden faith. Protestantism had, however, succeeded in *uniting all Ireland against the sovereign and government of England*. The old political distinctions which had been produced by the conquests of Strongbow and the other English invaders faded before the new struggle for a common faith.† This statement is furnished from the research of a distinguished English Protestant historian of the present time.

I refer the reader to Dr. Maziere Brady's *Marian Bishops* and his other learned works bearing on the Irish Church. Dr. Brady has spent many years in his researches amongst the archives of the Vatican, and he has made out a most triumphant case to prove that *the Irish Church* was never anything but *Roman Catholic* and in communion with *Rome* from the days of Pope Celestine.‡

* Lord Plunket fills the office of Protestant Bishop of Meath, and Dr. Trench holds the Protestant see of Dublin at £8,000 per annum. Both these prelates are the deadly enemies of Catholicity and of the Irish people also.

† See Green's *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 236.

‡ An Ulster parson, writing some years back under the signature of an "Orange True Blue," expressed "his regret that there were no martyrs in the *Irish Church*." The parson was arguing on the assumption that St. Patrick was a *Protestant*. The simple reason for there being no Protestant martyrs is to be found in the fact that no such church, as a congregation of believers in it, existed. At a subsequent period a political body with ecclesiastical powers conferred upon it by Queen Elizabeth started into existence, but had no congregations save the English officials and the hangers-on of the lord-deputy and his semi-military court.

The English "Reformers" who visited Ireland in Elizabeth's reign do not appear, as far as the clergy were concerned, to be a credit to the "reformed creed." I refer the reader to Edmund Spenser, the author of the *Faerie Queene*, "on Religion [Protestantism] as he witnessed it in Ireland," p. 254.

There is one fact respecting the Irish Catholics which has been wilfully concealed by various writers from the rising Protestant generation—namely, that when religious persecution was adopted in England and abroad *against* Protestants the Irish Catholics acted in an opposite spirit and many of the English Reformers and the French Calvinists found a safe retreat amongst the much-misrepresented Catholics of Ireland. Several Protestant historians of the "past" have had the justice and magnanimity to record the facts which I have here stated. "It is but justice to this maligned body" (the Catholics), writes Dr. Taylor, "to acknowledge that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand the Irish Catholics *never injured a single person in life or limb for professing a different religion from their own*. They had suffered persecutions and learned mercy, as they showed by their conduct in the reign of Queen Mary, in the war from 1641 to 1648, and during the brief reign of King James II." (Taylor's *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 169). Dr. Leland, another Protestant historian, bears similar evidence as to the conduct of the Irish Catholics towards the "Reformers." "Those Reformers who went to Ireland," observes Leland, "there enjoyed their opinions and worship in privacy, without notice or molestation" (Leland's *History of Ireland*, book iii. p. 18). Godwin, an anti-Catholic writer, describes the Catholic priesthood under the rule

No amount of honest inquiry has yet shown that the Irish race in the sixteenth century were not as devoted to the belief of Rome as their fathers who more than one thousand years before had journeyed through the forests beneath the starlight * to visit at the rise of the sun those lone shrines and holy wells sacred to the saints and sages of their faith. No change can research find between the religion professed *after* the "Reformation" and that cherished by the "Red Branch Knights"—the same as that held by the envoys of literature whom Ireland sent to the court of Charlemagne, to illuminate Germany, Hungary, and Italy, or confound the syllogists of Paris; the same as that bled for by the true men whom the most famous of a long-descended line of kings led to victory at Clontarf. The Irish Celts, under their olden monarchs, professed and practised the same creed as the English, Saxon, and Norman did under Alfred and the Plantagenets. The "Reformation" in Ireland was more a political revolution, accompanied by its equivalent confiscation, than a religious change; and, from the temper of the times and the social condition of the country, was doubly distasteful to the Celtic race—antagonistic to a long-cherished belief as well as hostile to their temporal interests. The last boon a conquered land will receive at the hands of its taskmasters is their creed, whatever that creed may be. The religion of the olden race of Ireland has been written imperishably on the national heart—written in a long-continued and pitiable history; and even perverse inquiry is unable to impeach its immutability. The mixture of temporal and eternal interests has not only intensified the Anglo-Irish contest, but it has also imparted to it much of its melancholy interest, enabling its historians—by exhibiting the struggles of energy against wrong, depicting the transient sunshine of success amidst the darkness and sorrow of perennial discontent, and now and again displaying the elements of Hope—to weave a rainbow over a land which has been so long a Valley of Tears!

The Protestant impeachment of the Catholic Church in Ire-

of Elizabeth's lord-deputies in these words: "The Mass priests of Ireland were in the hour of their persecution disinterested and fearless in sustaining their wretched flocks and upholding their religion. In the hour of their trials they stood forth superior to human infirmity; with resolution inflexible they encountered every possible calamity, suffered the utmost hardships and privations, and counted nothing worthy of their attention but *the glory of God and the salvation of souls*" (see Godwin's *Commonwealth*). The religious orders and the secular clergy of Ireland were opposed to persecution of conscience, "declaring that the principles of the Catholic Church were those of kindness, persuasion, and charity."

* The ancient Celtic race commenced their pilgrimages on nights when the moon or stars shone brightest.

land for "ignorance and want of taste" is only a part of the general slander piled up by Puritan writers against Catholicity throughout the world. If Protestantism chanced to be produced contemporaneously with printing, the schism of Luther can only claim that it used, with considerable noise, an invention *not its own*. The Catholic Church has done more for "learning, art, science (proper) and elegant classic taste" than all human institutions put together. The church, in all ages, was famed for its culture of music and architecture."* Archbishops Anselm and Lanfranc are well known to have been not only architects themselves but the liberal patrons of that noble art in England. The beautiful hymns of the ancient church have proved a mine for imitative appropriation to all modern beliefs. The cultivation of music refined and chastened the manners of those who pursued it; and the sublime and solemn harmony used at Mass, and during the divine service in general, elevated the soul and softened the heart of the worshipper. Did the vandalism which denounced and destroyed this lofty and beautiful adjunct of divine worship better a subsequent race of people? The great Dutch school of music of the fifteenth century was silenced by the Huguenot iconoclasts—stifled in blood and rapine—and has never revived.

The Catholic Church is truly distinguished from all others aspiring to the title by the magnificence, the loveliness, the profusion, and the grandeur by which she is environed. Her ceremonies have educated, and are still eliciting, all the skill of ingenuity, all the riches of art, all the brightest results of imaginative effort. She has wrought all the mines of thought and matter to manifest her absorbing reverence for the Omnipotent. She inspired the architect to display the resources of his genius, and basilicas arose, attesting with their solemn domes the sublime ardor of a God-loving people. She summoned to her aid the noblest forms of sculpture, the passion and the glory; the fearful and the benignant revelations of painting, the entrancing and resplendent masterpieces of music. All gifts and all arts she led with gentle but invincible suasion to the footstool of the Eternal. The vessels employed in her sacrifices were composed of the most precious metals, decorated with gems, and fashioned by such magic artificers as Benvenuto Cellini. Her tabernacles blazed with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, opals, and pearls. Her altars, barred with lapis-lazuli, costlier than the gold of Ophir, and wrung from the depths of the Ural,

* Thorndale's *Memorials of English Abbays*.

bloomed with flowers, which likewise strewed the paths of her procession. Incense floated heavenwards from the swing of her thuribles. Cloth of gold composed her vestments, and cloth of silver formed the banners upon which were embroidered the mementos of her saints. Poetry was brought into the sacred service; and the hymns of the church, realizing the conception of Tennyson, "perfect music set to noble words," are exemplars of solemn beauty. Oratory poured from her pulpits for instruction, supplication, or admonition—such eloquence as flowed from the lips of Bossuet, of Bourdaloue, of Fénelon, and of Massillon. Again, so abhorred in the estimation of the church was idleness that even the hermits of the deserts, and those recluses in monasteries unfitted for higher employments, toiled unceasingly in the pauses of their prayers.

The Catholic Church requires no vindication respecting her earnestness in aiding the advancement of knowledge and in exciting intellectual emulation. The witnesses who have testified to the contrary are *now* reduced to the number of the consciously false. The Catholic Church is emphatically her own vindication, by the amplitude and perennial beauty of her sacred edifices; by the melody of her matchless ritual; by the labors of her illustrious writers; by the voices of her eloquent dignitaries; by the music which floats amidst her cathedral arches; by the signs of the life-giving influence by which her apostles are ever accompanied throughout the earth, strewing, as it were, the most barren sands with flowers and verdure; by her immense and immutable dominion.

FRENCH-CANADIAN MEN OF LETTERS.

IN the old pioneer days of Canada, besides those simple and charming narratives, the *Voyages* of Champlain, there was that immortal monument to the first struggles of a people, the *Relations* of the Jesuit missionaries, some portions of which are, even from a literary point of view, inimitable; there were the graceful and elegant epistles of Marie de l'Incarnation, in which the wit and exquisite delicacy of a Frenchwoman are combined with the gentleness and earnestness of a religious. And though all these were, indeed, the products of the soil, owing their inspiration in great part to those sapphire streams which in winter lie like lakes of frosty pearl under the cloudless heavens, or in summer bear the canoes of the voyageurs on their way to distant trading-posts, to those giant hills, those infinite forests, that immeasurable vastness of all nature—though they were truly Canadian in sentiment, they were not the work of Canadians.

The history of Canadian literature, properly so called, dates back not half a century, but it has in that period produced unparalleled results. The question naturally occurs to us, Why were a people who owed their inheritance to an ancestry so glorious, a people who claimed kinship with, aye, and lineal descent from, one of the most intellectual nations upon the globe, so long in giving expression to their thoughts and sentiments, in immortalizing the great deeds going on about them? For the early Canadian settlers were actually living out a grand epic which did not want for heroes, martyrs, battles, struggles of all kinds. The cause was in the very existence of these struggles.

Let us now consider momentarily the rise and progress of a new province in literature. To us this new province has a special interest, for it is almost wholly Catholic. It may be described as a new and powerful Catholic colony appertaining to the universal domain of letters. Its Catholicity and its patriotism are its two solid bases. Its Catholicity entails absolute purity of morals; its patriotism a generous and elevating sentiment. In this truly remarkable literature, taken in general, there is scarcely a trace of the Voltairean cynicism which has blighted the productions of some of the finest French intellects of the day. There is an ardent love of country which has no relation to the cold sneers of the modern cynic; a hopeful and healthy aspiration towards

the future which owns no kinship with the morbid ravings of optimists; and, above all, there is a devotion to principle and an earnest love of truth, both the outcome of this purely Catholic spirit, which augurs well for Canada's intellectual, moral, and material future. Any thoughtful mind, in perusing the works which have issued, or are issuing daily, from the French-Canadian press, must be convinced of this. A French author* devotes considerable attention to the moral and intellectual future of New France. The praise which he bestows upon its literature is thoughtful and well considered. He finds in Canadian authors "an artistic instinct, polished form, and purity of taste." He declares that they naturally possess "the sentiment of the beautiful," but dwells especially upon what he calls the most striking point of all about them. This is "that always and everywhere in their writings is a breadth of conception and a power of generalizing thought which belong to the higher sphere of the operations of the human mind." He predicts for them "a long youth and a rare vigor in their future development."

We now proceed to a hasty review of a few of the men of letters who guard the outposts of Canada's intellectual domain. To follow any rule or order, of merit, or precedence, or even of chronology, is not our purpose. We are merely as a wanderer in a virgin forest coming upon clearings of marvellous beauty and fertility, or one traversing a wilderness who discovers a gold-mine.

Some of the earlier efforts in poetry or prose are to be found in M. Huston's *Répertoire National, ou Recueil de Littérature Canadienne*, published in 1848. This collection, which reflects the greatest credit on its compiler, contains selections from many whom we can scarcely now consider in detail. Such are Joseph Quesnel, Michel Bibaud, Réal Angers, Barthe, Turcotte, Derome, and others. A study of this group of authors so fully appreciated by their countrymen would be of the greatest interest. But we are compelled to hurry on to where other and more resplendent lights, brilliant as the Aurora Borealis of these northern realms, are arising through the shadows of war and party strife and an imperfect, or imperfectly understood, liberty.

In the department of poetry we shall begin with a name—Cremazie—which we believe to be, in the order of time, one of the first that Canada has produced. He is a child of the soil, with a hearty, whole-souled patriotism about him. We feel that

* Rameau, in his *La France aux Colonies*.

he is a worthy compatriot of the Beaujeus and Salaberrys who gave to Canada

"A new Thermopylæ."

Of such heroes he is the bard, the Minnesinger, who chants the glories of his race in ringing lines which no translation can render. But at times, in his wind-swept, harp-like tones, there are notes of deep sadness, or a prophetic inspiration, a vision of new glories to rise up phoenix-like from the ashes of the conquest. In some of his war-songs—as, for instance, "*Le Vieux Soldat Canadien*"—there is something of the fire and tenderness of the old Norse sagas: a wail for youthful days of strength and vigor for ever departed, a desolate, touching loneliness still vivified with the breath of battle that once gave life to his worn and wasted frame. As the poem is intended for a personification of the nation, these points strike us as the more apt and telling. We repeat that it is impossible to do any justice whatsoever to the poetry of M. Cremazie when translating it into another tongue. Its spirit and genius are essentially French, no less than its measure and rhythm. That M. Cremazie is regarded as among the first of Canadian poets is shown by a comparison drawn by an author, himself no mean critic, between some verses of M. Cremazie and some upon a similar subject by Lamartine, giving the preference to the Canadian. Whether this preference be justified or not, it proves that among people of culture in his own country Octave Cremazie is given a very high rank indeed. In this poem which is made the point of comparison M. Cremazie appears under a totally different aspect from that in which we have before considered him. This will be seen from the subject of the verses, "*Les Morts*." Lamartine is represented by his famous "*Pensée des Morts*." With that, which is probably familiar to many of our readers, we are not concerned, but we will quote at random some exquisite lines which occur here and there in this ode from the Canadian poet:

"For you the heavens have neither storms nor stars,
The spring no balm, the horizon no clouds,
The sun no rays!"

Again:

"Motionless and cold within your deep-dug grave,
Ye ask not whether grave or blithesome be
The echoes of the world."

Or:

"The scorching wind of pain, nor envy's breath,
Come not to dry your bones, O tranquil dead,
As in the day of life.

"Within the cemetery's calm ye find at last
That vainly sought in all our mortal life—
Ye find sweet rest."

It describes how, while the living suffer, the dead hear only the "voice of the sanctuary," and it dwells upon the infinite value to the soul of a remembrance at prayer—"that alms of the heart." It deplores the selfishness of those who survive, and, speaking of the human heart, proceeds :

"For it knoweth alone in its joy or its pain ;
But those who may serve or its hatred or pride,
The dead serve no more.

"Ah ! unto our ambitions or our futile joys,
O dusty corpses ! ye can nothing add ;
We give to you oblivion."

Even this imperfect rendering may give some idea of the exquisite tenderness and beauty of the poem. M. Cremazie has some fine verses upon Castelfidardo. The two lines, addressed to the Holy See, which close the poem contain a fine thought :

"Thou shalt remain alone
To close the gates of Time !"

The "Drapeau de Carillon" is another of his patriotic poems. In his verses on the "Two hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Mgr. de Laval in Canada" his passionate love of country breaks out with new force :

"O Canada, more beautiful than a beam of spring."

He apostrophizes her lakes, larger than those of the Inferno, her limpid streams, her heaven-crowned hills. In this, as in all his writings, there is religion side by side with the sublime love of country, the manly and healthful singing of nature, and of history. As he says himself, speaking of their ancestors: "They planted the white flag at the side of a cross!" He pays a tribute to "the sons of Loyola, and their mission sublime," who "left to thy children their memory blest!" He sings of "gentle Charity, Hope, and Faith," and declares the "temples of the true God, and the colleges many," to be the "true strength and honor of their country!" Well may an eminent French-Canadian author* declare that "some of M.

* The Abbé Casgrain.

Cremazie's poetry is truly remarkable for inspiration of thought; the spark of true poetry rivals the ringing rhythm and perfection of style." Octave Cremazie is one of the innumerable names which make Quebec a great literary centre.

Again, in the department of poetry is a name familiar to many of our readers—that of Léon Pamphile Lemay. As the translator of "Evangeline" into French M. Lemay is specially entitled to the attention of Americans. This work, which, from the peculiar versification that Longfellow employed in the immortal poem, would seem one of insuperable difficulty, was accomplished by Lemay with an ease and inspiration truly remarkable. We remember having read a highly complimentary letter addressed by Longfellow to Lemay which did full justice to the translator's efforts. Pamphile Lemay's *Essais Poétiques* made him known to his countrymen. His poetry is of a different order from that of M. Cremazie. It is tender, melancholy, and dreamy. In his own words:

"A dim veil
Of sadness and of pain enshrouds its beauty."

Yet there is a simplicity, a pathos, a true poetry, which he seems to find in familiar objects, and imparts with a subtle delicacy of touch such as the painters of miniatures were wont to employ. There is a settled sadness in his strain, a half-unconscious melancholy—not, perhaps, the deep, irreparable sorrow of one for whom, as he himself expresses it,

"The day has more shadows than the night,"

but a sadness which is not "akin to pain."

From Pamphile Lemay we turn to a poet who rivals him "in elegance and elevation of thought," but whose Muse takes a more joyous note and sings with the freedom and clearness of a bird upon the wing. Louis Honoré Fréchette is to-day, throughout Canada and the United States, greeted as the poet-laureate of Canada. His verses to Pamphile Lemay are interesting on more than one account, because of the early friendship which evidently existed between them, and the generous freedom from all envy or jealousy which induced him to hail the distinction deservedly won by a former associate. They are dated from Chicago and addressed to Pamphile Lemay as poet-laureate of the University of Laval. The poetry of M. Fréchette is of a high order; it shows a variety of conception and a tenderness and delicacy in the treatment of his subjects.

His lines to various persons, whether distinguished in public life or endeared to the author by some private ties, are particularly happy. Amongst these are lines to Longfellow, which must be appreciated by all admirers of the immortal author of "Evangeline." He is a truly national poet; but his inspiration is not found, like that of Cremazie, so much in the past as in present goods. That grand, dim old Canada, region of the savage huntsman and the pioneer, the voyageur, the trapper, and the missionary, with their all but fabulous doings, is not the Canada which Fréchette usually sings. It is Quebec as it now stands :

" Perched like an eagle on her promontory's height,
Bathing her rocky feet in the giant flood below ! "

It is Montreal as it now is; the glories of Niagara, the Saguenay, Mille Isles (the Thousand Isles), Cape Eternity, Belœil Lake, Lake Beauport, Cape Tourmente, and so on—it is the beautiful natural scenery which still retains a picturesque wildness. It is to people now living or but recently departed that his strophes are addressed. He sings rather of what Canada still has than of what has passed away from her for ever. He is the poet of the present, as Cremazie of the past; the poet of joy and joyous nature, as Lemay of sadness and the autumn tints of earth; he sings the "Alleluia," and this poem is not without significance, for he also hymns the alleluia of his country. There is a warmth, a freshness, a human life and joy about the poems which is as refreshing as the sound of wholesome and unrestrained laughter. It may be questioned whether he has the deep religious fervor of some of the other Canadian writers, but his Muse is nevertheless Christian and

" Chants the triumph of a God ! "

In this poem of the "Alleluia" there are some fine stanzas. The author feels that his theme is a grand one, and his verse is proud, triumphal, joyous—such a song as Judith might have sung to the people of God. He hears

" The voices sounding yet in the meadows of space,"

and the

" Brilliant concert of worlds,
The silent rocks,
The immensity of space,
And ye, ye caves profound,
Singing of heaven's King ! "

M. Fréchette's greatest work is undoubtedly his drama or tragedy of "Papineau," based on thrilling events in the history of his race. We cannot attempt any appreciation of it here, though there are grand bursts of patriotism and love of country scattered throughout. It will suffice to say that it was crowned by the French Academy. His "Discovery of the Mississippi" is very fine and dedicated to a member of the French Academy. His "Canadian Year," verses for each month, are most pleasing; so those upon the natural scenery of Canada, which are very fine.

M. Fréchette at present lives in Montreal, but for some time resided in Quebec, and, crossing the boundaries, remained five years in the great metropolis of the West, Chicago. He is still a young man, and, if he fulfils the promise of his youth and early maturity, will leave a name behind him unrivalled in the Canadian world of letters. His genial and social qualities have made him a host of friends.

L. J. C. Fiset also is an author who deserves a share of attention from the student of Franco-Canadian literature. His "Voice of the Past," composed on the occasion of a great national festival of Canadians, St. John the Baptist's Day, 1858, proves him to be of the school of patriotic poets. He, too, predicts a glorious destiny for his country, but with his eyes fixed retrospectively upon its past. He apostrophizes the red man:

"Pale Manes of the Huron and Algonquin tribes,
Ye demi-gods of forests, crownless kings,
What thoughts do ye not bring!"

He cries out:

"Would ye announce to us that hope's a dream,
That all things change and scarcely leave a trace,
That all roads lead to naught?"

He pays a fine tribute to Champlain, Montcalm, Wolfe, and "the immortal Cartier." To all who have sacrificed themselves upon the altar of country he exclaims:

"*Dormez, ombres chéries,*"
"Sleep, dear shades!"

There is a fine inspiration in many things that M. Fiset has written. If he lacks the fire which characterizes the war-poems of Cremazie, or the deep and solemn beauty of the same writer's stanzas upon death, he has none the less true poetic feeling and sublimity of thought. His "Meditation" on the banks of the St.

Lawrence is such a one as might well be made beside that queen of rivers, under the blue, star-frosted canopy of the northern night. His "Ode to the Prince of Wales" is also very graceful, prettily conceived, and prettily carried out.

A moment's glance at a group of minor poets may not be out of place. We have lately read a poem entitled "Labor and Idleness" ("Travail et Paresse"), by a young verse-writer, Ophis Pelletier. This production seems to us remarkable when we consider that the writer died very soon after leaving college. It is full of imagination; the *heureux séjour* of labor is described, and the description fairly teems with palaces inlaid with gold and jewels, diamonds, pearls and rubies, many-colored marbles, the myriad-tinted plumage of strange, bright birds, waves of crystal, the beauties of spring, and the richness of autumn. There is a wealth of imagery and a luxuriance of fancy which time would, perhaps, have somewhat pruned. This is but one of many which the young poet, early called to the haven of such souls as his, leaves behind him.

There are many light, pretty verses from the pen of Felix Marchand, of which we may instance "The Young Mother at the Bedside of her Son" and "Lines to Spring." A semi-humorous squib from the pen of Charles Laberge, who has written considerable, is also before us. It is an ingenious conceit and well carried out. M. J. Lenoir, another writer who was too early called away, has left various poems which display a marked ability. The priesthood, as in every other department of literature, is represented in verse. We may instance lines by the Abbé Raymond, the Abbé Charles Trudel, and others.

A poet of considerable note among his countrymen is Napoléon Legendre. His poems have been most cordially received by the public, and it is a proof of the literary eminence which he has obtained that he has been made a member of the Royal Society of Canadian Literature. M. Fréchette has dedicated one of his poems to him.

Another poet of merit is Nérée Beauchemin. His verses are sweet, tender, and full of feeling, and there is at times a certain loftiness of expression which must inevitably strike the reader. M. Fréchette has addressed some lines to him also, in which he calls upon him to break with his "pure song" the monotony of vulgar existence.

But before taking leave of the poetic department of Canadian literature we must not omit to mention that there are a large

class of authors who have distinguished themselves, if not equally in prose and poetry, at least to a great extent in both. Thus the Abbé Casgrain, a writer of great vigor and correctness of thought, has given to the public some very pleasing verses on various subjects. His translation of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" is a really creditable production. He tells us himself that he did it while very young, but since revised it. He gives us a reason for having undertaken the translation in the political application which he found therein to the struggles and disasters which his country had experienced. It is dedicated to his friend, Alfred Garneau, a son of the great historian mentioned further on in these pages. In this dedication the abbé declares that he could not help drawing a parallel between the hapless Bonniard and the "national historian" of Canada, François Xavier Garneau, and that hence he desires to place this memorial upon the latter's tomb. The Abbé Casgrain has also written some characteristically Canadian poems, such as "Le Canotier" (the boatman) and "Le Couvreur des Bois" (the trapper). However, having read with attention his many pleasing verses, we unhesitatingly assign him his place, as an eminent man of letters, among prose authors. His biography of Marie de l'Incarnation is, in the best sense of the word, charming. He penetrates the inmost recesses of that chosen soul, and brings forth to the light of day those qualities which made her one of the most remarkable women of an epoch which produced many remarkable women. The Abbé Casgrain has written several shorter biographies, among which are one upon F. X. Garneau, the Chevalier Falardeau, J. B. Faribault, who himself acquired a claim to literary distinction by his valuable compilation, *Catalogue of Works on the History of America*. The abbé's account of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, of whom we shall have a word to say later, is delightful. These are but a few of the biographies, as well as essays upon general subjects, which this distinguished ecclesiastic has given to Canadian literature. He belongs to an old and honorable family in the Province of Quebec, and has a wide connection there. As a writer he is singularly gifted. In biography he seems to seize the salient points of his subject with marvellous facility. His *Paroisse Canadienne* in the seventeenth century gives an insight into rural life under a different order of things, when the *seigneurs* still held sway and the old feudal manners of European countries were repeated, with modifications, under the frosty splendors of a Canadian sky. In his *Opuscles, Canadian Legends*, and others of the kind the Abbé

Casgrain provides not only the best and most instructive reading that can be given to the young folk, but reading that possesses a certain attraction for people of any age.

Another author who has dealt somewhat in poetry is the distinguished historian, F. X. Garneau. No name in Canadian annals so deservedly wears the laurel wreath as his. It is the more universally and impartially accorded that M. Garneau has slept for years "under the shade of lofty pines, close to the famed battle-fields of the past, in view of his native city of Quebec." It is with something like reverence that we approach the consideration of one who, it has been said, "is known whithersoever the name of Canada has reached; his fame is inseparable from the fame of his country."* For he raised to his native land "its most splendid monument." His praises, which are in every mouth, make us feel how poor and insufficient must be our notice of him in the present paper. François Xavier Garneau takes deservedly a front rank not only in the hearts, the sentiment of his compatriots, but in the critical and literary estimate of him. M. Chauveau describes him as "a man of initiative courage, heroic perseverance, indomitable will, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice." There is no doubt of the enduring greatness of the *Histoire du Canada*, and of its taking a lasting place among the noblest chronicles of other times and other nations.

Born at Quebec on the 15th of June, 1809, M. Garneau died in February, 1866, so that his years of labor were few. The story of his youth is most interesting. His first instructor was an old man, known as the *Bonhomme* Parent, who taught in the Rue St. Réal in Quebec; but he afterwards attended a school outside the St. Louis Gate established by the celebrated Joseph François Perrault, a man who was apparently the Mæcenas of early Canadian literature. Young Garneau is then described as grave, taciturn, and of an almost morbid timidity—a quality which he retained till his death. The prettiest picture of his youth is where we see him listening to the olden chronicles which his grandfather delighted to pour forth. That good old man had been an eye-witness of many of the events which his illustrious descendant afterwards rendered immortal. There in that ancient city of Quebec, so well fitted to be the storehouse of memories of glory, and with its walls and gates symbolizing a past at variance with the genius of the present century, it was a sight to see the old man, bent with years, pointing out to his

* P. J. O. Chauveau. Funeral oration over the remains of Garneau.

grandson the scene of this or that combat, reproducing the confusion, the horror, the glory, the shame, the pride of conquest, or the cruel agony of defeat, and pouring all into the ears of a boy—a boy eager, inspired, kindling with an enthusiasm which was later to find vent in an imperishable monument to his sacred country.

In 1840 M. Garneau began his *History of Canada*. His three years in England, France, and Italy had enabled him to examine many archives and store up valuable information. But he also went to Albany to consult some State papers which had been compiled for the State of New York by permission of the French king. The first volume of M. Garneau's work appeared in 1845, a second in 1846, and a third in 1848. It has since passed through several editions, one of which is now being edited and revised by his son, M. Alfred Garneau, also favorably known to literature by his poetry. The work was received, we may say, with acclamation; for the few exceptions taken to it are, for the most part, unimportant.* That it should be so received by his fellow-countrymen is not surprising, but its reception in France was really an ovation. Firmin Didot, Pavie, and Moreau, in the *Nouvelle Revue Encyclopédique*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the *Correspondant*, of Paris, all hailed it with delight and devoted considerable space to it. Henri Martin, the distinguished author of the *Histoire de la France* and other important works, speaks of M. Garneau and his work in terms of the highest praise. Dr. Brownson, the prince of reviewers, spoke of it enthusiastically. In fact, the *History* was a complete success—more than that: a triumph, national as well as personal. One of the most valuable testimonies to its importance was a letter addressed to M. Garneau by the commander of the French frigate *Capricieuse*, sent to Quebec by Napoleon in 1855 to establish commercial relations with Canada.

M. Garneau is described as an "humble and devout Catholic," a man of unbounded integrity and conscientiousness, and of a gentle, affectionate, and altogether lovable character. He is said to have been "the type of an accomplished gentleman, of exquisite politeness and reserve." His style as a writer was at once polished and dignified, with great freedom of thought and expression, and unusually vigorous and energetic. Besides his greatest work he has written some minor sketches in prose, such

* The one serious objection to some portions of the first volumes—namely, a straying from the path befitting a truly Catholic historian—was removed, and the author fully retracted all dangerous opinions.

as *Travels in England and France*. We began to speak of him as a versifier and have not yet mentioned his productions in the poetic department. Many of his fugitive pieces are to be found in M. Huston's *Répertoire National* before mentioned. His "Oiseaux Blancs" (Snowbirds), his "Winter," and his "Last of the Hurons" are the principal. Had M. Garneau written nothing else these poems would no doubt entitle him to a place among men of letters; but their beauty and poetical expression are so obscured by the glory of his great productions that we can only offer them as a proof of his versatility. M. Alfred Garneau, the son of the historian, to whom we have before alluded, has inherited much of his father's talent. His verses are always appreciated, and appearing, as they do, in many of the principal periodicals, do not need the reflected glory of his father's name to recommend them to the public.

The Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau also appears in the twofold character of poet and prose-writer—perhaps, rather, in a three-fold character, as orator too. M. Chauveau's discourses in French and English, especially upon great national occasions, are admirable. Lofty and sustained in style, they combine force with beauty, enthusiastic outbursts of loyalty and patriotism with the calm of a finished speaker. His address upon the translation of the relics of Mgr. de Laval is an illustration. Another delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of a monument *Aux Braves de 1765* is full of exquisite thoughts and sentiments. His funeral oration over the remains of Garneau is one of his happiest efforts. There M. Chauveau unites the friend, the patriot, and the generous appraiser of another's well-earned fame. In a momentary glance at M. Chauveau as a poet we find an appreciation of him by an author* who is no mean critic. He speaks of the "*ravissante* verses of M. Chauveau upon childhood." This is a strong expression, but the writer proceeds to justify it, and compares some of his poems, especially one upon "First Communion," to the best of a similar class of writings by Madame Ségalas, Beauchesne, or Victor Hugo himself. This is high praise, and may be proved by an examination of such fugitive pieces of M. Chauveau's as have appeared from time to time. Yet we must regard M. Chauveau mainly as a writer of prose—of elegant, classic prose, with a peculiar charm of style, a peculiar harmony of diction, a peculiar grace of expression. To our thinking there is no so polished master of the *belle langue* of France among all whom the Dominion has pro-

* The Abbé Casgrain.

duced. His novel of *Charles Guérin*, a story of earlier Canadian life, is one of his first productions. His book upon the visit of the Prince of Wales, his correspondence in the *Courrier des États Unis*, as well as his essays upon literature, history, politics, and education scattered through many periodicals and embracing a number of years, are all models of style. Many of his most interesting articles are to be found in the different numbers of the *Journal of Public Instruction*, which M. Chauveau himself founded in 1857. In all his writings are found two sentiments which pervade them as the deep chords of the organ pervade a hymn—a truly Catholic spirit and an ardent patriotism, which lead him into prophetic utterances upon the grand mission of his race. There is no doubt that M. Chauveau is one of the inner circle of chosen spirits that have long ruled the literary destinies of Canada. He has led a busy life, having filled many important offices in the Dominion. He was for some time president of the Senate, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and is now high-sheriff of Montreal. He is also vice-president of the Royal Canadian Society of Literature, recently founded by the Marquis of Lorne, to whom great praise is due as the generous promoter of every scheme for the moral and intellectual advancement of the country over which he rules. This Society received a cordial recognition from the French Academy, upon which, we believe, it is modelled. The secretary of the Académie Française, M. Camille Doucet, despatched a congratulatory letter to the infant association upon its initial meeting in October, 1882.

The Abbé Ferland is a name without which even the slightest sketch of Canadian literature cannot be said to be complete. In his own style he is inimitable. We were struck at once with the vivacity, life, and coloring of what he has written. The Abbé Casgrain thus speaks of him: "The *Episode of 1759* and his *Histoire de Gamache*," he says, "may sustain a comparison, as models of style, in finish of execution, with the most delicate sketches, the most exquisite word-paintings, the most admirable crayons of Prosper Mérimée or Octave Feuillet." Now, who that has read productions from the subtle and witty pen of Prosper Mérimée—which could only have been the work of a Frenchman, and are only to be defined by French epithets—will not consider this the highest praise? And surely the tenderness, the warm human feeling, the vivid sketches of character in the works of Octave Feuillet are unsurpassed of their kind. Yet all this is not too much to say of the Abbé Ferland, and we will go farther and institute a comparison between him and the

American, Washington Irving. With some differences of style and local mannerisms, this will be found, we flatter ourselves, to be just. The Abbé Ferland's style is fascinating, and carries the reader now into the ice-bound Labrador, into various nooks and corners of his own country, or again back into the dim and misty regions of primeval Canada. M. Rameau, a French author before quoted, says of him : "The vivacity of feature which distinguishes his pictures and the Attic flavor of the French spirit prove that upon the banks of the St. Lawrence our tongue has degenerated no more than our character." His long and detailed account of his stay in Labrador is most interesting. In connection with it are published *Notes upon the Plants* which he collected there. These notes, which are really valuable in a scientific point of view, are by another ecclesiastic, the Abbé Brunet, also of Quebec. The Abbé Ferland's most important work is his *Cours d'Histoire*, though he has written many historical sketches, such as *A Fragment of History*. Like M. Garneau, the Abbé Ferland has passed away from Quebec and from Canada when at the very pinnacle of his fame. His death, which preceded his co-laborer's by a very short time, was likewise deplored as a national loss.

We shall next claim the attention of our readers for a man who has been called "the first thinker of Canada—Étienne Parent." The Abbé Casgrain remarks "that the first period of Canadian literature, from 1840 to 1860, had the rare good fortune to produce a thinker like Étienne Parent, a historian like Garneau, and a poet like Cremazie." Casgrain points to a vital defect in this profound thinker—namely, he allows himself to be carried away now and again from the straight path of the highest philosophy, which is and must be under the influence of religion, into the crooked bypaths of what is called modern thought. This is certainly to be deplored. However, his studies upon *Spiritualism* and his lectures upon *The Intellect in its Relations with Society* are both remarkable for their depth and vigor. Reading them one must find a certain aptness in the comparison instituted between Parent and Victor Cousin. There is the same subtlety of perception, range of thought, and power in grasping a subject. M. Parent's discourse upon *The Importance and the Duties of Commerce* is an admirable illustration of his style. His views on political economy, his excellent and practical suggestions on many vital points, are worthy of careful note. The following paragraph is taken from the foregoing : "The principles of political economy," he says, "are not absolute like those of morality, with which we may

not tamper; they are but human theories and are necessarily flexible and variable like those who conceive them. Morality comes from God and is as immutable as its Author; policy comes from man and is as changeable as man himself and his surroundings." In 1852 he delivered at Saint-Roch another discourse, *Considerations on the Destiny of the Working Classes*, which is full of profound thought and just and careful observation. Some of his works are not unworthy of the greatest of political economists. M. Parent was born at Beauport, near Quebec, in 1801, but spent portions of his long life in various cities of the Dominion, such as Toronto and Ottawa, in consequence of being connected with the government. He died in 1875, in the latter city, at the age of seventy-four. He was then under-secretary of state.

One of the most poetic figures in literary Canada is undoubtedly Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, whose first work is a phenomenon, insomuch that it was written when the author was some seventy-five years of age. He led, in the time-honored manor of the Seigneurs de Gaspé, an almost patriarchal life, and in his book, *Canadians of Old*, he simply put into stirring prose events and circumstances which would have rung out in fiery verse in the war-ballads of the ancients. This book made an extraordinary sensation. The reviews thereupon are a panegyric. It was hailed with delight as an essentially true and perfect description of local manners, customs, and dwellings. When put into an English dress by Mrs. Pennée, of Quebec, it elicited warm praise from journals of eminence.

A word here of a man who, having made himself prominent as among the first of Canadian artists, has likewise devoted himself to the culture of letters. In spite of his busy life as a painter M. Bourassa has written considerable, and the quality is in greater proportion than the quantity. His style is refined, delicate, spiritual; there are the dreamy visions of an artistic world in it, the peace, the calm that come from a long preponderance in an organization of the ideal. But there is warm human sympathy in every line of his writings, whether M. Bourassa goes into fiction or confines himself to reality, as in his travels in Italy and other parts of the Continent.

Oscar Dunn, among a school of younger authors, is a man of mark. As a journalist his ability is undisputed. He has edited the *Journal of Public Instruction* and been connected with other periodicals. There is an earnestness, strength, and vigor in what he writes, as well as a fund of solid information, practical sense, and keen perception of the points at issue. His *Lecture pour*

Tous touches ably upon many current topics. Mr. Dunn, still a young man, is among the rising *littérateurs* of the day.

A witty and brilliant writer is Arthur Buies, now residing in Montreal, though formerly of Quebec. His book upon the Saguenay is charming in its vivacity and deeply interesting in its accounts of that favored region. M. Buies has written a great deal, and his writings have become very popular. Faucher de St. Maurice, also of the younger school of authors, has contributed to current literature many agreeable books of travel, such as *Two Years in Mexico*, descriptions of places on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and many others. M. George de Boucherville, brother of a former premier of the name, has confined himself principally to novelettes which are of a light but very pleasing character. The best known is, perhaps, *One Lost and Two Found*, an English rendering of the name which, perhaps, scarcely expresses it. M. de Boucherville belongs to an old and distinguished family prominent in the political and social life of the province; hence his name served as an introduction to works which at once took a hold of the people.

We close with the following prediction of Canada's literary future from the pen of Abbé Casgrain, to whom we have been more than once indebted in the preparation of this paper :

"If, as is indisputable," he says, "a literature is the reflection of the morals, the character, the aptitudes, and the genius of a nation ; if it retains the imprint of the places wherein it took rise, the different aspects of nature, landscapes, views, and horizons, ours will be grave, meditative, spiritual, religious, evangelizing like our missionaries, generous as our martyrs, energetic and persevering as our early pioneers. It will also be of vast proportions, like our rivers, our wide horizons, our mighty nature ; it will be mysterious as the echoes of our immense and impenetrable forests ; vivid as the lightning flashes of our Aurora Borealis ; melancholy as our pale evenings of autumn, wrapped in their vaporous mists ; deep as the austere blue of our heavens, chaste and pure as the virginal mantles of our long winters. But it will be essentially religious and believing ; such will be its characteristic form and expression ; or, if not, it will die, and of a moral suicide. This is its only condition of being, its sole motive power ; it has no other, any more than our race has any principle of life without faith and religion. From the day it ceases to believe it will cease to exist. The incarnation of its thought, the embodiment of its intelligence, literature must carry out its destiny.

"Thus," he continues, "it will be the faithful mirror of our little nation in the various phases of its existence, with its ardent faith, its noble aspirations, its outbursts of enthusiasm, its traits of heroism, its generous passion of self-sacrifice. It will not be stamped with the seal of modern realism, which is the outcome of materialistic thought, and will have, on this account, greater spontaneity, originality, and activity."

EDUCATION IN IRELAND, PAST AND PRESENT.

ONE gratifying fact in the recent history of Ireland is the progress that has been made in popular education. Each of the last four census returns shows a steady increase throughout the country in the number able to read and write, and the growing numbers of schools and scholars indicate a still faster progress in the immediate future. Forty years ago, when the population numbered over eight millions, Ireland had only two thousand three hundred national schools with a nominal attendance of two hundred and eighty thousand pupils. Now, though the population has fallen to a little over five millions, the number of schools has risen to nearly eight thousand, attended by eleven hundred thousand children. The pupils in the Christian Brothers' schools have risen in the same time from six to twenty-five thousand. The distinctively Protestant schools, which in 1841 had nearly a hundred thousand pupils, have, it is true, fallen in their attendance, but even with that deduction the increase in the number of school-children in Ireland is enormous. In 1841 scarcely five per cent. of the population attended schools, while twenty-five per cent. is the attendance in the present year. Whatever may be said of the Irish schools in comparison with those of other lands, it is undeniable that they have made a greater relative progress of late years than those of almost any civilized nation. The Irish Catholics are fast effacing the badge of ignorance imposed on them by the Penal Code—a code whose effects, it should be borne in mind, have survived the Act of Catholic Emancipation.

The increase in the number of schools and pupils is of course not sufficient alone to show that education in a country is in a satisfactory state. Schools, like other institutions, may be inefficient or efficient, and a mere list of their numbers, though useful, is by no means a sure index of the state of popular education. Irregular attendance of pupils, and careless or incompetent teachers, can keep a people in ignorance though the country be overspread with schools. Such, it is said, was really the case in Ireland thirty years ago. According to the reports of the government inspectors not more than thirty per cent. of the pupils whom they examined could read fairly. Of late years the system of yearly examinations has been established as a

guide to the partial payment of the teachers, and in consequence a fair estimate can be formed of the real efficiency of the Irish schools. It will, perhaps, be a surprise to Americans to learn that in the elementary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic the Irish common schools are now decidedly ahead of those of England, and even of Scotland. A certain amount is paid to the school in which he has been taught for each pupil who successfully passes for the first time an inspector's examination in any one of those three branches. In England last year, of every hundred pupils who had been taught reading eighty-nine could read, while in Ireland the number was over ninety-two. In writing and arithmetic the percentage of pupils that passed muster in English schools was respectively eighty and seventy-five, while in the Irish it rose to ninety-four and seventy-six. This result is all the more remarkable as the pay of the Irish teachers averages almost exactly the half of that paid to the English. In fact, the general superiority of the English schools, with the enormous funds lavished on them and their ample supply of normal schools and other educational appliances scarcely known in Ireland, was until lately scarcely questioned even in Ireland itself, while in England it was assumed as a matter of course. But the figures are there made up, too, by officials of the government in both cases, and they tell an unmistakable tale in favor of the common schools of Ireland.

It is hard to say whether the Irish national schools should be regarded as denominational or otherwise. In practice the great majority of them are recognized as either Catholic or Protestant by the people. A large number of the girls' schools are taught by nuns, and the great majority of the managers in whose hands the appointment of the teachers and general control of the schools are placed are either Catholic priests or ministers of the various Protestant denominations. The pupils almost invariably correspond to the religion of the managers: Protestant pupils attend the schools under Protestant management, and Catholics almost exclusively make up the attendance in the schools managed by the Catholic clergy. By a strange anomaly, however, the government authorities persist in regarding all alike as undenominational. A school may be attached to a church or meeting-house, and its manager may be expressly appointed because he is a clergyman and likely to recommend it to his co-religionists, but the authorities refuse to recognize the religious character of the school itself. Catholic doctrines must not be taught, Catholic prayers used, or even Catholic books

shown in any national school except at stated times. The national system connives at Catholic schools, but refuses to officially recognize them. In the schools under its immediate control the teachers are invariably chosen from different creeds, no matter what the religion of the district and in spite of the fact that almost no class of the population wishes for irreligious schools. Normal schools come under the head of the institutions entirely controlled by the Education Board, and to them the system of mixed teachers, in nearly inverse ratio to the religion of the people, is strictly applied. In consequence few Catholics attend them; and this, perhaps, is the most serious evil of the system. Why a government which professes no creed should spend the public money on institutions which the great majority of the public refuse to use is a puzzle to strangers, but in truth it is only a surviving relic of the system which once refused to acknowledge the legal existence of a "papist" in Catholic Ireland.

To form a correct idea of Irish public education it is necessary to bear in mind what has been the attitude of the government towards the mass of the people during the past few generations. As far as three-fourths of the nation are concerned, the policy of the government was not merely not to educate, but to take every precaution against their being educated by any means. Other governments have been grossly neglectful in the matter of public education, but to the English government of Ireland during the last century alone belongs the bad pre-eminence of actively enforcing national ignorance by all the powers of law. Its notion of public education was summed up in the extirpation of "popery," and any teaching which did not include that was absolutely felonious. A highly significant chapter in history could be formed from various acts of Parliament relating to public education in Ireland. In 1733 the first essay at a common-school system was made in Ireland, and its object was stated to be "to instruct the children of Roman Catholics and other poor natives in English, in industrial occupations and the principles of the Protestant Establishment." Thirty-five years later the Hibernian Military and Marine Schools were established, and their purpose was concisely stated: "to save the sons and daughters of absent or deceased soldiers and sailors from popery, beggary, and idleness." The next essay, made in 1792, after the first relaxation of the Penal Code, was milder in words, though not, indeed, to "popery." A grant was made to establish schools to an "Association for Discountenancing Vice and Promoting

the Knowledge and Practice of the Christian Religion"—that is to say, the religion by law established in Ireland. The association with the long name proved as unsuccessful as its predecessors in the task of rooting out Catholicity, and in 1806 the London Hibernian Society reduced its undertaking to the simpler form of "building schools and circulating the Scriptures in Ireland." The onslaught on "popery" was evidently weakening, and, in fact, five years later a society was formed which actually promised to discourage proselytism in its schools, and only asked that the Bible should be read therein without note or comment. To this society, composed almost entirely of Protestants, lay and clerical, the whole sum annually devoted to education by Parliament was entrusted for nearly twenty years. As a matter of course in those days the great bulk of these funds was applied to supporting schools directed by Protestant ministers and taught by Protestant teachers, but Catholic schools were not absolutely excluded from a share in them, provided they would make reading of the Bible part of their teaching. Even the Douay, or Catholic, version would do, but "no Bible, no school money" was the rule. It was certainly a mighty abasement in the claims of government to come down from the "extirpation of popery" to merely asking the Irish Catholics to read the Bible, but even this the Irish Catholics were not willing to concede. They had ever steadily refused to acknowledge any right in the authorities to teach religion, and they entertained well-founded suspicions of their honesty; so after a few trials they refused absolutely to have anything to do with the Education Society. For a while the latter paid little heed to the fact that its schools were useless to four-fifths of the population. They applied the funds entrusted to them to the schools that made no objection to Bible-reading, and let the Catholics go without any. But an end came to this pleasant state of things. O'Connell thundered at the door of Parliament until Catholic Emancipation was wrung from the fears, if not from the justice, of George IV. and his ministry. The Catholic complaints of their exclusion from the benefits of public education grew louder and louder and would no longer be denied. Finally, in 1831, the then Irish Secretary of State, Lord Stanley, proposed to establish a system of national education from which all interference with any form of religion should be strictly excluded, and provision made for the separate religious instruction of all denominations. A board of seven commissioners was appointed to carry out this system, and for the first time the Catholics of Ireland were admitted to share in the

public-school funds on nominally equal terms with the rest of the population.

Though admitted in principle, however, the equal rights of the Catholics were far from being secured in practice. The practical control of the whole system was left in the hands of the Board of Education, in accordance with the bureaucratic organization of government in Ireland, and on the board the Catholic representation was little more than nominal. Two commissioners out of seven was deemed an ample guarantee of Catholic interests by the government, while five were appointed to secure the rights of the Protestant sects, which formed scarcely a fifth of the nation. Six of the commissioners were unpaid, and the seventh was the virtual director of the whole administration. The latter office was conferred on a Scotch Presbyterian minister who had previously conducted a private school in Dublin. The assistants in this were quickly transferred to the Education Office, and the Normal School for training teachers was specially entrusted to their care. Their worthy chief also took on himself and his assistants the work of providing nearly all the books to be used in the Irish national schools. It need not be said that everything relating to Irish nationality and the Catholic Church was most carefully excluded from these books. So far, indeed, were the precautions carried in that respect that Lover's little ballad, "The Angels' Whisper," having been inserted in one of the readers, it was afterwards removed as smacking too strongly of Catholic ideas! But the mere exclusion of Catholic ideas from the school-books was not all. Dr. Whately, an Englishman, had lately been made Protestant archbishop of Dublin and also a member of the Education Commission. As the number of his flock was not so great as to occupy much of the archbishop's time, he resolved to try his hand at "rooting out Romanism" through the agency of the national schools. In public this model archbishop professed the strongest wish to carry out the principles originally laid down for the system, but in private he did not hesitate to record his hopes of quietly undermining the faith of the Irish people through the agency of the national schools. The Bible had been expressly excluded from the list of school-books, but his grace quietly endeavored to slip it in again under a new form. A special translation of portions of Scripture was made by himself and two other Protestant clergymen, and introduced into the national schools under the title of Scripture extracts. It was intended to gradually extend the extracts till the whole Bible should be included in them, and by

that time it was hoped that the Irish Catholics would wake up some morning to find themselves genuine Protestants. Dr. Whately, however, had underrated the intelligence of the Irish people. He succeeded, indeed, in getting his "extracts" into use in a considerable number of schools under Protestant teachers, but an attempt to force them into the model schools in a country town led to an outcry which ended in his own withdrawal from the board. The Scripture extracts were dropped and some attempts made at satisfying the claims of the Catholics to equal rights. The numbers of the board were ultimately increased to twenty, of whom one-half are Catholics, though by no means Catholic representatives, as they are only government nominees. Notwithstanding these concessions, however, it cannot be said that the system is by any means as yet satisfactory to the Irish people. Its traditions are wholly out of sympathy with the popular wishes, and in Ireland official traditions are a power greater than viceroys or acts of Parliament. Mixed education is the official ideal in the Irish school system, and, though it unwillingly concedes a control over the primary schools to the Catholic representatives, it continues the struggle to force its own theories on all the higher branches of education. Thus the Irish Catholics are virtually excluded from the normal schools, and to some extent also from the model schools and technical schools which are supported out of the taxes levied on them. In popular education no doubt much has been done, but until its entire management is brought into sympathy with the will of the people no system of national education can properly fulfil its object.

The state of university education in Ireland is a most peculiar one, and constitutes by no means the least important grievance under which the Catholic population still labors. It must be borne in mind that universities in Europe have a much more important legal position than they have in America. Admission to, or rank in, the professions of law and medicine are still to a considerable extent under university control, either directly or indirectly, and education in a university is of much higher practical importance for success in any profession than it is in the United States. Down to 1849 a complete monopoly of university education in Ireland was secured to Trinity College, an institution framed on the most offensive principles of Protestant supremacy as formerly embodied in the Penal Code. Its governors, its teachers, and the holders of its scholarships were all required to profess the doctrines of the English Church; its course of studies was entirely Protestant; and the Protestant

Archbishop of Dublin was, in virtue of his office, its highest officer, or Visitor. That Catholics might enter its classes, but could not hope to share in its prizes or offices, only added bitterness to the injustice of maintaining such an institution as the national university of Ireland. A fraction of less than one-eighth of the population was the only class recognized by law as entitled to share in its endowments. It should be remembered that Trinity owes its rich endowments, not to the liberality of members of the favored denomination, but to grants of public property made in former years at the expense chiefly of the Irish Catholics. Lands amounting to one per cent. of the entire soil of Ireland were settled on it for the purposes of public education, and the whole of the revenues derived from those lands is still applied to the benefit of a mere handful of the Irish population. In consequence Irish Catholics were practically debarred from university education in their own land except under terms of inferiority and at the most serious risk of losing their faith. As a matter of fact few Catholics, not one-tenth of the whole number of students, ever entered Trinity; nor, though its fellowships have now been nominally thrown open to them, are there at present, we believe, a hundred Catholics among its twelve hundred students.

The injustice of thus excluding the majority of the nation from the advantages of a higher education induced the government to establish a second university, the "Queen's," in 1849, with colleges in Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. The revenues of Trinity were not interfered with, but grants were made from the public funds to the new university, which was avowedly intended for the benefit of the majority of the population, which declined to profit by the Protestant teachings of Trinity. Unfortunately the government, while admitting the justice of the Irish Catholics' objections to Trinity, simply provided an equally objectionable substitute in the Queen's University. The Anglican portion of the population was left to receive Anglican religious training in its university, while it was thought ample justice to the Catholics that they should not be required to receive it in the Queen's University. Catholicity was alike excluded from both, and the teaching staff of the Queen's colleges was overwhelmingly Protestant and to a considerable extent un-Irish. Indeed, the Belfast College was virtually handed over to the Presbyterians, a body numbering little over a tenth of the population of Ireland. A Presbyterian minister endorsed by the General Assembly of his church, practically if not formally, was made its

president, and not a single Catholic, except one whose professorship was merely nominal, was placed on its staff. Cork College received a Catholic as president, but a majority of Protestant professors, though eleven-twelfths of the inhabitants expected to send students to attend its lectures were Catholics. In still more Catholic Galway a few Catholic professors were deemed quite enough concession to Catholic educational claims. In all three colleges the teaching was based on the exclusion of all religion, the idea of the founders evidently being that though Catholics might object to laying aside their religion in favor of a distinctive form of Protestantism, they could have no objection to laying it aside when they were not asked to take anything in exchange. As might have been expected, such was not the case. Though considerable inducements have been held out to students in the shape of scholarships and substantial prizes, the bulk of the Irish people have steadily held aloof from the Queen's colleges. In the medical department a certain proportion have used them, especially in Cork, but compared with the population of the country their number is insignificant. In Cork and Galway, where the populations are Catholic in something like the proportions of twelve to one, two hundred and twenty-five students entered last year, of whom one hundred and twelve were Catholics; while in Belfast, the capital of a province about half Catholic, only eight Catholics out of a hundred and fifty students were found to present themselves for admission.

An experience of thirty years having conclusively shown the utter inutility of the Queen's University to the majority of the Irish people, it was dissolved last year and a new institution established in its place. This is the present Royal University of Ireland, which now shares with Trinity College the exclusive right of granting degrees in the country. Unlike Trinity, it is not a teaching body. Its functions are to examine candidates from any college, and, after the requisite number of examinations, extending over a number of years, to award degrees. A certain number of prizes and exhibitions are offered for the most successful students at the various examinations, but they are by no means so numerous as those formerly offered in the Queen's University. It is also provided that after seven years the fellows, or examiners, shall be chosen by competition from the graduates. These fellowships are thirty-two in number, and the pay of each is two thousand dollars a year. For the present they are appointed by the senate, which is the governing body of the university and is composed nearly equally of Catholics and non-

Catholics. Besides acting as examiners the fellows may be required to teach in any college approved by the senate in which students are following the course prescribed by the university. It is generally understood that a certain number, ten or twelve, will be assigned to the Catholic University which has been for many years maintained by private contributions in Dublin. Meanwhile the Episcopalian Trinity College is left in full enjoyment of its princely revenues, and the Presbyterian or indifferent Queen's colleges continue to receive a support of a hundred and eighty thousand dollars a year from the public funds. Still, small as is the concession, it has already had a marked effect. The now defunct Queen's University, after thirty years' existence and with all the inducements offered in the shape of numerous exhibitions, could only muster three hundred and seventy entrances last year. The new university, though hurriedly opened after both the Queen's colleges and Trinity had filled up their classes, had fully five hundred entrances. In other words, the number now commencing a university career in Ireland is nearly double what it was two years ago. This increase is mainly drawn from the ranks of the Catholic population, and it would be hard to overestimate its importance on the future of the country.

From the universities we turn naturally to the schools from which their students are drawn. In America they would be called either colleges or high-schools, but in Ireland they are usually designated intermediate schools, as occupying a place between the primary schools and the universities. Their total number is between three and four hundred, of which about two hundred are for boys, with a total attendance of about twelve thousand. It would be more accurate to say that such was the attendance a couple of years ago, for changes are now so rapidly going on that it is impossible to say what it is at present. Indeed, until quite lately scarcely any reliable information could be obtained by a stranger about the condition of the Irish intermediate schools. Since Catholic Emancipation government took little or no concern in the matter, and there was no general system among the schools themselves from which information could be readily obtained. Under the system of Protestant ascendancy a good deal of public money had been devoted to founding and endowing classical schools as feeders to Trinity College, and, of course, for the exclusive use of members of the state church; but when the political importance of that institution began to wane it was not thought worth while to take any further interest in

the matter. The Protestant schools already established, such as the Royal Schools, the Diocesan Schools, Erasmus Smith's Schools, and the Incorporated Society Schools, were left in the enjoyment of their revenues uncontrolled by the state and preserving a certain connection with Trinity College. If the Catholic majority wanted colleges they were left to provide them at their own cost, while the wealthy minority was amply supplied at the public expense. Such, in plain words, was the educational equality enjoyed by the Irish people for a full half-century after Catholic Emancipation.

The injustice of the existing arrangements, however, at length was made too notorious by the repeated complaints of the Catholics, and in 1878 a measure was introduced for the improvement of intermediate education in Ireland. At that time there were about twelve thousand pupils attending such schools, not more than half of whom were Catholics, though the latter form nearly four-fifths of the population. The disproportion is not to be wondered at, as, owing to the circumstances just referred to, the number of Protestant colleges and collegiate schools was nearly double that of the Catholic. It is true that very few of the former had been established in recent years, but the old endowments kept up the supply independent of any special public liberality on the part of the non-Catholic population. With these endowments the government did not meddle, but it appropriated five million dollars from the surplus funds of the disestablished church to promote intermediate education in Ireland on the terms of equality for all religions. A board of seven commissioners, three Catholics and four Protestants, was entrusted with the management of this fund, the interest of which was to be divided among Catholic and Protestant schools alike in the form of prizes to students and results fees to the teachers. The board was to employ a staff of examiners and hold yearly examinations of all pupils who presented themselves in the subjects set forth in its programme. These included all the subjects usually taught in a college course, as ancient and modern languages, English literature, mathematics, the physical sciences, music, and drawing. A three years' course in each was arranged, and sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years fixed as the maximum age for winning prizes in the first, second, and third or highest classes respectively. The first examinations were held at various places through the country in 1879.

The new system at first was not regarded with much hope by the Irish Catholics. They had complained that the public

endowments were unfairly applied to give a small section of the population superior educational advantages over themselves, and in answer they were offered permission to compete with the favored section for funds to carry on their own education. The whole grant was much less than the endowments enjoyed exclusively by the minority, but it was only in that grant that the majority were allowed to aspire to compete for some share in their own revenues. Among the favored classes there was little doubt but that they would nearly monopolize the benefits of the new arrangements. Their schools were amply provided with teachers from the Protestant university and long trained in preparing their pupils for its examinations, while both advantages were wanting to the Catholic schools. The Catholics themselves had little hope of rivalling their favored opponents, but nevertheless they threw themselves eagerly into the competition. The results of the public examinations proved a complete surprise to both parties. Not only did the Catholic schools win a large proportion of the results fees awarded for pupils who "passed" the examination, but their pupils carried away many of the highest prizes awarded to individual merit. A rapid increase followed in the number of candidates at the next year's examination, and a still greater the following year, and the results were still more favorable as the Catholic schools grew familiar with the examinations and systematized their teaching. In 1879 less than four thousand presented themselves for examination, and two thousand three hundred passed. The following year the candidates rose to five thousand five hundred, and the passes to four thousand; and in 1881 nearly seven thousand presented themselves, of whom forty-seven hundred passed. In fact, the numbers of students increased so rapidly that the board had to reduce the scale of its prizes very considerably this year, and at the same time to raise the standard of merit. The result has been a slight decrease in the number of girls—for both sexes share in the Intermediate Examinations—this year, but the competition was, if anything, far keener among the students, and a complete majority of all the prizes was carried off by the pupils of the Catholic schools. Candidates are divided into three grades according to age, and gold and silver medals are awarded to the first and second respectively in each grade. In all three the gold medals, and in two the silver ones, were won by the students from Catholic schools, and of a total of somewhat over seven hundred exhibitions and prizes of all grades they obtained four hundred in spite of the advantages enjoyed by their competitors.

The emulation among the schools which has been awakened by the public examinations is a more important benefit to Irish education than the money-grants. There has been an immensely greater amount of study in all the Irish schools since the passing of the Intermediate Act. Catholic and non-Catholic schools alike have advanced in consequence, but it is more especially among the former that progress is noticeable. The latter, indeed, already possessed a certain system of competition among themselves in the form of the entrance examinations for Trinity College, while the Catholic schools were entirely isolated and had no facilities for testing their strength even among themselves. The establishment of a definite three years' course of studies, too, has had a useful effect in bringing system into all the schools. A very important point, too, which is especially revealed by the latest examination is that the Christian Brothers' schools, which were hitherto regarded as essentially primary in their education, are pushing into the rank of intermediate schools, and their pupils hold their own well among their competitors. Higher classes are formed for these pupils, and thus the increase in the facilities for higher education among the Irish Catholics of late years is much greater than is indicated even by the number of new colleges founded. Under the action of the new university examinations a similar progress will no doubt be made by Catholic boarding-schools. Many of them will become university colleges, at least in part, and the next few years promise to work a complete educational revolution in the condition of Ireland.

It should not be forgotten that the system of competitive examinations which is now so extensively applied to the Irish schools and colleges is open to some objections. It is asserted by many that its tendency is to induce students to seek rather a shallow knowledge of many subjects than real learning in any one, and also that it tends to promote a spirit of self-sufficiency that is prejudicial to genuine advancement. To some extent these charges are well founded. The principle of competitive examinations is applied in the British Empire to an extent that would astonish Americans. Not only every branch of the civil service but also commissions in the army, and even clerkships in most of the banks and other public institutions, are now filled in accordance with the results of competitions in book-knowledge. The examinations vary according to the different offices and are often on an enormous scale. It is quite common to have seven or eight hundred competitors examined for perhaps a hundred offices in the Inland Revenue or Post-Office. The Indian civil-

service examinations are a far severer test than those of an ordinary university in the amount of knowledge required to secure a pass. Unfortunately, however, it has been found that to pass an examination the system of cramming is far more effectual than real study. Civil-service "grinders" are a prominent class among the ranks of teachers and by no means a desirable one. The grinder's business is not to instruct so much as to familiarize his pupils with the particular questions they are likely to be asked on a given subject; and to such a point of perfection has the system been carried that it is quite possible for a skilful grinder to make a pupil with the merest smattering of a subject pass an examination in which a thoroughly competent rival ignorant of the examiner's peculiarities would be ignominiously rejected. The length of the course, however, and the number of subjects, will probably be a sufficient guard, for some years at least, against any system of mere cramming in the Irish schools. Meanwhile there is no question but the amount of study in them has been largely increased and a definite direction has been given to it such as it never possessed before. For the present there is no danger of too large an educated class in Ireland. From the circumstances to which allusion has already been made the Irish Catholics are by no means adequately represented either in professional or literary life, and there is an ample field for them to fill in both in their own country. It is only through the colleges that they can work their way into it, and the increased work in the colleges now going on cannot fail to show increased work in the active business of life in the course of the next few years.

Much undoubtedly is still needed to make public education in Ireland what it should be. The want of trained teachers in the national schools is a serious evil and cripples their teaching in all subjects above the elementary ones. The model and similar schools might afford the means of a cheap and full education to many thousands of pupils who are now unable to pay their way in colleges and have in consequence to content themselves with a very limited range of schooling. Technical schools, such as are common on the Continent of Europe, are almost unknown in Ireland except in connection with the reformatories, and the agricultural schools under the National Board of Education are almost utterly worthless. The whole system needs to be put in sympathy with the feelings and religion of the people, thoroughly and not in a half-permissive way as at present. Let the Irish people regulate their own education according to their

own wants, and not have it fixed by the theories of a knot of officials, and the real effect of the national schools would be doubled. The endowments made from the public resources and now practically monopolized by a small sect should be shared among all classes of the nation, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. Until these things are done there can be no real educational equality in the country, and the Irish Catholics will have just reason to complain that they are still by law depressed below a section of their countrymen.

Making all allowances, however, for the grievances which still exist, it may be said that the outlook for Catholic education in Ireland is now brighter than it has ever been for centuries. Schools and scholars are both increasing in numbers. The Catholic colleges have acquired a confidence in themselves to which most of them were strangers a few years ago, and for the first time in modern history a large body of Catholic young men are entering vigorously on university studies. All over the country university classes are being formed in the colleges which until lately aspired to no higher teaching than that of school-boys. What the effects of this educational movement will be in the course of a few years is too wide a field of speculation to enter on here. Knowledge has its perils as well as its advantages, and the Irish Catholics must face new responsibilities with the new learning which the present time is fast bringing to them. But if we may guess the future from the past, it may well be hoped that a people which has steadfastly refused to yield its faith to violence or barter it for human knowledge is destined to fill no ignoble part in the world when she once more regains the inheritance of learning which was her proudest boast in the distant past.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH. From the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. C. J. Hefele, D.D., Bishop of Rottenburg, formerly Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Vol. iii., A.D. 431 to A.D. 451. Translated from the German, with the author's approbation, and edited by the Editor of Hagenbach's *History of Doctrines*. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The first volume of this *History*, translated into English, was noticed on its appearance. The second volume we have never received. This third volume contains the history of the œcumenical councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, of the Robber-Synod of Ephesus, and of several particular councils held at Rome, Arles, Orange, and other places. It is a pleasure to see a book so well printed, in which the niceties of the editorial and typographical art are so well observed. Nevertheless the omission of a Table of Contents is a defect, and the headings at the top of the pages might have been made more serviceable for finding easily the particular topics of which the reader is in search.

The translation has been well done, and the editor has deserved well of the Catholic reader by the exact manner in which he has reproduced the author's work just as it is in the original text, without any of the *caveats* or other animadversions in an un-Catholic sense by which we are frequently annoyed in similar works edited by Protestants. There is no protest whatever on his part, except a very modest little reminder in his preface that he is a "non-Roman editor." The Greek text of the most important conciliar acts of the two great councils is given in beautiful type, and the original Latin of St. Leo's Dogmatic Letter, adding much to the value and beauty of the volume. In short, we cannot sufficiently praise the scholar-like fidelity and accuracy with which the editor has fulfilled a task of the very greatest utility to the cause of Catholic truth.

We may here express our sense of the great excellence and value of the translations from the Fathers, published by the Messrs. Clark, and executed and edited by several eminent Protestant scholars. The twenty-four volumes of the "Ante-Nicene Library," and the fifteen volumes of "Select Works of St. Augustine," translated and edited with a literary honesty and critical accuracy very creditable to all who have taken part in the work, form a most valuable patristic collection.

Hefele's *History of Councils* is a narrative and exposition of one great department of ecclesiastical history as far down as the Council of Constance, which is quite unique in its thoroughness and critical ability. It is an excellent text-book of instruction in seminaries, not only for acquiring a knowledge of important facts and events, but also for the aid it furnishes to the study of dogmatic theology. We hope to see the entire work translated and published, and can only regret that the author did not continue his history at least as far down as the Council of Florence.

The present volume is not second to any part of the entire work in importance and interest, perhaps may be considered as taking precedence

of all. It relates to the Nestorian and Eutychian controversies, in which the Catholic faith was in conflict with heresies quite as vital and dangerous, more subtle and lasting in their noxious influences than Arianism.

In the fifth century, and principally through the Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, the doctrine of Christ shone out in its full splendor, and, together with this doctrine, the dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mother of the Lord, and the power of his vicar the Roman pontiff, were manifested as reflections of his glory. It is singular to find Protestant editors and publishers bringing out and putting into circulation a work like that of Hefele, in which the evidence of the supremacy by divine right of the Roman pontiff is so fully exhibited. The circulation of such a work, and also of the works of the Fathers, must have a great influence in promoting conversions to the Catholic Church. The editors do not appear to us to concern themselves very much about the effect of their learned labors on the cause of Anglicanism. They seem rather to be animated by a zeal for collecting interesting facts and documents illustrating the history of Christianity as a matter of curious study and inquiry, than by the desire of diffusing what is called "Anglo-Catholicism" which was apparent in the editors of the "Oxford Library of the Fathers." Whatever their private motives may be, or the effect of their studies upon themselves, a great many of their readers will profit by them. We rejoice in the good which is done by their means, and the highest reward which they could receive for their labor would be their own conversion to the Catholic Church, which we heartily desire, and for which we recommend all their Catholic readers to pray. ?

FINAL CAUSES. By Paul Janet, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Faculté des Lettres of Paris. Translated from the Second Edition of the French by William Affleck, B.D. With Preface by Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Divinity, University of Edinburgh. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

Final Causes are what in common language we call ends in nature, for the sake of which efficient causes produce their effects. Many modern scientists deny that there are any final causes in nature. If there are none such, there is no design, no intention; no power, either unconscious or conscious, identical with nature or superior to it, co-ordinating and directing causal forces in nature as means to an end; manifested in the order of the universe. Consequently, there is no argument from design proving the existence of an intelligent architect of the world, much less of an infinite and eternal creator who has brought all things out of nothing, into existence.

M. Paul Janet proposes in the work before us to show that the principle of finality in nature is proved by a valid process of induction and a *reductio in absurdum*, the only possible alternative of this principle being a dissolution of all law and causation into the chaos of pure chance; which destroys the possibility of science; and that this finality in nature is only intelligible when it is reduced to the intention and design of an intelligent First Cause, whose idea is realized in this finality.

M. Janet has a fine philosophical mind and an extensive knowledge of the systems of metaphysicians and physicists. He criticises the theories of Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, Darwin, Spencer, and others, in regard to their bear-

ing on the idea of final causes, refuting all that is either involved in any of them, or connected with them, or deduced from them by inference, which is agnostic or atheistical. His argument, in brief, is that an incalculable totality of different causes and divergent elements conspiring and converging to the production of a single and common effect—*i.e.*, the order of the universe, in which there are many parts which are themselves particular effects produced by a similar coincidence of separate causes—cannot be explained in any other way than by an ideal design and intention pre-existing to nature and giving law to it, which idea must be in an intelligent mind having the knowledge, power, and will to produce, as first cause, the total result. Every other explanation is shown to resolve itself into the doctrine of chance. Not content with merely reducing all opposite theories to this manifest absurdity, the author shows that it is an absurdity by a comparison between the fortuitous operations of chance and the regular operations of the laws of nature. In his selection of illustrative facts the author is especially admirable and interesting, making the best use of his extensive knowledge of the discoveries of modern science, and lending a great charm to his rigorous process of reasoning. His book being, moreover, well written, as well as well reasoned and richly freighted with facts, has a singular fascination for any reader capable of following a close argument, and enchains the attention without effort from the beginning to the end.

M. Janet finishes his main argument in a very complete and satisfactory manner, having achieved what we may call a decisive logical triumph over the adversaries of final causes, at the conclusion: that there must be an intelligent, transcendental First Cause, whose intelligence proposes the end of nature which his power accomplishes in and through nature. After reaching this conclusion he proceeds to discuss, quite briefly, the supreme end itself, the idea of it in the divine mind, the nature and reason of evil which seems to furnish an objection against divine wisdom, omnipotence, and goodness, and some other cognate topics. We do not find his reasoning in this part of his work always equal to that by which he has accomplished the preceding and principal part of his task. Nevertheless there are germs and elements from which we may hope that the fine philosophical mind of the author may at some future time construct a more complete theory of the Creative Idea and the supreme end of creation.

The work on *Final Causes* has given its author great and well-merited fame in Europe. The learned gentlemen who have translated and edited this admirable work for the English-reading public deserve our thanks. There is no book we know of which we can so fully and earnestly recommend to really sincere and intelligent persons as a refutation of the sophistry of Herbert Spencer and other agnostics.

A COMPENDIUM OF IRISH BIOGRAPHY: Comprising sketches of distinguished Irishmen, and of eminent persons connected with Ireland by office or by their writings. By Alfred Webb. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1878. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is an octavo volume of five hundred and ninety-eight pages, in double columns, alphabetically arranged, and is a handsome book in paper, type, ink, and general appearance. It is not a catch-penny work of the green-and-gold, "sunburst and wolf-dog" class unfortunately so familiar

in certain sorts of Irish "national" literature, but an excellent, carefully wrought out dictionary of Irish biography that will be of great value for reference by all students of Irish history, ancient, mediæval, or modern. The author is not a Catholic, though, and therefore some of his reflections are not acceptable to the Catholic mind. For instance, in his sketch of the celebrated scholar of the ninth century, Joannes Scotus Erigena, Mr. Webb goes to the late George Henry Lewes and to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for an estimate of Erigena's metaphysical system.

Another criticism that may be made is that Mr. Webb, following—not, it is to be presumed, from design but from Dublin custom—the English supercilious carelessness in this matter, sometimes arranges the names alphabetically under the corrupt English forms, and neglects to give these names in their proper form. As one example of this: The noble chief of the clan O'Mor, who figured so brilliantly in the Confederation of 1641, is found under the caption of More, Roger—a corrupt English attempt at the true name, Ruadhri (or Rory) O'Mor. "Roger," except for a fancied resemblance in sound, is no better a rendering of *Ruadhri* than would be Jacob or Adoniram. The degradation of Ireland, its language, literature, and traditions, during the last century is, however, responsible for this sort of thing, and not any want of good-will on Mr. Webb's part. This singular trick of "translating" Gaelic proper names has, by the way, become almost universal in Ireland, and has resulted in nearly obliterating the ancient personal and family names. Under this system *Conn* has become "Cornelius," *Donal*, or *Donald*, has become "Daniel," *Siedla* (Sheela) "Julia," etc., while *MacGabhain* (or MacGowan) has become "Smythe," *MacSéán* (MacShane) Johnson, etc. A most remarkable instance of this is in the forms which have been taken in English literature by the name of the celebrated chieftainess of the clan O'Maile, or O'Malley, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The prefix *O'* (more properly *Uí*) is the Gaelic for a descendant; but it is masculine, and in the case of a woman is replaced by the feminine *Ní*, which aspirates an *m* immediately following it and gives it the sound of our English *w*. The heroine, then, who married one of the De Burgos and visited Elizabeth in great state, after having made war on the English queen, was Grâ Ní-Mhaile, and she is universally so called in Ireland still; but Mr. Webb puts her down as "Grace O'Malley, or Grania Uaile," the latter form being mere nonsense.

There are several grievous omissions, too; among them, Carolan, the last of the bards of whom we have any published accounts, and the late Archbishop MacHale, who was certainly so thoroughly identified with the Irish public life of the last three-quarters of a century as to have deserved a full mention. Other names, too, which have risen to notice within the last five or six years, since the publication of this *Compendium*, will of course be missed.

These objections aside, Mr. Webb has made a volume that deserves a wide sale.

ON THE DESERT: With a Brief Review of Recent Events in Egypt. By Henry M. Field, D.D., author of *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn* and *From Egypt to Japan*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

It is not so easy as it used to be to write an interesting book of travels,

yet several of the recent ones are really among the most interesting. Dr. Field's *On the Desert* is very pleasant reading, being for the most part "a portfolio of sketches, which claims only to present a few pictures of the desert." The part which has interested us the most is the narrative of the journey from Mt. Sinai to Gaza across the desert. The author's amiable temper and descriptive talent, the mingling of poetical sentiment with a subdued humor, and an easy, agreeable style of writing, make him a genial companion to the reader who goes with him in imagination from Cairo to Jerusalem.

There are some passages of more serious purport, in which the author gives his views and sentiments on religious and political matters obviously suggested by the scenes around him. We regret to find him, in the midst of pleasing and reverent reflections on the sacred places of our Lord's nativity and human life, and notwithstanding the pious respect which he shows toward the Blessed Virgin, repeating the charge of idolatrous worship of Mary against the vast majority of the adorers of her divine Son. From the mouths of the ignorant or fanatical we hear such a charge without much emotion. But it gives pain to hear it from one who is capable of making such well-informed and reasonable judgments upon matters which he has taken the pains to examine carefully. Perhaps, after all, Dr. Field is not quite so serious in his intention as Dr. Bellows was in accusing all Christians of idolatry in their worship of Jesus Christ, and quite consistently preferring Mohammedanism to Catholic Christianity, since Islam is in fact justified, if this be really an idolatrous religion. It may be that he uses the term "idolatry" only in an improper and metaphorical sense for excessive devotion, for otherwise we can hardly understand the poetic sympathy which he betrays for that which he condemns.

The chapters on the Mosaic law and religion are excellent, and their insertion amid the description of a journey from Egypt to Palestine is opportune, as likely to attract the attention of readers who might not look at a book expressly treating of such a topic. But it is the "Review of Recent Events in Egypt" which, in our opinion, has by far the greatest value and interest of any part of this volume. Dr. Field arrived in Egypt early in the spring of 1882, and then passed on over the desert to Palestine, just in time to see the beginning of those remarkable events whose final outcome we are now anxiously awaiting, and expect to find fraught with consequences of moment to the whole world. He saw Arabi at a social entertainment, and conversed with men who were the best able to give him information on the state of Egypt. We have been glad to find that he has a hearty and wholesome hatred of Turkish and Moslem misrule and barbarism, and his general estimate of the whole case is one which we consider to be sound and enlightened. We should like to make a long quotation from the chapter on "England in Egypt," but we must content ourselves with the closing paragraph:

"Seeing that such issues are depending on the action now to be taken, may we not say that there are interests involved higher than those either of England or of Egypt—the interests of Christendom and of civilization in the East? England has an opportunity to strike a blow at barbarism such as is not given to a nation in a hundred years. Our only fear is that she may weakly consent to give up her advantages, and thus lose by diplomacy

what she has gained in war. If so, the latter end of this movement will be as impotent as its progress hitherto has been glorious. If she fails to complete what she has begun—if, after subduing the military revolt and restoring order, she abandons the country—it will quickly relapse into its former anarchy. Then indeed will ten devils enter in where one was driven out, and the last state of that country will be worse than the first. Let her not by any weak compliances throw away an opportunity such as may never be hers again. 'Who knoweth but she has come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' The future of Egypt, and to a large extent of the whole East, is now in the hands of England, and may God give her wisdom and firmness to do her duty!"

THE CHAIR OF PETER; or, The Papacy considered in its Institution, Development, and Organization, and in the Benefits which for eighteen centuries it has conferred on Mankind. By John Nicholas Murphy, author of *Terra Incognita*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The most striking difference of this book from others on the same topic is the superior excellence of its mechanical execution. It is brought out in the best style of London typographical art, with large, clear type on thick paper, neatly bound, with the coat of arms of Pope Leo XIII. in a gilt impression on the cover, all the titles and lettering in good taste. This is no small advantage. For the reading-matter of a well-printed volume makes a much better impression on the mind than the same matter would make under a worse form. The circumstance that the volume has been issued by its actual London and New York publishers is also in its favor, since it is thus introduced to a wider and more general public than that which patronizes Catholic publishers, without any damage to its circulation among Catholic readers.

The author's treatment of his topics is generally accurate, judicious, and sufficiently thorough. The subject of the primacy has been so frequently and ably treated by previous writers that there is nothing new to be said on it, and a new writer can only show a special ability for handling it in his method. In this respect the author has shown a creditable skill and judgment in the arrangement and presentation of evidence. We note in particular the copiousness and apt usage of his citations from non-Catholic authors. Another useful peculiarity of his method consists in the numerous notes in which an account is given of each author who is quoted, very serviceable for estimating the value of the testimonies and judgments of these various writers.

The chief distinctive value of this work is to be found in that part of its contents which actually makes up the principal bulk of the volume, where other matters than the evidence for the primacy are discussed. The excellent history of the temporal power of the papacy, the sketch of the destinies of the Roman See through the different ages, the account of the Greek schism, of the great Western scission, of the Reformation, of the present state of the Catholic Church, etc., make, in connection with the argument for the primacy in the first part, a complete exposition of the origin, influence, and history of the papacy. On this account the book, taken as a whole, is perhaps the most instructive and generally useful

treatise on the Roman See which either Catholic or non-Catholic readers can peruse.

Although this volume has been in general so carefully edited, we have observed several references in the notes to the index which lead to nothing. For instance, on page 39, the note on Theodoret. Again, the author has either expressed himself obscurely or committed an oversight respecting a fact of history in his brief account of the patriarchate of Jerusalem. He seems, viz., to ascribe only an honorary precedence to Jerusalem after as well as before the Council of Chalcedon, whereas it was precisely a real patriarchal jurisdiction, in addition to the honorary precedence recognized by the Council of Nicæa, which the Fathers of Chalcedon, with the approbation of the Roman legates, carved out for Juvenal of Jerusalem by cutting off a portion of the patriarchate of Antioch. In the account of the Greek schism we think the author overstates the difference between the Latins and Greeks respecting the doctrine of the Double Procession, and the influence of this difference on the actual revolt of the Greeks from the authority of the Holy See. Finally, we respectfully suggest to the learned author that a stronger statement of the status of the doctrine of papal infallibility before the definition of the Council of the Vatican would make his exposition of that important dogma more adequate and complete. We esteem this work as one of great value and importance, extremely useful to intelligent Catholics, and likely to do great good by diffusing generally among educated persons knowledge and information respecting that greatest of all institutions existing on the earth, the Roman Church. We trust it may have the extensive circulation which it deserves.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. Collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vpl. ii. Philosophical Writings, Part ii. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The most important part of the contents of this volume is the "Essay in Refutation of Atheism."

The articles on Victor Cousin and on the Cartesian Doubt are both among the most masterly productions of Dr. Brownson's pen. There is a great deal of temporary and personal controversy mixed up with the discussion of doctrines in the various articles comprised in this part, most of which has lost its importance except in so far as it belongs to history.

The line of philosophical argument in which Dr. Brownson exhibited the greatest intellectual power, and in which he achieved a great success, was the demonstration of the objective reality and certainty of that which is known by the intellectual and rational faculty of the human mind. Sensism, subjectivism, scepticism, agnosticism, the errors of Locke, Condillac, Hume, Descartes, Kant, Spencer, and others of the same genus, were the principal object of his attack. In philosophy he was chiefly occupied with the Preamble of Science, as in theology with the Preamble of Faith, as a polemic controversialist. On this ground he was the greatest champion we have had in this country.

In our opinion it is this part of his works which will retain a permanent value and immortalize his name. Other parts of his theological and philosophical writings preserved along with those just mentioned are more of literary curiosities than real contributions to Catholic philosophy. Leo

XIII. has practically settled and swept away a great many of the disputes among sincere and loyal Catholics, and, together with the bishops in all parts of the world, has prescribed as the system to be taught in colleges the Metaphysics of St. Thomas as understood and interpreted by the general scholastic tradition.

The great principle for which Dr. Brownson was always contending, that the first principles of knowledge and reasoning are given to the mind by God at its creation, that it has intellectual cognition of the objectively real and true in the necessary and eternal reasons as its primary object, is a fundamental doctrine in all the text-books of this philosophy which are now in use in the colleges and seminaries. Dr. Brownson always honestly desired and endeavored to follow the teaching of the Holy See, and had he lived no one would have rejoiced more than he in that encyclical of Leo XIII. in which he enjoins the teaching of philosophy and theology according to the doctrine of St. Thomas.

We hope Mr. Brownson's filial work will be continued and completed without interruption or delay in a successful manner.

THE LIFE OF ST. LEWIS BERTRAND, Friar Preacher of the Order of St. Dominic, and Apostle of New Granada. By Father Bertrand Wilberforce, of the same Order. Illustrated by Cyril James Davenport, of the British Museum. London: Burns & Oates. 1882. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

St. Lewis Bertrand was one of those heroes of the faith whom divine Providence raised up in the sixteenth century as an offset to the evil influences of the Protestant heresy. His work was fulfilled in two ways, by a life of unceasing prayer and mortification and by seven years of arduous missionary labor among the Indians of South America. The effects of the former will be known only at that great day when all secrets shall be revealed, yet who can tell the miracles of grace which were wrought in that troubled time, who can reckon the number of souls turned to God and the true faith by the fervent prayers which ascended from so many cloisters from the hearts of saints inflamed with burning zeal for souls?

The life of St. Lewis Bertrand was so wholly supernatural that it almost seems like that of a being of a higher order than mere humanity. Naturally speaking, everything was against him. Delicate and sickly from childhood, he not only embraced and followed the rule of an austere order, but added heavier penances of his own, with that inventive cruelty characteristic of so many saints. Nor did his severity towards himself abate during his active life. Heroic penances were his delight, even in the midst of labors themselves beyond mere human strength. The missionary career of St. Lewis Bertrand was truly apostolic. In his long journeys through the forests of South America in quest of souls he followed literally our Lord's injunction to the seventy disciples. Carrying nothing with him but his Bible and his breviary, he journeyed barefoot for hundreds of miles through trackless forests, surrounded by wild beasts and venomous serpents, who were powerless to harm the man of God, even as the jaws of the lions were closed before the prophet Daniel. In him was fulfilled the promise, "If they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." He possessed the gift of tongues, so that the savages "heard him speaking, each in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God." What wonder that

these miraculous gifts, these heroic labors and sufferings, should have borne great fruit? We read that in the seven years that St. Lewis Bertrand spent on this continent his converts were numbered by thousands and tens of thousands.

A life such as this is a rebuke to our weakness and self-indulgence. Far above us as St. Lewis is in the grandeur of his life and deeds, his career is yet replete with practical lessons for us, if we but learn them aright. The biographer deserves our thanks for giving us for the first time in English this record of a saintly life. The book is well gotten up and most appropriate as a prize for convent schools, etc.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. A catechism for the use of the people. By John Perrone, S.J. Translated and adapted, with notes, etc., by a priest of the Diocese of Hobart. Hobart, Tasmania: Printed by Davies Bros. at the *Mercury* office, Macquaire Street. 1882. Paper, two shillings.

The book before us is an English adaptation of a work of the celebrated Jesuit theologian Perrone, and is, as its title implies, controversial in character. The ability of its author, who enjoys a world-wide fame, is beyond question, and his name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the volume. The book is intended for the people's use, and will, we believe, do much to instruct those within and without the church. It is written in the form of a conversation, in which pertinent questions are asked, difficulties proposed, and satisfactory replies given. In the first part of the work the author shows the falseness of Protestantism. He demonstrates that the very foundation on which the fabric of Luther and his followers is reared—the principle, namely, of private interpretation of Holy Writ—is laid on sand, inasmuch as a certain canon of Scripture can only be got through an unerring teacher, and so, since Protestants are without such a teacher, it is impossible for them to know what is really the word of God, what not. A word about the instability of the system of the Reformers as manifested in their changes of doctrine, the means used to spread their errors, and the intolerance of the leaders of the sects—which, by the way, non-Catholic historians are exposing more fully every day—is also given. The second part is a lucid treatise on the church, the pope, and several other Catholic doctrines which are frequently the subject of controversy—auricular confession, the Mass, the cult of saints, and the use of indulgences. The church's relations with the Inquisition and her attitude with regard to abuses have also received attention. Space does not permit us to speak at length on the treatment of these topics; let it suffice to say that the work has been thoroughly well done. The answers to the objections which non-Catholics often raise are especially excellent. On the whole we think the book will prove a valuable help to all who have occasion to explain the church's doctrine, as well as to those who, burdened with difficulties, are earnestly seeking the truth.

MATER ADMIRABILIS: A Hand-Book of Instruction on the Power and Pre-rogatives of Our Blessed Lady. By Rev. C. O'Brien, D.D. Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1882.

Dr. O'Brien, who was rector of the parish of Indian River when he sent this little work (a neat 16mo volume) to the press, has been recently

elevated to the see of Halifax, N. S. It is not unworthy of one whose appointment to this eminent dignity has called forth such high eulogiums of his distinguished merit. The author's special intention in writing it was to promote devotion to the Blessed Virgin by giving instruction in the dogma upon which it is founded, so that it may become an intellectual as well as an emotional homage to the glorious Mother of God. Dogmatic treatises on the character and office of our Blessed Lady are generally too large and expensive, and also too much above the capacity of the majority of persons, for popular use. The smaller and more popular books are too exclusively addressed to the emotions. The aim of the author has been to prepare a hand-book in which doctrine and practical devotion are combined in such a way that the intellectual and emotional elements are present in due proportion, under a simple form and small dimensions. If some more ambitious writers of books in which the homage paid to the Blessed Virgin by Catholics is treated with a supercilious and unbecoming levity would condescend to seek for information in such a small work as this, they might find in it some valuable instruction in sound theology very useful to themselves and sadly needed. The pious and docile believer or inquirer, seeking for the truth or for clearer knowledge of the truth concerning the place which the Blessed Virgin holds in the economy of redemption, and her relation to our Blessed Lord, will find a brief but clear exposition of these topics in this book. It contains also aids to the practice of devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the shape of particular directions and exercises of prayer, so that it is eminently instructive and practical. The Catholic doctrine respecting the Blessed Virgin springs out of the doctrine of the Incarnation and is closely connected with it. The supereminent honor and homage due to Mary, and rendered to her in Catholic devotion, is the sequel and companion of the divine worship due to Jesus and offered to him as the Incarnate Word. This is what Archbishop O'Brien sets forth in an excellent manner in his little book, as the basis and motive of a solid and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary—a devotion indissolubly connected with Catholic faith, and inseparably joined with sound Christian piety.

DIE HOHE MESSE IN H MOLL, SI MINEUR, B MINOR. Von Joh. Seb. Bach. Clavierauszug. Boston, New York, Chicago: White, Smith & Co.

This excellent reprint of one of the grand works of the great composer is from the "Collection Litolf," and being, doubtless, very much cheaper than the original foreign edition, will be welcome to artists and students of such monuments of musical genius.

It can hardly be said that at any age there has been such a debasement of musical art as is displayed in the inane frivolities of the present reigning dramatic Muse; but at the same time there is good evidence of a revival of what is more worthy, nobler, and more truly artistic in the profound studies which are being made of the divine melodies of the Catholic Church, embraced under the generic title of Gregorian chant, from which it may be said Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the greatest of composers, drew the inspiration of his sublimest works. He began his art-life as a choir-boy. The sanctuary of religion was to him the nursing-breast of a mother, as it has been to every great musician.

Gounod, in a letter lately read before the French senate, sums up his defence of the choir-schools (which the infidel government of France wishes to abolish) in these two propositions which he calls "incontestable":

1. That every great musician has been formed by the choir-schools or by their influence.

2. To suppress them is to adopt the surest means of ruining serious and true musical education, and to support them is to defend and support the cause of musical honesty.

THE ECHO. A monthly journal of Catholic church music. J. Singenberger, editor. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The success attained chiefly among Catholic Germans throughout this country by the excellent monthly musical journal styled the *Cecilia* has induced the diligent and learned Chevalier John Singenberger to venture upon the publication of a similar work in the English language. The *Echo* has now had six months' issue, offering, as the *Cecilia* does, a monthly supplement of music, original and selected pieces, in the style of composition approved by the Cecilia Society as worthy to be sung in church.

We would gladly see the *Echo* as widely distributed among our English-speaking Catholic clergy and laity as the *Cecilia* is among our German brethren. It is devoted to the good cause of ameliorating the condition of church music; and, although we ourselves would prefer the church chant alone for all liturgical services at all seasons and on all festivals, still we are much rejoiced to know that in several parts of the world, notably in many American churches, in Germany, and in Ireland, there has been an extraordinary change for the better in the character of the music sung at Mass and Vespers, brought about through the influence of the Cecilian Society and its publications.

Some excellent articles, such as "The Origin and Value of Gregorian Chant," by Dr. Witt, and an "Historical Inquiry into the Rise and Fall of Church Music," are now appearing in the pages of the *Echo*, and we heartily commend their perusal to every priest, seminarian, organist, or choir-master in the country whose profession requires of them the study of the fundamental principles of church song, and at least an intelligent and decent performance of it according to their respective functions.

MISSA BREVIS IN HONOREM B. MARIE VIRGINIS. By J. G. E. Stehle. With voice parts. New York: J. Fischer & Bro.

PAMPHLETS RECENTLY RECEIVED.

ESSAY ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By "Fidelis."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CATHOLIC UNION OF NEW YORK. 1882.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST. FRANCIS HOSPITAL, NEW YORK. For the year ending December 31, 1882.

PASTORAL LETTER OF JOHN JOSEPH KEANE, BISHOP OF RICHMOND, to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese, February 2, 1883.

SKETCH OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE XAVERIAN BROTHERS; also, the approbations of the Archbishops, Bishops, and Vicars-Apostolic of the United States and Canada.

BRIEF IN FAVOR OF SENATE BILL NO. 136 AND ASSEMBLY BILLS NOS. 130 AND 133, entitled "An Act to secure to inmates of Institutions for the Care of the Poor Freedom of Worship," on behalf of the Catholic Union of New York, in the City of New York.

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TO OUR READERS.

ONE year ago we resolved on making certain alterations in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. These were a reduction in its price, a change in its type and appearance, and an improvement in its contents. These efforts have received from all quarters testimony of appreciation, while nearly 3,000 new names have been added since to its list of subscribers. A support so generous is full of encouragement.

Our sincere thanks are due to those friends who, during the recent financial trials of our country, have not failed in their support of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; and also to all those who have added their names to or aided in increasing our subscription-list. It is this support which enables us to carry out our desire of making THE CATHOLIC WORLD more deserving its title, and a more worthy representative of Catholic thought and sentiment in the United States.

APRIL, 1881.

LETTER FROM CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1880.

DEAR FATHER HECKER:

I learn with much pleasure that you propose to make several improvements, beginning with the new volume of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In view of this praiseworthy resolve, and of the renewed efforts you are about to make to enhance its value and increase the popularity of a work so justly held in the highest esteem for the eminent services it has rendered to the cause of religion and morality, I cannot but assure you of my cordial approval and earnest sympathy for the principles of conduct to which I must add the expression of my very sincere hope that the Catholic public will esteem it a pleasure to perform a duty to show their appreciation of your labors in their behalf by a more generous and active support.

Praying that God may bless your zealous efforts and crown them with success, I remain, very sincerely,
Your servant in Christ,

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John Cardinal McCloskey
Bishop of New York

APR 14 1883



THE

CATHOLIC WORLD

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXVII.

MAY, 1883.

No. 218.

RELIGION IN AMERICAN LAW.

DURING the past decade various radical changes have been effected, not only in our organic laws by constitutional conventions, but increased power has been bestowed upon purely legislative bodies by the dicta of courts of last resort, upon the theory that legislatures possess a "police power" which is superior to written constitutions and calculated to bring forward and enforce those principles which are recognized by religion and morality, but which lie dormant in the organic law of those constitutions. The line once sharply drawn between the respective rights of God and of Cæsar has now become so shadowy under our laws as to be unobserved to the casual eye.

There is not, and cannot be, in the United States any conflict between the church as an organized body and the state as a political institution. But a conflict between religion and politics exists in its worst form, inasmuch as the latter has encroached upon, and is still further seeking to encroach upon and eliminate, the former, by creating out of a purely secular power an authority in religious and moral questions—an authority which political governments never assumed before, and which, even in theory, was never conceded them. The command of Christ to "render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, and unto God the things which belong to God" is ignored, and the fear of politicians that an organized church would compel mankind to accept heaven instead of hell as a future abiding-place has driven the state into a paganism more dangerous to the soul than open persecution.

From a religious and moral standpoint the state has become a void more chaotic than that on the morning of the creation. For then "the Spirit of God moved over the waters"; now it is legislated out as an intruder, and an abstract liberty of conscience accorded the people which, even as an abstract idea, must give way to the vagaries of constitutional conventions and legislative bodies.

There was a time in the history of our judicial tribunals when religious and political questions were passed upon directly; when the relations between church and state were clearly defined; when each was restricted to its own limited province, beyond which it could not go without being stopped by the strong hand of a court, exercising equitable jurisdiction, staying any attempted encroachment. These decisions have ceased to possess any operative force, and what was *res adjudicata* then has, for the reasons hereafter shown, become open questions now. Indeed, a learned American writer on constitutional law (Sedgwick), estimating the eccentricities of our political system at their true value, was moved to predict that, "as the cycles of human affairs revolve, the interest of the questions connected with these decisions will again become actual and pressing." The theory was that a church and a state were necessary in a good government and enjoyed a separate and independent existence without any union, and the opinions of the courts went to the point that there not only could not be a union of the two, but that one could not encroach upon the other. Then came the terror of our constitution-makers and legislators that the church would become so powerful as to either absorb or rule the state. Then were engendered constitutional provisions and legislative enactments which expressly precluded any church from ever having any part in the political system. The end of the wedge was thin, but the butt was large, and it has been driven home by repeated judicial decisions until the state has absorbed the church, and politics has usurped the functions of the religious and moral instructor. More properly speaking, religion and morals have been eliminated from our organic laws and legislative enactments, and now, to the amazement of very good people, religion has become a wrong-doer whenever it interferes with the legalized pursuits of the ungodly.

It is difficult to imagine that blasphemy and other violations of the Commandments of God are legal under our laws; that the sanctity of the home and fireside may be destroyed with impunity; that the poor may be oppressed and mocked without

restraint; that family ties may be ruthlessly broken; that polygamy flourishes amongst us uncondemned; that there is no remedy or restraint against drunkenness, debauchery, and libertinism of every description. Yet under our laws all these things are perfectly legitimate. Indeed, upon payment of a sufficient consideration, termed "license fee," the law will specially protect the majority of these hideous crimes with all its power.

The apprehension that the church might interfere with the state has brought about a condition of things, under the sanction of our laws, which permits the commission of any and all crimes and irregularities prohibited by the Christian law, without the same being considered wicked or even wrong. The state has become the great expounder of religious and moral ideas. If this be true can any one wonder that religion stands in subjection to the laws of Cæsar? Can any one doubt that religion has been wholly eliminated from our laws? Can any one say that the state even fosters religion and morals?

The Supreme Court of Ohio, in the case of *Bloom vs. Richards*, 22 Ohio, 387, expressly decided

"That neither Christianity nor any other religion is a part of the law of the state."

The Supreme Court of the United States, in 20 Wallace, 663, declares that

"The sovereign power is in the people, and is expressed in the constitutions, the fundamental or organic law. What is not therein expressed lies dormant, to be called into life by amendments or entirely new constitutions. Legislatures cannot go behind the constitution to inquire into the dormant powers of the people and pass laws accordingly; they are bound and restricted by so much of the sovereign power as has been expressed in the organic law or constitution."

This dictum establishes a ground for the principle laid down by Judge Cooley in his work on *Constitutional Limitation*, p. 88:

"Even if a constitutional provision be unjust this will not authorize the courts to disregard it, or indirectly to annul it by construing it away." And the learned author says further: "It is quite possible that the people may, under the influence of temporary prejudice or a mistaken view of public policy, incorporate provisions in their charter of government infringing upon the proper rights of individual citizens, or upon principles which ought even to be regarded as sacred and fundamental. . . . The remedy for such injustice must be found in the action of the people themselves through an amendment of their work when better counsels prevail."

The principle here laid down has been upheld by every court

of last resort in the Union. It is law. No matter that all religious and moral responsibility has been destroyed, and with it remedies for wrongs, and that courts are denied the power to afford justice; we must wait until "better counsels" prevail.

The statute law recognized in the slave-holder ownership in his slaves as personal property, and the Supreme Court of the United States, in the famous Dred Scott case, declared this to be the law. The judgment was legally correct but morally wrong.

Again, the Supreme Court of Maine held that a requirement by a superintending school committee that the Protestant version of the Bible should be read in the public schools of the town, by the scholars who were able to read, is not in violation of any constitutional provision, and is binding on all the members of the schools, though composed of divers religious sects; and the court uses this remarkable language:

"A citizen is not absolved from obedience because the laws may conflict with his conscientious views of religious duty or right. To allow this would be to subordinate the state to the individual conscience. A law is not unconstitutional because it prohibits what a citizen may conscientiously think right, or require what he may conscientiously think wrong. The state is governed by its own views of duty. The right or wrong of the state is the right or wrong as declared by legislative acts."

Under such a ruling the Talmud, the Book of Mormon, or any other book might be lawfully prescribed by the school committee. The latter illustration of judicial vagary comes within the so-called "police power" of the state to prescribe such rules as it may think proper for the conduct of its citizens—an alarming power which is constantly adding to the chaos of American law, and gradually bringing about a condition of things paralleled only by the arbitrary power existing under martial law, where might makes right.

To the same effect was the decision of the Supreme Court of California, in 1882, in *ex-parte Koser* IX. P. C. L. J. p. 163, which court, passing upon the Sunday law, declared that

"The policy of the law in California is fully committed to the secular phase of Sunday laws, and the argument that the observance of the Christian Sabbath is made compulsory upon those who, under the authority of non-Christian churches to which they belong, have to regard and keep sacred some other day than the Christian Sabbath, and therefore discriminated against them and in favor of Christians, *seems to interpose the authority of churches against the power of the state—to exalt the inferior at the expense of the superior, the protected against its protector.*"

The italics are not in the original, but are used here to emphasize the point made in this article. The theory of the Supreme Court in this last case was that

"The legislature possesses the undoubted right to pass laws for the preservation of health and the promotion of good morals."

To this one of the judges (McKinstry), in his dissenting opinion in the same case, very justly answers: "All arguments based upon the supposed physical benefits derived from a stated day of rest would have little application and furnish little ground for enforcing a 'Sunday law' upon one who has taken *his* rest on the preceding day."

It might be added that, under the same rulings and for the same reason, legislatures might pass any law, and, however much it might interfere with the rights of the citizen or afflict him with oppressive burdens, the answer would always be the same as given in the California case last cited: "We have no right to question the wisdom of the legislature in passing an act of this kind." And however unconstitutional it might be upon its face and in its effects, the rule laid down by the United States Supreme Court, and maintained by Judge Cooley, that courts cannot go behind the organic law, would be indirectly abrogated upon the plea of the "police power" of the state. From whatever point of view we scan this question—whether we stand to the written organic law and let dormant principles rest, or whether we bring into existence these dormant principles under the "police power" theory—we must surely be convinced that the state, through its legislatures and courts, in default of a rejected Christianity, is attempting to fabricate a crude religious and moral code, without the guidance of inspiration and influenced solely by "temporary prejudice or a mistaken view of public policy." It is needless to prophesy the result when it is considered that "better counsels" will never prevail, since the divine principle which alone can induce these "better counsels" has been abolished by law. It is immaterial whether the lawmaker or judge is Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Mormon, or infidel; it is patent that the encroachment upon the religious and moral rights of that portion of the community who profess any belief in religion and morality is becoming greater every year. Both lawmaker and judge, by attempting to reconcile a host of conflicting opinions, and endeavoring to construe, by their light alone, a flood of contradictory laws, all based upon the fear that some church or religion would inter-

fere with their prerogative to worship the world, the flesh, and the devil, have ceased to remember those principles of justice and equity, or, more properly speaking, religious and moral principles, which form the basis of all laws.

Judge Kent, the father of American jurisprudence, defines law to be "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power of a state." Blackstone, the English commentator, gives as the definition of law "a rule of civil conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, *commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong.*" The difference between the two definitions is italicized, and that difference makes a law without or with religious and moral principles. The English definition recognizes a pre-existing criterion or principle of right and wrong. The American definition recognizes nothing but an after-created, arbitrary rule of right and wrong. In England the presence of Christianity, as a part of the common law, established the criterion of right and wrong. In the United States the abolition of the common law effaced the principles of right and wrong as established by Christianity; hence the necessity of the definition of "law" by Judge Kent to fit the American idea. Under our law an act is not wrong unless it has been prohibited by express legislation, and even then it is not wrong because it is wicked. In other words, an innocent act becomes pernicious, or a pernicious act becomes innocent, whenever an arbitrary body of politicians, termed a legislature, are prompted by a desire to reward their friends or punish their enemies, and agree to call certain acts lawful or unlawful; or when a judge, anxious to please the party that elected him or desirous of securing votes for his continuance in office, construes the law strictly in accordance with the organic law, or loosely under the "police power" idea. In both cases passion and prejudice sway the judgment, and the *vox populi* is consulted as the source of religious and moral principles.

In the federal system there is no principle which has the authority of law unless it is embodied in the Constitution or acts of Congress. The federal courts have no jurisdiction of what are known as "common-law offences"; and there is no "common law" of the Union. Neither does the common law obtain in the several States which have adopted a code, or which, before they were annexed to the United States, belonged to countries governed by the civil law, such as Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and California. The English colonies and the States carved out of them originally adopted the common law, but have so altered

it as to repeal it altogether. Local laws, depending upon the passions, prejudice, necessities, or demands of the people, have abolished fixed principles, and substituted therefor prohibitory laws subject to constant changes according to the will of the legislator. The inevitable consequence is that an act criminal in one State may be perfectly lawful and proper in another State, and an act or omission pronounced criminal by one legislature may by a subsequent legislature be declared innocent. Hence the singular spectacle is presented of men condemned to lose their lives, liberty, and property for committing an act which one legislature declares criminal, but which the very next legislature declares not criminal. But there is no redress.

Our legislatures and courts have dared to do what Lord Bacon did not even dare to advise: they have cast the laws into a new mould, and were not content with pruning and grafting the law, but ploughed it up and planted it again—"a perilous innovation." Webster said: "Written constitutions sanctify and confirm great principles, but the latter are prior in existence to the former." It must be plain even to the average reader that Webster never would have uttered these words if he had viewed our present constitutions and late decisions of our courts. Our constitutions and law sanctify and confirm nothing but the desires of the majority of voters. There is no longer any question of principle, but only questions of policy and expediency are considered.

The colonies, leaving behind them the penal code of the country whose common law they adopted, found themselves obliged, as the passage of statutes under the colonial economy was no easy matter, to establish, each by itself, a system of criminal jurisprudence which depended much more on the adjudication of the courts than the enactments of the legislature. The result was that whenever a wrong was committed which, if statutory remedies alone were pursued, would have been unpunished, the analogies of the common law were extended to it, and it was adjudged, if the reason of the case required it, an offence to which the common-law penalties reached. The maxim, "For every wrong there is a remedy," had its origin in the common law, but it is not susceptible of application in the United States, where the common law has been abolished and the statute law has become the sole guide. It is matter of surprise to many that for some grievous injury or injustice suffered they cannot obtain redress, or what they term "justice"; but there need be no cause for wonder, for the rule falls with

the abolition of the reason for that rule. The exclusion of the element of religion and morality is simply reacting upon the authors of their elimination, and the just are punished equally with the unjust. The very small number of cases of "*damna absque injuria*," under a system which had some respect for the "sanctified principles" alluded to by Webster, have, under our "unprincipled" system, increased to a volume of respectable proportions and form an important branch of law.

A long line of uniform decisions agree upon the point that "the executive, legislative, and judicial departments together represent the sovereignty of the people and derive their authority from the people." And the Supreme Court of the United States holds that "the theory of our political system is that the ultimate sovereignty is in the people, from whom springs all legitimate authority." By "people" is understood the majority of those who possess the right of suffrage. It is clear from this that the people are the reservoirs and sole depositories of religious and moral principles. The people enact the laws, the people execute the laws, and the people sit in judgment upon their validity and are only responsible to themselves. The wildest dreams of pagan states never conjured up a similar condition of things, for even paganism recognized supernatural principles and moral responsibility. Judge Cooley, in his treatise on *Constitutional Limitations* before referred to, seems loath to give up religion and morality, for he says :

"It is frequently said that Christianity is a part of the law of the land. In a certain sense and for certain purposes this is true; the best features of the common law, if not derived from, have at least been improved and strengthened by, the prevailing religion and the teachings of its sacred book, especially those which regard the family and social relations, which compel the parent to support the child, the husband to support the wife; which make the marriage-tie permanent and forbid polygamy."

There is room for a digression here which is irresistible. The learned author alludes to "the prevailing religion and the teachings of its sacred book." This means the Protestant religion. Now, he concedes that the common law was not derived from *that* religion, but argues that the common law was "improved and strengthened by it." How improved? By making the "marriage-tie permanent." Sedgwick, also a learned American writer on constitutional law, says: "The facilities with which laws annulling the marriage contract were obtained from the legislatures of the several States in our early history" (when Puritans made the laws) "was discreditable to our system," but

that "many of our recent constitutions have shown their increased respect for the sacred institution of marriage by prohibiting expressly and absolutely all divorces *except such as are granted by the courts of justice.*" Thus the "prevailing" religion made the marriage-tie "permanent" by increasing the facilities for sundering that tie. Furthermore, our laws and our courts now declare that there is not only nothing "sacred" about the marriage-tie, but that it is a mere civil contract or agreement, to be entered into or cancelled by agreement of the parties, the same as any other contract—for instance, a contract for the sale of a horse. Another improvement upon the common law made by this "prevailing religion" was to "forbid polygamy." The geography of the learned author must have been an expurgated edition, for he overlooks the Territory of Utah with its Mormon polygamy, which is perfectly legal under the laws of Utah and the United States, and can never be extirpated unless as a war measure, like the emancipation of slavery, which was undoubtedly another "improvement" upon the common law, and, according to Lord Mansfield in *Somerset's case* in 1771, "slavery was repugnant to the common law." But to return. The learned judge continues:

"For several reasons Christianity is not a part of the law of the land in any sense which entitles the courts to take notice of, and base their judgments upon, it, except so far as they can find that its precepts and principles have been incorporated in, and made a component part of, the positive law of the state."

This is in full accord with the point that the religion and morals of the state are created by the legislature—that is, the state has absorbed the church.

It was held by Mr. Justice Story in the *Girard will case*, 2 Howard (U. S. Supreme Court Reports), 198, that "although Christianity is a part of the *common law* of the state, it is only so in its qualified sense that its *divine origin and truth are admitted.*" But with the abolition of that common law of the state, the divine origin and truth of Christianity is open to controversy; and whatever small portion of the divine law was incorporated in the common law, whatever effect it had upon restraining irreligious and immoral tendencies, that restraint has now been removed and full rein given to such vices as the people, in their sovereign wisdom and power, may license as lawful or permit by expunging punishment therefor from the statutes. It is declared by all of our authorities that

"Criminal laws are shaped by the prevailing public sentiment as to what is right, proper, and decorous, or the reverse; and they punish those acts as crimes which disturb the peace and order, or tend to shock the moral sense or sense of propriety and decency, of the community."

Suppose, as is often the case, the community has no moral sense or sense of propriety and decency? Suppose the community should be infidel, and that religious ceremonies should shock their sense of propriety and decency? Inasmuch as there is no fixed principle or criterion except the will of the majority, there would be nothing to prevent that community from abolishing religious ceremonies or inaugurating a saturnalia of licentiousness based upon the prevailing public opinion. The constitutional provision protecting others in the minority in the free exercise of their religion would not avail those who raised the question, because the courts would say, as did the Supreme Court of California in the case above cited: "We have no right to question the wisdom or policy of the legislature in prescribing what it deems best for the health and morals of the people"; and it would only be left for some future Justice McKinstry to show the absurdity of the ruling by inquiring whether there is any "sacred principle" outside of the will of the majority which can determine what is right or wrong, and whether it would not be wisdom, as well as policy, to invoke that principle in aid of the court.

The church left the impress of the divine law so indelibly upon the common law that Lord Hale was moved to assert that Christianity was a part of the laws of England, and that to reproach the Christian religion "was to speak in subversion of the law"; and it was the judgment of the English people and their tribunals that "he who reviled, subverted, or ridiculed Christianity did an act which struck at the foundation of civil society." There is nothing in the argument that such an opinion was consequent upon the union of church and state as it existed in England, because that union consisted only in the recognition of the church as an establishment carrying out and interpreting the laws of God. The English tribunals never went so far as to declare any conflict between divine and civil law; on the contrary, they were jealous of any encroachment of the one upon the other. The law of God, as declared by the church, was deemed of as great importance to the welfare and preservation of society as was the civil law for the government thereof. Both labored, *pari passu*, for the good of society, composed of individuals having souls to be saved as well as bodies to be regu-

lated. Where the civil law could not reach the divine law was called in as an auxiliary. Licentious and immoral acts which were not provided against in the civil law were regarded as crimes against the divine law, and human nature was restrained as much as it is possible to restrain anything human. The incentives for the commission of offences against all law were lessened by one-half. One-half of the barrier has now been broken down; man is regarded as a being or a body without a soul—one-half a man; and hence the difficulties and irregularities in our system of laws, which provides for a government of one half only, leaving the other half to become the victim of sport.

As a compensation for dismissing the soul of man from consideration our constitutions have allowed our citizens liberty of conscience and freedom of religious worship—the former a mere abstract liberty, equivalent to liberty of thought, something beyond the reach of the state, and therefore accorded; the latter a concession which the state now seems to regret having made, and is, as has been urged, liable to be construed away under the “police power” theory. And this is all, absolutely, that the state concedes to religion. Everything else that the state could possibly acquire or confiscate has been absorbed, except virtues and “sanctified principles.” The following doctrine of our courts of last resort, from the United States Supreme Court down, sufficiently demonstrates the truth of these observations:

“Persons of every religious persuasion are equal before the law, and questions of religious belief and religious worship are questions between each individual man and his Maker. As long as public order is not disturbed judicial tribunals have no jurisdiction. Religious societies, when incorporated, are simply private civil corporations the same as any other. The church connected with the society is not recognized, in the law, as a distinct entity; the corporators of the society are not necessarily members thereof, and the society may change its government, faith, form of worship, discipline, and ecclesiastical relations at will, subject only to the restraints imposed by their articles of association and the general laws of the state.”

Indeed, such corporations are not regarded as ecclesiastical, but merely private civil corporations; the members of the society being the corporators, and the

“Trustees the managing officers, *with such powers as the statute confers, and the ordinary discretionary powers of officers in civil corporations.* The administration of church rules or discipline the courts of the state do not interfere with, unless civil rights become involved, and then only for the protection of such rights.”

It must be apparent, from the legal principles established by

our courts, that religion and morals are an unknown quantity in our laws. That there is something lacking in our system which mere laws cannot supply; that there is absent some principle of equity and justice which is the foundation of all human laws; that there is a failure in the state to properly govern and protect the people, even in their constitutional rights, is evidenced by the ferment now going on among the people, who are not quite sure what the matter is, but imagine that the laws need reforming. Hence constant changes are being effected, and to such an extent that our laws and judicial decisions have become kaleidoscopic—a jumble of crude ideas clothed in language supposed to remedy the evils complained of, but which only prove disastrous to the very interests sought to be protected.

Legislatures and parties are changed; new parties spring into existence, advocating new and strange political schemes for remedying the evils of too much law; new constitutions are brought before the people, with supposed "blessed" privileges, printed in language so plainly that he who runs may read; the rich are becoming richer, and, correspondingly, the poor are becoming poorer. Communists, Socialists, Sand-lotters, and tramps from every country in the world are incorporating in our systems of laws effete and exploded ideas, the nonsense of which even a Digger Indian would blush to ignore. The state, not content with the dignity of *parens patriæ*, aspires to assume the rôle of "universal father." Hence the laws passed to foster and protect "societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals," "societies for the protection of trees, plants, vines, etc.," "societies for the prevention of cruelty to children"—in fact, societies for the prevention and protection of everything in nature, except to prevent cruelty to conscience and for the protection of common sense. The atheist loudly and insolently blasphemes and denies his Maker, and, inconsistently enough, "thanks God" that he lives in a country which will protect his freedom of conscience to utter his blasphemies.

It never occurs to the minds of those who are so eager for reforms that we are living under a government of *laws*, and not of *men*. This is conceded by the Supreme Court of Maine, which court furthermore declares that "this can hardly be deemed a blessing." The effect of this "government of laws" is to destroy, whenever it may seem necessary in the wisdom of the legislature, the constitutional guarantees provided for in the constitutions. How can there be any such thing as "freedom of conscience" and "liberty of religious worship" under a system

which repudiates the very "conscience" and "worship" upon which that freedom and liberty are based?

There was a time, however, in our history when liberty of conscience was recognized by a quasi-recognition of religion, or the church, as the regulator of conscience. The third article of the original Massachusetts Declaration of Rights recognized and declared a relation between church and state, and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared the purpose of this provision to be threefold, to wit: "1st. To establish, at all events, liberty of conscience and choice of the mode of worship. 2d. To assert the right of the state, in its political capacity, to require and enforce the public worship of God. 3d. To deny the right of establishing any hierarchy or any power in the state itself to require conformity to any creed or formulary of worship." This provision was stricken from the Bill of Rights by a popular amendment of the constitution in the year 1833, and of course the decisions thereunder ceased to be operative.

The first constitution of Connecticut contained a provision for the support and maintenance of religious worship as a duty resting upon the state; but this is now abolished.

The New Hampshire constitution permits the legislature to authorize "the several towns, parishes, bodies corporate, or religious societies within the State to make adequate provisions, at their own expense, for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality, but not to tax those of other sects or denominations for their support." An attempt was made in 1876 to amend that constitutional provision by striking out the word "Protestant," but it failed, although at the same time the acceptance of the Protestant religion as a test for office was abolished, and the application of moneys, raised by taxation, to the support of denominational schools was prohibited.

Whatever argument may be urged against the propriety of such recognition of liberty of conscience as appears in the above citations, they certainly bear testimony to the fact that there were some religious ideas, but the same are now wholly abolished. The dry abstraction is all that is permitted us, and permitted us only by grace of the law. Here is a résumé of what our kindly disposed and, to speak sarcastically, our freedom-and-liberty-loving system accords the piously disposed citizen:

In Pennsylvania no person who acknowledges the being of God and a future state of rewards and punishments shall, on account of his religious sentiments, be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under the commonwealth. All

persons in North Carolina who shall deny the existence of Almighty God are disqualified for office. The same is a constitutional provision in Mississippi and South Carolina. Tennessee, however, goes one step further and requires as a condition precedent to holding office not only a belief in God, but in a future state of rewards and punishments. On the other hand, the constitutions of Georgia, Kansas, Virginia, West Virginia, Maine, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Oregon, Ohio, New Jersey, Nebraska, Minnesota, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Alabama, Missouri, Rhode Island, Nevada, and Wisconsin expressly forbid religious tests as a qualification for office or public trust. Very inconsistently, however, the constitutions of Mississippi and Tennessee contain a similar provision. The constitutions of Alabama, Colorado, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and West Virginia provide that no person shall be denied any civil or political right, privilege, or capacity on account of his religious opinions; and the same in Maryland, except that there must be a declaration of belief in the existence of God. Illinois further provides that the liberty of conscience secured by it shall not be construed to dispense with oath or affirmation, excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of the state. The constitutions of California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, New York, and South Carolina also contain provisions that liberty of conscience is not to justify licentiousness or practices inconsistent with the peace and moral safety of society. It is not stated anywhere what criterion of morals is to be regarded, or who or what is to determine what shall constitute licentiousness, other than the legislatures or the people themselves; and in this we are forced to discover the source of our difficulties.

It is not necessary to become an alarmist to discuss this question of religion in American law for whatever it is worth. The state, with the help of the courts, is fast becoming, nay, has become, essentially pagan in its modern phase. It tends to destroy, and is destroying, social and family relations; it is crushing out of all semblance of shape religious and moral ideas; it panders to and fosters infidelity, and at the same time refuses by a mistaken policy to assist religion in the repression of what is evil and the spread of virtue; it offers a stone to the spiritually hungry, and kindly permits the church, if it can, to save souls which are constantly exposed to scandals, crimes, and the examples of vice and immorality winked at, if not sanctioned, by law.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER V.

IT was with an agreeable sense of penetrating below the strata where his life was spent, and exploring certain social and political phenomena, that Egerton went with Leroux to the Socialist meeting in the Faubourg Montmartre. But his light-heartedness vanished and something like a sense of weight seemed to fall upon him when he entered the place of meeting and found himself in the midst of a throng of men—mostly artisans, as he perceived at a glance—some of whom looked weary, many of whom looked pale, but all of whom looked resolute and grave with an almost menacing concentration of purpose. It was plainly for no mere airing of discontent, no mere purpose of listening to political harangues, that these men were assembled. Their aspect was significant of their mental attitude, and seemed to say that the time for words had well-nigh passed and the time for action well-nigh come. As Egerton looked around he felt that if he had ever stood on the crest of a volcano before the mighty flood of lava and flames burst forth, and had felt the trembling earth grow hot beneath his feet, he should have had much the same feeling as that which came over him in this assembly of desperate, earnest men, strong with that almost resistless force which union gives, and ready at a word to overthrow all which we know under the name of civilization.

“Duchesne is not here yet,” said Leroux, with a quick glance around when they entered. A very energetic and fluent speaker was, however, on the platform, and Egerton during the next fifteen minutes heard much fiery declamation on the usual revolutionary themes—the rights of man, the oppression of governments, the tyranny of capital, and the infamous qualities of the *bourgeoisie*, whom the *prolétariat* now hates more intensely than he ever hated the aristocracy. But suddenly a side door opened and a dark, slender man with a face of higher culture than any other present made his appearance. “Duchesne!” said Leroux; and when the orator on the platform hastily finished his address, and this man stepped forward, there was a movement of sensibly quickening attention among the audience. “A man of

education and a man of talent," thought Egerton, regarding critically the keen face and dark, brilliant eyes. There was a moment's pause, while those eyes passed over the sea of faces and (he felt) noted his own countenance, before the speaker said, "*Mes frères*," in a singularly melodious voice.

By the tone of those words Egerton was at once interested. It was not the tone of a demagogue, but of one who felt the brotherhood which he expressed. Nature had done much for this man in giving him a voice which could put meaning into the simplest utterances, could sink into men's hearts to sway them with magnetic power. But it was soon apparent that he had also much besides this. As he went on Egerton was struck by that clearness and precision which distinguishes French thought even in its wildest aberrations; that is, given certain premises, the Frenchman uncompromisingly carries them out to their logical conclusion, and does not, like the Englishman, halt at a middle and illogical point of compromise. You might readily take issue with Duchesne upon his premises; but, granting those premises, there was no escape from the merciless logic of his conclusions. And the eloquence with which those conclusions were pressed was genuine, burning, almost resistless. If he decreed the destruction of all existing forms of social order, it was that the new order should arise from the ruins of the old—the new humanity, strong in solidarity, ruled by justice and love, with equal rights of property and happiness secured to all, and an ideal of perfection set before the race to which it might advance unimpeded by the social fetters now fastened on it. And toward this ideal France should march in the van, as she has ever marched on the long road of human progress. But in order to do this she must first shake off the *bourgeois* rule which had fastened itself upon her in the name of the liberty, equality, and fraternity which it profaned.

This (in substance), and much more than this, was the matter of a speech that seemed to Egerton the most thrilling to which he had ever listened. The enthusiasm of his nature was stirred by the glowing words which painted the future of mankind as contrasted with its past of wretchedness; he seemed in listening to discern what the other saw with the clear gaze of a prophet and described with a power that lent unspeakable fascination to the vision. All the misery of all the centuries seemed summoned before him, all the long travail of toil and pain in which myriads of millions had lived and died without hope of escape. He did not wonder that the men around him were like reeds

shaken by the wind. It was not denunciation alone in which this man dealt. He indicated, in terms that could not be mistaken, the means to the end; but he did not dwell on those means. It was the end on which he fixed his gaze, and which he described with passionate fervor.

"*Eh bien*, what do you think of him?" said Leroux when the address was concluded.

Egerton turned quickly. "Think of him!" he repeated. "I think that I have never heard anything like it before! He ought to be sent to preach a new crusade."

"What else is he doing?" asked the other. "He does not spare himself; he comes and goes, speaks, organizes, works incessantly. You might think from his speech to-night that he is visionary, but it is not so: he has great practical ability."

"His face indicates it," said Egerton. "That keen glance does not belong to a visionary." Then, after a moment, he added: "I should like to know him. Is it possible?"

"Entirely possible," replied Leroux. "I will introduce you at once."

So Egerton followed him up the now thinning room to where the orator of the evening stood, surrounded by a group of friends. He turned as Leroux approached, and the latter held out his hand.

"Let me congratulate you," he said. "You spoke well—more than well. And let me present M. Egerton, an Englishman—no, an American—who wishes to offer his congratulations also."

"They are most sincere congratulations, monsieur," said Egerton. "I have seldom heard such eloquence."

"You do me too much honor," said the other, with the air of a man of the world. "But my subject is one to inspire eloquence, if one has any power at all. You are interested in it, or you would not be here," he added, with a quick glance. "I hope that you are in sympathy with us?"

"I am in sympathy with you," Egerton answered. "But my sympathy does not mean going all lengths, and I confess that I am in doubt on many practical points."

"Yet we are very practical," said the other, with a smile. "Indeed, the fault that most people find with us is that we are too practical."

"Oh! I know that you aim at revolution," said Egerton; "and that is certainly practical enough. But the difficulties of which I speak will confront you afterwards."

"There are difficulties in everything," said Duchesne. "Can

you conceive the smallest undertaking without them? And what we aim at is not small, for it is nothing less than the regeneration of society."

"But you denounce all forms of government," said Egerton, "and I am unable to conceive a state of society without some power to maintain law and enforce order."

"In other words, because man has long been a slave you think that he cannot exist without a master," said the other. "But we hold that he is capable of governing himself, and that when the institutions are abolished which have been the cause of his crime as well as of his wretchedness—when he has his fair share of the goods of earth and the happiness of life—he will no longer need to be throttled by police and overawed by the bayonets of standing armies."

There was a murmur of assent from those around, and one man remarked that they would soon make an end of all such infamies as police and armies.

"How?" asked Egerton.

"By any means that will serve our end," he answered. "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."

"It is impossible, M. Egerton," interposed Duchesne quickly, "that you can form any clear idea of our plans and aims from what you have heard to-night; but I shall be happy if you will afford me the opportunity to explain them to you more at length."

"I shall be very happy if you will take the trouble to do so," said Egerton, who, apart from his curiosity about Socialism, felt great interest in this socialistic tribune.

"Then if you have no farther engagement for this evening, and will do me the honor to accompany me home—I regret to say that I must leave Paris to-morrow morning."

Egerton eagerly accepted the invitation, and Leroux, to whom it was also extended, accepting likewise, Duchesne bade his other friends good-night, and the three went out together. The cab in which Egerton and Leroux arrived had been kept by the advice of the latter—cabs not being easily obtained in Montmartre—so Duchesne entered it with them, after giving his address to the coachman. This address rather surprised Egerton, for he had expected that the advocate of social equality, notwithstanding his refined appearance, would probably live in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but instead it appeared that he had his abode in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

After leaving the Montmartre quarter it was through the

most brilliant part of Paris that their road lay, passing down the Rue Chaussée d'Antin to the Place de l'Opéra—with its floods of electric light, its sparkling cafés, and constant stream of carriages crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, with its flowing throng of well-dressed people—and following the Avenue de l'Opéra to the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where, before a house which occupied an angle of the street, the cab stopped.

"I am sorry that you will be forced to mount *au quatrième*," said Duchesne, as they entered under the *porte-cochère*; "but rents are very high in this quarter, and as I find it necessary to live in a central part of Paris I compromise by ascending toward the sky. Fortunately, my daughter does not object."

"So he has a daughter!" thought Egerton. "And she does not 'object' to living *au quatrième* in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs! Where does she expect to live, I wonder, when *la Révolution Sociale* has taken place? By the bye, I must ask Duchesne whether, under such circumstances, Montmartre will come down in force and take possession of the hotels of the rich, or whether everybody will be driven to Montmartre to live."

These somewhat flippant conjectures were cut short by their arrival on the landing-place of the fourth floor, where Duchesne with a pass-key admitted them into a vestibule on which three or four doors opened. Unclosing one of these, he led the way into a small but very cosy room, oblong in shape and evidently cut off from the *salon*, with which it communicated by a draped doorway. This apartment had an altogether masculine air and was plainly a place for study and work. On a large table a student's lamp burned in the midst of a litter of books, pamphlets, and newspapers. There were some comfortable leather-covered chairs and an array of pipes and cigars.

Leaving his guests here with a few words of apology, Duchesne passed into the next room, where his voice was heard mingled with feminine accents. He returned in a few minutes, saying with a smile: "I find that my daughter has prepared for me a little supper, in which she begs that you will join us."

Both men rose at once—Egerton with a strong sense of curiosity concerning the daughter of this well-bred Socialist—and they passed into the next room, which proved to be a very pretty *salon*. Before the open fire a slender, girlish figure stood. It turned as they approached, and Egerton thought that one of the most charming faces he had ever seen was revealed by the movement. If he had been struck by the father's refinement both of physiognomy and manner, what could be said of this

delicate, sensitive countenance, with its large, soft eyes of golden brown—eyes which regarded him gravely and, he thought, with a certain surprise?

"M. Egerton is an American, Armine," said her father; and then he added, "My daughter has some friends who are Americans."

"Yes, some very special friends," said Armine in her musical voice.

"May I ask who they are?" said Egerton. "I find generally that nothing expedites acquaintance like discovering that one has acquaintances in common."

"The friends of whom I speak are M. and Mlle. D'Antignac," she answered. "Although their name is French, they are Americans by birth."

"The D'Antignacs—is it possible!" said Egerton, as much surprised as the Vicomte de Marigny had been when he heard of the acquaintance from the other side. "I am glad to say that I know them very well and admire them immensely. In fact, I esteem it an absolute privilege to know such a man as D'Antignac. He is the truest hero I have ever seen."

The beautiful eyes gave him a quick look of approval. Then saying simply, "M. d'Antignac's heroism seems to me beyond all words of praise," she turned, spoke to her father, and led the way through another draped door into the *salle à manger*, where a small, bright supper-table was set.

"Armine seldom fails to have this ready for me when I come home at night," said Duchesne as they seated themselves. "She is aware that speaking is exhausting to the vital energies."

"And I am also aware that you will spend several hours of the night after your return in work," said the girl. "And then you know, papa, that you never have so much appetite as at this hour."

"It is true," said he. "Whether it is good for health I know not; but I am never conscious of appetite at any other hour."

"But mademoiselle provides so bountifully that I should think you would be rendered unfit for your farther night's work," said Leroux, with a glance over the table. "At least I know that I dare not indulge my appetite freely if I have brain-work to do."

"The word appetite with you and with me, *mon cher*, probably represents very different quantities," said Duchesne, smiling.

A glance at the two men—one lean as a greyhound, the other with every mark of what phrenologists call alimentiveness—made this sufficiently evident. Meanwhile Egerton had turned to the young hostess, and, anxious to wake again the look of interest and pleasure in her eyes, said :

“ I have to-night had the pleasure of hearing your father speak, mademoiselle, and it has proved indeed the most genuine pleasure. Eloquence like his is so rare that I have seldom, if ever, heard anything to equal it.”

The golden-brown eyes looked at him again ; but what was it that he read in them now—doubt, hesitation, anxiety ? It was certainly not the expression he had expected, but one which equally surprised and puzzled him.

“ My father has great eloquence—yes, monsieur, I know that well,” she said in a low tone and a little sadly. “ But how is it that you have been to hear him ? Do you, then, belong to his school of thought ? ”

“ I have a friend,” said Egerton, “ who calls me a trifle dipping into all schools of thought but making none of them my own. Absolute conviction of mind is, indeed, no easy thing. I envy a man like your father who has attained to it, who with passionate fervor believes that he holds the true panacea for the ills of humanity.”

“ But you do not think that conviction is the only thing necessary ? ” she said in a still lower tone. “ For you know it is possible to hold false principles with passionate fervor.”

“ Yes,” he answered, though still more surprised, “ that is the point. One *must* test things—beliefs, creeds, theories ; and the most of them will not bear testing. I am about to test your father’s,” he added after a moment, “ for I should be glad to share his enthusiastic belief in the future of humanity, if possible.”

She did not answer ; indeed, at that instant Duchesne addressed Egerton and so interrupted the conversation. Nor was he able to return to the subject, for talk after this was general, and chiefly on the political events of the day, which Duchesne and Leroux discussed with that biting sarcasm which has long been the prevalent tone in France, with all parties, toward the tottering ministries which have ignominiously succeeded each other under the Third Republic. It was not until they returned to the *salon* that Egerton found an opportunity to say a few more words to Armine. “ Now, then, my friends, to enjoy your cigars you must return to my den,” Duchesne had said, leading the

way thither and followed promptly by Leroux. But Egerton paused to admire some fragrant violets which filled a dish in the centre of a table near the fire, and then to say to Armine, who stood by the table:

"Have you seen the D'Antignacs lately, mademoiselle?"

"I saw them to-day," she answered. "M. d'Antignac was, for him, rather well—that is, not incapable, from pain, of seeing or talking to any one."

"Then I shall certainly have cause of complaint when I see him next," said Egerton; "for, as it chanced, I called there to-day and was denied admittance."

"Oh! there are many reasons why that might have been," she said eagerly. "He was perhaps by that time too tired to receive a visitor; for when I left the Vicomte de Marigny was with him. And you know his strength is easily exhausted."

"He is a wonderful man," said Egerton, feeling his interest in socialistic theories beginning to wane, and wishing that it were possible to remain in this pleasant room, with the soft firelight, the fragrance of violets, and that charming, sensitive face to study.

"Yes," she said, "he is a wonderful man, I think, and in nothing more wonderful than in the fact that he keeps his intellect undimmed through so much physical suffering. Have you ever heard him talk, M. Egerton, on the great questions that are disturbing so many minds—questions like those of which you are thinking?"

"Now and then I have," said Egerton, again surprised. "But I rather avoid than seek such discussions with him, because he takes as the basis for all his views certain dogmas which I cannot accept."

"Perhaps that is because you do not understand them," said the girl, with a slight smile. "I must not detain you now; but you will probably pardon me for offering you this advice: Give to M. d'Antignac's views the same chance which you are giving now to my father's. Let him explain to you the basis on which they rest."

"Can it be possible that *you* accept that basis?" exclaimed the young man, too much amazed to remember the law of good-breeding which forbids a direct personal question.

How clearly the soft, full eyes met his now! "Why should it surprise you if I do?" she asked quietly. "I should at least be ranged with the great majority of the wise and good and great of the world, should I not? But it does not matter what I believe, monsieur, farther than this: that units make millions,

and that it is better to be on the side of those who build up than of those who tear down."

She drew back with the last words, bending her head a little, and Egerton felt that he had no alternative but to accept the evident dismissal.

"I have come here to-night to hear why we should tear down," he said, smiling; "but an oracle has spoken on the other side when I least expected it, and I should be very ungrateful if I did not heed its utterances. I shall certainly do nothing rashly, mademoiselle; and I have now the honor to bid you good-night."

CHAPTER VI.

ORACLES are more likely to be heeded when their utterances are supported by the soft light of golden-brown eyes than even when enforced by all the eloquence of a practised speaker, which no doubt accounts for the fact that it was a rather divided attention which Egerton gave the tribune of Socialism when he returned to the small study and smoking-room. Not that he failed to be impressed, as he had been before, by Duchesne's eloquence and fervor, and not that he was able to refute the premises from which the other drew his conclusions. The solid earth seemed reeling beneath him as he listened; for how could the man who had no belief in God, and to whom a life beyond the grave was, in the jargon of the day, "unthinkable," answer the stern deductions drawn from materialism by those who have logic enough to see that law, duty, obedience must rest on God, or else that they have no basis at all? He could not answer them; he could only listen silently to the enunciation of that new yet old doctrine which says to men, "Ye shall be as gods," and which declares that the first of the rights of man is the right to rise against his fellow-man and say: "I will be no longer subject unto you; I will no longer toil in pain and darkness while you dwell in the sunshine and fare sumptuously. Since this life is all, we will have our full share of its possessions; and we know now, what we have been long in learning, that the power to take that and anything else is ours!"

As Egerton listened he felt like one who is fascinated yet repelled. He would desire—yes, he said to himself, he would certainly desire—to see the great bulk of humanity freed from the hopeless fetters of toil and poverty which weigh upon it; but in order to reach this end was it necessary to destroy everything

which up to this time the world had revered? Why not, (he asked) engraft the new order on whatever was good of the old?

"Because there is nothing good in the old," was Duchesne's reply; "because it was founded upon falsehood, is rotten throughout and doomed to destruction, root and branch. No; we must break up and utterly fling away the old forms, in order to cast the life of the world into new moulds."

Egerton did not answer; he seemed to be looking meditatively at the smoke from his cigar as it curled upward before him, but in reality he was hearing again Armine's voice as she said:

"It is better to be on the side of those who build up than of those who cast down."

It was the tone of that voice which he carried with him when he went away, more than the passionate accents of Duchesne, though the last also vibrated through his consciousness and seemed to give new meaning to the look of the brilliant capital when he found himself in its streets. Leroux had preceded him in departure—having a night's work to accomplish—so he walked alone down the Avenue de l'Opéra to the great boulevard flashing with lights, where the crowd still flowed up and down and the cafés were still thronged with well-dressed idlers. It is at this time that Paris wears her most seductive aspect, her most siren-like smile; that the brightness in the mere outward appearance of things stirs the coldest blood, makes the quietest pulses beat a little faster; and that Pleasure in her most alluring guise holds out forbidden fruit on every side, saying, "Take and eat."

But to Egerton at this moment it was like a great carnival under which grim forces of destruction were lurking and biding their time—the time when the tocsin of revolution would sound once more in the Faubourg St. Antoine, that old home of revolt, and Montmartre and Belleville would answer back. Was it fancy, or did the hoarse clamor sound already in his ears? He looked at the tranquil air of things around him, at the shops gleaming with luxury and beauty, at the elegant toilettes and smiling faces of those who passed him. "Do they not hear it?" he asked himself. "Do they not catch the low, menacing murmur of the storm which when it breaks will overwhelm all this in ruin? What is to be the end? Is Duchesne right? Must all be destroyed in order to rebuild on a better basis the new civilization? But I am afraid I have not much faith in democratic Utopias."

So thinking, he crossed the Place de l'Opéra, filled with light,

and as he looked up at the front of the new Opera-House, that in its gilded splendor seems a fit type of the order which created it—that order of the Second Empire which strove to establish itself by stimulating to an enormous degree the passion for wealth and outward show in France, and the tradition of which is therefore still dear to the *bourgeois* soul—a recollection suddenly smote him like a blow.

“By Jove!” he cried, speaking aloud, as he stopped short at the corner of the Rue Auber, “I had forgotten entirely that I promised to appear in the Bertrams’ box to-night!”

As he stood still, regarding the ornate front of the great building, it became suddenly alive with movement. The opera was just over—for an opera in Europe never ends before midnight—and the greater part of the audience was pouring out of the main entrance. Egerton hesitated for a moment; then saying to himself, “At least there is a chance,” he crossed over, and, penetrating through the line of carriages, took his place at the head of the steps, which the electric lamps flooded with a light bright as that of day. He had not stood there very long when the chance to which he trusted befriended him. Two ladies, attended by a gentleman who wore a light overcoat above his faultless evening dress, passed near him, and one of them, pausing to lift the long silken train that flowed behind her, saw him and exclaimed involuntarily, “Mr. Egerton!”

In an instant he was descending the steps by her side and saying: “How very fortunate I am! I took my station here with the faint hope of seeing you and apologizing without delay for my failure to appear, as I promised, in your box to-night.”

She turned a very handsome head and regarded him with a pair of proud, bright eyes.

“It is a pity that you should have taken any trouble for that end,” she said carelessly. “Of course when mamma asked you to look in on us she only meant if you cared to do so.”

“I should have cared exceedingly,” he said; “but can you conceive that I absolutely forgot the opera in the excitement of attending a Socialist meeting in Montmartre?”

She laughed slightly. “Yes,” she said, “I can very well conceive it. An opera must seem very stale and flat compared to such a new entertainment. And did it amuse you?”

“I was not in search of amusement so much as of new ideas,” he answered; “and it has certainly given me those.”

“You are to be congratulated, then,” said the lady, with the

faintest possible shade of mocking in her voice. "We are all, I think, dreadfully in want of new ideas. I should not mind journeying to Montmartre myself in search of them."

"A want of ideas of any kind is the last complaint I should judge you likely to suffer from," said Egerton gallantly, yet with a shade of possible sarcasm in his voice as subtle as the mockery in her own had been.

"But I believe it is a question whether ideas are innate or not," said she coolly. "Therefore one must occasionally receive some from the outside; and I should welcome even Socialism as a relief from social platitudes."

At this moment the lady in front turned around, saying quickly, "Why, where is Sibyl?" And then she, too, exclaimed, "Mr. Egerton!"

"Good-evening, my dear Mrs. Bertram," said Egerton, uncovering. "I have just been expressing to Miss Bertram my deep regret at not having enjoyed part of the opera with you."

"A very hypocritical regret, I should think," said Miss Bertram, "considering that you were so much better employed."

"That raises the question, Egerton, how were you employed?" asked the gentleman, who had turned also.

"Ah! Talford, how are you?" said Egerton, recognizing him. "I confess," he went on, smiling, "that I am not so certain as Miss Bertram appears to be that I *was* better employed. I have been to a Red-Republican meeting in Montmartre."

Mrs. Bertram uttered a slight exclamation indicative of well-bred horror. "What could possibly have taken you to such a dreadful place?" she asked.

"And what did you learn after you got there?" inquired the gentleman called Talford.

"Well, for one thing I learned that opera-going will soon be an obsolete amusement," said Egerton, who had a sensation as if an ocean and not a few streets must surely divide this world from that which he had so lately left.

"I do not feel just now as if I should deplore that very much," said the younger lady. "One grows tired of operas which last to this hour; composers should have some mercy. Come, mamma, here is our carriage."

After they had been put into it the elder lady leaned forward to say good-night again to both gentlemen, and add with some *empressement* to Egerton: "Come soon and tell us what the Red Republicans are going to do."

As the carriage drove off, the two men turned by a simul-

taneous movement and walked along the broad pavement in silence for a moment. Then Mr. Talford said :

"Mrs. Bertram regards you with favor."

"It is more than Miss Bertram does, then," said Egerton, with a laugh. "A more disdainful young lady it has seldom been my fortune to meet."

"She is decidedly original," said the other. "One never knows what she will say or do next. But she is very clever and charming, if a little incomprehensible."

"She is very clever and no doubt very charming," said Egerton ; "but in my case I usually find the sense of being puzzled greater than the sense of being charmed."

"I like a woman who is able to puzzle one," said his companion. "Most of them are very transparent—not because they have not the will to be otherwise, but because one has learned to see so clearly through all their little artifices. Now, if Miss Bertram has artifices they are not of the usual order, and so one does not see through them."

"The point with you, then, is not whether artifice exists, but whether, like the highest art, it is able to conceal itself," said Egerton.

"Oh! for the matter of that," said the other carelessly, "you cannot expect a woman to be a woman without artifice of some kind."

"Can one not?" said Egerton meditatively. They were by this time crossing the Place, and he glanced down the broad Avenue de l'Opéra toward the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. What artifice had the direct glance of those soft, golden eyes concealed? "You ought to know better than I," he went on after a moment. "At least I am quite willing to admit that your experience has been much greater than mine."

"So much the better for you, my dear fellow," said the other. "One begins to learn after a while, like that very *blasé* gentleman King Solomon, that most things are vanity ; and women, unfortunately, are no exception to the rule."

He spoke quietly, but with the decision of one who utters a truth upon a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar. And certainly if the experience of twenty years can qualify a man to pronounce a judgment, Marmaduke Talford was qualified to pronounce one upon the fair sex. In many parts of the civilized world had he studied it during that period ; at the feet of many enchantresses had he remained—for a time. But no spell had ever been great enough to hold him long, nor firm even to rivet

round him the fetters of matrimony. Now he had reached the eminence of forty years, and was conscious that his blonde hair was growing thin on the top of his head. Perhaps these things made him a little thoughtful; at all events, his friends began to fancy that they saw a change in him. He had never been a prodigal, had never wasted his substance nor lived riotously; but there could be no doubt that he had gone deeply into pleasure—though with a certain fastidiousness and discretion which characterized him in most things—and if he now began to say, *Vanitas vanitatum*, it was because he, too, had indeed learned, like the king of Israel, that “all things are vanity”—after one has exhausted them.

The feeling of this was certainly uppermost in his mind; for, after a pause which Egerton did not break, he went on speaking: “After all, it is a mistake to leave one’s self nothing to believe in. And ignorance is the parent of belief. Therefore whatever one wishes to believe in one must remain in comparative ignorance of. Women, for example—since we are speaking of them—if you wish to cherish the common superstition about feminine virtues, do not make any attempt to know the sex other than superficially.”

“That is rather an appalling doctrine,” said Egerton. “Do you not think it possible that you may have been unfortunate in your experiences?”

“I am very sure that I have not been,” said Talford. “On the contrary, I am inclined to think that I have been fortunate when I compare my experiences with those of others.”

“And you make your axiom general in its application?” said Egerton. “You think that ignorance is the only ground for belief in anything?”

“I not only think so, but I am certain of it,” answered the other; “and if it is not a very cheerful realization—well, we cannot help that, you know. One has either to shut one’s eyes and decide to be deluded, or to open them and face the truth.”

Then said Egerton, like Pilate of old: “What is truth? It must be something absolute in itself, and not a mere negative state of universal scepticism.”

The other shrugged his shoulders slightly. “I should define it, then,” he said, “as what we can see, and feel, and touch: the material world with its goods and its pleasures, the fact that we are alive and the equally undoubted fact that we must die—*voilà tout!* If any man tells me that he believes aught beyond these things, I say to myself, ‘It may be so, but you are either

deceived or a deceiver.' See, *mon cher*—it is not often that I am betrayed into this vein of moralizing—but is it not evident that it must be so? For example, we hear enthusiasts talking of the glorious virtues of humanity—this humanity which has been robbing and cheating and cutting each other's throats as long as history has any record of it, and which a little experience of men will soon assure us is only likely to continue the same course, with variations, in the time to come. We hear of the beauty of universal brotherhood, and of a sublime altruism which is some day soon to display itself. Bah! these things will do for dreamers in their closets, ignorant of the practical world. But men of the world know that the millennium was never farther off than now, when mankind is realizing more than ever that the gold which buys all things—including men and women—is the only secure good of life, and that pleasure is its only true end."

There was a moment's silence. On those last words the brilliant scene around them was a striking commentary. But Egerton's thoughts went back to a very different scene—to the crowded homes of Montmartre, and the eager, resolute faces of those who listened to other conclusions drawn from the same doctrine that life is all, that wealth rules the world, and pleasure is the supreme good. Presently he said, in the tone of one who speaks a thought aloud: "I wonder what it will be?"

"What?" asked Talford, a little surprised.

The other roused himself. "Why, the result of the struggle," he said, "between men like you—and you are but the type of a large and constantly increasing class—and some others to whom I have been listening to-night. It is a struggle bound to come, you know."

"I suppose so," answered Talford indifferently, "though I do not pay much attention to the *blague* of Socialists and Anarchists. But I can tell you what in my opinion will be the result: it will be wild uproar, much killing on all sides, and then the final end of that ridiculous modern farce called the rule of the people. Power will assert itself in one form or another, with a single strong hand, and make an end for ever of the insane folly which declares that a thinking minority shall be ruled by an ignorant and brutal majority."

"Thank you," said Egerton, with a smile. "Your opinion is exceedingly clear, and you and I may not be much older when we shall see it verified or disproved. Meanwhile, I have received a number of sufficiently varied impressions to-night, which will furnish me with food for meditation."

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Talford laughed, and, looking up at the Madeleine, by which they were now passing, said: "You live in this neighborhood, do you not?"

"Yes, my apartment is yonder," answered Egerton, nodding toward a house which occupied the corner of a street running into the boulevard. "I often dream in the morning before I wake that I am wandering in the gardens of Cashmere; that rises from the odors of the flower-market held here, which penetrate into my chamber."

"Ah!" said the other, "you are at the age for flowers, real or metaphorical. Enjoy your youth, happy man! Do not waste one golden hour in listening to Socialist madmen. That is the best advice I can give you; and now *bon soir*."

CHAPTER VII.

IT chanced that the next morning, being Wednesday and therefore one of the days of the flower-market of the Madeleine, Egerton was waked by those delightful odors of which he had spoken; and in some subtle way the fragrance brought before him a fair face with a pair of proud gray eyes, and it occurred to him that in order to make his peace with Miss Bertram it might be well to send her some of the flowers, of which he knew that she was extravagantly fond.

Nor can it be said that this idea commended itself to him solely as a matter of social duty. He had spoken truly in saying to Talford that she puzzled more than she charmed him; but there could be no doubt that she charmed him in considerable degree. She was a very pretty and a very clever woman, whom he sometimes thought might prove dangerously attractive to him if she had been a shade less incomprehensible, less capricious, and less haughty. A man does not like to be puzzled, but still less does he like to be treated with scorn when in no way conscious of deserving such treatment—when, indeed, the world in general conveys the impression to his mind that he has a right to think very well of himself. Now, with Sibyl Bertram, Egerton had frequently a sense of being weighed in the balance and found wanting; and though vanity was not inordinately developed in him, he naturally felt that such an attitude on her part was not only unflattering but manifestly unjust. If he had made any pretensions the matter would have been different, since whoever makes pretensions inevitably challenges

criticism ; but it would be difficult for any one to make fewer than he did—a fact which conduced not a little to his popularity. For a man who asserts no disagreeable intellectual superiority over his fellow-beings, yet who is unobtrusively clever and undeniably well-bred, is generally certain of popularity, even without the farther endowments of good looks and wealth. These endowments, however, Egerton possessed, and he was therefore the less accustomed to that position of being weighed and found wanting in which Miss Bertram placed him. He had sometimes tried to persuade himself that it was all mere fancy on his part ; but there had been times when the language of the gray eyes was too plain to be mistaken, when he had felt himself looked through and through, and judged to be a very inferior sort of creature.

But if the daughter was disdainful and incomprehensible, the mother was always cordial and agreeable, with a peculiar charm and warmth of manner which had more than once suggested the thought to Egerton that she too perceived, and wished to make amends for, her daughter's hard judgment. There was another thought which might have suggested itself to a man so eligible ; but it has already been said that he was not greatly afflicted with vanity, and it may be added that he was not at all afflicted with the coarseness of mind which, together with vanity, makes a man suspect a matrimonial snare in every woman's civility. Instead of suspecting that Mrs. Bertram wished to entrap him as a suitor for her daughter, he felt simply grateful for an unvarying kindness which contrasted strikingly with that young lady's exceedingly variable manner ; and it was the thought of the mother rather more than of the daughter which finally decided him to send the flowers, especially when he remembered that it was their reception-day.

So a basket of cut flowers, freshly beautiful and fragrant, made its appearance in due time, and was presented, with Mr. Egerton's compliments, to Mrs. and Miss Bertram as they sat at breakfast in their pleasant apartment in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceaux. The elder lady uttered an exclamation of pleasure when she saw the lavish supply.

"Oh ! what lovely flowers," she said. "See, Sibyl, are they not exquisite ? Our drawing-room will be like a bower to-day. Mr. Egerton is certainly charming."

"You mean that his flowers are," said Sibyl, looking up with a smile from a little bright-eyed Skye terrier to whom she was administering sugar. "But they *are* delicious !" she added,

unable to resist their beauty as her eye fell on them. She held out her hand for the basket and almost buried her face in the fragrant blossoms. "How I love flowers!" she said, as if to herself. "They are among the few satisfactory things in life." Then, glancing at her mother, she added: "This is Mr. Egerton's apology for having forgotten our existence last night, mamma."

"Forgetting an engagement—which was hardly an engagement—and forgetting our existence are different things," said her mother. "I think you are scarcely just to Mr. Egerton, Sibyl."

Sibyl made a slight gesture of indifference as she put the basket down again on the table. "I do not feel sufficient interest in him to be unjust," she said; "and I am quite willing for him to forget our existence as often as he likes, provided he sends such an apology as this. A basket of flowers is much better than an hour of his or any other man's society, at the opera or elsewhere."

Mrs. Bertram elevated her eyebrows slightly as she looked at her daughter. For this young lady occasionally puzzled her as well as other people. "It is not like you to affect to despise men's society," she said.

"I am not affecting to despise it," answered Sibyl. "I like it very much, as you know—that is, I like the society of men of sense. But I would certainly not exchange this basket of flowers for an hour of the society of any special man, even if he were capable of giving me a new idea—which Mr. Egerton is not."

"New ideas are not to be picked up like flowers," said Mrs. Bertram, without adding that she thought her daughter had already more than enough of these very objectionable articles. "And I confess that I do not understand why you should think so poorly of Mr. Egerton. I do not pretend to be intellectual, but he has always struck me as very clever as well as very pleasant."

"He is clever enough, I believe," said Sibyl carelessly—"that is, he is a man of culture; but he always gives me the impression of a man who lives merely on the surface of life. He does not think sufficiently of any new ideas, or if he has them he does not take the trouble to impart them."

"But," said the elder lady, "you do not intend to demand of all your acquaintances that they shall have new ideas to impart to you? Because if so—"

"I shall certainly be disappointed," said Miss Bertram with a laugh. "No, do not be afraid. I have not quite lost my senses.

But the general dearth of ideas only makes me more grateful to those who have some; and, now that I think of it, Mr. Egerton has probably begun to realize his deficiency, for he remarked last night that it was in search of something of the kind that he had gone to the Socialist meeting in Montmartre."

"A most extraordinary place to go for them," said Mrs. Bertram. "I cannot understand such a freak in a man of sense—and that Mr. Egerton *is*."

"Oh! he went, no doubt, from mere curiosity," said Sibyl. "I fancy it is that and the necessity to kill time which take him to most places. But how a man can lead such a life," she added with sudden energy, "in a world where there is so much to be thought and said and done, I confess that I cannot understand!"

"What do you expect him to do?" asked her mother. "You know he inherited a large fortune; why should he, therefore, trouble himself with business?"

"That is the one idea which an American has of doing something—making money," said Sibyl. "Forgive me, mamma, but do you really think there is nothing else to be done—nothing better worth doing?"

"Of course I do not think so; of course I know that there are many things better worth doing," said Mrs. Bertram, though she did not specify what these things were; "but I do not see what you can expect a young man like Mr. Egerton to do except amuse himself, for a time at least."

"That is just the point," returned the young lady calmly. "I do not in the least expect him to do anything else. I am quite sure that he will never do anything else. Here, Fluff! do you want another lump of sugar?"

Fluff replied, with a short bark and one or two eager bounds, that he did want it, and Mrs. Bertram abandoned the subject of Egerton and his real or imaginary shortcomings, saying to herself, with a slight sigh, that it was quite certain one could not have everything, but that she should have been glad if Sibyl had been a little less original. Though far from being herself the scheming mother common in fiction and not wholly unknown in real life, she had more than once thought what a pleasant and satisfactory son-in-law Egerton would make if he would fall in love with Sibyl, and if Sibyl were like other girls and would accept the fortune placed before her. But it was now plain that this castle in the air would never be realized on the solid earth; and, with another sigh, she took up the flowers and carried them away.

They were filling the *salon* with their fragrance when Egerton entered it late in the afternoon of the same day. A glow of golden sunset light was also filling it and bringing out all the harmonious tints of the hangings and furniture; for this room was not in the least like an ordinary Parisian apartment, but had been the home of the Bertrams long enough for them to impress a very distinctive character upon it. Needless to say this character was æsthetic in the highest degree, for a young lady so devoted to new ideas as Miss Bertram was not likely to follow other than the latest light in decorative art. Then, too, the mother and daughter had travelled much and had gathered in numerous places many curious and pretty things. All of these—the richly-mingled colors of Eastern stuffs picked up in Algerian and Moorish bazaars; the gleaming crystal frames of Venetian mirrors, with their suggestions of the deep canals and the green sea-water; the beautiful wood-carving of Tyrolean villagers, the rich hues of old Spanish leather, with pictures and china, quaint screens and peacock fans—all made, it seemed to Egerton, a very suitable background for Sibyl Bertram's presence. And although when she went out she was Parisian in her toilette from her hat to her boots, she had a fashion, when she received her friends at home, of arraying herself in a different manner. It was not that extreme artistic dressing which originated in London, and with which (through caricatures at least) the eyes of all the world are familiar now. Like most American women, Sibyl had too much good taste to make herself æsthetically ridiculous; but she struck a medium of graceful picturesqueness which suited her admirably.

For she was not in the least a line-and-measure beauty. The brilliant, changing face could not be judged by any acknowledged standard, but the charm of it was so great that few people were inclined to judge it at all. The pellucid skin; the perfectly shaped if rather large mouth; the luminous gray eyes, which brightened and darkened with every passing thought; and the broad, fair brow, from which thick, soft masses of bronze-brown hair waved, made up a whole which to the modern taste was more attractive than classic loveliness. The gift of expression was hers also in remarkable degree, and when she spoke with any earnestness her voice had tones of wonderful sweetness.

On this afternoon she wore, as usual when at home, a dress more fanciful than fashionable. It was a black brocaded silk of softest, richest fabric, cut in simple but beautiful lines, slashed

here and there to introduce a trimming of old gold, which also appeared in the puff that headed the sleeves, which otherwise fitted the arms tightly until they terminated in a fall of rich yellow lace below the elbow. The square-cut neck, out of which the white, columnar throat rose, was also surrounded with this lace, and a cluster of deep yellow roses was fastened in front. It was on this charming figure that Egerton's glance fell when he first entered the room, though she was standing at some distance from him, talking to Mr. Talford, while a slanting stream of sunshine touched her hair, and also brought out the strange, deep harmonies of form and tint in a Japanese screen behind her.

It was Mrs. Bertram who, at his entrance, rose from the sofa where she was sitting and came forward to receive him with her usual cordial graciousness.

"I have hoped that you would not forget us to-day," she said. "I want to thank you for the beautiful flowers you sent. See! they welcome you," she added, with a smile, motioning to a table which bore part of them arranged in some graceful vases of Vallauris ware.

Egerton replied to the effect that he was delighted if the flowers gave her pleasure, but he wished to himself that, instead of fragrant lilies-of-the-valley and delicate white and pink-tinted roses, he had chosen such golden-hearted ones as those which Miss Bertram wore. "But perhaps she would not have worn them if I had sent them," he thought.

He followed Mrs. Bertram to the sofa where she had been sitting, and shook hands with the elderly lady—a member of the American colony, whom he knew well—to whom she had been talking. A pretty, blonde young lady who sat in a low chair near by, drinking a cup of tea and chattering volubly to a young man who stood before her, also held out her hand to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Egerton?" she said. "I have not seen you in an age. Why do you never come to see us nowadays?"

"My dear Miss Dorrance, why are you never at home when I do myself that honor?" he replied.

"Because you do not come at the right time, I presume," she answered. "But, indeed, that is the case with so many of our friends—one misses them so by being out—that I have decided on a reception-day. It did not seem worth while when we first arrived in Paris, but it has now become necessary. Hereafter, then, we shall be happy to see you on any and every Friday."

"You are very good; I shall certainly remember to pay my respects. And you are still at the Hôtel du Rhin?"

"Dear me! no; have I not seen you since we went into apartments? The doctors decided that mamma must remain here for some months, so papa telegraphed to Cousin Duke to settle us comfortably, and he has put us into an apartment, with servants to look after, which I consider a nuisance."

"It is probably quieter and better for Mrs. Dorrance, though," said Egerton. "I hope that her health has improved?"

"Oh! very much. She is able to take a short drive every afternoon. She is in the Bois now—at least she was to send the carriage for me when she returned, and it has not yet arrived."

At this moment, however, a servant entered—a pretty, white-capped maid—who, while she presented Egerton with a cup of tea, announced to Miss Dorrance that her carriage waited. At this the young lady rose and, with a rustle of silk, crossed the floor to where Sibyl stood, still talking to Mr. Talford.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "I must run away now. Do come to see us soon. You know mamma always enjoys your visits so much. Cousin Duke, are you coming with me?"

Mr. Talford signified that he was, saying with a smile: "Miss Bertram will have no more attention to bestow upon me, since here is Egerton, who can tell her, on the best authority, all about the next revolution."

"Are you interested in revolutions, Sibyl?" inquired Miss Dorrance, opening her eyes a little.

"Immensely," answered Sibyl, with her slightly mocking accent. Then, as Egerton drew near, she held out her hand to him with a very graceful show of cordiality.

"And what does Mr. Egerton know about them?" pursued Miss Dorrance. "I should not think it was the kind of thing *he* was likely to be interested in."

"Your penetration in judging character does you infinite credit, my dear Miss Dorrance," said Egerton; "but it is something which may before long concern us all so closely that I am only, like a wise man, trying to gain some idea of the nature of the coming storm."

"I hope that you will give your friends the benefit of your information, then," she said, "so that they can get away in time. But I do hope we will be able to finish the present season. Everything is charming in Paris just now."

"As far as my means of information will allow me to speak,"

said Egerton, "I think I can assure you that you will at least be able to finish your spring shopping before milliners and modistes are whelmed."

"They never will be," said she with confidence. "If there was a revolution to-morrow I am sure that Paris would set the fashion for the world the day after."

"That is very true," said Egerton. "But it might be the fashion of the *bonnet rouge*."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER Miss Dorrance had withdrawn, attended by her cousin, and also by the young gentleman to whom she had been devoting her conversational powers when Egerton entered, the latter felt as if fate was kind to him. The pretty room, the sunset light, the fragrance of flowers, and Sibyl Bertram's fair face made a whole very pleasing to the artistic perceptions which he possessed in considerable degree. And he fancied that this face regarded him with a kinder expression than usual, as its owner sat down in a quaint, luxurious chair and motioned him to another.

"I hope you have come to tell me about the Socialist meeting," she said. "I have a great curiosity with regard to those people. If I were a man I should long since have gone to hear what they had to say. It seems to me that in these latter days they are the only people who are in earnest."

"They are certainly in earnest," said Egerton: "terribly in earnest you would think, if you heard them. I confess that it makes one a little uncomfortable. Earthquakes may have their uses; but to feel one's house trembling around one—the sensation is not pleasant."

"But if it fell one would find one's self in a fresher, purer air," she said. "That might be worth the shock. One feels sometimes almost suffocated by the artificial atmosphere in which we live."

Egerton glanced around him with a smile. "If it fell," he said, "it might carry all the setting of your life with it, and you can hardly fancy what it would be to find yourself in a crude, hard existence, without anything soft or delicate or beautiful about you."

"And do you think, then, that the setting of life is of such importance to me?" she asked, with a subtle tone of scorn which he had often before heard in her voice.

"I think that it must be of importance to all people who love beauty as you most surely love it," he answered.

"Yes, I love it," she said. "But beauty such as this"—she made a slight, disdainful motion of her hand toward her surroundings—"is not to be compared to the higher beauty of thought and feeling and conduct. And if one had *that* one might willingly, nay, gladly, let the other go."

"Perhaps one might," he said, though somewhat surprised, "if one were certain of the higher beauty. But, before resigning what one has, one would like to be sure of what one is to gain."

"If we waited to be sure we would never gain anything," she replied quickly. "All great things are achieved by faith and courage."

"The courage might be easily forthcoming," he said, as if to himself; "but where is one to find the faith?"

There was a moment's silence. Apparently Miss Bertram was not ready with an answer to that question. She looked away from him, out of the window, through which there was a glimpse of the green tree-tops of the Parc Monceaux, golden in the last light of evening. An animated twitter of conversation came from the sofa where Mrs. Bertram and her visitor sat, but no distinct words reached these two who suddenly found themselves halting before the great problem of modern life. It was Egerton who at length spoke again.

"I can imagine nothing," he said, "which would be a more desirable possession than such a faith, as I can imagine nothing too arduous to be borne, nothing too great to be attempted, if one were so happy as to possess it. But to desire a thing is not to see one's way clear to obtaining it. One may try to delude one's self into a state of enthusiasm for this or that cause; but deep underneath is the chilling sense, which sooner or later will assert itself, that the feeling has a fictitious basis and that there really is nothing worth troubling one's self about in the world."

"That may be so with you and men like you," said Sibyl, turning her eyes back on him. "But there are others, many others, in the world who think differently."

"Yes," he said, "and I envy them. I do more than that—I try to share their beliefs. But I have either too much logic or too little enthusiasm. I have never been able to do so. And, honestly, Miss Bertram, are you much better off? Have you a strong faith in anything?"

Now, this was taking an unfair advantage, Sibyl felt. It was not pleasant for her, who had always made evident her contempt for this pleasant trifler, to be forced to own that she was not much better off in the matter of earnest belief than he was. She colored and hesitated a little before replying. Then she said with some emphasis:

"Yes; I have faith in heroism and virtue and unselfishness, and in the ultimate triumph of good over evil."

"Have you?" said Egerton, smiling a little. "But can you define in what heroism and virtue and unselfishness consist? And what form will the triumph of good over evil take? Nay, what *is* good and what *is* evil? You see this is an age of universal scepticism and the very foundations of thought are tottering."

"One thing at least is not tottering, but daily growing stronger," she said, "and that is our conception of the imperative duty which we owe to those around us—I mean to all humanity."

"That certainly is the creed which is being proclaimed on all sides as the new hope of mankind," he answered, "and therefore I went last night to hear the fullest and most complete exposition of it."

"And what did you hear?" she asked a little eagerly. "You have not told me yet."

"What I heard," he answered, "was the logical outcome of modern political and religious theories. I heard a democracy preached which will not tolerate a plutocracy more than an aristocracy—which demands an equal share of the goods of life for all, and which will not hesitate at any means to gain this end. I heard the destruction of all forms of government, the annihilation of all existing society, decreed; and I heard the ideal of the future painted—that future in which, recognizing fully that there is and can be no certainty of any future life, man is to be trained to make the utmost of this present existence, and put his hopes not in any personal immortality but in the progress of his race. I must add, also, that these statements which I make so barely were presented with an eloquence which I have never heard equalled."

"By whom?"

"One of the leaders of the extreme Red-Republican party, whose name is Duchesne. If earnestness is your ideal he would be a man after your heart. There is in him none of the stuff of which Gambettas and Clémenceaus are made—that is, the stuff

of the demagogue who inflames the people with wild and dangerous doctrines merely to serve his own ends and secure his own aggrandizement. This man has a strong nature, a deep, fiery heart, and I do not think there is a doubt of his absolute sincerity. He would die on a barricade to-morrow, if he thought that his death would serve the cause of humanity."

"Ah!" said she quickly, with a sudden light in her eyes, "I should like to know such a man. One grows weary of men who believe nothing, who hope nothing, who are plunged in selfishness and indifferentism."

Egerton had an uncomfortable feeling that he was one of the men thus described, but he said with a smile: "It might be possible for you to know him, if you really wished to do so. He is not a man of the people, though he espouses their cause as passionately as if he were. Everything about him indicates inherited as well as personal refinement. And he has a charming daughter with a face like a poem."

"So you have not only heard him speak in public—you know him?" said Miss Bertram, with some surprise.

"I have that pleasure, though my acquaintance only dates from yesterday evening. But having been presented to him after the meeting, he invited me to his house, in order that he might expound the socialistic doctrine more at length; and there I met the daughter."

"Who is, of course, an enthusiastic Socialist also."

"It would seem to follow naturally that she should be; yet I do not think she is. As far as I was able to interpret a few words which she said to me, they were words of warning rather than encouragement."

"Of warning? How strange! Against what?"

"Against being led to join the party of destruction."

"But if they are pledged to destroy, is it not in order that they may rebuild on a better basis?"

"That is what they declare, and men like Duchesne descant with passionate eloquence on the wonderful fabric which will rise upon the new foundations. But it is part of the wisdom of experience to distrust untried theories."

"Exactly," she said sarcastically. "That has always been the wisdom of experience—to endeavor as far as possible to retard human progress. But if there had not been people in all ages to listen to and believe in some untried theories we should still be dwelling in caves, most likely."

"Then we should not be tormented with the problems of

modern civilization," replied Egerton; "and that would be a most decided gain."

But it was evident that his view of matters could by no possibility please Miss Bertram. There was an incorrigible lightness about him which provoked her now as ever.

"Yes," she said, "it would no doubt be much pleasanter for those whom chance has elevated to the top of fortune's ladder, if those below would only be quiet, take their few crumbs of daily food, live in penury, die in misery, and make no clamor for some better ordering of affairs. But people who think of something besides enjoying life are willing to bear their share of the burden of modern perplexity, if out of all the upheaval and revolt a juster social state may be evolved."

The old note of scorn was in her voice, but for once Egerton did not heed it. He was thinking more of the eloquent expression of her face, of the light in her fine eyes.

"I see," he said, "that you are deeply imbued with the social theories of the time. But, though you talk of perplexity, you seem to have scant sympathy with it. You are apparently unable to realize that one may stand in doubt amid this strife of ideas, this war of contradictions."

"No," she answered, "I am not unable to realize a state of doubt, for it is very much my own; but I confess that I cannot understand an attitude of indifference in the face of a strife on which so much depends."

"I am not indifferent," he said. "Just as one may have a heart without wearing it on one's sleeve for daws to peck at, so one may feel the need for some anchor for one's thought, some end for one's life, without proclaiming such a need all the time in tragic accents."

She looked at him for an instant before replying, and then she said: "I realize that also. But it seems to me that one ought to be able to find such an end."

"Perhaps one ought," he said. "Probably it is my fault as well as my misfortune that I have not found it. But, at least, I am endeavoring to do so. And you hardly need for me to tell you that in these days the matter is not easy, for all old standards are losing or have lost their value, and everything which we have taken on faith is being questioned, analyzed, and flung aside. But this grows too egotistical. Pray forgive me; let us talk of something less serious."

"Do you remember what I said to you last night?" she asked, with a slight smile. "I said that I should be glad to hear

something besides social platitudes. You have given me something else, and I am obliged to you—as much obliged as for the flowers, for which I have not yet thanked you.”

“I wish I had been fortunate enough to send you some yellow roses,” said Egerton, looking at those which she wore.

“Oh! I like the others best,” she answered carelessly. “It is only by an accident, or rather by the necessity of harmony in toilette, that I am wearing these to-day.”

Yet they seemed made for her, Egerton thought, their fragrant splendor matching her fair, stately beauty and the rich dress of black and gold, in which she looked like a figure stepped from one of Titian's pictures. Other visitors coming in just then, he took his leave a few minutes later. But he seemed to carry the fragrance of the roses with him—a fragrance which by contrast recalled that of the violets that had filled Armine's *salon* with their sweet, subtle odor the night before—and seemed to set beside the woman he had left the slender figure, the delicate, sensitive face and soft, dark eyes of the Socialist's daughter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A VISIT TO THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.*

LACORDAIRE somewhere speaks of those Catholics without the fold to whom the author of the singularly interesting memoir of a visit to the Russian Church here in question most certainly belonged. It would form an interesting study to compare various types of minds, and to show how some, seemingly of themselves, belong to the church without even knowing her, whereas others who are outwardly hers never, by some mental defect, grasp the soul-filling idea of a visible church upon earth. Sixteen years before Mr. Palmer renounced heresy he was seeking in vain for the realization of the vision which faith had revealed to him. More Catholic in England than his creed, or rather Catholic in spite of it, he was comparatively far more orthodox than the Orthodox Church at St. Petersburg. His book will throw a strong light upon that troublesome corner whose uncertain shelter is suggested by friends at home to doubting Ang-

* *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1839, 1840.* By the late William Palmer, M.A. Selected and arranged by Cardinal Newman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

licans. It will offer a timely and effective stumbling-block in the way of English converts to the Eastern Church, and destroy the prestige which our countrymen, in their ignorance of the state of the case, have so willingly vouchsafed to this erring communion.

Mr. William Palmer was born on July 11, 1811. He was the eldest son of the Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer, rector of Mixbury, Oxon., and his brothers are the Earl of Selborne—the present lord-chancellor—the Rev. George Horsley Palmer, and Archdeacon Palmer of Oxford. Of his sisters only one now survives, Miss Emily Palmer, who has given up her life to good works in an Anglican sisterhood. It will be seen that his family life was necessarily full of Church-of-England traditions. His father may perhaps be described as one who, born and bred in the Anglican Establishment, transferred to it by some wonderful alchemy of mind the reverence which a Catholic gives to the church. This was expressed by him in an answer which he once made to his eldest son, who inquired of him: “Do you consider the English Church to be the Catholic Church?” He replied, “We ought to act towards her as if she were.” If we suppose this answer carried out consistently through the actions of a long life in the rule of a parish, in the services of his church, in the discipline of family life, we have the atmosphere in which William Palmer was brought up, and the training from which he went to claim admission as a Catholic to the Russian Church. To men such as old Mr. Palmer the English Establishment owes a debt of gratitude, for they have been her element of life. The outcome of Tractarianism has been a great movement towards the church; Ritualism is too illogical for the mass, but the Protestant mind clothed in a Catholic overcoat not too sweet with incense is the very thing to prolong her existence.

Two of the rector of Mixbury's sons are Anglican clergymen; another by his own ability is occupying the first position of a subject of the English crown; and William, too, was to strike out a path and to achieve an eminence of his own. It may truly be said that the world was to him a mirror in which he read the thoughts of eternity. He used this life as a halting-place to a better country, and those questions most interested him which involved the highest teaching of Christian dogma. As his Eminence Cardinal Newman remarks in the preface, which some may view as the most attractive portion of the book, he hid beneath an almost “formal exterior” a wealth of tenderness and affection. At the age of twenty-eight this outwardly grave and stern young Englishman undertook the journey to St. Petersburg

with a deep and settled purpose : that of seeing for himself what were the chances of a union between the Russian and Anglican churches, and of claiming his right to be admitted to communion in what he considered a sister church. Whilst impressed with the solemnity of the Greek rites, his mind was not set at rest as to the great question. We have seen how his father answered his inquiry respecting the church. He met with much the same sort of logic at St. Petersburg, where the statement, "We are the Orthodox Church," covered a certain flaw in the title-deeds, and he fought many hard battles for the precious title of Catholic which is freely bestowed by the Easterns upon the Westerns.

His English communion, however, carefully abstained from giving him any document which might have led to his journey being viewed as in any way official. Armed, therefore, with a somewhat curious letter, beginning "To all faithful believers in Christ," from the president of his college, Dr. Routh, he proceeded to the Russian capital, and arrived there in August, 1839. He was a sincere advocate of the branch theory—that is, he thought the Catholic Church ran out into three principal communions, the Latin, the Anglican, and the Eastern, and he gave to each communion the privilege of being orthodox only in its own territory. Thus he considered that an Eastern in London would be bound to attend the services of the Anglican Church, and an Anglican at St. Petersburg those of the Russian, under pain of schism. This makes Christianity geographical, but it is a common and favorite error. He nowhere states the sum total of his impressions. The reader, however, draws a very clear conclusion from what he has recorded. That Eastern Church, which he studied with so much good faith, is in truth a branch, a dead one, cut off from the tree of unity, with every sign of decadence in spite of the gift of orders and the sacramental system as far as it can exist with defect of jurisdiction.

One of Mr. Palmer's difficulties at St. Petersburg was to explain his own position. He clung to the assertion that he belonged to the Catholic and apostolic religion, whereas in the face of this claim a Scotch banker had described him to an inquiring Russian as "a member of some new sect," and Count Nesselrode had said, "The Anglican Church is just like the rest, simply Protestant and heretical. I must know, for I am an Anglican myself." Curiously enough, Mr. Palmer argues quite as a Catholic in pleading the unity of the one church. There are many striking instances of this all through the book, whether his polemical

powers were directed to high-born Russian ladies or dignitaries of the Russian Church. A simple Catholic child would have satisfied the learned man as to the one point at issue, which neither metropolitan nor princess could solve for him. "In the Creed," as he one day observed to the metropolitan, "we declare that the church is one, and we believe in the unity of the church." Like our friends nearer home, the bishop replied: "It *ought* to be one, but it is *not*." Again, Mr. Palmer having one day solemnly stated at a friend's house that "I am a Christian, and my church not Greco-Russ, but Catholic and Apostolic," a Russian pope drew the instructive conclusion that "he is, then, a Catholic and under the pope."

All, indeed, the reproaches which Protestants cast in the teeth of the Catholic Church are merited by the Russian communion. Faith is there to a great extent bigotry and superstition; the fundamental knowledge and love of our Lord are wanting amongst the peasantry, who consequently give an excessive *culte* to their *icons* and attach themselves to the outward forms of religion. The illiterate make the service of God to consist in exterior observances, and are as stern as their communion in admitting no power of dispensation. Mr. Palmer tells a story of a peasant who, seeing a foreigner eat flesh-meat on a fast-day, gazed at him for a few minutes in sheer astonishment, and then struck him dead. The higher orders are fast losing the idea of the church, and are allowing a pernicious spirit of liberalism to destroy what Catholic life they have. The great thing, as Mr. Palmer was often told, seemed to be to them to "seek Christ." Whoever did this was in the right way. But no such unbiblical Christianity imposed upon him. "Truth lies not in opinion," was the great thesis with which he met their arguments.

But if this book reveals the Russian Church to be just what Protestants make the Catholic, there is a point of great sympathy between the two denominations. They both accuse the Latins of intolerance and extol, falsely, their own charity. Here again Mr. Palmer administered a lesson of sound doctrine. To possess the truth and not to communicate it, to be rather in a state of total indifference as to those outside, was not charity, but cruelty, and suicidal to the interests of the church. It is, in fact, a condition which betrays the want of the truth, and makes it a matter of opinion or private judgment.

It would be well to draw from these memoirs a clear view of the Russian Church, and to see it through Mr. Palmer's eyes.

With all his Catholic tendencies he was attracted by whatever of beauty he found in a communion wanting in the marks of the church, but still many degrees higher in the religious scale than the Anglican Establishment. As he owned many years later to an intimate friend, a nameless feeling kept him from going to Rome before he had weighed all other systems in the balance. Thus, at a personal disadvantage, he may possibly have worked the salvation of many. He broke up the ground for future doubters, and clearly proved its quality and the nature of the soil.

The Czar Peter, improving on the work of his father the Czar Alexis Michaelovich, who deposed the great Patriarch Nikon, champion and representative of the church's original freedom in Russia, suspended the appointment of a patriarch for twenty years, and then turned the patriarchate itself into a board which he called the Holy Synod. He established by *oukas* this board (1721), on which he conferred from his own person jurisdiction over the Russian Church, composing it of five permanent members—the three metropolitans of Novgorod and St. Petersburg, of Moscow, and of Kief, and two archbishops, the emperor's confessor and the high almoner of the army and fleet. Three more members, chosen from among the other bishops, are elected for two or three years. The rite of coronation, as it is now exercised, gives a strange prominence to the czar, who does not receive his crown, but crowns himself, and is only assisted ministerially by the representatives of the spiritual power. The great champion of the independence of the Russian Church was the Patriarch Nikon, who lived under the Czar Alexis, and who described the state supremacy as “an apostasy even from Christianity itself, vitiating the whole body of the Russian Church.”

Mr. Palmer draws a remarkable contrast between four Russian bishops who have received the honors equivalent to our process of canonization, and this great man, whose reward for defending the spiritual independence against the secular ruler was fifteen years' imprisonment, degradation, and an obscure end. The parallel case is seen in the church during life, but never, we think, after death. “Because I have loved justice and hated iniquity,” said one of the foremost of the popes, “therefore I die in exile”—but all generations call him blessed as St. Gregory VII., restorer of the liberties of the church. Possibly the life-long devotion of Mr. Palmer to Nikon dated from that visit when, as still an Anglican, he knelt to kiss the damp tomb

in the grounds of the New Jerusalem Monastery, esteeming it a privilege. Long years afterwards, when he had reached the perfection of that principle for which Nikon had contended in a false system, he set himself with an unstimulated zeal to compile a voluminous biography of the schismatic patriarch, and himself died before he had completed his labor of love. Of the four Russian bishops who were canonized by the veneration of the people he says that their virtues were "inoffensive, or rather useful," as seeming to "give a sort of respectability to the uncanonical innovations in which they had acquiesced." One of the extraordinary anomalies offered by the Russian Church is certainly the secular character of the *Ober-Prokuror* of the Holy Synod. During Mr. Palmer's visit this post was occupied by a certain Count Pratasoff, with whom he had many dogmatical conversations. A poor monk in the bitterness of his soul exposed the evil in plaintive words to Mr. Palmer: "What we want is a patriarch. As it is now, Pratasoff is our patriarch, though a soldier, as he represents the emperor. He goes to balls and theatres, dances well, and is '*un très galant homme—mais.*'" This *mais* says as much as a full statement concerning the duties of a patriarch. There is no argument either in Scripture or history which favors Peter the Great's scheme of an emperor, as such, governing the church with a despot's rule, aided and abetted by the imperial machinery of a so-called Holy Synod.

Another sign of decadence is noticeable in the clergy. It is no longer St. Peter's net taking fishes both large and small. In Russia only the flounders swell it; that which should be viewed as the highest honor has come to be the almost exclusive inheritance of peasants. Russian priests form a caste. They visit the merchant class, but never mix with the nobility, and, except when actually officiating, meet with meagre respect. Enforced marriage, according to M. Mouravieff, whom Mr. Palmer quotes, is the scourge of their church, and this may possibly account for their low grade in society. Poverty is not romantic. There is a halo about an unmarried priest of small means who has renounced this world's affections for the love of God and gives himself up entirely to the service of the altar, but the danger of a needy married clergy is that all the superfluous energy will be expended on making the two ends meet, and that there will be no room for the ideal. So when Mr. Palmer expressed a wish to take up his abode with a priest he was dissuaded on the ground that he would find it utterly impossible. We doubt, indeed, if any one but he himself would have lived through those

four months at the priest Fortunatoff's house. He has chronicled the dirt without complaint, though to him it must have been torture. Discomfort and bad food he viewed as quite secondary matters. His account of his bed and the first night he spent in it are worthy of note: "My room is about ten feet square. A long chest between two and three feet high, lengthened out by a chair, is the bedstead; on this is a straw mattress, one very narrow sheet, and a light counterpane; my carpet-bag serves for a pillow, and the scarceness of bed-clothes is remedied by my wadded cloak. . . . The first night I slept not a wink; when I confessed this to the priest he said, 'I guess what it is,' and, taking a lighted tallow candle, he examined the crevices and corners of the room, and found long clusters of the vermin wedged in and hanging together like bees in a hive. They frizzled and fell into the candle and almost put it out. This clearance is no doubt much, but still my nights are bad enough."

Whilst becoming familiarized with the inside of the Russian Church, Mr. Palmer was gaining absolutely nothing as to the original end he had had in going to St. Petersburg. The Russians he conversed with paid an involuntary homage to the Latins by calling them Catholics, but their mind as to Anglicanism was that it had been an "apostasy from an apostasy." The contrast between the Anglican and the Russian churches which is brought out in these memoirs is very marked. It is a difference not of degree but of kind. The Russian, as forming part of Eastern Christendom and springing from what once was orthodox, has retained true orders, though without jurisdiction. The Anglican, as a church system, is a sham from first to last. Its beginning was a revolt from the head of the church; neither did its founders break with St. Peter's See for a point of doctrine, as the Greeks had done. First obedience to the Roman pontiff was relinquished for a royal lust, and later on the issue of that fatal passion consummated the destruction of Catholic dogmas. Priesthood and sacraments were swept away that the daughter of Anne Boleyn might reign.

After the first angry burst of passion which ushered in the Anglican schism had burnt itself out, it was necessary to make a pretence at some kind of religion. The Thirty-nine Articles were framed, and never did a creed in any part of the world flourish for so long on so much negation. Mr. Palmer took with him to St. Petersburg a copy of these Articles and a written commentary on them by himself. One point in particular seems to have attracted the attention of the Russian authorities, who read

both—*consubstantiation* opposed to *transubstantiation*. After a while, as if the matter were not quite clear to them, they ended by saying that “on the whole they sided with Rome.” Mr. Palmer, whose mind in its precision was very different from that of his communion, explained to them how he understood the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist as the “spiritual body of our Lord, and that he believed the natural substances of bread and wine to remain after the consecration”; but all that he got from the archpriest was, “Your doctrine is a terrible heresy.” The one point about which he displayed not a theoretical but a practical confusion was the unity of the church throughout the world as opposed to that geographical Christianity of which we have already spoken. He honestly thought that in Russia it was his bounden duty to conform to the Oriental Church, and once when the archpriest invited him to attend the English services at St. Petersburg he answered with perfect naïveté: “How can the Church of England be in your diocese? . . . There cannot be *de jure* two confessions or two bishops in one place.” This is the inevitable inconsequence of the illogical branch theory, and in the end that communion alone answers the demands of honest men which declares itself to be the only ark of salvation. The Russians do not work this out; for whilst theoretically admitting the great divisions of Eastern and Western Christianity, they were fairly surprised at Mr. Palmer’s ingenuous system for getting the better of a bad cause. He recounts two visits to the Metropolitan Philaret of Moscow, in one of which he informed the bishop that his church had excommunicated the “Romanists” in England and Ireland, Greece and Russia, as “schismatics.” “That is what I cannot in the least understand,” replied the metropolitan; “they are all the same with the Latins of the Continent. Communion depends on unity of belief. If they are fit to be communicated with abroad they ought to be one with you at home; if they are to be excommunicated at home they are to be excommunicated everywhere.” As Mr. Palmer states at the outset, the Archbishop of Canterbury had objected to put his signature to Dr. Routh’s letter, and his laudable endeavor to be admitted to Russian communion carried with it no episcopal sanction formally expressed. This was ferreted out by the metropolitan and the Holy Synod’s secular *Ober-Prokurator*, Count Pratasoff. “Ils ne voulaient pas se compromettre,” laughed the latter to the bishop.

This first interview, however, in November, did not bring about a definite answer. It was not till the middle of Janu-

ary that the metropolitan distinctly refused communion to Mr. Palmer. He had been reading the Thirty-nine Articles and Mr. Palmer's Latin dissertation on them, and without going so far as the first authorities at Constantinople, who pronounced them to be "*thirty-nine heresies*," his sober reflection was that "there are in them many erroneous propositions such as could not be allowed by us." And he added: "You are the excellent defender of a bad cause." It is impossible to say what might have been the effect on the dogmatical atmosphere of St. Petersburg of a dozen such minds as Mr. Palmer's. Though the Russian Church is a respectable body in some particulars, as compared to the Anglican, its vagueness and want of clear definition often rendered argument with a keen controversialist painful if not impossible. The instinct of all heretical bodies is a mysterious darkness, a dim twilight, in which only faint outlines can be distinguished. To be imperiously called upon to point out all at once and to describe each object is seriously aggravating, and it is much to the credit both of Mr. Palmer and his Russian divines that they parted good friends. Who knows whether a prolonged battery from his arsenal might not have called forth a special sitting of the Holy Synod, and special canons to meet the inconvenience of such cases as his?

The significant words of one of the Serghiefsky monks to Mr. Palmer deserve to be pondered. "There is a fair outside," he said; "we have preserved all the rites and ceremonies and the creed of the early church. But it is a dead body; there is little life." The primary cause of this numbness is, of course, the separation from the seat and centre of life, and even they who dispute the cause will be obliged, in perusing this work, to admit the effects. A want of development runs through and pervades every department of the Russian religion. It is now what the church herself was at the time of the Greek schism, save that as years roll on it loses more and more of that vivifying Catholic life and spirit which it can no longer draw from the proper source. Were we to compare the church in St. Gregory VII.'s time with the actual church in Russia, we should probably find a great resemblance in the broad outlines; yet how often did that great pontiff groan over the degeneration of Christians! Men so lived then that they merely satisfied the church's precept of yearly confession and communion, and managed at the utmost to keep off numbness instead of warming the marrow of their lives by the fire of the sacraments. Yet outwardly there was more rigor, and what may strike any student of the eleventh century is

the depth of its crimes and the height of its penance. During nineteen centuries of unwearied teaching the church has given increasing precision and drawing-out to the doctrines which were committed to her care; and, as opposed to former ages when dispensations were seldomer granted and public penances were more frequent, the leaning of these her latter times has been one of charity and love as typified in the devotion to the Sacred Heart. As St. John wrote: "He said many things which are not written in this book." These he committed to the church, whose natural and human growth would be directed by his Spirit. To be indeed, as some heretics fondly crave, entirely like the primitive church would be an unlivable state of things. We should have services, as in Russia, of a length incompatible with the exigencies of modern life, and the result would be, as there, that the mass of the people would not go. The fasting would be so rigorous that modern constitutions could not stand it, and the difficulty would produce, not fervor, but discouragement and a reaction in the wrong sense against penance in general. That most sweet and consoling doctrine of the communion of saints would be distorted; for without the more intimate knowledge of our Lord which the church has brought about through various ages to her members by successive definitions, the illiterate people might be in great danger of giving undue preponderance to the *culte* of creatures as nearer their own level. In truth, the Russian who is about to commit a crime first covers his *icon* and then sets fearlessly to work, and in so doing he draws contempt upon the whole doctrine of the invocation of saints. Without the active principle of life, the Russian Church presents on the one hand a distorted picture of what the church really was at the time of the Greek schism in 1050, and on the other a striking example of the necessity of development and definition. They have no systematic theology of their own, but borrow from Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists. The result is a wide-spreading spirit of liberalism amongst the clergy and a proportionately feeble inclination to convert the rest of the world to their views. This indifference announces an advanced stage of decadence, and is a contrast to the proselytizing zeal of Protestant dissenters. "In Russia," Mr. Palmer said in conversation with Princess Dolgorouky, "I have not met with a single person who has shown solicitude to bring me to the orthodox communion for the salvation of my soul."

The Russian discipline with regard to the sacraments is still

that of the eleventh century. Mr. Palmer's friends have told him and us how it answers. The system of yearly confession and communion tends to increase all existing evils, to strengthen the clergy caste, to open the last barrier to the strong current of liberalism which is blowing from within and from without, to give undue proportions to *icon* worship whilst the presence of the Blessed Sacrament is shut off by the closed Holy Doors. In a word, the weak vitality of the Russian rests upon excrescences of faith or corruptions as opposed to proper developments. The letter is there, but the spirit has long since departed.

In 1855 Mr. Palmer, who had tested all systems and found them wanting, was received into the Catholic Church in Rome; it was in the same Eternal City that he breathed his last on April 5, 1879, and there he lies in the new cemetery by San Lorenzo fuori le Mura. He left unfinished his cherished work on the Patriarch Nikon, but in God's eyes he had done his appointed task, and, if we are not mistaken, his *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church* will be to him, amongst generations of English-speaking Catholics, the heathen poet's *non omnis moriar*. The pagan craves for himself an immortal personality, but the Christian ideal is our Lord and his work upon earth. To add a stone to that great edifice and then to rest under its shadow is highest joy. Whilst the body is lying in its tomb the hand still writes on, speaking to men either the testimony of truth or falsehood. Of William Palmer it may be said that from beyond the grave he is witnessing to the divine beauty and unity of the Catholic Church as it was given to him to see it in the undefiled strength of an upright conscience.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS.*

It seems strange to a reflective mind that so much should be known of the science and so great an interest taken in the arts of the middle ages, whilst the lives of many of the greatest artists and scientists should be allowed to remain in obscurity. The life of a holy man, says a writer of our own day, is the grandest structure, the loveliest statue, the most expressive and brilliant picture that can be formed, the most perfect poem that can be sung in honor of the Most High. What wonder, then, that the Christian scholar loves to linger long over the ruins (for such we may well call the scanty details left us by time) of those venerable servants of God who during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries enlightened the world by their knowledge and virtue? Simultaneous with those grand, majestic piles raised to the honor of the Almighty in the many Christian centres of the thirteenth century, there arose those grander temples, the living tabernacles of the living God. St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Bonaventure, Marco Polo, Roger Bacon, and Albertus Magnus all displayed in their various spheres the wondrous works of God; and as the high cathedral spires towered over the hundreds of lesser surrounding edifices, so did the learning, and piety, and genius of these giants of Christianity surpass the virtues and accomplishments of their contemporaries. Such especially was Albertus Magnus in regard to the extent and development of his wonderful science. To use the expression of an ancient biographer, "he surpassed all from the shoulder upwards, as Saul of old surpassed all the warriors of Israel." In the divers paths of mediæval research we constantly meet with Albert the Great. Legend, history, architecture, all vie with each other in repeating his glorious name. And yet, although he was the greatest scholar of mediæval times, his merits are unhappily too little known and still less appreciated by philosophers, theologians, and historians of our time.

Albert was born at Lauingen about 1193. Of his childhood but little is known; all that is told us is that "he was carefully educated from his earliest years. He was taught the commandments of God and the principles of science." Another writer

* *Albert the Great, of the Order of Friars Preachers: His Life and Scholastic Labors*, Translated from the French by the Rev. T. A. Dixon, O.P.

tells us that at school "he soon gave sure signs of what he would one day become. Instead of yielding to the frivolous amusements of the companions of his age he delighted to visit the churches and to chant the hymns and psalms with the clerks." When the days of his childhood had passed, and the gay world of youth was opened out before him, he quickly allowed his ingenuous soul to be captivated by the brilliant charms of science. The cap of the student or the buckler of the warrior was to be selected as his portion for life. He could not hesitate between the peaceful and noble study of the sciences and the tumultuous din of war, with the too frequently unjust and disastrous triumphs of the warrior. Hence he was sent from Germany to Padua, whose rising university at that time, and for centuries after, rejoiced in the possession of the most accomplished masters of the liberal arts. Here it was that he laid the foundation of that vast knowledge which was so shortly to astound the world, and whose principles, developed as he knew how to develop them, drew upon him the odium attached to those who participate in the black arts. It is at this period of his life also that the legend of the "Vision" is placed, which, although not authenticated fully, is too charming to be passed by in silence. It represents Albert as being uncommonly dull. All that which he learned in the evening was forgotten on the following morning. What he believed he understood soon became impenetrable darkness. He asked for light by prayer, but his prayers seemed unanswered. Then in anguish of spirit he resolved to bid farewell to study and to return to his native town. On the evening on which he was to put his resolution into effect, as he was about to leave, his chamber was suddenly illumined with an extraordinary light, and three virgins of celestial beauty, Our Blessed Lady, St. Barbara, and St. Catherine, appeared to him. One of them asked the cause of his discouragement; he answered that it was the dulness of his intellect. The saint then consoled him and bade him ask of his mistress what he desired. Filled with happiness, Albert approached the Queen of Heaven, and, falling on his knees, besought her to bestow on him a vast knowledge of human wisdom. Our Lady then said to him: "Be it done to thee according to thy wish. Thy progress shall be so extraordinary that thou shalt not have any equal in philosophy. I will protect thee always and will not suffer thee to perish by straying from the true faith when surrounded by the snares of sophists. But, that you may know that it is to my bounty and not to the exertion of your own mind that you are indebted for

this immense knowledge, you shall be completely stripped of it before your death."

It is supposed that, after having completed all his minor studies, he devoted ten years to the study of philosophy in Padua. Although this may to us seem an unreasonably long time to devote to one special branch of science, yet in that age it was not deemed too much, nor was it an unusual thing. Hence Albert remained a student of art and philosophy in Padua until he had attained his thirtieth year. But all this scientific study in no way caused him to be unmindful of the religious needs of his soul. Besides being a scientist, he was a saint. "In the midst of the tumultuous and oftentimes debauched life of the young men of the city," says his historian, "he reflected seriously on his last end." He frequently visited the churches and had constant intercourse with the holy men of Padua.

The time had now come for him to determine upon a state of life. Yet it seemed impossible for him to decide so momentous a question. It became the source of much anxious thought and mental suffering. In his difficulty he turned to God and with tears besought him to make known his true vocation. One day, whilst in his favorite church of the Friars Preachers and kneeling before the shrine of Our Lady, it is related that she, through her statue, addressed him in these words: "Albert, my son! leave the world and enter the order of Friars Preachers, whose foundation I obtained from my Divine Son for the salvation of the world. You shall apply yourself to the sciences, according to the Rule; and God will fill you with such wisdom that the whole church shall be illumined by your learned books." He immediately decided to become a religious. But the project was hard to be realized. Insurmountable difficulties rose up before him. His uncle, under whose care he had been placed when he first went to Padua, was far from pleased with his resolution. He forbade him all intercourse with the Dominican friars, and exacted of him a promise that he would not carry out his design till after the expiration of a fixed time. Shortly after the term of his probation had ended the famous Jordan of Saxony arrived at Padua. Crowds flocked to the church to hear the eloquent Dominican. Among the audience was Albert, who listened spell-bound as the holy orator portrayed in glowing colors the happiness of the cloistered life. No sooner was the sermon completed than Albert sped to the door of the convent, and, casting himself on his knees before Friar Jordan, exclaimed, "Father, you have read my heart," and with tears begged to be

received into the order. Jordan most willingly accepted Albert and gave him the Dominican habit in 1223. That he might prosecute his theological studies and acquire sacred science, the young novice was sent by his superiors to Bologna. As might be expected, he soon surpassed his fellow-disciples, although there were gathered together in that Dominican convent the brightest intellects of central and southern Europe. Whatever embraced the circle of knowledge was laid open to his intelligence; the thickest darkness quickly disappeared before his keen perception. Here it was that he gathered the strength necessary for the gigantic literary undertaking which has immortalized him—the Christianizing pagan philosophy.

Already were his talents recognized. He was sent by his superiors to lecture at Cologne. From this place he was bidden travel through the various German seats of learning, found houses of his order, lecture upon the Holy Scriptures, and explain the "*Sentences* of the Lombard." Besides this he developed his new system of philosophy, by which he brought the various pagan authors to testify to the truth of Christianity. After the explanation of the Holy Scriptures his mind seemed to know no pleasure so great as the development of the philosophy of Aristotle. Thus during ten years he travelled from end to end of Germany, in order to establish by his teaching new homes of science destined to inflame souls and to conquer hearts to the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ. In 1243 he was recalled to Cologne to undertake the direction of the school already flourishing there. It is here that God brings to him a disciple worthy of him, and who was afterward to excel him in the domain of science and theology. We must remember that men, not youths, were his pupils, and gathered at Albert's feet now were men who ever after plumed themselves on having been his disciples when they themselves became shining lights of the church. One there was, his dear disciple, who by the depth of his genius, the breadth of his knowledge, the number of his works, and the holiness of his life has ever since been regarded as the ideal of the doctor and the sage of the church. Had Albert done nothing else during his many years as master than prepare so grand a character as Thomas of Aquin, he certainly would have been entitled to the reverence and love of after-times. "Thomas," says an ancient writer, "hastened to Cologne with the ardor of a thirsty stag which runs to a fountain of pure water, there to receive from the hand of Albert the cup of pure wisdom which gives life, and to slake therein the

burning thirst that consumed him." So closely are the two lives twined for years that we feel we would do an injustice did we pass on without saying something of Thomas. At first at Cologne he was looked upon as rather stupid. His companions doubted much if he would be able to follow the lectures of the great master Albert. They went so far as to style him the great ox. But one day a manuscript exposition of the *De divinis Nominibus*—Of the Divine Names—written by the young Thomas for the benefit of a companion, chanced to fall into the hands of Albert. The great man was much pleased with the work and sought out the author. Keen-sighted and well able to read character, Albert had already noticed the wonderful talents of Thomas. He bade him prepare for a public disputation, and announced that he himself would be the disputant. Thomas answered every objection with great skill and cleverness, till at last Albert, no longer able to restrain his admiration, cried out: "You call this young man a dumb ox; but I declare to you that so loud will be his bellowing in doctrine that it will resound throughout the world." From that moment Albert felt himself bound to cultivate with the greatest care this precious plant confided to him by his superiors. He procured him a cell near his own, allowed him to share the result of his own laborious researches, made him the companion of his walks, and afterwards confided the duties of the lectorate to him when absent himself.

In 1245 Albert was sent by his superiors to found a chair of their order in Paris, and Thomas accompanied him to continue under the great master his theological studies. Here it is that one of the most glorious periods of Albert's scholastic career opens to our view. He began the explanation of the *Sentences*. Among the disciples gathered around his chair were princes, bishops, counts, priests, rich and poor, religious and seculars. So great was the crowd which came to listen to him that no hall could be found of suitable size to accommodate the multitude, so that frequently he was obliged to lecture in the open air.

In the autumn of 1248, at the command of his religious superior, he again set out for Cologne to lecture in that city and establish the famous Dominican school which one hundred and forty years afterward was to become the far-famed University of Cologne. Thomas was again his companion in travel and his pupil after their arrival at the convent. Albert had scarce reappeared, his name had hardly resounded through the Rhen-

ish provinces, when multitudes of students flocked from every country around his chair. The principal work to which he felt himself called was, besides teaching, writing. It is in this capacity, especially as a philosophical writer, that he truly merits a glory which has scarce yet been given him. It is on this rock of science his greatness as an educator of the human race rests. And it was precisely during the years of his professorship at Paris and Cologne that he prepared the most important of his works on these matters. However, says his biographer, "we must observe that all these writings of Albert on philosophical subjects are not entirely his own compositions. They are, on the contrary, for the most part paraphrases—that is to say, enlarged translations—of the writings of Aristotle. Albert completed, corrected, and Christianized this philosophy."

During the first residence of St. Thomas of Aquin at Cologne, Albert explained the books attributed at that time to St. Denis the Areopagite. There is an ancient tradition connected with this explanation which, even though legendary in its character, still abounds in interesting detail. It is related by Rudolph and Peter of Prussia, his two admiring biographers, and we simply give it as we get it:

"When," says Rudolph, "the master was expounding the works of Denis, and had completed the book on the Divine Hierarchy, his courage failed him at the sight of the difficulties which the rest of the work contained. He resolved, like St. Jerome with the book of Daniel, to put aside the work and leave it unfinished, when the faithful Master, who permits not the laborers of his vineyard to be tried beyond their strength, sent to him in sleep the Apostle St. Paul, who encouraged him to renewed ardor. The visit is thus detailed: A religious, renowned for his learning and great virtues—probably St. Thomas of Aquin—one day found a document in Albert's handwriting in which the following occurred: 'When I had completed with much toil the book on the Celestial Hierarchy I began to explain the hierarchy of the church. I got through the first chapter, on the Sacrament of Baptism, without much difficulty. But when I entered on the second my courage failed me and I despaired of being able to continue it, when after Matins I had a vision. I found myself in a church in which St. Paul was celebrating Mass. Consoled beyond measure, I hoped he would enlighten me concerning my task. When the apostle had said the "Agnus Dei" a multitude of people entered the church. The apostle calmly saluted them and inquired what they wished. "Behold," they exclaimed, "we have brought to you one possessed of a devil, whom we beseech you to cure." Having cast out Satan, St. Paul gave Holy Communion to this man. At the ablution of the fingers I offered my services, and with fear said: "Sir, I have long wished to be instructed in the mysterious subjects contained in the book of St. Denis, but especially on the grace of true sanctity." He answered me with much kindness of manner;

'Come with me after Mass to the house of the priest Aaron, which is on the other side of the river.' After Mass I followed him. When we reached the banks of the river he passed over without difficulty. But it was otherwise with me, for I had scarce touched the water when it began to rise to such a degree as to render the passage impossible. The apostle entered the house of Aaron, and, while anxious as to how I should follow him, I suddenly woke. On reflection I discovered the meaning of this dream. The first chapter, explained by me, treats of the expulsion of Satan from the body of man by baptism, then his participation in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. The following chapter leads him who receives the Holy Unction to the house of Aaron, for it treats of the chrism with which bishops are consecrated. The deep waters increasing so suddenly arrested my pen; but the apostle, through God's grace, rendered the passage easy to me. I then commenced to write again, and accomplished with God's help what to my feebleness appeared impossible.'"

Albert possessed a wonderful knowledge of chemistry, natural philosophy, and medicine. His spare time, when freed from the onerous duties of lecturer, was taken up with experiments in these sciences. So well did he succeed in these things, and such marvellous results did he often obtain, that the common people feared him, and even among the learned it was bruited abroad that he was in secret collusion with the dark powers. He studied the nature of the many diseases to which mankind is heir, and in consequence was often able to effect cures when the physician's art had failed. This was ascribed to his power of magic, and many of the simple people looked upon him with terror. Even the brothers of the convent feared to enter his dread workshop, and crossed themselves devoutly when obliged to enter within its mysterious precincts. History is full of legends about his wonderful power in mechanics, and represents him to us as not only surprising the lowlier classes, but as astounding the educated by his contrivances. Even Thomas of Aquin is related to have been terror-stricken by what he saw within the hidden sanctuary of his master. It is said that one day Thomas, whose curiosity led him to observe his master's work, profited by his absence to examine the interior of his laboratory. With a beating heart he entered. Strange animals which he had never before seen, instruments artistically made, vessels of most curious shape, were there exposed. Thomas' astonishment increased in proportion as he looked around. Something drew him towards the corner of the room. A scarlet curtain, reaching in long and close folds to the ground, seemed to him to conceal an object. He approached, and, timidly drawing aside the curtain, found himself face to face with a beautiful maiden. He wished to fly,

but felt himself detained by magical force, and was compelled in spite of himself to gaze on the enchanting figure of a young girl. The more he gazed, the more it shone before his eyes, the greater became his confusion. But this was not all. The strange form addressed to him the triple salutation: "Salve, salve, salve." Frightened beyond measure, Thomas imagined that the prince of hell was sporting with him. In the fear and uneasiness that possessed him he strove to defend himself as best he could against the tempter. He seized a stick which was near him, and exclaiming, "Begone, Satan!" struck the imaginary demon repeated blows, till the automaton (for it was nothing else) broke in pieces. Then, seized with terror, he turned to fly from the room, when he was met at the door by Albert. The master, seeing what had happened in his absence, and that the fruit of his long application was annihilated, cried aloud in grief: "O Thomas, Thomas! what have you done? In one instant you have destroyed the labor of thirty years!" It would appear that Albert had made an automaton capable of pronouncing certain phrases and of walking across a room whilst sweeping it. This was the demon which terrified Thomas and which occupied the thoughts of the inventive Albert. A host of other traditions have been handed down concerning him, many of them even ludicrous, but which fortunately have been denied by his earliest biographers. For instance, he is said to have transported the daughter of the king of France through the air to Cologne. Another states that he rode to Rome on the back of the devil to absolve the pope from some peccadillo into which he had fallen. Another tells us that he traversed the globe with Alexander the Great. Yet from these relics we may well gather the impression which Albert must have left upon his age, since legend, and fable, and poetry all combine to weave an historic garland for him. However, although he excelled in sciences and arts, in metaphysics and philosophy, the grandest claim which he has to our love and veneration comes from the fact that, whilst first in letters, he was also first among his peers in virtue.

After five years spent in blissful activity as professor at Cologne, Albert, in 1254, was appointed provincial of the Dominican Order in Germany. Here, we may say, a new life opened upon him. He was to bid farewell to his dear cell and the silent cultivation of the sciences, and burden himself with the government of a large number of convents and friars. He began by surpassing all others in the rigorous observance of his vows. Although far advanced in years, he made all his visitations on

foot. He never carried money, but as a faithful lover of religious poverty, when necessity obliged him, he begged from door to door the scanty subsistence which he and his companions in travel required. In the convents in which he remained for any length of time he wrote books, and left them at his departure, either to indemnify the brethren for the little which he had eaten or to afford them some share in his vast learning.

It was about this time that the famous dispute between the University of Paris and the religious orders took place. The university men were most anxious to retain their literary prominence before the people, and were unwilling that the monks should have chairs in their institutions. They were jealous of the ascendancy which the religious were obtaining in the arts and letters, and determined to stop it by entering into a close corporation. In 1253 the lay professors of the University of Paris, because of some supposed wrong done to their students, refused longer to lecture. The religious, however, not feeling themselves called upon to make the quarrel their own, continued their lectures. This became the subject of new strife. The art of stifling an enemy with roses was not known in that day, and so the various champions on either side strove by strong invective or bitter sarcasm to overcome their opponents. Each new attack or defence served but to make the war more bitter, till at last the case was brought before St. Louis, King of France. From him the religious appealed to the pontiff, and thus the matter became subject for pontifical decision. At the head of the university men was William of St. Amour, a man of acknowledged genius, but likewise of intense pride. Like many other philosophers, he sinned by endeavoring to prove too much. He began by insisting that it was entirely out of place for a religious bound by a vow of poverty to expect or attempt to lecture in a university. From this untenable position he descended to personalities about those who did lecture; then he went still lower, accused the orders of hypocrisy and heresy, and published a pamphlet denouncing them. This document was quickly copied and scattered throughout France. The war became general, and not a literary centre could be found in southern Europe which had not its advocates and champions of university men and of religious. Seven theologians were sent by the university to the pontifical court to sustain the cause of the laity. Foremost among these was William of St. Amour. For the defence of the orders three religious had set out from various convents, and were journeying towards Anagni, at which place the pontifical court was then

sojourning. Albert headed the list, and was nominated by the pontiff himself. Thomas of Aquin came from Paris, and the learned and saintly Bonaventure made the third. Albert on his arrival immediately procured a copy of William's book and committed it entire to memory. When the trial came off, and the pamphlet of St. Amour was read in the presence of the assembled judges, Albert "rose up and replied to the audacious reproaches of the adversaries with such delicacy of mind, such experience of matters, with an eloquence so animated, that all his auditors were in admiration of his wisdom and blessed God for having sent such a hero to deliver the camp of Israel from the hands of the Philistines." Thomas of Aquin followed, reproducing the arguments of Albert. We need scarcely say that the victory was won for the religious. The pontiff published a bull which condemned the book of William of St. Amour as an execrable calumny and commanded it to be destroyed. A copy of it was publicly burned in the presence of the Holy Father in the church at Anagni, and another met with the same fate in the university at Paris in the presence of King Louis. The lay professors were obliged to take an oath that they would open their corporation to the friars, allow them to lecture with them, and not close their schools again without the permission of the pontiff. Before the assembly quitted Anagni the pontiff called upon Albert to lecture upon the Gospel of St. John. This he did with such suavity and erudition that the judges and assembly confessed "they had never before heard anything like it from the lips of man."

There is a legend, told on the authority of Thomas of Cantimpré, concerning this epoch in the life of Albert. It relates that about two years before this conflict between the religious and the university professors a friar named Gavilus, whilst at prayer in St. Peter's, beheld in ecstasy the church suddenly filled with a large number of serpents, whose frightful hissing alarmed not only those who were in the basilica but the whole city of Rome. The frightened friar soon beheld a man clad in the Dominican habit enter the temple. Whilst viewing this stranger with astonishment he was told that his name was Albert. The reptiles fell impetuously upon Albert, covered him from head to foot, bit him upon all parts of his body, and clung to him, writhing with apparent passion. With boldness and courage Albert shook the serpents from him and ran to the ambo of the church, where he began to read the Gospel of St. John. When he came to the passage, "And the Word was made flesh," the hissing of the reptiles suddenly ceased; they were chased from the church,

peace was restored, and the monk came to himself. Gavilus did not understand this vision, but, speaking about it some time after to a holy recluse of Germany, was told by the latter that the hero of his vision was at that moment only a few leagues distant. The friar hastened to the castle of Ottenheim, where Albert was stopping, recognized him as the one seen in the vision, and repeated it to him. Albert could not explain it. But after his controversy with the university men he understood its meaning. It is given by some authors as a fact, by others as a legend. We will not take it upon ourselves to decide whether it be the one or the other. But, knowing the frequency with which God reveals his mysterious future to his beloved children on earth, we see no solid reason for refusing credence to it and placing it among the recorded facts of the life of Albert.

In the sixty-sixth year of his age Albert was appointed 7 bishop of Ratisbon by the direct command of the pope. He resisted with all the powers of his soul so great a promotion. He alleged his incapacity, his old age, his vows of poverty, and a hundred other excuses. The general of his order, on being apprized of the honor conferred upon him, immediately wrote him a pressing letter exhorting him to retain his humble habit and refuse the mitre. On bended knee, and by the humility of the Most Holy Virgin and of her Divine Son, the superior conjured Albert not to abandon his state of abasement. The superior regarded the reception of dignities as a fault against humility and poverty. But Albert had no need of the exhortations of his superior. He had, before the arrival of this document, requested to be freed from so onerous a position. Yet all in vain. A papal decree from Anagni bade him accept the proffered dignity, and informed him that longer resistance would be rebellion:

"We are interested, as is fitting, with paternal affection in all that concerns this church [of Ratisbon]. Knowing, then, your numerous merits, and having agreed with our brethren the cardinals, we have resolved to place you over this church. For as you have ardently drunk of the pure source of the divine law, and of the salutary waters of science, in such sort that your heart is replete with the fulness thereof and your judgment is sound in all that relates to God, we firmly hope that this church, which is overturned in spiritual matters as well as in temporal, will be healed by you, and that your unceasing efforts will repair all its injuries. We, therefore, command you to obey our will, or rather that of Divine Providence, to submit to our choice, to repair to this diocese and assume its government according to the prudence which the Lord has imparted to you. May you, with God's grace, make constant progress in its reformation!"

Having obtained the permission of his superiors, Albert,

after his ineffectual resistance, set out with great fear and regret for his new see of Ratisbon. He was exempted from his vow of poverty, because as bishop, and consequently temporal prince of the city, the possession of property became a necessity to him. He entered the town in the silence of the night, and betook himself to his beloved convent in which, twenty years previous, he had fulfilled the duties of lecturer. But on the following day, when he took possession of his cathedral church, he received an ovation from the people of the city, who congratulated one another upon the fact that so learned and holy a man had been selected for the position. Albert immediately began his duties. During all his years of episcopacy he conformed his life to the rules of his monastic order. It is said that he traversed his vast diocese on foot, supporting himself only with a modest staff, whilst a beast of burden carried his episcopal robes and books. This will the more excite our admiration when we remember that Albert was now verging on his seventieth year. Moreover, it was in perfect opposition to the customs of the other German bishops of his time, who, as temporal rulers, loved to assemble at the national diets or diocesan synods surrounded by men-at-arms and attended by servants mounted on chargers.

Whilst attending to the multitude of affairs pertaining to his office of bishop, he still found time to write an ample commentary on St. Luke, a work which ancient historians never tire of praising. In it, they say, Albert shows himself a second St. Luke—that is, “a physician who thoroughly knows how to heal souls.” Hochstrat who saw this book in the sixteenth century, declares that it seems to him impossible that a person in the space of one year could have transcribed such a volume, even if he had had no other occupation. It is replete with interesting matter. Among other things the author relates that in St. Luke’s time certain men under assumed names, such as Apelles and Basilides, put forth many errors concerning our Lord; that there was in existence an apocryphal gospel on the infancy of our Saviour, likewise the so-called acts of St. Thomas and St. Matthew, which were filled with absurdities. In the acts of St. Thomas these writers went so far as to affirm that heaven was situated on a high mountain whose summit touched the moon. Albert then relates that our Saviour freed Magdalen from seven devils and cured Martha from a serious illness; that the little child presented to the disciples was named Martial, and that he became in time bishop of Limoges. He tells us also that the seamless garment of our Saviour must have been made by his

Blessed Mother, and that it was made in a manner similar to that in which certain gloves are manufactured to-day. It was also Mary, according to the opinion of the Fathers, who wrapped the loins of her Son with a veil, which she took from her head, when the executioners despoiled the Redeemer of his garment.

In this commentary, too, he states that the severity of his conduct had incited many storms of persecution against him during his episcopacy, which rendered his position almost insupportable to him. His severe remarks on the reformation of morals was a rock of scandal and a constant reproach to many. Calumny raised itself against him. The old story of his connection with evil spirits was dragged forth once more, and his knowledge of the black arts was publicly asserted by those who sought to screen themselves from censure by concentrating public opinion upon the venerable bishop. He resided in a little cottage outside the city walls, and this was explained by his enemies (for, like all good men, he had an abundance of these in the wicked whom he sought to correct), who gave as a reason that he might be freer from publicity in his dealings with the spirits from the other world. But the very position of a German bishop preyed upon his mind and drove peace from his heart. It was so totally opposed to his inclinations, the desires of his heart, and the ideal which he had formed of a representative of Christ, that he felt himself a continual prey to uneasiness and the troubles of conscience. As bishop he was not only pastor of souls, but likewise a temporal ruler. He was expected to hold the crosier with one hand and wield the sword with the other. He found himself, as temporal prince, obliged to take part in festivities, to be present at public gatherings, and this always in state as a vassal of the realm. To a religious who had learned to cherish evangelical perfection, and whose soul sought constantly after the higher spiritual consolations, this life was especially galling. We need not be surprised, therefore, to learn that Albert was anxious to be freed from it. After earnest and continual supplication his resignation was accepted, and in 1262 he was once more Albert, the Dominican monk. However, we must not imagine that he was now to spend his days in idleness. Although seventy years of age, he was still young enough to use his powers of eloquence in defence of the Holy Land. Hence, in the following year, we find him traversing Germany whilst preaching the crusade. On concluding his labors in this respect he returned to Würzburg, where, in all probability, he prepared his commentary on St. Mark. In this he tells us that on the night when our Lord was

taken in the Garden of Olives St. Mark was also seized, despoiled of his clothing, and lost a thumb. He also states that the original copy of St. Mark's Gospel is preserved at Aquileia; moreover, that the woman who exclaimed, "Blessed is the womb that bore thee," was called Marcella and was a servant of St. Martha.

He returned once more to his favorite city of Cologne, reoccupied his old cell, and again gave himself up to the pleasing duties of expounding and writing. He wrote chiefly of the sacrifice of the Mass, of the Holy Eucharist, and of the Blessed Virgin. Rudolph says of him that "he could not finish any work without something in praise of his heavenly Mother," and Peter of Prussia calls him "Mary's secretary." In his *Mariale* he treats of every conceivable question concerning the Annunciation, going into details which almost appear ridiculous; for instance, the questions: "Under what form did the angel appear? Had it the form of a serpent, a dove, or that of a man, and why? To what sex did the angel belong? What was its apparent age at the moment of the Annunciation? Was it a child or a young man? What was its clothing? Was it white, black, or of various colors? At what moment of the twenty-four hours did the Annunciation take place?" and so on. Then again he asks: "Did the Blessed Virgin possess a knowledge of the seven liberal arts?" This he answers in the affirmative, saying that many saints have been divinely instructed in earthly sciences, hence these praises should not be denied to Mary. "The book," says his biographer, "is less a dogmatic and learned treatise than a poem, in which the imagination, like an industrious bee, gathers from every object of creation and from the flowers of science the honey of its arguments in her praise."

During the following years Albert was called away from his professor's life, first to Paris to defend the memory and reputation of his dear St. Thomas, who had died; then he was summoned to take part in the Council of Lyons. On the conclusion of these labors he returned to Cologne, where he continued till his memory gave way. This, as we have seen before, had been predicted in his youth.

"The blessed Father Albert," says one of his writers, "now bent with age, was one day delivering his lecture to a numerous and illustrious audience in the convent of Cologne, and, while he painfully sought for proofs to establish his thesis, his memory suddenly forsook him, to the great surprise of every one. After a brief silence he recovered from his embarrassment and expressed himself thus: 'My friends, I am desirous to disclose to

you the past and the present. When in my youth I devoted myself to study, and distinguished myself therein, I chose for my inheritance, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit and the Blessed Mother of God, the order of Friars Preachers, and the Divine Mother encouraged me to apply myself unceasingly to study. This I have done through persevering efforts and the help of prayer. What I could not gather through books I have ever obtained through prayer. But as I frequently with sighs besought this sweet and compassionate Virgin, and on one occasion ardently importuned her to bestow upon me the light of eternal wisdom, and at the same time to strengthen my heart in faith that I might never be absorbed by the science of philosophy nor shaken in my belief, she appeared to me and comforted me with these words: "Persevere, my son, in virtue and in works of study. God will guard thy knowledge and preserve it pure for the good of the church. In order not to waver in thy faith, all thy knowledge and philosophical distinctions shall vanish at the close of thy life. Thou shalt become like a child in the innocence and simplicity of thy belief. After this thou shalt depart to God. And when thy memory shall one day fail thee in a public lecture, it will be a sign of the approaching visitation of thy Judge." My friends, what was then foretold is about to be accomplished. I know and recognize now that my time is spent and that the term of my life is at hand.' Having thus spoken, he ended for ever his teaching. He descended from his chair, bathed in tears, and, bidding an affectionate and tender farewell to his students, retired to the privacy of his humble cell."

"Every philosophical principle," says Rudolph, "then escaped his recollection, and he remembered no more than the text of the Holy Scriptures and that of Aristotle." He withdrew his mind from all exterior things, and, separated from the earth and living only for God, he journeyed in thought and desire to his eternal home. Some time after Sigfried, Archbishop of Cologne, came as usual to see the aged religious, and, knocking at the door of the cell, called out: "Albert, are you there?" The venerable master did not open the door, but merely answered: "Albert is no longer here; he was here once upon a time." From this time the thought of death was ever present in his mind. He chose his place of sepulture in the church of his monastery, and daily visited his grave. Having received all the sacraments of the church, and sighing for the moment of dissolution, he gave up his beautiful soul into the hands of his Maker on the 15th of November, 1280, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

THE THREE SISTERS.

THE highest point of central France is the Pic de Sancy, which springs from the volcanic mass of Mont Dore, its precipitous sides furrowed and rent by old subterranean fires, and lashed by two torrents that afterwards unite to form the Dordogne. From the top you look off at the north over a wild sea of billowy mountains that enclose the fertile plains of Limagne, prominent among which is the round summit of the Puy de Dôme. At the east the far-off horizon is bounded by the Alps. At the south are the sharp peaks of Cantal, and beyond them the Cevennes. At the west is a boundless view towards Limousin. In the immediate neighborhood is a giant family of peaks and cones, riven and seamed, and covered with huge detached rocks, black as if they had passed through the fire. Glistening here and there are the blue waters of little lakes where once poured forth torrents of lava. And directly beneath the Pic is the yawning gorge of Enfer, worthy of the name, lined with rocks that seem blackened with the fumes of Tartarus, and overhung by a forest of gloomy firs. In one place towards the east the chain seems to open, and an isolated mount advances through wild, surging peaks like a promontory in the stormy ocean, and on one side of it you are surprised to see a small chapel of hewn volcanic rock, substantial enough to resist the fierce winds that reign so large a part of the year in these mountains. This is the chapel of Notre Dame de Vassivière, one of the most popular sanctuaries of Auvergne. The sight of this chapel among the seething mountains, looking down into a maze of tortuous valleys filled with sighing winds and the noise of the rushing torrent, is like the refreshing vision of the Virgin among the chasms of the great middle region of expiation. It stands on a shelf of the mountain covered with verdure in the summer, reminding one of that green recess in the mountains of Purgatory to which Sordello led Dante and Virgil, where, amid the fragrance of flowers and tender herbage brighter than the emerald newly broken, rose the sweet chant of the *Salve Regina* from a multitude of souls. The sky above is as blue as the azure mantle of the Madonna, the light has that golden purity and softness which so struck Chateaubriand in Auvergne, and the

earth, where the rock does not crop out, is covered with rude vegetation. But snow lingers the greater part of the year on the surrounding heights, volcanic though they be; the winds are often too violent to encounter with impunity, and the place becomes in winter a horrible solitude which no pilgrim ventures to break. The herdsmen themselves descend with their flocks and herds from the fat pastures that give the mountain its name, sometimes written *Vaccivière*. The bell of the chapel ceases to ring, and the Virgin herself is taken out of the sanctuary and borne down with plaintive chant along the sorrowful Way of the Cross, which the pious mountaineers have set up on the declivity, to the neighboring town of Besse.

A small village once stood on Mt. Vassivière, but it was ruined in the fourteenth century by the English freebooters, who left a fragment only of the old church standing in which was a Virgin that perhaps inspired them with respect. The way to the castle of La Tour d'Auvergne, the seat of an illustrious family of which Besse was a dependency, lay across this mountain, and the traveller generally paused before the ruined oratory to say a prayer and quench his thirst at Our Lady's well. But it was not till two centuries later that the church was rebuilt by the people of Besse, aided by the offerings of the numerous pilgrims who in summer were attracted to the mountain by the increasing fame of its Virgin. The peasants themselves cut rocks out of the neighboring lava-beds for the walls. It is only a small building, forty-eight by twenty-four feet, to which the form of a cross has been given by the addition of two little side chapels, in one of which is the statue of Our Lady—that is, in the season—behind a strong grating, surrounded by lamps and tapers and numerous votive offerings after the taste of the good peasantry. The chapel was consecrated by Bishop Antoine de St. Nectaire in 1555. Near by is a stone cross and an oratory beneath which flows a sacred spring of pure water—not abundant, but never-failing—where pilgrims come to drink and fill their flasks to carry home.

When Pope Clement XI. conferred an indulgence on Notre Dame de Vassivière he expressly declared in the document that it would be made void by receiving any sum, however small, even as a voluntary offering, for gaining the indulgence.

Our Lady remains on Mt. Vassivière about three months only of the year. The rest of the time is spent in her chapel at Besse, which is about two leagues distant. Her descent and ascent are the two great events of the year in these mountains,

and it is quite worth while, apart from any religious motive, to witness a scene so extraordinary and picturesque.

Besse is a mountain village of about two thousand inhabitants that stands on a basaltic rock, its houses built of lava giving the place a severe, gloomy aspect, and the roofs covered with slabs of gray stone. It has some interesting features of mediæval character, such as the Maison de la Reine Marguerite; but the people have a still more antique aspect, for their dress, without their suspecting it, is after the fashion of the ancient Romans, and their language has many a Latin idiom. Nor is this strange when we consider how long the Romans held possession of this country. From the centre of the town rises a tall spire of the eleventh century belonging to the collegiate church of St. Andrew, which is surrounded by old graves. The Romanesque nave of this church has some curiously carved capitals on its pillars, and out of the aisles open a series of chapels, each of which has its special family that for generations has considered it a privilege to provide for its altar. Twelve columns support the arches of the choir, in which are two rows of oaken stalls for the canons, and two ambones at the end after the ancient fashion. Behind the choir is a chapel brilliant with gilding and the blaze of lamps and tapers which, as they are consumed, are constantly renewed, like the prayers of successive worshippers. This is the winter sanctuary of Notre Dame de Vassivière, who, the greater part of the year, stands here in the dim seclusion of a grated niche. Here people are always to be found at prayer. Every morning are Masses and the singing of popular hymns. And all through the day the whispered prayer, the clink of the rosary, and the bowed form wrapped in silent contemplation are never wanting to testify to the piety of the inhabitants. But this is nothing extraordinary. There is not a town or hamlet in any Catholic country where the traveller will not find some such secluded chapel, or oratory, or favored altar, where the soft tide of devotion never seems to ebb. It is the custom for a number of people at Besse to bind themselves by a temporary vow to Notre Dame de Vassivière (generally for one year) for the purpose of obtaining some special grace. These votaries furnish a certain number of candles for her chapel, and walk, candle in hand, in the processions directly behind the clergy. This devotion is called the *reinage*, and the members are styled kings and queens for the time.

Before going back to her mountain home the Virgin is brought out of her niche into the choir, and for nine days re-

mains enthroned in full view of the people who come here in crowds to see the *Bonne Dame qui va partir*. At certain hours a special place around her is reserved for the poor and infirm from the neighboring hospital, who more than the rest seem to need the protection of a higher power. In the evening the peasants flock in from the mountain-sides and ravines. The whole parish assembles. The throne of Mary is doubly lit up, and benediction is given from the altar. At length comes the day when the Virgin is to ascend the mountain. This is called the *Fête de la Montée*. It is on the 2d of July—the day of the Visitation that commemorates Mary's rising up in haste to go to the mountains of Judea to see her cousin Elizabeth. The bells solemnly announce her departure. An immense procession is formed at seven o'clock in the morning. Mt. Dore and all the attendant peaks are lit up by the joyful sun. The valleys are ready to put off their gloom. The people have on their festive garments and most cheerful holiday aspect. Some of the worthiest members of the parish bring the Virgin out of the church on their shoulders. Others surround her with torches in their hands. Behind are the priests in white robes, making bare their tonsured heads. Then come the kings and queens of the *reinage*, candle in hand, and young maidens wearing the image of Mary on blue ribbons. The children and old people only go as far as the esplanade on the outskirts, where they weepingly bid Our Lady adieu as she is held up by the priest signing them with the sign of the cross. Then the procession goes winding up a path hewn along the side of a ravine, to the opposite bank of which flock the peasantry to salute the *Bonne Vierge qui monte*. Village after village joins the bannered line as it winds up the mountain-side, making the air ring with all the tender epithets given Our Lady in her litany, as well as with stirring hymns in the vernacular, one of which is specially popular with its powerful refrain, *Courage, bon pèlerin !* which produces a fine effect in the mountains. At the foot of Mt. Vassivière they begin the prayers of the Via Crucis, going from one huge cross to another with the sorrowful plaint of the *Stabat Mater*.

A crowd of pilgrims have been waiting on the holy mountain since the previous evening, some of whom have made ready for the reception of the Virgin. They come out to meet her as she draws near, and the two processions, like Mary and Elizabeth, meet to mingle their hymns of rejoicing. They proceed to the oratory of the fountain, after which the Virgin is triumphantly

borne into the church, where the altars are illuminated and embalmed with flowers. After the morning functions the mountaineers pour into the church to kiss her feet by way of testifying their joy at her return.

There are three great festivals on Mt. Vassivière besides that of the *Montée*. The first is the Sunday after the Visitation, which is called the Grand Dimanche, or the Dimanche des Processions, when all the neighboring hamlets and villages come here in procession, with the curés at their head, brightening up the mountain paths with long lines of many-colored banners and crosses streaming with gay ribbons, and singing joyfully as they come. The shepherds and herdsmen hurry in from the four winds. Seven or eight thousand people, at the least, assemble on this occasion if the weather is favorable. Mass is said in the open air before the church, the people kneeling on the greensward around, all taking part in the hymns and chants. Then, indeed, you may hear a multitude of souls sweetly singing the *Salve Regina* in a mountain recess as green and flower-enamelled as that seen by the great Florentine. This Mass is offered for those who aided in erecting the Via Crucis on the mountain.

The second great festival is that of St. Louis, which is solemnly observed on the mount. The origin of this special devotion is not known, but he is the saint chiefly honored in this vicinity, and the name of Louis is generally added to the other names given at baptism.

The third festival is that of the Nativity of Our Lady. On this occasion there are no processions, no banners floating in the air, no hymns and litanies echoing through the mountains. The people come in groups from every quarter, quietly praying as they come. Some ascend the mountain on their knees. The contrast with the Grand Dimanche is very striking, but, though less joyous, is truly impressive. The Mass of the day is offered for the benefactors of the chapel. There is no regular chaplain on the mountain, but the clergy of Besse come here by turns to officiate during the three months the Virgin remains. Their duties are by no means light, for besides the offices of the priesthood they have the superintendence of the pilgrims, who arrive daily and often spend the night in the church. The Père Branche relates how, among the visitors of past times, once came a Huguenot, on whom the Madonna, all benign as she is, turned her back; which is not at all surprising, to be sure, when we consider what short work his fellow-religionists generally made of such chapels. In the records of Notre Dame de Vassivière is a docu-

ment of some interest written by M. de Coligny (of the same family as the noted admiral of the sixteenth century), whose son Gilbert married Louise Françoise, daughter of Count de Bussy-Rabutin, and granddaughter of St. Jane de Chantal :

"I, Gaspard de Coligny, count of Saligny, marshal of the royal camp, etc., do certify and attest to whomsoever it may concern that in the year 1639, and the month of August, being in the army commanded by Marshal de Châtillon * after the siege of St. Omer and the capture of Renty, the said army after the siege of Renty having gone to the abbey of Tournelle, I found myself suffering from constant fever, the violence of which forced me to leave the army, and, being transported to St. Quentin to receive medical treatment, I was attended by the Sieur de Orstois, the ordinary physician of his lordship the Cardinal de Richelieu, who having given me every attention, and moreover tried every remedy that he judged by his knowledge to be useful for the restoration of my health, did not, however, succeed, so that instead of being relieved I was reduced to such an extremity that all human remedies appeared to be useless. Whereupon the Sieur Dubouchet, a gentleman of my suite, suggested to me to implore the aid of Heaven through the intercession of Notre Dame de Vassivière ; which being resolved upon, I addressed myself to the holy Virgin with prayers and vows, begging her to obtain from the Divine Goodness the restoration of my health, if useful to the salvation of my soul, promising, out of gratitude for such a benefit, to visit the said place of Vassivière as soon as it would be possible ; and having ended my prayer, I felt in a moment wonderfully relieved and all at once freed from the violence of my fever, which sudden change of condition in my person being long considered by me and the said Sieur Dubouchet, we judged and acknowledged that it was the miraculous effect of the intercession of the Virgin, which made me repeat my vows, and in seven or eight days I was so convalescent that I had myself purposely conveyed from my château of Dorne in Nivernais to this present place of Vassivière and before the image of the Virgin, to thank her for the celestial favor which she had obtained by her intercession. And here I acknowledge and declare before the said image that I firmly believe and judge that the recovery of my health is a miracle operated through the intercession of the holy Virgin, and make this present declaration and avowal in the presence of the said Sieur Dubouchet (who has made his attestation before M. Charrier, the treasurer-general of France) ; the Sieur Fougerette, one of the gentlemen of my household ; M. Antoine Godivel, practitioner at law and châtelain at Besse ; that venerable personage, M. Jean Mathieu, priest ; and M. Jean Duchieu, secretary and warden of this chapel ; and at their request I deliver this act to be placed in the archives of the said chapel of Vassivière. Done the first day of June, 1642."

Here follow the signatures of M. de Coligny and the five witnesses.

* Marshal de Châtillon was the grandson of Admiral de Coligny, and also named Gaspard.

In the list of visitors to Notre Dame de Vassivière we find also the honored name of Massillon, the eloquent bishop of Clermont, who came here in the summer of 1727.

The Virgin is carried down the mount the first Sunday after the 21st of September. All the herdsmen from the pastures come with their families to spend the last hours at the feet of the *Bonne Dame*. The church is filled the evening before. All night is spent in prayer. Everybody goes to confession and receives the Holy Eucharist in the morning. When the statue is taken down these pious mountaineers all rise and press forward with emotion to kiss her feet and bid her adieu. They touch her with their rosaries. They press the fringe of her blue mantle. The procession starts late in the afternoon, in order to reach Besse early in the evening. Fires on the mountains announce her descent. The town is illuminated. The ways are strewn with flowers and green branches. Arches of verdure span the streets. Transparencies recount the benefits of the Virgin of Vassivière. The old walls are adorned with garlands and a thousand lights. The church of St. Andrew, without and within, is more resplendent than the rest of the town. The people go out in pomp to meet the *Vierge qui descend*, as at the approach of a queen. A touching meeting takes place on the esplanade, where the Virgin pauses while they sing their songs of welcome. The solemn march now becomes a triumph. The Virgin, clothed in a rich mantle of gold, is surrounded by torches. The clergy attend her, and the magistrates act as a guard against the pressure of the enthusiastic crowd. There are fireworks and other demonstrations of joy as they enter the town. The bells ring. The church is already crowded, and beneath the arch of the sanctuary sown with golden stars is a throne resplendent with light for her whom they call the *Reine des Montagnes*. As soon as she appears on the threshold there is a prolonged cry. Every eye is fastened on her. And the exclamation of St. Bernard as he entered the church of Spire rises from all these glad tongues: "O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!"

Coming down from Mt. Vassivière, following one by one the fourteen huge crosses, you come suddenly upon a beautiful basin of water of crystal purity, encircled by a sinuous rim of verdure which you can trace by its vividness of color as it encompasses the clear mirror of the little lake. The sides of the basin rise directly up from the valley to the height of one hundred feet. This is Lake Pavin, the crater of an extinct volcano now filled with water. There are several of these curious lakes in this

region, such as Lac Chauvin and Lac Estivadon, like bowls of mountain water reflecting the blue sky and beaded over with silvery bubbles. They are best seen from the neighboring heights. The country around is of surprising beauty, with its peaks, and cliffs, and fallen prisms of basalt half buried in the lush vegetation. Further on, rising out of a charming, well-wooded valley, is the old feudal castle of Murol, that seems to grow out of the lofty rock on which it stands, so it is difficult to tell where the hand of man begins and that of nature ends. It overlooks the beautiful Lake Chambon, on the banks of which St. Sidonius Apollinaris is said to have lived, and the beauty of the spot and richness of vegetation are worthy of a poet. Here is an extensive wood of beeches through which winds the silvery Couze.

Not far off, at the north, is La Roche Vendée, on which once stood the celebrated fortress where Aymerigot Marcel, the captain of the English freebooters to whom Froissart devotes several chapters, lived with his band. From this redoubtable hold he used to issue forth, not so much to shed blood as to pillage and take captive those who could afford to pay a heavy ransom. "There is no pleasure or glory in this world," said he to his followers, "like what men-at-arms such as ourselves enjoyed. How happy were we when, riding out in search of adventures, we met a rich abbot, a merchant, or a string of mules well laden with draperies, furs, or spices from Montpellier, Béziers, or other places! Everything was ours, or at least ransomed to our will. Every day we gained money. We lived like kings, and when we went abroad the country trembled. Everything was ours going and returning." He kept his wife and treasures, however, in the neighboring castle of St. Soupéry, so named from Superius, a saint of this region who suffered martyrdom with St. Salvie, Bishop of Amiens in the time of Charlemagne. The tower of La Roche Vendée is now wholly gone. Only a few vigorous pines grow from the rocks where it once stood, a terror to the country around.

The names of many other places of which we had read early in life in the delightful pages of the old chronicler fell pleasantly upon the ear as we came across them in this region, such as Issoire, La Nonnette, etc. One, however, is associated with gentler, holier memories than any he recounts. This is Notre Dame d'Orcival, an ancient sanctuary of great renown, that stands in a narrow valley enclosed by mountains, about fifteen miles north of Mont Dore. Some think its name derived from

Ursi vallis—the valley of the bear; others from *Orci vallis*—the valley of hell. Both derivations testify to the wild, sinister aspect of this region before it became, under the protection of Mary, a valley of holiness and peace. The black, calcined rocks of the volcanic mountains, and in their midst the gloomy valley where perhaps once stood a temple of Pluto, naturally suggest the latter derivation, and the old bear-skin coverings of the church doors, fastened by bands of iron terminating in curious heads of wild beasts finely wrought—the wild beasts that perhaps infested this country when covered with forests—make the former equally probable.

How popular the church of Notre Dame d'Orcival was a thousand years ago is proved by the number of chains and fetters that in the ninth century were suspended on the front by captives delivered from the cruel Norman through the mediation of Our Lady of Orcival. And beneath the church is another memento of that age and of Our Lady's power—a fountain that sprang up at the prayer of the people when, besieged by the Normans, they were dying of thirst. But it was still several centuries earlier, when all this region was a wilderness, that a hermit came to this sequestered valley and banished the shades of Orcus and tamed the ferocious beasts. When his cell grew into a monastery settlers gathered around either to profit by the teachings of the monks or by their charity. In this way grew up the compact village that now fills the valley.

The present church of Orcival was built in the eleventh century. It is, perhaps, the finest Romanesque church in Auvergne. Old legends say the plan was drawn by an angel, and in the night, while the builders were asleep, the work was carried on by an invisible hand. It stands on the steep bank of a torrent, and from whatever point it is viewed it is at once majestic and beautiful. There is, indeed, a certain severity in its aspect, but you are struck by its elegance and the harmony of its style and proportions. The columns of the nave and choir have storied capitals quaintly carved that are not unprofitable to study. On one you see the fall of Adam and Eve. On another the folly of avarice is represented by a miser whom two demons are about to draw into perdition by thrusting their long hooks into the purse suspended from his neck. The moral is pointed by the words, *O fol. dives*. And so on. In every stone is a sermon. And there are numerous side chapels into which you can retire, as into your closet, to reflect on what you have just been taught anew, and two staircases lead down from the tran-

septs into a solemn crypt, the graceful arches of which meet in the centre, supported by twelve pillars of stone at once solid and beautiful. The high altar is turned to the east, and above it stands, surrounded by angels, an ancient statue of the Blessed Virgin attributed to St. Luke, carved out of some incorruptible wood from the East. This is Our Lady of Orcival. The face is nearly black, but the remainder of the statue is covered with silver at the expense of the people of Clermont, who, out of gratitude for protection in time of pestilence, have for ages taken care of the statue, resilvering it when necessary, and providing it with crowns, as well as veils and draperies of rich tissue.

All the great barons of the province in mediæval times were benefactors to the church of Orcival. The Counts d'Auvergne gave it the chapel of St. Barnabas on the Puy de Dôme with lands adjacent, and a procession was made there every year on the festival of that saint by the clergy of Orcival. William VII., Count d'Auvergne, for benefits rendered, enjoined on the prior to go with his brethren in procession to La Chaise Dieu every year, on the anniversary of his father's death, to pray for his soul and the souls of his ancestors. The Montpensiers and lords of Allègre were also benefactors. Gilbert de Chabannes, grand seneschal of Guienne in the fifteenth century, and lord of Rochefort, of which Orcival was a fief, and who sprang from one of the most ancient families of France—a family allied with its kings—was so generous to the church that the clergy allowed him to erect a tomb before the high altar, in which his second wife, Catherine de Bourbon-Vendôme, a woman of eminent piety and justly venerated in these mountains for her bounty to the poor, was buried. It is said the loaves she was carrying to the needy one day were changed into roses when her husband sought to know what she had in her mantle—a beautiful legend also related of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Germaine of Pibrac.

Many silver lamps were in former times given to the altar of Notre Dame d'Orcival by various towns that owed to her their deliverance from the plague. And several were given by private individuals, such as the father of the unfortunate Cinq-Mars. And two were presented by Jean Voëtte, counsellor-at-law of Clermont, together with fifteen hundred livres for their maintenance, and two "trees" of wrought iron on which to suspend them each side of the altar.

Among the great memories of Orcival is the visit of Louis, Duke of Bourbon, who in 1385, after delivering the country from

the English freebooters, came in solemn pomp to the church of Our Lady, attended by a brilliant company of knights and lords, and hung up the flags he had captured before the venerated image of Mary, rendering her homage for his success. And in 1390 Sir Robert de Bethune, Viscount de Meaux, before proceeding against the free companies that were once more ravaging the country under the leadership of Aymerigot Marcel, as related by Froissart, came to Orcival with more than four hundred lances and one hundred Genoese crossbows, and a large number of knights and squires whose names are given by the great chronicler, to commend the result of their expedition to Our Lady. And not in vain, for they soon captured the almost impregnable hold of La Roche Vendée.

The great festival at Orcival is that of the Ascension. A crowd assembles the evening before, and after the vesper service the Virgin is taken down and the people press forward to kiss her feet. The church remains full all night—nave, choir, the galleries, and crypt, which are all illuminated. Nothing disturbs the silence and devotion of the multitude. Priests are hearing confessions the whole night. Masses commence before the dawn, and the number of communicants is immense. More pilgrims arrive in the morning from all parts of Auvergne and even beyond. There are generally ten or twelve thousand in all. After High Mass the procession takes place. The Virgin is brought out by four curés who have the right. Their feet are bare and their heads uncovered. They proceed up a winding road dug along the acclivity to the Tombeau de la Vierge, as the site of a more ancient church that once contained the Virgin of Orcival is called. Here they sing the *Salve Regina* and the officiating priest, holding the statue in his hands, gives a blessing to the people who fill the valley and cover the sides of the enclosing mountains.

Apart from this grand festival a great number of villages come here, parish by parish, in procession. Twenty-two towns come annually in fulfilment of a vow. One of these is Royat, which was attacked by a terrible pestilence in 1631. Nothing stopped its ravages till the people had recourse to Notre Dame d'Orcival. From that time they have never failed to make an annual pilgrimage here. The sight of this pious band returning home from their expedition is touching. You perceive the long file winding through the sinuous valley as they approach Royat. You see the gay colors of their dresses and banners among the green leafage of the trees. You catch fragments of their hymns

borne on by the wind. At the edge of the village they are welcomed back by the old people and children who were not strong enough to endure a march of ten hours.

This sanctuary, that had been venerated for more than a thousand years, whose altars had invariably been served by men of irreproachable lives, did not escape in the Revolution. The wrought-iron screen of the choir was torn down, all the decorations were destroyed, the statues were burned, the sacred vessels and priestly robes carried off, and of the nine harmonious bells four were broken in pieces. The very tombs were opened and the ashes cast out to the winds. Even the body of the holy Catherine de Bourbon-Vendôme, found entire, was not spared. The statue of Our Lady was fortunately concealed in a recess of the wall, and was brought forth in 1800 and placed on the altar where it now is, rendering the church of Notre Dame d'Orcival the most noted place of pilgrimage in Auvergne.

There are a countless number of rural chapels of less extended repute in this country which are both delightful and profitable to visit. You may not behold in them the splendor of city festivals. There is no grandeur of architecture, or wealth of art in any form, that appeals to the eye. There are no rich paintings or works of sculpture; no trained choirs or choice instruments of music to please the fastidious ear. You see only the simple festivals of a rural people, who perhaps have only a dim consciousness of the grandeur of nature around them and the picturesqueness of their own pious observances. But certainly few religious demonstrations are more touching than in such unpretending chapels. The golden age of mediæval times seems to have lingered in these mountains, where, at the popular festivals, the confessionals are crowded night and day, thousands of people press forward to the table of the Lord, and pilgrims with bleeding feet come to fulfil their vows.

One of these chapels is on the western side of Mont Doré, not far from La Tour d'Auvergne. It is Notre Dame de Fontaine Sainte, so called from its miraculous spring. It stands in a charming, picturesque region in the midst of rich mountain pastures where graze vast herds of cattle. Everywhere are scattered chalets, called in this vicinity *burons*, where quantities of cheese are made. The women wear an antique coiffure something like a veil, confined by a fillet around the head. Their skirts are short to facilitate their progress over the hills, and the bright kerchiefs around their necks are confined by stomachers similar to those you see in the Roman Campagna. The chapel

of Notre Dame de Fontaine Sainte is associated with all the joys and sorrows of this rustic people, but it has nothing noteworthy to attract the curiosity of the mere traveller. It is only one of the small centres of rural devotion that diffuse around them a secret moral influence that is incalculable in its benefits. In fact, it is scarcely known except among the mountaineers of western Auvergne, who hold it in equal reverence with Notre Dame de Vassivière and Notre Dame d'Orcival, which in their pious naïveté they call The Three Sisters.

CELTIC ARCHITECTURE.

MADAME DE STAËL once compared architecture to frozen music. It might perhaps be equally well described as petrified history. The growth or decay of a people, and the stages of its material and mental progress, can be read in its buildings as well as in its literature, and often more clearly and fully. The gigantic works of the old Romans tell of their imperial power and wide dominion as forcibly as the pages of Livy or Tacitus. The intellectual supremacy of Athens in the ancient world is proclaimed as loudly by the perfected beauty of the Parthenon as by the story of Thucydides. The Gothic cathedrals bring before us the religious fervor and the cultivated thought of the middle ages as we should never conceive them from a perusal of the dry contemporary chronicles, and the materialism of the eighteenth century finds expression alike in the secular character and inartistic style of its buildings. Nor are the historical lessons to be drawn from architecture confined to wide generalities. The sharp distinctions of style between the neighboring cities of Italy tell us of the exclusive spirit of the mediæval republics in that land, even as the uniformity of style through modern France shows the centralization which is so striking a characteristic of its government, be it monarchy, empire, or republic. The fortress-palaces of Florence indicate the turbulence of its restless democracy, as well as their wealth and artistic feelings; and the light and graceful buildings of Venice, with the numerous foreign elements engrafted on their designs, tell of the domestic order and wide commerce of the queen of the Adriatic.

But if history can thus be read in buildings as well as in books, the same principles of investigation must guide us in the one study as in the other. Literary history, if it be worthy of the name, does not confine itself to recording decisive battles and describing the characters of mighty leaders. It seeks to bring before us the whole of human society as it existed in days now gone by, and not merely a few prominent characters or events. It finds often more valuable information in long-neglected sources, in memoirs, in letters and old charters, than in official annals or the pages of courtly historians. To the modern writer the journal of a Pepys is more interesting than the elaborate history of a Clarendon. He would sooner trace out the growth of commerce, of learning, of popular liberties in a nation than tell the succession of its brilliant nobles and statesmen. The latter is an easier and more attractive task, but the former is a far more useful one. In like manner, if we seek to read history in architecture we must not confine our attention to the great masterpieces or the finished styles of art exclusively. We shall often find in humble buildings and rude monuments a key to the principles of art which guided the construction of the greatest, as well as a record of the steps by which progress was made, such as we might seek in vain in the latter. Considered artistically, the rude buildings of early times may be regarded in the same way as we look on the early sketches of a great painter or the first essays of a distinguished writer. In architecture the work of each age is but a step in the progress of the race. And its historic value must be judged not merely by its intrinsic merits, but also by comparison with what went before and what followed it. In this way alone can we properly read history in architecture, and when it is thus read it instructs at once in the progress of society and the principles of art.

In architecture, as in literature, however, though it is easy to trace progress through certain periods, the first stages are generally lost in obscurity. The architecture of most European nations can be traced back to a Roman origin, deeply modified, indeed, by local character, but essentially Roman both in constructive and decorative elements. In France, Spain, and along both banks of the Rhine, as well as in Italy, Roman architecture once prevailed, like Roman language and law, and, though debased during the decline of the empire and the invasions of the barbarians, it still furnished the models for the buildings which later generations erected. The modified Roman style was transplanted into the German territories by Charlemagne

and his successors, and thus in none of these countries can we trace the growth of architecture from the simple buildings of the native tribes, such as they are described by Cæsar and Tacitus. Even in Italy itself the forms derived from Greece so modified the old native art that it is with the utmost difficulty we can trace back a few of its elements. The old buildings have been mostly swept away, and the saying of Augustus that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble is a good illustration of the fate of early Italian architecture.

There is, however, one country in western Europe on whose soil we can still trace the growth of architecture from the rude stone hut and cairn of the earliest stages of civilization up to the perfection of the groined and richly-decorated church or cathedral. Through the whole duration of the Roman Empire Ireland remained untouched alike by the imperial arms or the imperial civilization; only the introduction of Christianity brought Rome, and that at first but slightly, into contact with Ireland. St. Patrick and the early missionaries who planted Christianity in the remote western island, though obedient to the Holy See, and in uninterrupted communion with it, made, apparently, no attempt to introduce a foreign civilization or foreign customs among their converts. They obtained a modification of the native laws in such points as they conflicted with Christianity, but otherwise they did not change either the political or the social organization of the country. Their stone churches were built on the type of the Celtic *clochāns*, or beehive-shaped houses, and their monasteries were formed on the model of the Celtic *dun*, or walled hamlet, and not on that of the Roman villa, as on the Continent of Europe. Thus the Irish Celts after the establishment of Christianity, as well as their pagan forefathers, were left to work out their mental and material civilization from their own resources. Whatever they achieved in letters, laws, or art bore an essentially native character, and in nothing is this more clearly expressed than in their architecture.

The purely Celtic architecture of Ireland extends in point of time from about the date of Julius Cæsar, or perhaps earlier, to the close of the twelfth century. After that time the buildings that continued to be erected were modified to a great extent by Norman influences, though in the unsubdued districts the native art continued to live on, though with declining glories, at least three centuries later. The number of buildings older than the Norman invasion is, however, extremely great. Of round towers

alone considerably more than a hundred are still standing, most of them nearly perfect. The more or less ruined churches and oratories of every kind, from the rude cell of uncemented stone to the vaulted cathedral with its richly-carved arches and arcaded walls, are scarcely if at all less numerous than the round towers. Stone forts of cyclopean masonry whose origin is lost in the darkness of prehistoric times, and early monasteries built on the type of these pre-Christian abodes, are to be found in abundance along the western coasts, and even the pyramid-tombs of Egypt are represented in the sepulchral mounds of Meath, and of perhaps other districts. From the rudest of these erections to the most finished the series is uninterrupted. The stone fort is succeeded by the monastic enclosure where the monks dwelt in rudely-built cells and a larger cell served as a church. The cell of dry stone is succeeded by the square church with its straight walls laid in mortar; and this in turn is followed by the church containing a nave and chancel, and later on provided with a lofty belfry. In succession we trace the progress from rude rubble-work to coursed masonry, and from that to the use of cut and moulded stone-work, and from the curved roof formed by overhanging courses of stone to the perfect construction of the true arch. Each step in progress finds its expression in different buildings, each indicating a stage in the development of native art, and the whole forming a series such as no other country of Europe can parallel.

Among the prehistoric monuments of Ireland the sepulchral monuments of New Grange, in Meath, claim a foremost place, though more for their mass and their analogy with the pyramid-tombs of Egypt than for their constructive features. On first sight they resemble natural hillocks, and it is only on close examination that they are found to consist of stones heaped up by human labor and now covered with a thick carpet of grassy sod. These hillocks are scattered in considerable numbers along the banks of the Boyne, not very far from its mouth, in a district which is believed to have been one of the royal burying-grounds in pagan times. Indeed, although there is no record of the origin of those monuments, the Irish annals mention specially that the monarchs of Ireland were buried in this place until shortly before the fifth century. Three mounds are prominent for bulk among the many smaller ones, and are known as the hills of Dowth, Knowth, and New Grange. The latter is the largest, and has been opened to inspection for nearly two centuries. It covers nearly two acres, and is eighty feet high at present, with

a rounded outline such as a heap of loose stones would naturally take when piled together. But New Grange and its companion hillocks are more than mere cairns. Their interior is honey-combed with chambers and passages carefully built of huge blocks. The central chamber of New Grange is round and about twenty feet in diameter, with a square recess about eight feet square projecting from each of three sides, and a passage leading from the fourth side to the outside of the mound, the whole of the chambers thus forming the figure of a Celtic cross in plan. Whether this resemblance be accidental, or whether it had anything to do in suggesting the peculiarly Irish form of the ornamented cross in Christian times, it is impossible to say. The passage-walls are formed by huge blocks of stone, and the roof is covered with immense flags, one being seventeen feet long and six wide. The central chamber is domed rudely by courses of stone projecting inward, each course overlapping the one beneath until they nearly meet, when the opening is covered by one large block. The height to the centre of the roof is over eighteen feet, while the height of the passage is only about six and the side-chambers somewhat more. As in the Egyptian pyramids, so in New Grange, the piling up of a mass of material seems to have been the only element of architecture aimed at by the builders. The amount of stone, mostly loose field-stones, piled up amounts by measurement to nearly two hundred thousand tons, or a greater quantity than has been employed in the construction of any European cathedral except St. Peter's. No mere savage tribes could have accumulated such masses, which, like the Pyramids, imply the existence both of a numerous population and a strong and organized government in the country where they were raised. Rude in design as they are, they must, on account of their mass at least, be ranked among architectural works, and they derive an additional interest from being among the oldest monuments of western Europe as well as of Celtic buildings.

A step in constructive skill beyond the New Grange mounds is found in the stone forts of the western coasts, whose origin is also attributed to the pagan times. Several of these forts are found in the small islands of Arran off the coast of Galway, but the most perfect existing example is the Staigue Fort, as it is called, in Kerry. In this, although mortar was not yet used, the stone blocks were evidently quarried instead of being gathered from the ground like most of those used at New Grange. They are also carefully laid in bond, running lengthwise into the

walls from both sides, and packed so tightly with smaller pieces that the work is yet almost perfect. Indeed, one is struck with astonishment at the perfection of masonry that has been attained without the use of mortar. The walls, which are nearly eighteen feet high, are carried up with a peculiar curved batter both inside and outside, and access is given to the top by flights of stone steps on the inside. The gateway is formed with huge square blocks and is covered with similar stones, and in places small rooms are formed in the thickness of the walls. From the analogy of other similar enclosures it may be presumed that stone huts were built for shelter within the walls of the fort, which is an unroofed circular enclosure about ninety feet in diameter. A ditch twenty-four feet wide and six feet deep, now partially choked up, surrounded the walls. Remembering that the tumuli at New Grange were both a work of greater labor and evidently connected with the residence of the monarchs of Ireland, we can only account for the superior construction of the Staigue Fort by admitting that considerable progress had been made in building skill among the Irish Celts between the date of the first and that of the second. Indeed, we find some masonry of the early Christian period so like that of the Fort that we are fairly justified in attributing its erection to a time not very distant from the arrival of St. Patrick, in the fifth century.

The monastic enclosure of Innismurray, on the island of the same name off Sligo, has many points of resemblance to the pagan forts, on the type of which it was evidently built. Like theirs, its walls are built of dry stone and are provided with gateways, but there are no stairs for giving access to the top, nor any of the other defensive features so well marked in Staigue Fort. It also differs from the latter in the existence of several buildings within it which show the nature of the monastic cells and churches in the early days of Christianity in Ireland. Nothing, indeed, could well be more simple. The cells were built of stone piled together in overhanging courses and in the form of a beehive. The doors were very small, three or four feet high and from two to three wide, and the windows were small apertures rudely formed in the walls. The churches in the Innismurray enclosure are somewhat better built and show traces of mortar of a primitive kind, being evidently another step in advance. The mortar in one is a mixture of clay and lime, which seems to have been simply poured on the dry stone-work like modern grouting. In another the mortar is lime and sand,

applied in the same way. The windows of the churches also show that the art of cutting stone was known, as the lintels are cut into the form of an arch. A passage in one of the Irish histories attributes the construction of the first stone-and-mortar building to a time shortly after the coming of St. Patrick, and in actually existing ruins we find a primitive mortar used in buildings side by side with dry-stone masonry resembling that of the pagan forts.

Indeed, though the churches in Innismurray were built with mortar, such as it was, other Christian churches were built in a fashion closely resembling the beehive-shaped cells we have just mentioned. A nearly perfect specimen of a church of this kind, dating back to probably the sixth century, exists still in Kerry and is known as Gallarus Oratory. Anything more unlike a modern church, or indeed a modern building of any kind, it would be hard to conceive. Yet we shall find its type gradually developed through successive Irish buildings until it was perfected in the scientific structure of Cormac's Chapel or St. Doulach's. The disposition to improve old forms rather than to borrow new ones is strongly marked through all the Celtic buildings and forms one of their most marked peculiarities. This Gallarus church resembles in shape a large boat with square ends, turned bottom upwards. Internally it is fifteen feet long and eleven wide, and the courses of stone in the side-walls project inward as they rise until they meet at the top. The section of the side-walls, both outside and inside, thus has the form of a Gothic pointed arch, though the beds of the stones are horizontal and the principle of arch construction is nowhere introduced. The door of the oratory, as of most of the early Irish buildings, is small and low, not over four feet in height, and the opening opposite which served as a window is still smaller. The whole appearance of the structure is extremely singular and vividly suggests the primitive stage both of art and science among its builders. The chief interest attaching to it, indeed, is that it represents the first type of an Irish Christian church, from which the noble buildings of later ages were gradually developed in the course of time. The second stage of progress is shown at Innismurray, where, side by side with cells of dry-stone masonry, we find three small churches built up with straight walls on which rests a roof formed on the same principle as that of Gallarus. Even between those little buildings themselves a difference can be noted. All three are laid in mortar, but in one the mixture used is clay mixed with slacked

lime, while in the others true mortar is used, made apparently from broken shells.

The buildings just described are only a few specimens of the many early Celtic remains scattered over the west of Ireland. The little islands along the coast seem to have been favorite sites for the primitive monastic communities, and their remoteness and the respect of the people for their origin have both aided in their preservation. In some instances, as on the remarkable rock known as Skellig Michel, which rises several hundred feet above the Atlantic at a distance of twelve miles from the western shores of Kerry, the long-deserted monastery still serves as a place of pilgrimage to the surrounding country. The popular religious practices thus bind the long-past age and its rude buildings with the present time. It is worth notice that few remains of secular buildings of the same age are to be found. They no doubt were constantly changed to meet the wants of each successive age while building was still a rude art, and, moreover, they seem to have been usually built of more perishable materials than the churches and cells. The remains of the palace of Tara are only indicated by foundations of earth, on which, no doubt, a wooden superstructure was once raised. Even for fortifications earthen walls seem to have been preferred by the Celts after the time of St. Patrick, and the stone forts of the west are not represented in later times. The burial-mounds, too, seem to have been abandoned after the introduction of Christianity. The Christian cemeteries of the eighth and ninth centuries which still exist, and indeed sometimes are used even now for their original purposes, have no resemblance to the prehistoric sepulchres. Sculptured grave-stones and crosses are the burial monuments of Christian Ireland; and though many of them are in the highest degree remarkable as works of the stone-cutter and sculptor, they need not be further alluded to in our remarks on Celtic buildings properly so called.

The strange building near Kells, in Meath, known as Columbkil's House, stands midway between the primitive oratories like those we have just described and the buildings of the eleventh century. In appearance it resembles a house more than a church, and its doors and windows are put in without any attempt at symmetrical arrangement. The fact of its being divided into three stories, and still more the construction of its roof, show an advance on any of the early buildings, while its want of ornament or anything like architectural arrangement of parts shows that its builders were far behind their brethren

of the tenth century. Its date is uncertain, but as a colony of monks from Columbkille's monastery in Iona took up their abode at Kells in the early part of the ninth century, it is most likely that it was built about that time. Though small, being only twenty-seven feet in length by twenty-four in breadth, it was evidently a monastery complete in itself, unlike the arrangement of the earlier communities, where the monks lived in separate cells surrounded by a wall of enclosure. The lower story of the Kells monastery was used as a church, the middle as a refectory, and the loft above as sleeping-rooms. The construction of this roof is the most noteworthy point about the building. The second story is arched with a barrel-vault of stone, and above that a high, pitched stone roof is carried up with straight sides externally, but with the form of a pointed arch on the inside. The lower part of this roof is built with level courses of stone, like the Gallarus Oratory, except that they are laid in mortar; but above the top of the round arch the stones are disposed in a rude pointed arch with the help of very thick mortar-beds. The appearance of true arched construction is in itself a great advance, but it is even more interesting to trace the origin of the pointed arch above, and to observe the tentative way in which the early builders began the substitution of arching for the overhanging courses with level joints used in the early oratories. In subsequent buildings the upper pointed arch was as truly formed as the lower, and thus a form of roof peculiar to ancient Ireland was produced, the construction of which, both inside and outside, was wholly of stone.

In the buildings hitherto described we had to rely on conjecture and internal evidence for the date of their erection; but in Tomgraney church, in the County Clare, we have a nearly perfect building whose date is fixed by contemporary records. The Irish annals inform us that this church and its round tower were built in 964. No traces of the tower remain, but the church yet stands comparatively perfect and shows a remarkable advance, in architectural design, on the House of Columbkille and the earlier buildings. In size it is much larger, being eighty feet long and twenty-seven wide; its masonry is excellent and equal to good modern work, and the introduction of buttresses on the angles of the front gives it an appearance of strength and finish that is wanting in the older buildings. But it is in the finish of the window-jambs that the greatest advance is perceptible. They are not only dressed, as in some of the older buildings, but the stone is elaborately carved into ornamental pat-

terns. The design is the chevron, or zigzag, such as the Norman architects introduced into England in the following century, but which is here wrought out with a delicacy and finish far surpassing the Norman work. The bold mouldings of the chevron are filled with interlaced tracery of the finest character, which seems rather copied from the Celtic goldsmiths' work than from any foreign source, and which is yet applied with the utmost taste to its new purpose. The doorway, on which in later buildings the most elaborate finish was lavished, is in this example a plain, square-headed opening. It looks as if in the use of carving, as in other points, it was only by successive steps that novelties were introduced into Celtic architecture. In this is perhaps the strongest proof of its originality as well as of its progressive character, which was kept up through the confusion of the Danish invasions, and only died away after the establishment of the foreign government of the Anglo-Normans in Dublin.

The record of the building of a round tower in connection with this church brings us to consider these peculiarly Irish buildings. The origin of the round towers has been for a long period the most disputed question in Irish architecture. They have been attributed to the Phœnicians, to the Fire-Worshippers, to the Danish vikings, and in fact to anybody and everybody except to the very people who were using and building them at the time of the Norman invasion. It is one of the curiosities of literature that this extraordinary controversy on the origin of the round towers should have ever arisen in the face of their close and all but invariable connection with Christian churches and the actual records of the erection of many of them. Brian Boroimhe is said expressly by the Irish annalists to have built thirty-two, and the very name in Irish—*cloic-theagh*, or bell-house—expresses accurately their use. It would be as reasonable to separate the bell-towers of Gothic architecture from the buildings to which they are attached as to seek to separate the round towers from their churches. In several cases they are actually connected with and bonded into the masonry of the churches, and occasionally, as at Glendalough, they rise out of the roof itself. The character of their masonry and the structure of their doors and windows are precisely similar to those of the churches which they adjoin, and whatever variations they exhibit in this respect are no greater than those shown in the work of the churches themselves. That many of them are detached from the churches is a feature common to the architecture of other lands. Giotto's

campanile at Florence may serve as one instance, and it is by no means an isolated one. In this structure the towers show all the variations of style that characterize the contemporary buildings. Some, like that at Clondalkin, near Dublin, are built of stones picked up from the neighboring ground and roughly laid in coarse mortar. Others are built of coursed rubble, and in a third class the stones are not only selected with care, but dressed to the curve of the walls by the hammer. Finally, in the round tower of Ardmore, in the County Waterford, the masonry is of the finest square blocks, uniform in size and dressed with the utmost skill. This tower is also relieved by projecting string-courses and diminishes regularly by offsets at each. Its doorway is ornamented with the very well-marked patterns peculiar to the Irish twelfth-century work, and in every respect it tells its age as unmistakably as it is possible for a building to tell it. It would be as reasonable to refer the Tour de St. Jacques in Paris, with its Gothic architecture, to prehistoric times as this tower of Ardmore, and, though the most highly finished, it is only one of a class. The details of the doorway in Timahoe, in the Queens County, are equally definite in their ornamentation, though the masonry is inferior to that of Ardmore. The question of the origin of the Irish round towers cannot again be raised, and their date can be safely assigned to the last four centuries of Irish independence.

The division into nave and chancel—the latter somewhat narrower than the former and separated from it by an arch—becomes a feature in many of the later Irish churches and adds a good deal to their effect, even in small buildings. The chancel arch was often richly ornamented, and is always an important feature in the internal arrangements. The ruined church of Inniscaltra, built by Brian Boroimhe on an island in the Shannon, offers an early example of the division into nave and chancel all the more valuable because its date can be fixed by history at the beginning of the eleventh century. The arch between the two is recessed, and the jambs below the springing incline inwards—a form peculiar, we think, to Ireland, and apparently borrowed from the inclined sides of the older door-openings. The door itself is square-headed, but an arch is formed in the thickness of the wall outside it, and the springings ornamented with carved heads, a curious counterpart of the capitals used in Gothic doorways in other countries. Nothing is more noteworthy in these ancient Irish buildings than their gradual approximation by spontaneous progress to the forms of the Ro-

manesque buildings which on the Continent of Europe had been developed in the course of centuries from the old Roman architecture. In the Romanesque, doorways, jambs, columns with semi-classical capitals and bases, generally support the archways. In the Irish buildings the inclination inward of the jambs shows that the idea of the Roman column was unthought of, but that the native taste, nevertheless, introduced ornament at the springing of the arch as the most important point. The Inniscaltra church is small, the chancel being fifteen feet long and the nave thirty-one by a width of twenty. Still, its dimensions are much larger than those of the primitive oratories, and it must be remembered that the Irish Celts seldom aspired to erect churches on the cathedral scale. Their genius was shown rather in the perfection than in the size of their buildings, and we should no more undervalue their works on that account than we should despise the architect of the Parthenon because his building is petty compared to the Roman Colosseum.

The introduction of the Cistercian Order into Ireland early in the twelfth century led to the erection of abbeys on a larger scale and with more complicated buildings than had before existed. As we have seen, the primitive Irish monasteries were villages of small cells surrounded by an enclosing wall. It is not before the twelfth century that we find traces of large communities living under a single roof, though such may have existed and been obliterated by time. The beautiful monastery of Mellifont, founded in 1142, was the earliest Cistercian establishment in Ireland; and the abbeys of Cong, where the last king of Ireland ended his troubled career, and of Holy Cross near Thurles, belong to the same century. All three have suffered a good deal from time and abuse, but the walls still remain in good condition and show that the Irish builders found no difficulty in meeting the requirements of the new class of buildings. The same century was also marked by the erection of the first churches that for size deserved to be ranked as cathedrals. As might be expected from the history of other countries, these Irish cathedrals have been in great part replaced by later buildings, but some of them still retain portions of genuine Celtic work and indicate the size of the originals. Cashel Cathedral was built in the middle of the twelfth century, but was afterwards rebuilt in the Gothic style of a later day. Its dimensions, which are two hundred and ten feet in length by one hundred and seventy across the transepts, show that very considerable churches were coming into use in Ireland as in other countries.

The portions of the Cathedral of St. Jarlath at Tuam which have been incorporated into the new church also indicate a building of considerable size. The chancel arch is formed in six recesses, each having a distinctive ornamentation of a most elaborate kind, and the innermost being twenty feet in diameter. Killaloe Cathedral contains a noble monument of Celtic art in the arched tomb of Murtoigh O'Brien, the third from the last monarch of Ireland. It is formed in the thickness of the wall, with several arches receding one behind the other, and all carved in black marble with a delicacy of touch and a variety of design that it would be hard to parallel anywhere, and which prove conclusively that Celtic art was in full progress down to the closing days of the Celtic monarchy in Ireland.

It is, however, in the smaller buildings which have escaped the alterations of following ages that we can best make out the character of the native Celtic architecture. Several churches of the period we allude to now still remain nearly perfect, and some are actually used at present. St. Doulach's Chapel near Dublin, a church at Clonfert, the cathedral at Killaloe in Clare, and Cormac's Chapel on the Rock of Cashel, are among these still complete buildings. The last is perhaps the most finished specimen of native Celtic architecture, and as it remains almost wholly unaltered since its erection it is worthy of description. Its dimensions are small, as its whole length is only fifty-three feet, but the artistic disposition of its parts, and the richness and taste with which it is decorated, more than compensate for its size. Like most of the later Celtic churches, it is divided into a nave and chancel, with an arched recess behind the chancel for the altar. The arch separating the nave and chancel is recessed into six faces, all richly ornamented, and the walls inside are arcaded in both divisions. The nave roof is a barrel-vault divided by moulded ribs, while the chancel is not only ribbed but also groined. An arcade runs around the walls of the altar niche, and the wall over it is ornamented with carved heads. The windows are high up and throw a solemn light over the whole in perfect keeping with its sacred character. The doorways to the nave are on the sides, and are recessed on the outside, with receding arches highly ornamented. At the end of the nave next the chancel a square tower rises on each side, making the whole building cruciform in plan. The doors from these towers to the nave are beautifully finished in keeping with the rest of the architecture. On the outside the walls are arcaded with two stories of arches. The roof is entirely built of stone.

A circular vault is turned over the nave and chancel, and above each pointed vault carries up the masonry to near the ridge of the roof, which is formed on it with blocks of stone carefully adjusted so as to throw off the rain. Between the two vaults are lofty chambers, which were apparently heated originally by flues running under the floor in a fashion unknown in any building of the time. Indeed, as a whole this small chapel is unequalled either in construction or finish by anything of its time. Considering that it is essentially a work of native artists, it goes far to justify the opinion of the latest English writer on architecture, Fergusson, when, in speaking of the Celts, he says: "Had their arts not been nipped in the bud by circumstances over which they had no control, we might have seen something that would have shamed even Greece and wholly eclipsed the arts of Rome."

The period of pure Celtic architecture closes with the twelfth century. In later buildings the influence of the Norman builders modified its forms into a close resemblance with those adopted in France and England, and at the same time gradually extinguished the artistic feelings which were so marked in the earlier works.

MISS AMARANTH.

I.

AN old-fashioned house, low of stature but wide-spreading, standing with dignity well back from the street beneath its shading elms, was sending back to the sun from its many window-panes, in a hundred little sparkles, the one broad beam of light he poured on its western side. A veritable patriarch of a New England homestead was this, retired from the dusty highway, perfectly unmoved by the "Eastlake" and "Queen Anne" movement, relying on its Puritan builders and entire respectability, as a thorough New England house should. Painted white with green blinds, one saw it among its over-arching trees long before he reached it by the twisting road. Entering the little white gate, the shady, broad flagged walk led straight up to the door surmounted by a fan-shaped transom, painted green also. The ponderous brass knocker was little needed, for the door was nearly always open, showing the wide, low staircase, the great hall sofa and chairs, high-backed and claw-footed, while at the other end of the hall stood the great clock, keeping time as truly as in the days when anxious-eyed women watched its creeping hands for the hour to come which should sound the last knell of colony days. Entering—but before entering it would be as well, perhaps, to know who had entered as master through the many years of its existence, and had been carried out silently over its wide door-stone, to make way for others, even to the present day. It had been built in the year 1740 by one Chilton, who had brought to it as its first mistress a certain Dorothy from one of the Cape towns. She, dying, left ten sons and two daughters to "rise up and call her blessed," which they did, if we may trust her crumbling tombstone, decorated with an uncherubic cherub's head.

The two daughters married and went away to other homes among the hills, and of the sons two only survived the Revolution—for the old house sent her sons to fight for freedom, like a Spartan mother.

The homestead was the portion of the elder of the remaining Chiltons, and his descendants lived their peaceful, uneventful lives there, father and son, till the early part of the present

century. Then Richard Chilton, following his wife to an early grave, left an only daughter to bear the name, who, marrying, brought to her husband, William Armstrong, the Chilton homestead as dowry. William Armstrong had three "likely" sons and as many daughters. Of these the eldest, John, lived in the homestead and had two children, James and Amaranth.

Amaranth Armstrong's whole life was her brother James. She venerated him as a superior being; she loved him as her tender brother; he was the visible and audible expression of her repressed life. She was not beautiful, yet came nearer to being so than many pretty girls. Her light hair she always wore brushed smoothly back from her temples, disclosing the blue veins that showed so plainly through the delicate skin. Her clear complexion, with its varying color, was her greatest beauty, except, perhaps, her earnest, honest gray eyes, that looked life squarely in the face and said much the reticent lips would never utter. Her reading had been chiefly the English classics—Shakespeare, Milton, and Young her recreation, with Baxter's *Saint's Rest* and Bunyan for Sundays. With such companionship among the rocks and hills of Massachusetts, Amaranth grew to womanhood—the strong, sweet, repressed womanhood found in the best type of New England character. The dread problems of Calvinistic theology laid hold of her girlish soul early in its development, but did not prevent her from serving the God they misrepresented. At twenty she made public "profession of religion" and united herself with the church in the old white "meeting-house" behind whose high-backed pews her childish head had vainly tried to peep over. Not so her brother. James Armstrong met differently the same difficulties that his simple sister thought she had solved. He could not believe in Calvin's Christianity; he remained outside, and just in proportion to her great love for him Amaranth mourned over his "unregenerate" condition, in which, according to her faith, if he should die he must be for ever lost, in spite of his godly life and honest endeavor. She prayed for him unceasingly, that he might "be brought in"; that God of his "uncovenanted mercy" would change his heart. But yet what if James were not one of "the elect," were not predestinated? The thought was torture, and there seemed to be no way for her out of her difficulty, nor for James into the church.

When Amaranth was twenty their widowed mother died, leaving her nominally the head of a household of which she had been virtually the head since she was sixteen. Offers of mar-

riage were not wanting to her, but she refused them all without hesitation, except in the case of a young minister who had received "a call" to an inaccessible town in the New Hampshire hills, and who wanted her as a sort of coadjutor minister. Even in this case she only hesitated lest it might be a "leading," and, refusing him too, lived on contentedly with her brother. So matters went on for five years, and then James announced his intention to go abroad. Amaranth prepared his things for the journey with hands that would sometimes tremble, and eyes that often had difficulty in finding the eye of the needle. Yet when she kissed him good-by, with fast-falling tears, she little dreamed of the years and changes that lay between their parting and their meeting.

James Armstrong went to England with the intention of staying there two months, then pushing on to the Continent, and returning to the United States in a year from the time of his departure. How little we know, when we make our plans, what design God has for us, enfolding, moulding, and enlarging our tiny idea in his great one!

The two months passed by and still Amaranth received letters with the London post-mark. At last one came that she read with bated breath and horror-stricken face. "My sister," he wrote at the last of the letter, "I have refrained from telling you of the interest that has detained me in London so long beyond the time I expected to stay, because of the pain I knew it would cause you, and I did not wish to disturb you without necessity. But now it seems the time has come when I must tell you. I have heard Dr. John Henry Newman preach several times. I have also met some of the English Jesuits and Oratorians, and have talked with them. I dare not in conscience resist longer the conviction that has come to me that the Church of Rome is Christ's true church, and that I must submit myself to her dominion. I am suffering sorely in mind, and also in body, from the struggle I am enduring and from the pain I am this moment inflicting on you. Write to me, my sister. Tell me you know I will only do what I believe to be right; tell me also anything you think may hold me. But remember I have been over the old ground many times, and I do not know but that my next letter may tell you I am a Catholic. There is such a thing as grieving the Holy Ghost, and where he leads I must follow at all costs. Pray for me, dearest Amaranth, and forgive me the anguish I am causing you. Be sure I suffer, too. May God give us both grace to know and do his will!" Amaranth

answered: "What can I say to you, my poor deluded brother? The cry of King David comes to my lips: 'Would to God I had died for thee!' or even, my beloved brother, would that you had died! There is nothing I can say except, Fly. Fly at once. Go to Scotland, to Germany. Seek a Christian minister and talk with him. You have trusted to wily Jesuits; of course they would deceive even you. It is a temptation of the devil. The Holy Ghost could never lead you into the Romish Church, for he cannot lie. And, oh! think, James—if you become a papist I can never see your face nor write to you again. Send me word by return of mail that the danger is past and you are flying from the seducers, for my heart is breaking."

The next mail brought her no answer; the second did. "My dearest little sister," it ran, "your letter came, but too late. The day before its receipt I made my profession in the hands of a Jesuit priest. I knew I must be a Catholic, no matter what you said, so I thought it better to be fortified by the sacraments before the letter came. And when I was baptized all my doubts vanished, the clouds of night rolled away, and the sun has arisen that shall not set for all eternity. I am gloriously happy! I never dreamed there was such bliss on earth. I go about these foggy London streets singing an internal and eternal *Te Deum*. And so you thought it was the work of the devil! Why, my precious little Amaranth, if the devil had the power to make people happy in this way it would never do to keep him in hell. You think the Catholic Church wrong, and so, you say, it cannot be the Holy Ghost who led me to it, because he cannot lie. Now, I *thought* it wrong, but I believe the Holy Ghost to have led me to it, so now I know it is true, because he cannot lie. Which is the better logic? I think we have both been the innocent abettors of a wrong. It is natural that we should have believed what we were taught and what our parents believed, yet is it right to hear only one side of a case? In what court of justice would a trial be allowed in which the accused was not heard? As the voice said to St. Augustine, so I say to you: 'Tolle, lege'—Take and read. Examine the Catholic Church, and, if you condemn, at least know what you are condemning. You say you will never see my face again if I am a Catholic. That may be true, Amaranth, for I go to Rome to prepare for the priesthood. The God who has given me the truth shall never have less than all of me in return. Can it be that my little sister can be so unjust as to refuse to write me because I follow my conscience? If so, amen. 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not

worthy of me.' When I am a priest—'when I am a priest': if you only knew the meaning of those words!—but when I am one and say Mass, I shall offer it for you and love you always more and more. In the meantime may God and his Mother watch over you!—that sweet Mother whom you do not know. But she is like her Son: she takes care of people even though they scorn her. Why, Amaranth, the thing that strikes me most forcibly in the Catholic Church is not the new but the old. I find we knew nothing about God or Christ Jesus, holding them off as we did in that Calvinistic coldness. Write me and say you did not mean what you said, but would still be, as I am, as fond and dear as before." Amaranth answered in an anguish that was greater than her strength could bear: "What you ask cannot be. You have cut yourself off from me for this life. May God give you grace to see your mistake, that we may not be separated for eternity! Farewell, James, farewell, my only brother." After that papers were sent from a London lawyer giving Amaranth all of her brother's portion in the family estate, but no letters passed between them again.

For a few weeks Amaranth moved about the old house with slow and heavy step, putting away all the personal belongings of her brother as we do after a death. But the effort was futile; she could not banish the thought of him by the putting out of sight his later possessions. His childish face looked out at her from the corners where he used to hide, to jump out at her as she passed. The empty halls rang with his boyish shout, and the trees seemed to hold the ghost of the kind boy who always climbed the most dangerous places to get her the ripest fruit. The whole place, the vacant chairs and lonely board, spoke eloquently of a beloved, life-long companionship for ever ended.

II.

Under the pressure of such an existence health failed, and Amaranth was stricken with a fever, under which she lay for weeks, unconscious of joy or sorrow, with life and death waging a war for her possession in which life bade fair to be beaten. But she inherited a good constitution and a strong vitality, thanks to which she again resumed her broken life in the old house. Slowly she made for herself new interests; she took the minister's family to live with her in the spacious homestead, thus giving herself companionship and saving "the society" the expense of a parsonage. She interested herself in the few poor

families in the town and joined the sewing-society, that unfailing source of consolation to the feminine soul. She began to be known as Miss Amaranth, to be looked upon as a mother in Israel, and with her benevolent objects and the quiet care of her own affairs her days were made up. Her man of business in Boston had persuaded her to invest all her property, except a few bonds, and the old house to which she clung, in a certain mining stock, company which was very safe and paid a slightly higher percentage than other equally sure investments. The income this gave her was large even for a city life; for a woman alone in the country it was princely. Accordingly, under these conditions, as time went on her grief diminished, though by no means disappeared; she found comfort in ministering to others, and fifteen years after her brother's departure saw her grown older but almost happy. On the afternoon when the story begins she sat sewing busily in her own corner between the south and west windows of the "sitting-room." It was a very cosy corner, in which stood her little mahogany, brass-handled work-table, where lay her favorite books, and before it sat her hospitable rocking-chair, with cushions to coax the weary. A beautiful engraving of the Sistine Madonna, which James had brought from Boston some years before, hung between two windows. The spring cleaning was all done: Amaranth was too true a daughter of the Puritans not to have her broom and mop take active part in the spring renovation of everything. This reign of terror being over, she could sit in peace and sew on the little cotton skirts for the children of a missionary to China, whose wife found that among the many advantages her present position possessed over her former one in her own country unlimited bohea and ready-made clothing were not insignificant. The afternoon was warm for early May; she could even open the south window a little way. The air was full of spring sweetness, perfumed by damp earth and tender blades of grass; a jay on the elm-tree uttered an occasional quick, sharp note of joy, and a robin answered from the lilacs. Amaranth sang as she sewed, "The Lord is a tower of strength," and the Sistine Madonna looked down from the wall with wonderful, tender eyes on the New England woman singing with a sure little thrill in her voice of that Babe as "a tower of strength against the enemy." Through the open window Amaranth could see Seth, "the hired man," planting the early vegetables, and the robin occasionally darting down to profit by the market afforded him in the newly-turned earth.

Far down the road she could hear the familiar rattle of Farmer Holt's wagon on its way home from the nearest large town. Farmer Holt's place lay past the Armstrong homestead, on the eastern outskirts of the village, and often on his way to and fro he good-naturedly acted as deliverer of mails. Soon the jogging old white horse rounded the curve of the road and stopped at the Armstrong gate.

Farmer Holt dropped the reins; his whole body condensed itself, supported by his elbows resting on his knees, ready for a talk with Seth, who, nothing loath, left his hoeing, pushed back his hat, and, leaning on the gate-post, gave himself up to the charm of the hour. Amaranth knew that if there were letters to be delivered she should eventually receive them; but impatience on her part would be quite thrown away, as planets in their motions were no more regular, and were far more rapid, than the movements of the farmer and Seth. At last Farmer Holt gathered up the reins, slapped the old horse, and remarked: "Ged ap, Canaan! It's time we was further." Canaan moved his ears, but remained otherwise the same. "Oh! I declare for't," ejaculated the farmer, "ef I'd a-forgot them socks Mis' Holt would ha' ben likely to ha' reminded me forcible. You jest give them to Miss Amaranth, an' tell her my wife thought mebbe she could find some use for 'em 'mongst the poor folks. An' tell her Mis' Holt sent her regards, an' told me to say to her ef so be as she could find time to copy them receipts against I come down again, she'd take it kind. Come up, Canaan!" But Canaan switched his tail and stood his ground. "Well, fer land's sake! ef I haint come nigh to fergittin' that letter!" cried Farmer Holt, standing up and searching his capacious pockets. "Here, it's from Boston, fer Miss Amaranth; but I donno the writin', fer I took notice particler. Ged ap, Canaan!" This time Canaan started with a vigor that threw Farmer Holt on the seat and left no opportunity for the repeated good-days customary on these occasions. Seth turned from the gate with a nonchalant air and came toward the house. "Here, Miss Amaranth," he said, speaking to her through the open window—"here's a letter for yer, and some o' Mis' Holt's socks, and she'd like them receipts before he's down agen." Amaranth took the letter; the writing was that of her lawyer in Boston. She tore the envelope hastily open. The letter was short, but she read it slowly, and her face grew ashen as she read.

It takes but a few words to give the death-blow to the happiness of a life, and lawyers understand brevity. In this case two

pages were more than enough to tell Amaranth of the utter ruin of the mining company in which her property was invested, and through it the total loss of all the money which she had placed in their stock. But this was not all. Mr. Sharp told her concisely the income from the bonds that she had deposited would not be large enough to more than pay the expenses of her place, and that the only possible course for her to pursue was to sell the homestead and invest the proceeds, otherwise there would not be nearly enough to support her. This, with the large, bold "Yours to command—Cutler Sharp," and some commonplaces of sympathy, was all. It did not occur to Amaranth to question the honesty of the man through whose advice the bulk of her property had been lost. He had invested in the same company, and it was characteristic of the woman to feel, even in the first pain of the news, a pang of sympathy for a fellow-sufferer, whose grief was doubtless augmented by the thought that through him her trouble had come, although the few words of regret he had written gave little ground for the supposition. There was no sleep for Amaranth that night; the morning saw her on her way to Boston, her head full of all sorts of vague plans by which she might restore her fallen fortunes and retain the homestead. The whirl and bustle of the great city gave her a feeling of helplessness and distrust of her plans even before she reached Mr. Sharp's office.

Here she passed an hour in close conversation, but received nothing but discouragement from the lawyer. Mr. Sharp was a "practical business man"; he had neither time nor inclination for considering sentimental feelings—he had never found them of any value in the law.

The case lay in a nutshell. Here was a single lady who had met with reverses—no uncommon thing. These reverses had left her insufficient property to support her unless she sold a piece of farm land, which would give her a good income for the rest of her life. If she did not sell her house she would be obliged to earn her own living, for which (aside from the utter absurdity of doing such a thing without necessity) she was by habit and education utterly incapacitated. Amaranth returned to her hotel, and shut herself up in her bedroom with "a nervous headache"—a complaint that in this prosaic age takes the place of broken hearts, despair, and other more picturesque ailments of heart and brain. On the morrow she came back to Mr. Sharp, and the result of this final interview was that she took the train at two o'clock with every feeling deadened, uncertain even if she were

on the right railroad, only knowing that somehow she was going back to break up her whole life and sell that home where—but no, she could not think further; she was going back. In the beautiful May twilight, through the moist, sweet air, Seth drove her up from the station. The trees, which were in bud the afternoon the letter came, had burst into blossom in the two days intervening. The robins were singing that lovely note which changes as the heat comes on; away off from the bushes came the liquid song of that dear little brown bird whose tiny, plain body is the repository of the sweetest note of our New England woodlands.

A neighbor stopped her on the way home to tell her the news of one of her poor families; Ponto, the great watch-dog, sprang to meet her at the gate; Demosthenes, the cat, sat upon the broad door-stone in sleepy dignity; and a thousand hallowed memories of the father and mother dead, and of the brother lost, crowded upon her in the broad hallway. The *homeness* of the whole, animate and inanimate, the terrible thought that it was gone for ever, overpowered her, and she sank helplessly on the broad stairs. The next weeks passed like a dream. Amaranth acted with a passivity which she mistook for indifference. The packing up and disposing of the household goods, the linen, the china, everything that those hands had touched which she loved so dearly, had made her re-live her mother's death, her brother's loss, and all the happy days of her childhood, till pain sank to a weariness and quietude which weighed her down like a load, and made her rise in the morning as exhausted as she had lain down.

She had decided to go to Boston at first, as a place where she was likely to find distractions, and a friend there had undertaken to find her a boarding-place. This lady had written to Amaranth that though the "West End" or "Back Bay" was the "proper" quarter, she fancied Amaranth would better enjoy the "South End"; would she leave to her the selection? Amaranth, to whom the proposition of removing to the South Pole would have been indifferent, assented, and her friend's next letter informed her of two of the most delightful rooms on the same floor, looking on a pretty square, to be had unfurnished, and which she had engaged, in Amaranth's name, for the last of June.

Amaranth found a purchaser of the homestead in one of their neighbors. The sum thus obtained, added to the bonds she already possessed, would, as Mr. Sharp had told her, give her sufficient income to make her rather more than independent for

the rest of her life. Although she thought herself free from any distrust of the lawyer, nevertheless she did not again give him the investing of her property. How the last hours in her home were passed Amaranth never knew ; her furniture had been sent on to Boston, and she sat in the denuded rooms, quiet and passive, waiting for the time to come when she should quit them for ever. As in a dream she pressed the hands of the kind folk among whom she had felt all her joys and sorrows ; still in a dream she passed out from the great door, following Seth to the carriage. Looking back from the turn of the road, she saw the homestead for the last time, with the June sunshine resting tenderly on its venerable front, the elm-trees shading the little white gate, and with a sharp cry she wakened.

III.

The lethargy came upon her again as the train whirled her off to the great city. Her life looked blank before her ; she said to herself it could hold for her no new sensations, neither joy nor sorrow. Utterly weary she reached Boston that night ; her friend had met her at the station, but the well-meant efforts to cheer her wearied her, and the elaborate trimming of Mrs. Vernon's dress gave her a sense of helpless annoyance. She whirled through the busy streets, past Samuel Adams standing persistently in the way of drivers and horse-cars, past the Common, beautiful in its summer verdure, up, up through what seemed to her a wilderness of streets, to a certain "swell-front" house standing in a pretty square. Here Amaranth and Mrs. Vernon descended and rang the bell, which was answered by a bright-faced girl, who ushered them into a home-like parlor with less of the cotton-lace and chromo decoration than one usually finds in a city boarding-house. Mrs. Knight, the landlady, entered, clad in neat widow's garb, and with a kindly face that invited confidence. The introductions being gone through with, Mrs. Vernon hastened away to her own West End dwelling, where she expected to entertain that evening a little company of literary and radical geniuses ; for Mrs. Vernon had profited by the time she had spent in Boston since her marriage, and presented in her own small, blonde, fashionably clad personality an alarming amount of most advanced "views." Amaranth was taken immediately to her rooms, where the home furniture had been arranged to the best advantage by Mrs. Vernon, who, although not without a sense of Amaranth's incongruity with her own radical

friends, that might have influenced her selection of the South End as her dwelling-place, had still a kindly interest in her comfort.

"You need not come down to tea, my dear," said Mrs. Knight, "for I'll send Maggie up with yours, if you like." Amaranth wearily assented and thanked the good soul for her thoughtfulness.

Left alone with the old familiar furniture, Amaranth could hardly tell whether it lessened or increased her loneliness; it was so strange to sit in her mother's chair and look out, not on the lilacs and syringas, but on the little city park, with the flaming flowers, and scarcely less brilliantly dressed children playing there. The little tray went down again almost untouched; but Amaranth slept the sleep of utter exhaustion that night, and arose considerably refreshed in the morning. She was not a person to spend her life in vain regrets; she thought over her new situation while dressing, and resolved to enjoy the many good things Providence had left to her.

Nevertheless as she walked into the dining-room her heart failed her; she was naturally shy, and her life had made her more so.

Mrs. Knight, rising from the table, presented her to her fellow-boarders, and, having shown her to her seat, reseated herself.

After the momentous question of her preference for tea or coffee had been decided Amaranth ventured to look around. At one end of the table four girls were talking volubly of music and art, and it was apparent, even to Amaranth's inexperience, that they were intending to impress two harmless-looking youths stranded at the other end of the table. At Mrs. Knight's right sat a large, matter-of-fact woman, with two boys between her and her still larger and more matter-of-fact husband, who was eating his breakfast with an entire oblivion to all other concerns. Between the musical and artistic young ladies and Amaranth sat a fluffy little woman in a much-beruffled white wrapper, who, catching a word from the musical girl, turned enthusiastically to Amaranth. "Oh! don't you just dote on music?" she cried. "I do. And did you ever hear anything so perfectly sweet as the Symphony concerts? But of course you did not hear them, for you only came last night. I say to Mr. Flower (that's my husband; he's away on business now) I never *could* see how people live without music and art. That's what I just love about the Church of the Holy Compromise, where I go—the lovely windows, and music, and boys, and reredos, and everything. You really must come with me some Sunday." Amaranth mur-

mured some response and turned her eyes toward her opposite neighbors, in dismay at the torrent which had been poured upon her. She met the gaze of two bright brown eyes, dancing with mischief, which were drooped as soon as they met hers. The owner was a slender little creature of sixteen, with hair like spun gold and lips that danced into a smile in the corners, unless she drew them down tight, as she did when Amaranth looked up. Beside her sat her mother—a lovely face framed with prematurely gray hair, and with a sweet, sad mouth and quiet, brown eyes full of tenderness and serenity. On her other hand sat another daughter, older, as different from the little laughing fairy as night from day. Quiet, dignified she sat, her pale olive skin serving to set off the red, mobile lips, the great dark eyes, over which the black lashes drooped, and the heavy braids of glossy black hair which surmounted the white forehead. Amaranth's eyes rested on this group with pleasure, and she felt that the sweet-faced mother drew her heart as much as the Madonna-like elder and little kitten of a younger daughter aroused her admiration. As they rose to leave the table she thought that though the rest of the inmates interested her little, the family opposite her would surely be delightful friends, if ever she might call them by that name. In the course of the forenoon Amaranth heard a gentle knock on her door, which opened, when she said "Come in," far enough to admit the laughing face of her little neighbor of the morning.

"I came up to see if you were lonely," said the girl, coming into the room like sunshine. "Mamma was afraid you would not like to be intruded on so soon, but I knew you would not mind me; no one does." Amaranth smiled at the child—who stood with a confiding shyness, like a bird, in the middle of the room—and motioned her to a seat by her side. "I am May Fairfax," the girl went on. "Really my name is Mary, but no one ever calls me so; I am afraid it is because I am so little like a Mary. That was my mother you saw this morning, and my only sister, Gertrude. We came here from Baltimore, and I thought it a pity to let you be lonely when we knew just how dreadful it was. You won't think it impertinent of me to come, will you?" Amaranth showed unmistakably that she did not, and she and Miss May plunged into a conversation immediately; or rather May talked and Amaranth listened with charmed attention, for she had never met anything at all like the beautiful girl, with her womanly mind and childlike unconsciousness of self. When May went away she said: "I shall bring mamma and Gertrude

very soon, and I know you will fall in love with Gertrude right away, for she is as lovely as she looks. But you will keep a place for me, won't you? Because you know I am your friend, and I discovered you." Then she ran laughing down the stairs, leaving Amaranth with the feeling that life could not be as undesirable in Boston as she had thought it would be, if there were such bright little friends in it.

The friendship grew and strengthened, and Amaranth found Mrs. Fairfax all she had thought her when she saw her sweet, calm face for the first time. Gertrude, too, deserved her sister's eulogy. But for all the presence of this family did much to help her through the first hard days in the new surroundings, she had many sad and lonely hours.

Her thoughts were filled with the lost brother as they had not been for years. While in the old house she seemed to be linked to him, although he was gone for ever; now, alone in a great city, with a sense of loneliness upon her that can only be felt in great cities, the thought that he was living, and yet so far away, made her yearn for him with a longing that seemed to annihilate space. Through her waking hours in the night sometimes she felt a burning hatred for the church that had stolen him from her; again she felt an attraction that drew her almost irresistibly to that church which was his.

A sense of unrest and dissatisfaction in her own faith which had been growing up in her for the past few years served to increase her loneliness. The teaching that had satisfied her youth could not answer the needs of her more mature years. One day, after two weeks or more had passed, Amaranth, talking with Mrs. Fairfax of the death of her husband, was led to speak of her own great trouble, and told Mrs. Fairfax of the loss of her only brother through his conversion to Catholicity. Mrs. Fairfax listened with sympathy and much interest. "Ah! my dear Miss Armstrong," she said, "I fully understand that this has been to you a life-long trial. And yet it occurs to me how much your poor brother has suffered for his conscientious convictions; for you see he could not do otherwise than become a Catholic, if he believed that religion to be true. Still, of course, he has had comfort in his work as a priest, and you have had nothing. I suppose I can understand your feelings in the matter better than if I had always been a Catholic, though it is twenty-five years now since my husband and I were converts."

Amaranth heard her with surprise and dismay. She a Catholic—Mrs. Fairfax, whom she thought so much more like an ideal

Christian than any one she had ever known! And Gertrude with her grand, calm soul, and dear little May, whom she already loved so much—were these the fruit of Catholic teaching? Yet it must be so, since both were born some time after their parents' conversion.

Amaranth felt as though the ground which she had always thought so firm was slipping beneath her feet. There are moments when one feels the force of a truth beyond all argument, and Amaranth instinctively felt that if these lovely characters were so different from all she had known because they were Catholics, then something was radically wrong in her conception of the Catholic Church.

As soon as she could do so Amaranth returned to her own room, and for a few days she saw less than formerly of her new friends.

Mrs. Fairfax was a wise woman. In addition to a natural keenness in reading human minds she had suffered enough to give her an insight to the workings of the heart. She saw instantly the effect produced on Amaranth by the discovery that they were Catholics; she saw, too, the possibility of Amaranth's conversion through her love for her brother prompting her to study his faith. She knew perfectly the fear and distrust which Amaranth's training had given her for everything Catholic, so she kept her daughters a little aloof from her for a time, lest she should think them inclined to proselytize, and to give her time to accustom herself to the new idea and become, as it were, re-acquainted with them on a different basis.

IV.

In the meantime, one day Mrs. Flower calling on Amaranth in her room, Amaranth took the opportunity to ask where Mrs. Fairfax and her daughters went to church. "Is it possible you don't know? After all this time, too!" cried Mrs. Flower. "But then some people are so different, aren't they? Now, with me it is the first thing I speak of. They go to this big white church around the corner built of unpolished stone. It's lovely, really; and such music! But then isn't it a pity that the Fairfaxes are Catholics—*Roman* Catholics, I mean? Of course we're all Catholics. Their church is always open, you know; at least the chapel in the basement is. Don't you think that is a sweet idea? We thought of having our church open all the time—the Church of the Holy Compromise, you know. But there really

was no use in it, as nobody ever wanted to go in. So Dr. Rewbricks gave it up. But I was dreadfully disappointed, the idea is so sweet and consoling, I think. I do love my church so! But do you know I have never been to confession yet! I tell Mr. Flower (I do so want you to meet Mr. Flower, you would like him so much; but he is nearly always away)—I say to him that I don't know what I should confess, for I never do anything really bad, you know, and I never have religious doubts. But he tells me to confess the number of dresses I buy a year; he thinks that's bad enough! He's just too droll; but he doesn't care a bit for church."

As a shallow brook rattling over stones leaves the siftings of earth that forms its bed, so, after all this chatter, Amaranth retained the fact that the church where Mrs. Fairfax went was always open, and the idea occurred to her to go there alone some time and see what it was like. The desire to go gained ground, and, characteristically, she kept it from the Fairfax family, though she then saw as much of them as before, and May especially was her companion in her walks and little excursions. Accordingly, one Friday afternoon Amaranth started off alone to explore the unknown dominions of the Pope of Rome as presented to her by the large church near by.

The afternoon was warm, and as she passed down the shady walk between the church and the adjoining college she met a man in a long black gown, belted at the waist, with rosary suspended. He was reading a small book as he walked under the trees, but raised his eyes as Amaranth passed, and courteously took off his queer little three-cornered cap. She was struck by the expression of his face; which was benevolent and good; she had expected to see a Jesuit look different. A door was ajar on the side of the church from which she was approaching, and with considerable trembling she pushed it wider open and entered. Everything was very still; a small group of people, chiefly women, were sitting before little wooden structures, curtained with green baize, that stood at intervals around the church, and from which some one would emerge frequently and another person go in. Amaranth moved a little way up the aisle, fearing every one would look around at the sound of her footsteps; but seeing that no one seemed aware of her presence, she gathered confidence and went nearly up to the altar. She took a seat on the right, in front of one of those mysterious structures, the curtains of which were looped up, showing no one inside. Here she had plenty of chance to observe the place and

the people who knelt around the rail. Statues stood in niches around the sanctuary, and one, representing a man in a black gown like the one the priest had on whom she met in the yard, had been taken from its niche and placed on a pedestal near the rail. This statue bore a book with the inscription, "Ad Majoram Dei Gloriam"; and Amaranth was sufficiently versed in Latin to know that this was far from meaning, "the end justifies the means."

The utter silence of the place, broken only by the rustle of people going to and from confession, began to have its effect on Amaranth; distrust faded away, a sense of rest and content stole into her soul, and a peace such as she had never felt, the foretaste of the "peace which passeth understanding," took possession of her whole being. Her life had been blameless; as far as she had known him she had served God faithfully; who shall say that when she came into his Sacramental Presence for the first time he did not speak to her personally?

How long she had sat there she did not know; quiet, rest, peace—how much her lonely soul needed these! and she drank them in, unconscious of lapse of time.

A shadow fell between her and the light; she looked up, to meet a face crowned with snow-white hair—a face whose tenderness and benignity, purity and holiness, surpassed that of all faces she had ever seen.

"My child," said the old priest, "do you wait for him?" pointing to the empty confessional and speaking English very imperfectly. "He will not come, for he is to—what you call this place? Ah! yes: to Nova Scotia—gone to give a mission. He will not return before the Assumption, I think. Can I help you?" Amaranth raised her eyes to the kind, keen eyes bent on hers. Such an expression of tender, holy love as she saw in that gaze! Her own face flushed, and she looked frightened, yet eager and questioning. Hastily she explained that she had only come to see the church; she was not a Catholic. "Ah!" said the priest, reading the hungry, eager eyes aright, "but may be, please God. Oh! it's not a hard thing to be a Catholic; only more faith, and more hope, and more love, and more everything," he added, laughing a little. "Good-by, then, and God bless you, my child!" Turning, he passed through a door at the end of the chapel and was gone. Amaranth, too, arose and left the chapel, and hastened home, filled with conflicting emotions; above all with wonder. After she was safely back in her own room the prejudices reappeared, and she felt distrust

of the priest she had seen, of her own feelings while there—of all.

Yet withal the impression lasted ; the thought that that was James' home, those priests his brothers, and the recollection of that wonderful face, drew her steps back to that spot when she went out alone to walk. Besides these things, the gradual weakening of her own religious convictions had left room for new impressions—for the thought that something might be true which she had not known, and the daily intercourse with true Catholics like Mrs. Fairfax and her daughters was not without effect. Strangely enough, it was little, girlish May of whom Amaranth occasionally asked questions, rather than of Gertrude or their mother. May protested her inability to answer, but answered well nevertheless, and did much in this way toward helping the work which was going on.

Amaranth went at last to High Mass one Sunday with May alone, her mother and Gertrude having been to an earlier one. The ceremonies repulsed her ; not that she was lacking in any sense of the beautiful, but her training was against outward expression of deepest feelings, and she did not comprehend the meanings that they bore. The sermon, however, she understood thoroughly, and it seemed to be addressed to her alone, so perfectly it answered her needs and objections. This was the beginning of her presence at the Mass, and late autumn found her regularly in the corner of the pew, sometimes alone, sometimes with one or other of her friends, who were watching prayerfully her progress.

At Christmas May gave Amaranth a prayer-book, and shortly after that Mrs. Fairfax took her, at her own request, to see one of the priests.

From this time the real struggle began. Who can measure the progress of divine grace as one by one old prejudices fell, one by one each dogma of the Catholic truth established itself? Amaranth did not yield without a battle ; but she was conscientious, and no unworthy motive or lack of generosity held her back. At last she went one day to the chapel again, and, kneeling down at the altar-rail, prayed long and fervently. Then she arose, and, going to the college, rang the bell, and when the good old lay brother had admitted her, and summoned the priest who had instructed her, she told him that she was ready to be received into the church. Then for the first time she ventured to ask for information of her brother, and learned with deep emotion that he had returned to America some time before, was a Jesuit

priest, and knew, through the correspondence carried on between him and her instructor, of his sister's probable conversion. "And now," said this kind friend, "I have good news for you. Father Armstrong wrote me that when you were ready to be received he would come here, if you desired, and give you conditional baptism and receive your profession." Amaranth rushed to her home, and, shutting herself into her room, poured forth her soul in a letter to her brother, more hers now than when they had been rocked to sleep in the arms of their human mother. Her answer came: "Thank God, Amaranth, and for all eternity, thank God! I will not write more, for we shall meet soon. Do not mourn, dear sister, over the loss of these years; do not blame yourself for what you did. For you acted as you thought right. I have never doubted of your ultimate conversion. I firmly believed that one who loved God and served him as you did outside the church would know the truth sooner or later. I knew God would never select me for his grace and leave you. I cannot write, but I shall see you soon; there are no words in which I could express my joy but those of the *Te Deum* and *Nunc Dimittis*."

Amaranth's baptism was to be on Easter Monday. On Holy Saturday, when the Alleluias had been sung and the church begins to feel the joy of her risen Spouse, James Armstrong came, clothed in the habit of the Society of Jesus.

We will not speak of the meeting of the brother and sister; for hours they sat in blissful communion, and both felt that, though earthly partings might come again, they were united for all eternity.

The sun rose brilliant on Easter Monday; all the earth seemed to share in the glory of the Resurrection. A small party were gathered in the little chapel opening out of the large one, to be present at Father Armstrong's Mass; his sister was one, her reverend instructor another, and Mrs. Fairfax with her two daughters completed the list. The Mass ended, the priest, descending from the altar, asked of his sister the solemn questions, anointed her head and breast with the Holy Chrism, and then, with trembling voice and quivering hands, said the words and poured the water on her bowed head that made her one of the great Church Catholic. Following that voice whose boyhood's tones had guided her through childish terrors, that voice that she had never thought to hear again, she repeated the glorious profession of faith, took the oath of fidelity to the teaching of Christ's church, and rose up, no longer alone and homeless, but a sister

of the saints in heaven, and a daughter of that household upon which the sun never sets.

Through the Easter week of rejoicing Father Armstrong stayed near his sister, and, in its course, from those brotherly, anointed hands she received for the first time the Lord whom she had always loved, and to whom she was at last united.

Then Father Armstrong returned to his work, and Amaranth's quiet life with her friends was resumed. The tie between Mrs. Fairfax—who had been her sponsor—and herself made her feel as though she were one of them, and her own mother could scarcely have loved May more tenderly than did Amaranth, who lavished on the girl all the unused maternal love, which is often stronger in childless women than in mothers.

In the course of the year Gertrude Fairfax was married, but with that exception nothing happened to break the monotony of their life together. Amaranth threw herself into the new life with a joy and ardor that surprised herself. Youth seemed to come back to her face; her eyes were all alight with the inward joy; and now, when she had given up all hope of happiness, she found herself repossessed of her brother and happy to a degree of which she had never dreamed. But after she had had this help for the first two years of her Catholicity she was called upon to resign it; it seemed that God's whole plan for her had been to mould and complete her soul by leaving her alone.

Little May, the light-hearted girl who always ran through the house with a skip and a jump, singing as she went, who had always declared her incapability to bear any sorrow, startled them all by asking permission to say good-by to all the pleasures of life and join the Order of the Visitation. It was a terrible sacrifice to her mother, but she was too good a woman to hesitate in making it. To Amaranth the struggle was even harder; loving May almost as if she had been her own child, she also felt the fear and aversion to a religious vocation which is almost universal among Protestants, and which is often the last prejudice to leave a convert. But when the wrench was over, and after some months she saw their darling happier in her chosen lot than all their love could have made her in the world, she grew content and returned to Boston, satisfied with her life without her who had been its earthly light. Amaranth was not unprepared for the next change that befell her—the return of Mrs. Fairfax to Baltimore, to be near Gertrude. She said good-by to her, the last of the dear friends, and took up the burden of her life alone.

Yet not alone: she saw her brother occasionally, and letters passed between them every week. In addition to the many good works around her that occupied her time Father Armstrong allowed her to share in his by making her his almoner.

Not alone, for all the poor folk around her knew and blessed her; not alone, for all the saints were her friends and loved her.

Not alone, for Jesus had given himself to her in his Catholic Church, and she was content.

And so the river of her life flowed on in peace, without a ripple on the surface of its calm bosom, widening and deepening ever till it should reach the boundless sea.

"An uneventful life, and not worth recording?" Ah! it may be so, but it is the history of a human soul, and in God's eyes neither uneventful nor worthless.

WHO WERE THE FIRST "GERMANS"?*

A VERY inscrutable problem is the origin of the German people. When Tacitus wrote his *Germania*—in the latter part of the first century—the country we term Germany was occupied by Celts. But when the light of history dawns a second time upon the country we find it in the possession of *das Deutsche Volk*. Latham, in his work on Tacitus, is sadly puzzled by this fact, and, after long labors to elucidate it, reluctantly confesses: "It looks as if the Germans of Tacitus were *not* the Germans of subsequent history." No; they were not. A migration which unquestionably took place is covered with clouds and darkness that seem to be impenetrable. The Germans know nothing of it themselves; and of course other people know, if possible, still less. They were not in those times a literary people. "We can follow the High-German as well as the Low-German branch of the Teutonic," says Max Müller,† "back to about the seventh century after Christ, but no farther." During these six hundred years—the interval between Tacitus and Charlemagne—the Teutonic race ascended the Danube, as Max Müller fancies, and took possession of the country they now occupy. Higher than this "history cannot ascend." Hence Latham says:

"When the Germans of Charlemagne and his successors conquered

* *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*. Von Jacob Grimm. Fifth edition. Leipzig: 1881.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 205.

(or reconquered) Transalbian Germany there was neither trace nor record of any previous *German* occupancy. Yet such previous occupancy rarely occurs without leaving signs of its existence. Sometimes there are fragments of the primitive population safe in the protecting fastnesses of some mountain, forest, or fen whose savage independence testifies their original claim upon the soil. In this way the Welsh of Wales and the Basques of the Pyrenees are monuments of that aboriginal population which held possession of Spain and Britain long before the beginning of history, and which partially holds possession of them now. Yet there is no want of natural strongholds in the country in question. The Saxon, Switzerland, and Bohemian range, the forests of Lithuania, might well have been to the Germans of Tacitus what Snowdon was to the Britons of Agricola or the Pyrenees to the old Iberians; in which case the present Germans of those countries would be the oldest inhabitants of them—not the newest, as they are."

Some of the German scholars of our day resemble "Japhet in search of a father." They traverse the whole world in search of an ancestry. Thus Von Hammer calls the Germans "a Bactriano-Median nation." Althamer makes *Germanus* equivalent to *homo prorsus virilis* and the same as *Alaman*—i.e., *Ganzmann*. Wackernagel, on the other hand, explains *Germanus* by *G'ermanus*—i.e., *Volksgenosse*. Luden thinks the term *Germania* is nothing more than the German *Wehrmannen*; while Von Hammer makes the name *Germani*, or *Sermani*, in its primitive import to have meant those who followed the worship of Buddha; and hence the Germans, according to him, are that ancient and primitive race who came down from the mountains of Upper Asia, and, spreading themselves over the low country more to the south, gave origin to the Persian and other nations. Hence the name of *Dschermania*, applied in early times to all that tract of country which lay to the north of the Oxus. Jacob Grimm is less hazardous than Von Hammer. He would find the ancestors of the Germans in Germany itself, and make the Germans of Tacitus the progenitors of the modern Germans.

We are informed by Tacitus, in the second chapter of his famous work, that the inhabitants of Germany were accustomed to celebrate in songs of great antiquity the founders of their race—the god Tuiscon and his son Mann. These are the first specimens of the native language which we find in the pages of Tacitus. But they are not German, and they are certainly Gaelic. *Tus* is a Gaelic word signifying "first." There is no word which in meaning resembles *Tus* more closely, perhaps, than the German word *Fürst*. It signifies "a chief," and has an affinity, in form, to the Latin word *dux*, in meaning to *princeps*.

The well-known patronymic McIntosh—whose correct Gaelic form is *Mac-an-Tuis**—signifies the "son of a chief." *Tus* signifies "primary, a beginning." Thus in Furlong's Irish version of the "universal prayer" the second paragraph begins with the words, *Adruighim tu mar mo cead Tus*—"I adore you as my first beginning." And thus we read in Donlevy's Irish Catechism, *Do cum Dia ar d-tus Adam*—"God formed Adam in the first place."

The second syllable of *Tuiscon* is as Gaelic as the first. The word *con* in Gaelic signifies "sense, meaning, intelligence, wisdom." It seems to be the radix in such compound names as Connal, Maccon, etc., which are often, though erroneously, supposed to derive their origin from the genitive case of *cu*, "a hound." *Eaconn* signifies "rage, madness, want of sense." *Eaccon duine* signifies "a silly, foolish man"; *eacconach*, "mad, dotting, absurd," the prefix *eac* being a negative particle. If this be so, *Tuiscon* signifies "primal wisdom" and seems to be a most suitable name for the divine mind of the universe.

Among the European scholars who attempted to explain this epithet Leibnitz holds a first place; but, ignorant of Gaelic, which at that time was little known to Continental scholars, the efforts of Leibnitz were futile. He was obliged in his despair to suppose the manuscripts corrupt and substitute the word *Theutates* for *Tuiscon*. It was an evasion of a difficulty rather than an explanation. This evasion has been adopted by many of his successors. They suppose Theut, or Theutates—not *Tuiscon*—to be the founder of their race, and from him they fabricate the term *Teuton* first and *Deutsche* afterwards.

Absurd as this may appear, it is scarcely more so than what we find in a recent commentator on Tacitus, who is not ashamed to say as an illustration of this subject: "The root of the word *Teuton* is *thu*, or *do*, which originally represented the idea of 'activity,' of 'living, procreating, nourishing,' and also of 'taming, educating, and ruling.' From this root are formed the following words, some of which are still used in the popular dialects: *Teut*—'God, creator, ruler, father, nourisher' (*Thor, Tuisco*)."

It is to be observed, in this instance, that while the word to be translated is *Tuiscon*, the word this commentator chooses to translate is an entirely different word—namely, *Theut*. He shuts his eyes to the object of inquiry and directs his attention to an object we have not inquired about. This is not all: he appears to consider three words which have no radical connection

* *Tuis* being the genitive of *tus*.

—namely, *Tuiscon*, *Thor*, and *Theut*—to be identical. Now, the Celtic word *theut* (more correctly *tuata*) signifies "a layman, an illiterate person"; *thor* (properly *toir*) signifies "a noise, thunder"; while *Tuiscon* (not *Tuisco*) signifies "primal intelligence." Indeed, it is impossible that the alleged founder of the *Deutsche Volk* could derive his name from the German *thun* or the English *do*, for we are expressly told that Teut, or Teutates, was a Celt, and, being Celtic in his race, it is almost certain that his name likewise was Celtic. We learn from Leibnitz that Teut, or Teutates, was the most famous of the *Gallic* Celts, and occupied with armed force a large portion of Europe and Asia. He was the Mercury of the Celts; and we know from Tacitus, *Deorum maxime Mercurium colunt*. Tuatha, or Teutates, represented that portion of the Gaelic nation which was devoted to mechanical and commercial pursuits—the Tuatha-de-Danaans of early Irish history. They were a conquered people who had been subjugated by the Milesians, and who, like other conquered races, applied themselves in their slavery to manufactures and industry. In short, under the name of Teutates the Gaels worshipped the genius of Commerce, who invented their arts and protected their highways.

Tacitus goes on to tell us that Tuiscon, the founder of the German nation, issued from the earth. If this signifies that human wisdom results from the contemplation of the physical universe, the notion harmonizes remarkably with the philosophy of Bacon and the ideas of modern times. Be this as it may, certain it is that, according to Tacitus, Tuiscon had a son named Mann—a name which appears to some German writers to be perfectly German. But this is by no means clear, for the Celts venerated a famous hero named Manannan MacLir, or "Manus, the son of the sea." One of the most beautiful of Moore's lyrics relates to this Lir, possibly the mother of Manus, whose daughter, "the fair-shouldered," was transformed by enchantment into a swan and condemned to wander for many hundred years over lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. Moore says :

" Silent, O Moyle ! be the roar of thy water ;
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes," etc.

The subject of this beautiful song—Fionnuala, the daughter of

Lir—was the sister of Manannan, who, according to Cormac's *Glossary*, "was a famous merchant who resided in, and gave name to, the Isle of Man. He was the best merchant in the west of Europe, and could divine, by inspecting the skies, how long the fair and foul weather would last."

The word Lir is the genitive case of Lear, which signifies "the widespread extensiveness"—a figurative name of the sea. "His real name," says O'Flanagan, "is obscured in the glare of fabulous story." He appears to be the Neptune of Gaelic mythology, for he is termed *Sidhe na Ccruac*—"the spirit of the cliff"—and was possibly worshipped on those Irish headlands which, according to O'Connor (*Kerum Hibernicarum*), were regarded by the Phœnicians as sacred. He is termed *Mac Lir thainigh accein*—that is, "the son of the sea who came from afar." *Accein* is derived from *a*, "from," and *cian*, "distant." Manannan is compounded of "Mana," the Isle of Man, and *an*, "of, or belonging to."

So far as these words go there is nothing in them to prove—what Jacob Grimm vainly labors to establish—that the inhabitants of Germany in the days of Tacitus were *Deutsche Volk*. Jacob Grimm's *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache* may be described as an ingenious effort to transmute Celtic words into German. He says, for instance, that that noble tribe, the Marcomanni, derived their name, without doubt, from the German word *Mark*, "a border." They were borderers, he fancies—lived on the selvage of some undefined territory; they were the *Grenzesoldaten* of some archaic monarchy. But he cannot divine on what frontier they kept guard. Here are his words: *Ohne Zweifel drückt der Name aus Grenzebewohner*—i.e., Without doubt the name comes from "borderers." He admits, however, that the demarcations of ancient territories were forests, not men, and he cannot find in the word *Mark* any trace of the word *forest*, or *Wald*. What Grimm endeavors to prove is simply that the Marcomanni were "border-men" *because* they lived in a central district! They lay in the heart of the country selvaged by the Rhine on the west, by the Danube on the south, and by the Mænus, or Main, on the north; therefore they were *Grenzesoldaten*. This derivation is quite on a par with the *lucus a non lucendo*. The Marcomanni bore the name of "borderers," forsooth, because they were really "middlemen"! "Nevertheless," he says, "the appearance of these people in the army of Ariovistus seems to militate against my derivation and intimate a different origin for their name." The truth is that the name is

derived from the Gaelic *marc*, "a horse," and *beann*, "a horn." Their helmets were possibly decorated with horns.

In an account of the invasion of Greece by the army of Brenus,* Pausanias (p. 335) tells us that in the language spoken by these formidable invaders the horse was termed *marc*. According to Irish orthography the word Marcomanni must be written *Marcai-m-beann*. Of this we have many illustrations. "The old name of Dunmanway, in Cork," says Joyce, "was *Dun-na-mbeann* (Dunnaman), the fortress of the pinnacles. Dunnaman," he adds, "which is a correctly Anglicized form of *Dun-na-mbeann*, is the name of a townland in Down," etc.

Grimm has attributed not only the vocables of the venerable Gaelic language but some of the customs for which the Gaels were most remarkable to his countrymen. He has endeavored to purloin the heroes of the Celts, somewhat as McPherson endeavored to purloin the Ossian of Ireland. For instance, fosterage in ancient Ireland, and its kindred on the Continent, was regulated by law. The privilege of nursing the children of their chiefs was so highly prized by the Irish that on receiving the infant they paid a high price for the favor. An old English writer says: "It is not to be passed over that the Irish in particular look upon their foster-brothers in a higher degree of friendship and love than their own brothers, which Spenser takes notice of in his *View of Ireland*." "The genius of Ireland," says Grattan, "is affection," and the Brehon laws concerning fosterage prove this to demonstration. Having imbibed milk from the same breast, the youths loved one another in after-life with a fervency of affection surpassing that of twins. When peace was established between rival chieftains their political alliance was confirmed through the medium of fosterage. If O'Neil was reconciled to O'Donnell he received into his family the infant son of his rival, and reared it as his own. Irish history has preserved the memory of the intrepid self-devotion of foster-brothers who received the enemy's fire—made a target of their own bodies—shed their blood, and lost their lives in the vicissitudes of war, to save their "milk-brothers" from destruction. When Cæsar, in his *Gallic War*, draws a picture of Celtic chivalry he says (l. vi. c. 15), after describing the Druids :

"The knights are another class. Familiar with war, when necessity arises or hostilities break out (which before the arrival of Cæsar was of almost yearly occurrence, as they alternately repelled or made inroads into adjacent territories), and as each chief is great in proportion to the number of his kinsmen and friends, they love to surround themselves with *ambacti*."

* *Brain*, or *Brenn*, Gaelic for "chief."

Speaking of this word, Jacob Grimm asks, *Sind es wirklich Galische?*—"Is it really Gaelic?"—and then takes a world of pains to prove that it is not. It has its root, he thinks, in *amt*, "an employment," and comes directly into the German from the Gothic *and-bahts*, "a deacon," or *ampahts*, "a servant." He confesses, however, that the Romans at an early period had borrowed this term from the Gaels. *Ambactus*, says Festus, *lingua Gallica servus appellatur*—that is, "*Ambactus* in the Gaelic language signifies a servant." For this explanation Festus quotes Ennius. And an old glossary explains *ambactus* in the following words: *δοῦλος μισθωτός ὥς Ἐρμῖος*. Jacob Grimm describes a Gaelic coin representing an ox-head and containing an inscription in which *ambactus* occurs. The word gave rise, he says, to the mediæval Latin *ambasciare* and *ambasciator*—the Spanish *embaxador*, Italian *ambasciadore*, Portuguese *embaixador*, French *ambassadeur*, and English *ambassador*. "Being deeply rooted in the German language and growing out of its very substance," says Grimm, "it must be a stranger to the Celtic tongue, which can furnish no explanation of its meaning unless the idea or the word be subjected to violence."

But the true root of the word *ambactus* is, *am*, "a people," and *beact*, "a ring, a circle, a compass." The *ambacti* were the encircling swordsmen, the *medios satellites*, the royal guards of the chief.

Notwithstanding that passion for Sanskrit which is the incurable malady of many German philologists and blinds them to more copious and adjacent fountains, Jacob Grimm does not venture to derive *ambactus* from *badsch*—"colere." *Die Deutsche Wurzel liegt näher*—i.e., the German root is more at hand and India too distant. He goes on to derive the second syllable, *bact*, from the English *back* for a very extraordinary reason. Lucian says in his *Toxaris* that when seeking to avenge an injury a Scythian, to enlist a faction, sacrificed an ox to the gods, cooked the flesh in a caldron, spread the hide on the ground, and, sitting on the skin, feasted his friends. Every man who trod on the ox-hide and partook of the flesh pledged himself thereby to assemble partisans and assist in avenging the wrong. Spenser, in his *View of Ireland*, tells the story quite as well as Grimm:

"You may read in Lucian that it was the manner of the Scythians, when any one of them was heavily wronged and would assemble unto him any forces of people to join with him in his revenge, to sit in some public place for certain days upon an ox-hide, to which there would resort all such persons as, being disposed to take arms, would enter into his pay or join him

in his quarrel. And the same you may likewise read to have been the manner of the Irish."

This is what Lucian terms *καθίζεσθαι ἐπὶ τῆς βύρσης*. The Scythian seeking to enlist partisans lay upon his back while explaining his grievances, and the men whom he gathered round him and excited to sympathy or fired to anger were termed *ambacti* because, forsooth, the injured Scythian lay on his back! Here is what Grimm writes: *Läge in bak wie in Tergum zuweilen, in Tergus immer auch die Bedeutung Corium, so wagte ich, da ienes Ambactus mehr einen edlen Gefährten als Knecht aussagt, Andbahts sogar auf das symbolische Betreten der βύρσα zu ziehen*—that is, he ventures to derive the word *andbahts*, which he deems identical with *ambactus*, from the custom of begging help while lying on the ox-hide, as he deems the office of *ambactus* more honorable than that of servant.

Jacob Grimm on this occasion has fallen into a serious mistake. The Gaelic *ambact* has no connection whatever with the English word *back*; but it has a most intimate connection with the French word *bague*, "a ring." In fact, *beact* and *bague* are identical, at least as to meaning. The verb *beactaim*, "to embrace, to encompass," and the adjective *beactamail*, "round or ring-like," show that the word—contrary to the opinion of Grimm—has its roots in the Gaelic, the language of ancient France. In endeavoring to make it Teutonic *he* has subjected the word to violence and distortion. His derivation is fanciful and far-fetched, and Diefenbach, in his *Origines Europææ*, entirely disapproves of it. It is worthy of observation also that this French name for a finger-ring is utterly unknown in the other languages of Continental Europe. The Latins term a finger-ring *annulus*; the Italians, *anello*; the Spaniards, *anillo*; the Portuguese, *annel* or *argola*; the Germans, *Ring*; the modern Greeks, *χιρικός*, etc. We seek in vain for the origin of the French word *bague* in any of the Continental languages. They contain nothing even remotely akin to it. We are compelled in this way to regard it as a modification of the Gaelic *beact*—a word which signifies not only a ring but a moral quality.

Writing on this subject, W. K. Sullivan * informs us that "rich princes in Ireland prided themselves on being surrounded by a brilliant and richly-armed retinue." To a portion of this body-guard the term *amus* was applied. "The *amus* of Ireland," says Sullivan, "is the *ambactus* of Cæsar's *Commentaries*." "The

* *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, v. i.

Gaulish *ambactus*," he adds, "is generally considered to have been a servant or attendant, and the functions given to the Irish *amus* correspond to this view." Sullivan, however, labors under a mistake. The word *amus* is not the word *ambact*. *Amus* is derived from *am*, "without," and *fios*,* "knowledge." The *amus* was a military apprentice, the squire of mediæval chivalry. The epithet was likewise applied to a madman—*Tigh na n'amus* signifies a "Bedlam." In both cases the idea of ignorance is conveyed by the word *amus*—an idea which *ambact* never conveys.

Another example of Gaelic chivalry is found in the third book of Cæsar, which is likewise appropriated by Grimm and wrongfully transferred to the honor of the *Deutsche Volk*. In his account of the Aquitanian war Cæsar informs us that a chief named Adcantuanus, who was invested with supreme authority, endeavored, at the head of six hundred devoted followers, to break out of the beleaguered city of the Sotiates. These heroic associates of Adcantuanus were termed *soldurii*. Each *soldurius* had a comrade with whom he shared whatever property he possessed. If disaster befell one the other was bound to participate in it or perish by his own hand; "and it was never known in the memory of man," says Cæsar, "that when one *soldurius* fell the other refused to die." Jacob Grimm roundly asserts that no Celtic language is capable of elucidating the word *soldurius*—*taugt Soldurii zu erläutern*. It is pure German, he says, and its root is the Gothic *skula*, "a debtor." But in this instance, as in many others, Grimm prefers Germany to truth. The true form of the word is found in the Greek of Athenæus, and is written by him *σιλόδουροι*. The first syllable of this word is *siol*, "a tribe." Thus the children of Israel are termed *Siol Israel*; in the Irish Bible the Irish family of Macnamara, for instance, are term *Siol Aodha*, "the tribe of Hugh," etc. The second syllable is *ochda*, "of the breast." It is the genitive case of *uchd*, "the bosom." The third part of the word is a modification of *urra*, "a chieftain," and the whole means "the tribe or children of the chief's breast." It is a variation of the well-known phrase, *A chuid mo croidhe*. The words applied to the heroic clansmen of Lochiel were likewise applicable to the *soldurii*:

"They were true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers went down to the harvest of death."

The satellites of Adcantuann seem to have been identical

* The *f* in this and similar cases becomes silent through the junction with certain letters, according to the well-known *eclipsis*, as it is called, of Gaelic grammar.

with the "Red Branch Knights" of Conor, King of Emania, who in Irish chronicle make so brilliant a figure, and whose memory still lives in the title of their residence in the County Armagh, in Ireland. "Military orders of knights," says O'Halloran, "were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ we find a hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch."

But if Jacob Grimm can maintain with any show of reason that *soldurius* is German, he cannot at least deny that Adcantuann is Gaelic. The central syllable in this *title*—for such it is—*can*, signifies "the head," and is a misspelling of *ceann*, a Gaelic word having the same meaning and sound. The prefix *ad* is intensitive. It is an augmentation of the signification or sense, and signifies "illustrious" in this instance. Adcantuann was the supreme head of the Sotiates, who, as appears from the syllable *tuan*, belonged to the Firbolg race. They were plebeians and he was their leader. This is shown by the final syllables, the Gaelic form of which is *tuathanach* (from *tuanna*), a word that signifies "of or belonging to the rustics." He was chief of the plebeians. From all this it seems evident that neither the *ambacti* nor *soldurii* belonged to the race of the *Deutsche Volk*. Neither the titles nor those who bore them were of the race of the modern German people. The two words are purely Gaelic, and those whom they designate likewise belonged to the race of the Gael. They were the "knights companions," or *Duinibh uasul*, of the Gaelic chieftains.

To render this more intelligible it is necessary to observe that the inhabitants of Ireland consisted in archaic times of three nations, two of whom had been conquered by the third. They were named respectively the Firbolg, the Tuatha-de-Danaan, and the Gaels (Milesians), or Tighernai, the last of whom had mastered the other two. Hence we find in those terrible raids with which they occasionally ravaged the Continent of Europe during two hundred years, such terms as *Volgæ*, *Volcæ*, *Belgæ*, *Bolgus* and *Teutomarus*, *Teutoni*, *Teutomates*, *Tigurini*, *Teutomal*, etc.

As an illustration of this we may state that the Eburones, for instance, of the Latin writers were governed by two chiefs, one of whom was termed Catevolcus, the other Ambiorix. The Eburones consisted of two nations, who are represented in these names. The Firbolgs are ruled by Catevolc, whose name is *cead*, "first"; *te*, "person"; *volcæ* (*bholcæ*), "of the Firbolgs."

The other chief is *am*, "the"; *bi*, "life"; *toruis*, "of the expedition." The sound which *is* has in the Gaelic language (*ish*) is represented in Latin by *ix*. The O'Moores of Leinster, for instance, occupied a district in the now Queen's County termed *Laeighis* (pronounced *leesh*), which in Latin is commonly written *Leix*.

The name of the Eburones is derived from the place in which they resided—namely, the two banks of the Mosa, or Meuse. *Eb*, or *Ib*, signifies a "tribe," *ur* signifies "the margin or brink," and *obhan** (pronounced *oan*) signifies "a river." The Eburones inhabited the two sides of the Mosa.

An unbroken chain of testimony, whose primal links are connected with the age of Alexander the Great, attests the existence of a people in classical times who were termed *Kimmerii* and *Cimbri*. The peninsula which is now termed Jutland—where it selvages the Northern Ocean—is indicated by many ancient authors as the residence of these people. In conformity with the genius of the Latin language they are termed *Cimbri* by the Romans, while the Greeks term them *Kimmerii* for a similar reason. "The Greeks," says Strabo, quoting Posidonius, "give the name of *Kimmerii* to those whom we now call *Cimbri*." This alteration is regarded by Plutarch as trifling and pardonable, and calculated to excite no surprise. The modification of the name is ascribed to time by Diodorus Siculus, who has no doubt as to the identity of the peoples. Ancient writers of high authority give us an explanation of the name. *Cimbri in lingua Gallica latrones dicuntur*, says Festus—i.e., "Robbers in the Gaelic language are termed *Cimbri*." Plutarch agrees with Festus. In the life of Marius, cap. ii., Plutarch says: *Κίμβρους ἐπονομάζουσιν Ἕλληνας τοὺς λεηστὰς*.† Strabo in like manner (s. 292, 293) indicates the *Cimbri* as *πλάνητες* and *ληστροίκοι*—"wanderers and plunderers." But no word which resembles *Cimbri* and expresses robbery is to be found in the Gaelic language, according to Jacob Grimm: *Nun kennt aber keine der heutigen Keltischen Sprachen einen solchen Ausdruck*. "The Irish for a robber," he adds, "is *creachadoir*, or *spionneadoir*," and the Welsh term *Cymro* has no connection whatever with *Cimbri*.

In what he has said on this subject Grimm does not prove that the Gaelic is destitute of the word *Cimbri*, but he proves that he himself is wanting in a knowledge of the Gaelic language. The work *cimb* is found in Cormac's *Glossary* and sig-

* Appearing still in English geographical names—e.g., Stratford-on-Avon, etc.

† "The Germans term robbers *Cimbri*."

nifies "money." This is the most ancient form of the vocable, and the Romans, when writing *Cimbri*, seem to have had it before them. The letter *b* is dropped as superfluous by modern writers, and is not to be found in O'Brien and O'Reilly. This is the first syllable; the second is *raidhe* (pronounced *ree*) and signifies a "tribe." Thus the *Calraidhe* (Calry) are the tribe of *Cal*; *Ciarraidhe* (Kerry) the tribe of *Ciar*, etc. The *Cimbri*, in short, were warriors in search of booty—soldiers on the look-out for gold. They realized the definition of a Gael as given in Cormac's *Glossary*, and translated by Pictet: *Homme allant par violence (pillage, vol) à travers tout pays habité*—"A man who, searching for plunder, traverses every inhabited land." *

There is no word in the Irish or perhaps any other language which carries the mind back to a period so archaic and remote as this word *cim*. It means not only money but slaves. Every one knows that there was a time when wealth consisted exclusively of cattle, as is evident from the fact that *pecunia*, "money," comes from *pecus*, "a herd." But this was comparatively a modern period. There was an age still more remote—the twilight of time—when property consisted exclusively of captives and bondsmen, and man was the principal property of his fellow-man. This idea seems to be established by the fact that while *cimb* signifies "money," *cime* signifies "a slave." St. Patrick was a *cime*. The men who captured him in Gaul, and transported him to Ireland and sold him to the *Cothraighe*, were *Cimbri*.

It is evident from all this that Jacob Grimm is in error when he asserts—so confidently—that *Cimbri* is a word not to be found in the Irish dictionary. The fact is, it is to be found in no other dictionary; no other language can supply its interpretation, as is evident from the fact that Grimm has explored them all in vain for this purpose. And, as he well observes, the national name of the Welsh has no connection whatever with it. That national epithet is not *Cymro*, according to Pictet; the true form is *Cyn-Bri*. It is compounded, he says, of *cine*, "a tribe," and *Bri*, a proper name. The first colony that ever settled in Britain was led by an adventurer named *Bri*. The inhabitants of that island were the descendants of these colonists. *Tain* is "a region," *Bri* a man's name, etc.

The *Cimbri*, unlike the *Cyn-Bri*, were not a nation; they were a profession. The Romans are termed by an orator in Tacitus *Raptores orbis*, but it by no means follows all the citizens of the Roman republic deserved so opprobrious a name. They

* *De l'Affinité des Langues Celtiques avec le Sanskrit.*

were not all robbers any more than they were all soldiers. The Cimbri are found everywhere. Few in number but renowned in history, the Cimbri, says Tacitus, occupied a gulf near the Cherusci and were proximate to the Northern Ocean. Here they pitched their tents and entrenched their camp, the vestiges of which on either side of the river lend corroboration to their fame. Their settlement, consisting of *castra* and *circumvallationes*, was military, not civil, and their residence apparently transitory in duration and hasty in construction.* Of all the writers by whom the Cimbri are mentioned a contemporary of Aristotle's named Philemon is perhaps the most ancient. He says that in their language the sea near which the Cimbri abode was termed *More morusca*, which signifies, according to Pliny, *mortuum mare*, "the dead sea." An explanation of this term is to be found, says Thierry, in the Welsh tongue, where *mer* signifies a "sea," and *morosis* "dead." But this Welsh explanation has been objected to by Latham, who observes very truly that of all the seas on earth the Baltic is the last that should be termed "dead." Mad with tempests and torn by whirlwinds, it is never tranquil, never dead. This difficulty is easily removed by having recourse to the Gaelic language. The term *more morusca* consists of three words—*muir*, the sea; *marbhlach* (pronounced *morowa*), "deadly, cruel killing"; and *uisce*,† "water." The Baltic is a deadly sea because it is stormy and tumultuous—because, in short, it is *not* dead. It is a devouring and insatiable flood. The name applied by the Cimbri to the Baltic is derived from the Gaelic verb *marbhaim* (pronounced *morowim*), "I kill," and this owing to the turbulent character of that furious sea, swollen with the invasive rush of the Atlantic Ocean, lashed with polar gales, and paved with the bones of mariners. In harmony with this view a Greek writer quoted by Strabo describes the Cimbri as Celts—a term which, in his system of geography, embraces all the inhabitants of western Europe. Nor is this all. The Cimbri are spread by the well-informed Pliny over a wider surface. He does not confine them to Jutland; he discerns them roaming the Mediterranean and encamping on the margins of the Rhine.

As to that terrible band of Cimbri who, between the years 113 and 100, rushed, sword in hand, into Italy and spread havoc and destruction through its northern provinces, and who, as Florus informs us, were believed to have issued from the re-

* In some respects—not all by any means—recalling the predatory expeditions of later times by the Northmen.

† *Uisce* appears in modern times in English geographical names in the form *Usk* as applied to a river.

mostest countries in the west, we can only say of them that they formed not a nation but an expedition. This is evinced by the titles of their leaders. The supreme commander of the Cimbri is termed by Plutarch *Boiorix*—that is, "the life of the enterprise," the vital principle of the expedition. His title, if written in full, would be *fear*, "a man"; *beo*, "living"; *thoruis*, "of the foray." (In Gaelic *t* when aspirated becomes silent.) He was the life of the foray. Another is termed *Cesorix*—that is, *ceas*, "the eyesight"; *thoruis*, "of the raid." Let us here observe, once for all, that an "expedition, journey, pilgrimage, or tour" is always understood by the word *torus*. When compounded with certain other words the initial of *torus*, ceasing to be sounded, becomes, according to the euphonic rules of Gaelic, mortified or eclipsed. The word then becomes simply *orus*. *Torus* is the nominative case; *toruis* (pronounced *torish*) the genitive. This is the modification of the word which in Latin versions of Gaelic names is often represented by *orix*.

Our Celtic historians, such as Thierry and Godwin, entirely unacquainted with the language of the Celts, affirm that *Boio-rix*—as they write it—signifies "King Boio." But this is simply impossible. *Righ*, not *rix*, is the Gaelic for "king," and it is quite evident that these Cimbri were Gaels. *Righ* is likewise the human arm, because the king is the arm or executive of the nation. The character which historians ascribe to Boiorix seems to prove that he was worthy of this title. We are told, on the authority of Livy, that his age was youthful, his temper violent, and his courage intrepid. All the inferior chiefs were subjected to Boiorix, the guiding spirit of the great invasion.

Speaking of this expedition of the Cimbri, a commentator of Tacitus says: "Strabo places them on the ocean; Mela in the islands of the Baltic; Pliny to the east of the Elbe, and on the peninsula which took its name from them; Tacitus places them in the same quarter; Ptolemy at the extremity of the Cimbric Chersonese. But upon examination it does not appear that they ever inhabited these places." No, they were not the *inhabitants* of these coasts; they merely landed at them. Their home was "the farthest part of the west." They fortified a camp on the margins of the Elbe, and then marched into the interior, sword in hand. The truth is that these expeditions were Irish, precisely like that which in after-ages and in a different locality carried St. Patrick a chained prisoner into Ireland. These warriors were the knights-errant of pagan times, ransacking Europe in search of adventure, gold, and renown. Owing to the fre-

quent recurrence of these invasions, repeated during centuries, the peninsula in question was termed "Cimbric" by the Greeks and Romans.

Speaking of the Gaelic chiefs of Scotland, Sir Walter Scott says: "A young chief was always expected to show his talents for command as soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature (a foray, or *creacadh*) either against a neighboring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the Saxons, or *Sassanachs*, for which no apology was necessary." J. O'Donovan, in his notes to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, corroborates this statement by assuring us that the Irish had a similar custom. He describes the *ceanurra*, or captain, of an Irish "nation" as organizing a foray as soon as he was inaugurated—when he stepped down from the "far-seeing hill."

When the newly-chosen chief descended from the rock of inauguration he hastened at the head of his clansmen to invade some adjacent principality. Now what was true of the provincial chiefs was likewise true of the *Ardrigh*, or supreme monarch of Ireland—the *Imperator Scotorum*, as he is termed in a venerable manuscript. He summoned his *urriaghs*, marshalled his tributaries, prepared his fleet, embarked his forces, and set sail for the Continent. Being unable—like a modern potentate—to mortgage posterity for the payment of his army, he promised them abundance of booty, kingdoms to ravage, and termed them *cimbri*, or pursuers of wealth. We must always remember that the Irish monarchy existed at least two thousand years. "Compared to *Ierne*," said Archbishop Ussher, "the name of Rome is modern." Donald O'Neill, in his celebrated letter to Pope John XXII., written in 1316, affirms—what has never been denied—that previously to the arrival of St. Patrick one hundred and thirty-six kings reigned in Ireland. Many of these kings, however, were *righe go freasabhra*, "reges cum reluctantia"—sovereigns whose sway was reluctantly submitted to, whose dominion was not commensurate with the extent of the island. They assumed the title of *Ardrigh*, however, when two provinces and a fragment of a third acknowledged their authority. But this was a rare occurrence. The number of Irish kings who in the course of ages could boast of being *righe gan freasabhra*—"rulers whose authority was entirely unopposed"—was comparatively few. These were the men, however, who led armies on foreign expeditions. In his *Life of Nelson*, Southey says that Henry II.'s object in invading Ireland was to paralyze the Irish nation

and prevent the havoc of his dominions by expeditions of this nature—an object in which he certainly succeeded. Speaking of these expeditions, W. K. Sullivan says:

"The political organization of Ireland was very weak for purposes of defence against an invading enemy; the chief king had no power over the numerous *subreguli* beyond what he could enforce by his arms, and there was no cohesion even among clans the most closely related. . . . Such countries, however, might have sent forth very formidable invading armies in which the principle of military honor, fidelity to the chosen war-chief, and a sense of the common danger in an enemy's country would give that unity of action which could not be attained at home."

Owing to the frequent repetition of these expeditions and the restless character of the Cimbri, owing to the appearance of their armed bands at widely separated points of the Roman frontier; the classical writers were persuaded that the north of Europe was eminently populous, crowded with warlike communities. They describe the Cimbri as extending from the Baltic to the Euxine, and flourishing at one and the same time on the Rhine and the Mediterranean. They give them armies of three hundred thousand men, exclusive of women and children. These exaggerations originated in the mobility and restlessness of the Cimbri, constantly changing their place of encampment and living in chariots and wagons. They appeared in all the splendor of arms, with plumed helmets and dazzling spears, sometimes at the Euxine, sometimes at the Baltic, and sometimes on the Rhine; but it by no means follows that they occupied the intervening country. The French, for instance, at the present day hold Algiers; they have also a settlement on the Gulf of Guinea, but do not occupy the territory between these settlements. The Cimbri were *πλάνητες*. They were constantly doing what the Helvetii were restrained by Cæsar from accomplishing, what Orgetorix advised them to do—*ut de finibus suis cum omnibus copiis exirent*. Niebuhr pronounces the expedition of the Helvetii "one of the most extraordinary phenomena in history." But this was by no means the case. The Cimbri pursued the same practice. It appears astonishing to Latham that a people acquainted with the arts of agriculture should desert their country, burn their houses, and become as nomadic as the Tartars of Asia, who are destitute of corn. The following extract from Keating is calculated, we think, to elucidate this custom. Keating informs us that the *Feine-na-h-Erionn* *—the ancient militia of Eire—spent one-half of the year

* *Fin*, or *feine*, means a rustic or farmer in its literal acceptance; *finvast*, a diligent farmer.

in hunting, and during the other half were billeted on the agriculturists, and thus combined the vigilance, energy, and agility of men who live by the chase with the industry, skill, and social virtues of the class who live by agriculture. Thus when they conquered foreign countries they were prepared for either mode of life, and were ready, like the Cimbri, to lay aside the sword and use the ploughshare, or, like the Helvetians, to turn their back on the plough and unsheathe the sword of war—were by turns military nomads and settled agriculturists. We do not see anything incompatible in these occupations. What Tacitus says of the Suevi, "multum sunt in venationibus," would not hinder them from assiduously applying themselves in the intervals of war to the arts of peace, or from occasionally throwing off the restraints of a monotonous tranquillity and sallying forth like one man, sword in hand, to carry war and devastation into the precincts of "peaceable nations, neighboring or remote."

To return. The object of Jacob Grimm's work is to demonstrate that in the days of Tacitus the *Vaterland* was inhabited, as it is now, by *Deutsche Volk*. More ancient writers, however, such as Pelloutier, maintain that those inhabitants were Celts. J. Grimm labors to establish his theory by showing that the names of the tribes mentioned by Tacitus are "High-German." In seeking to effect this object, however, he entirely fails. For instance, as every Irish scholar knows, the word *sturrich* (pronounced *sturree*) signifies in Gaelic the summit of a hill. From this word the name of a tribe mentioned by classical writers, the *Sturiori*, is naturally derived. Grimm, however, has a different etymology. He fancies it comes from the German *sturm*—the English *storm*—and this for a cogent reason: the *Sturiori*, he maintains, were *Cimbri*; the Cimbri were a stormy people. Therefore the *Sturiori* were *Deutsche Volk*.

To conclude, we are compelled, after a reading of the *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache*, to declare that very many of Grimm's derivations are, to say the least, far-fetched and fantastic. We regret that we cannot fully coincide with him in his efforts to prove (ingenious as those efforts are) that the *Catti* of Tacitus and Hessians of modern times are one and the same people. We may be considered as fastidious; but we cannot believe that these names are identical. Grimm's conclusions are possibly true, but we hesitate to accept them. We think it is a case in which "the vowels go for nothing, and the consonants if possible for less."

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FIRST CLERICAL VICTIMS.

ON the 15th of May, 1559, Elizabeth and her Council arranged a plan at once to test the Catholic bishops of England. Her highness accordingly commanded the prelates (fourteen in number) to appear before her at Greenwich Palace. Sir William Cecil and Sir Nicholas Bacon were present; and it is needless to inform the reader that Cecil and Bacon were the uncompromising enemies of Catholicity. The queen informed the prelates that it was her will and pleasure that they should take the new form of oath about to be tendered to them, or else surrender their sees immediately.

Dr. Heath, Archbishop of York, was first called upon to take the Oath of Supremacy. The aged prelate seemed deeply affected, yet he replied in a firm and respectful tone. He begged to remind the queen of the awful duties she had to account for before the Almighty God. He admonished her "to follow in the steps of her good and virtuous sister, who had brought back the country to the ancient religion which had flourished in it for so many centuries." He contended that the see of Rome was the mother of all churches; that history and tradition, and the writings of the Fathers, and the learned councils of holy men that were held at different times, all proclaimed the Pope of Rome as the head of that church which their Divine Master had founded. In conclusion the archbishop admonished the queen to think well on the policy she was about to adopt, and not to be led astray by the politicians who surrounded her, and whose motives were so well demonstrated to the world by their conduct in her brother's reign. "What will be the result to after-generations?" exclaimed Dr. Heath. "Ah! my good old master King Henry would not deny that we are the real shepherds of Jesus Christ. But King Henry was deceived on his death-bed. And now I warn your highness against the false prophets that are at this moment undermining the church of God. Your brother was awfully deceived by his Council and a certain wicked man* up to the last dread struggle between life and death."

The members of the Council who were present seemed some-

* The "wicked man" here alluded to was, most likely, Cranmer, or perhaps Lord Hertford, better known as "the Protector Somerset."

what ruffled, and the queen felt annoyed at the allusions to her father. However, she was well schooled in deception by Cecil, and concealed her resentment for another occasion. Amidst a breathless silence the queen addressed the bishops :

"My lord archbishop, I will consider you in the words of Josue— 'I and my realm will serve the Lord God.' My sister could not bind the realm, nor bind those who should come after her, to submit to a usurped authority. My lords, *I take those who maintain here the Bishop of Rome and his ambitious pretences to be enemies to God, and to me as the sovereign ruler of this realm.*"

The queen delivered this address in tone and gesture most emphatic. The bishops were ordered to retire from the royal presence, the queen's "pleasure being that they should be allowed twenty-one days to reconsider their position and the demands made by the crown." With one exception (Dr. Kitchen) they remained firm to their faith and brave mariners of "Peter's ship." When the time for "further consideration" elapsed the bishops declined the Oath of Supremacy. They were immediately arrested, after the fashion of common malefactors, and committed to the worst dungeons in the Tower or the Fleet. "They were compelled," writes Farlow, "to pay for their own food, whilst they were left without the means to do so; but some kind-hearted people made up a purse for the deposed prelates and sent it to them. Many of the 'good-givers' were of the Reformer class."

The news of the sudden change of religion in England created considerable excitement on the Continent, and the name of Queen Elizabeth became detested in Paris, Vienna, Rome, Madrid, and other great cities.

Nicholas Heath, the deposed archbishop of York, was descended from the Heaths of Apsley, near Tamworth, where the family enjoyed a large landed property for many generations. In 1531 Nicholas Heath received Holy Orders, and eight years subsequently he was consecrated bishop of Rochester, and at a still later period was translated to the see of Worcester, where he remained till the accession of Edward VI. Upon Queen Mary coming to the throne she released Dr. Heath, then in the Tower. In 1555 he was elevated to the archbishopric of York. The death of Dr. Gardyner, Bishop of Winchester, opened a fresh field for the display of his talents as a politician, when he became lord-chancellor of England. In that high capacity he signed the death-warrant for the execution of his "late persecutor," Archbishop Cranmer. It is affirmed that Heath felt hor-

rified at signing the fatal document, being of opinion that a churchman should have "no concern whatever with the shedding of blood." The warrant is still extant, signed "Nicholas Heath, Lord-Chancellor of England." It has been stated that Bishop Gardyner never signed a death-warrant. As lord-chancellor he signed warrants for the queen in several cases of treason. Archbishop Cranmer, who never filled the office of chancellor, placed his name, as Regent of the Realm, to the warrant for the execution of Sir Thomas Seymour; and at a later period, at the suggestion of Lord Warwick, whom he feared and hated, the archbishop consented, in a similar manner, to the execution of his own patron, "dear friend," and brother-Reformer, the Duke of Somerset, the idol of the Protestant party.

There are several trustworthy Protestant contemporaries who have furnished posterity with a noble character of Archbishop Heath. "He was a man," writes Hayward, "most eminent and of generous simplicity. He esteemed everything privately unlawful which was not publicly beneficial and good."* Another writer, of Calvinistic tendencies, remarks: "Archbishop Heath's career, though not marked by any striking events, was most honorable to his character, and ought to make his memory revered by all denominations of Christians."† English historians, excepting a few Puritan writers, agree in their commendations of Dr. Heath.‡

In the year 1561 Archbishop Heath was again removed to the Tower to undergo an examination for an alleged "popish plot"; but the scheme fell through, owing to the sudden death of a witness. About the same period the newly-created archbishop of York "affected indignation" at the idea of any popish priest "calling himself an archbishop." So Dr. Heath was duly cited, and excommunicated as a "popish pretender."§ Heath's successor in the see of York was an apostate priest, and a man whose moral character would not bear an investigation.

Foss, a high Protestant authority, exonerates Archbishop Heath from any participation in the "stake-fires" which were in operation during his chancellorship. In fact, he protested against those horrible scenes, but was outvoted in the Council *by the men who subsequently held office under Elizabeth.*

Archbishop Heath was more fortunate than many of his

* Hayward's *Annals of Elizabeth's Reign*, p. 13.

† Lord Campbell's *English Chancellors*, vol. ii. p. 81.

‡ See Godwin, De Preasul, Anthony Wood, and Burnet. § Machyn's *Diary*, p. 238.

clerical brethren. After a time Queen Elizabeth permitted him to retire to a private residence at Chobham, in Surrey. In this quiet retreat he resided for a few years, pursuing with devotion the sacred studies to which he had been so long and so ardently attached. He died in the year 1579, and was buried in the chancel of the parish church of Chobham. Such was the end of the eventful life of the last Catholic archbishop of York and lord-chancellor of England.

Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of Durham, met with a striking reverse of fortune. In early life he enjoyed the friendship of Sir Thomas More, Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, Bishop Fisher, Archbishop Warham, and other eminent scholars and divines. More states that "the world had not then anything more learned, or prudent, or better than Cuthbert Tunstal." The amiable and excellent Archbishop Warham was one of his immediate friends. In a letter from Warham to Cardinal Wolsey he speaks of Tunstal, on his promotion to the see of Durham, in terms of eulogy, and describes him as a man of "virtue, learning, and goodness."* Camden, writing at a later period, presents Tunstal to posterity as "an able negotiator and a most exquisite master of all critical learning"—a high compliment from such an eminent authority. In 1541 Tunstal assisted Dr. Heath, then Bishop of Worcester, in a revised edition of the Bible. He was most competent for this labor, being a noted Greek scholar at thirty years of age. His private character was "without spot or stain, and commanded the respect of even the malignant revilers of clerical honor." There is, however, a dark side to this sunny picture which a sense of truth cannot conceal. The clerics of the sixteenth century, like human nature in all times, were not perfect. Unfortunately for the high reputation of Tunstal as a priest, he became a courtier and joined the party of Stephen Gardyner. He advocated the divorce of Katharine of Arragon; he took the Oath of Supremacy to Henry VIII.; he was silent, or nearly so, when Lord Crumwell and Dr. London issued their monastic reports and entered upon a crusade of sacrilegious robbery of the English monastic houses.

In 1535 Tunstal wrote to Reginald Pole, denouncing the pope for not "quickly agreeing to the assumptions of the English monarch." He preached at St. Paul's Cross against the spiritual power of the pope in England. He described Clement VII. in very uncourteous language as "a disturber of the peace

* MS. Correspondence of Warham and Wolsey.

of Europe." Father Peto and the heroic Remonstrant Soldiers of the Cross answered him from the pulpit in fearless contradiction, for they cared not for the favors or the power of princes. Notwithstanding the many warnings Tunstal received from the Invincible Soldiers of the Cross, still he adhered to the policy of the king. And his letters to Reginald Pole prove that he was completely in the monarch's interest.* Protestant writers insinuate from the above impeachment that Tunstal was a Reformer; but he was no such thing. According to Dean Hook, he did not believe in *Roman* Catholicity, and made some such statements to the apostate Parker, whom Elizabeth placed in the see of Canterbury. But upon the death of King Henry, Tunstal, Gardyner, and several other prelates had reason to lament the course they had adopted in the former reign. They now stood forward to guard "Peter's ship," but as far as England was concerned it became almost a hopeless task. Tunstal, Gardyner, and several other prelates were speedily relegated to the Tower or the Fleet by the Protector Somerset and that arch-apostate and marplot, Thomas Cranmer.

Dean Hook contends that all the deposed prelates were "treated with kindness by Sir William Cecil and Queen Elizabeth." But the conduct of the Reformers to Dr. Tunstal was marked by peculiar baseness. As I have already remarked, upon Henry's death Tunstal was deposed and stripped of his *private property*. Being released from prison by Queen Mary, he never actively remembered his former wrongs; he never persecuted, and in his broad diocese no man suffered for his belief. When Elizabeth felt herself established on the throne she deprived him not only of his episcopal revenues, of which he had been a munificent dispenser, but of the wreck of his private fortune and personal liberty. The early associations that existed between Elizabeth and Cuthbert Tunstal place the queen's conduct to him in a specially unamiable light. He was the prelate who had baptized her at Greenwich Palace, and was also one of her god-fathers. For many years previous to his deprivation he was in the habit of sending presents to Elizabeth on her natal day, accompanied by "some pretty lines," breathing good wishes for his goddaughter.

Although the incarceration of this aged prelate may seem not harsh to some minds, as it presented the distinction of his being merely remitted to the "honorable custody" of Archbishop Parker, the confiscation of his private property was not,

* The Pole Correspondence, MS., chap. vi. p. 375.

perhaps, half so annoying to Tunstal as the choice of his imprisonment. *Choice* is not the word, for the bitter irony of Sir William Cecil may be seen in the apparent lenity of its destination. No two men were more opposite in character than Cuthbert Tunstal and Matthew Parker. Dean Hook represents Parker as a Protestant *saint*; but the records of his actions prove him to have been the very opposite. He persecuted his former co-religionists, without pity or remorse. But the days of retribution came. When Parker had played the part Elizabeth required, she quarrelled with him and sequestered a portion of his revenues. A great calamity followed to Parker—the loss of his sight. The queen next ordered him to retire upon a limited pension. In the days of Parker's prosperity he has been described as “a haughty, domineering prelate.” He persecuted the dissenters in a manner that they never forgave.* We are assured upon the authority of Archbishop Laud, who held the see of Canterbury for the Anglicans in Charles II.'s time, that the Puritan fanatics broke open the tomb of Parker and *flung his remains upon a neighboring dung-hill*. And, by the way, in due time the Puritans sent Laud to the scaffold as “something worse than a papist.” Archbishop Laud was “a worthy little man,” amiable and tolerant. His great crime, in the eyes of the Puritans, was his chivalrous attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart. But whether living or dead, the apostate Matthew Parker, the priest-hunter, seems to have won the contempt and hatred of all parties.

To return to Bishop Tunstal. Until the reign of Henry VIII. many of the legal functionaries were clerics, and the offices of the exchequer were for a long period filled by priests, to the well-grounded dissatisfaction of the laity. Dr. Tunstal held the office of Master of the Rolls for six years. He was not only a great canon and civil-law judge, but an eminent diplomatist, who discharged several political missions to the satisfaction of the king. King Henry's high opinion of Tunstal induced him to appoint that prelate as one of the executors of the “royal will.” At a subsequent period Tunstal denounced the Duke of Somerset for violating King Henry's “most Catholic will.” For his frankness Tunstal was committed to the Fleet by the Council of King Edward VI.

It was the destiny of Cuthbert Tunstal to live in the reign of every one of the Tudor family; to witness the beginning and almost the end of the Protestant Reformation. The character of

* Aikin's *Court of Elizabeth*; Neal's *History of the Puritans*.

Tunstal was solid and prudent; his countenance, refined though florid, expressed benevolence and intelligence; his learning, which recommended him to the favorable notice of Erasmus, had gained him a reputation beyond the shores of England. For some years he was regarded as the leader of the constitutional party among churchmen—a position which he enjoyed so long as moderation, dignity, and integrity were sufficient to maintain it. But he failed to show the energy of a leader as the troubles of the times increased.*

Dr. Tunstal did not long survive the loss of his honors. He died at Lambeth Palace, November 18, 1559, and Maurice Chauncey relates that it was bruited at St. Omers that "an unpleasant altercation took place between Dr. Parker and his wife as to whether Tunstal should be allowed to have the visits of a Catholic priest at the time of his last illness." Father Davern, an Irish Dominican, then in concealment in London, "heard it stated that one of the chaplains of the Spanish ambassador was permitted by the queen to attend Tunstal, and that Parker and his intolerant wife were compelled to give way." It is certain that other bishops were not permitted the benefit of a priest at their last moments, thus placing them on a level with murderers or outlaws, who were, by the barbarous laws of the Tudor rulers, denied the rights of all religious consolation at the hour of death. Cuthbert Tunstal was a member of an ancient family, his father being Sir Thomas Tunstal, and his mother of the honored name of Neville—a name long associated with all that was chivalrous, brave, and generous in the English realm.

Dr. Day, Bishop of Chichester, was amongst the few prelates who had sufficient courage to oppose the innovations of the king in church matters. Day was neither a time-server nor a coward. He was not moved by terrible threats. When King Henry VIII. issued letters for the conversion of altars into tables, Dr. Day refused to enforce the order in his diocese; and being threatened with deprivation, he pleaded vigorously for the rights of conscience. Finding, however, his efforts to be unsuccessful, he expressed his final decision in terms which command the respect of every honest man. "*I account it to be a less evil,*" said he, "*to suffer the body to perish than to destroy the immortal soul. I would rather lose all that I ever had in this world than act against the convictions of my conscience.*"

Dr. Day was committed to the Fleet prison for his brave

* *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*, by R. W. Dixon, A.M., vol. i.

declaration, but at the accession of Queen Mary he was restored to his diocese, where his exemplary conduct endeared him to all classes. Upon the accession of Elizabeth, Dr. Day became more firmly attached to "Peter's ship." He refused to acknowledge Elizabeth as the "vicegerent of Christ." His property was confiscated, and he was sent from one jailer to another, enduring insult and privation. So this worthy and amiable prelate shared the fate of the other bishops, whose long imprisonment and confiscation of property are amongst the worst deeds of Elizabeth and her Council.

Dr. Whyte became Bishop Gardyners's successor in the see of Winchester. He was the first prelate whom Elizabeth deposed. On descending from the pulpit, after preaching the funeral sermon for Queen Mary, the new monarch ordered his arrest, and he remained in the Tower till his health was totally prostrated. He was subsequently released and permitted to reside at the house of his sister, where he died in 1561. Camden states that, although allowed to live with his relative, he was prevented from practising his religion. And yet another contemporary alleges that during the imprisonment of Archbishop Heath the queen ordered every facility to be rendered to him in the performance of his religious duties. Dr. Whyte is described by an Oxford professor "as an eminent scholar, a pleasing poet, an able theologian, an eloquent preacher, a prelate of primitive behavior, and, altogether, a worthy, good man." Sir William Cecil has left on record his own "private opinion" of the bishop of Winchester. "He was," writes Cecil, "sincere, candid, honest, and hospitable; very attentive to the duties of his see, and charitable to God's poor." If Dr. Whyte deserved this character—which he did fully—why did Sir William Cecil advise such treatment towards him? The fact is, virtue was the very worst recommendation for prelatical prosperity in the days of Cecil and his royal mistress.

Thomas Thirlby was a native of Cambridge, and in time received his education at Trinity Hall. Thirlby became eminent in civil law. He was "considered to be a rigid and devout priest, who won the respect of his contemporaries, both lay and clerical." So writes Thorndale. Thirlby's introduction to Henry VIII. led to his promotion. The king knew how to win over men of ambition and talent. In 1534 Father Thirlby was appointed to the archdeaconry of Ely, and, in a few months subsequent, his royal patron made him dean of the Chapel Royal. The new bishopric of Westminster was next conferred

on him. This see was dissolved in the reign of Edward VI., Thirlby having agreed to the terms proposed by Somerset's Council. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, Thirlby was in high favor at court, and was soon translated to the see of Norwich. Queen Mary sent him to Rome on a special mission, to represent to the pope the state of religion in England at that period. His Protestant contemporaries speak of Thirlby as a man opposed to religious persecution; nevertheless he sent three men to the stake for heresy.* It may fairly be stated, in his defence, that the Council "pushed forward those persecutions of conscience." It is recorded by several persons who were present at Archbishop Cranmer's trial that Thirlby shed tears in pronouncing one of the decrees against his former friend.

Dr. Thirlby was a most munificent benefactor to the diocese of Ely. He also added to the endowments of Jesus College, at Cambridge, which was first founded by Bishop Alcock.

In the beginning of Elizabeth's reign she employed Thirlby in diplomatic missions to France and Scotland, which, it is stated, met with the queen's "entire approval." When his presence was required in his diocese Sir William Cecil, by "the queen's command, called on Thirlby to take the Oath of Supremacy to her highness in all things concerning religion." He at once refused and was committed to the Tower. When entering that fortress he had on his person gold to the amount of five hundred crowns; and the usual search having been gone through, the lieutenant of the Tower remarked on his having "so large a sum on his person, coming there as a prisoner." Thirlby replied with a smile: "I love to have my friends about me, not knowing what fare I may meet with in this place."

Dr. Thirlby was next consigned to the custody of her own archbishop, Parker, who retained him a close prisoner for nearly *ten years*. He died in 1570.

The accounts as to how the Marian bishops fared under the rule of Queen Elizabeth are contradictory. Ratclyffe says that "every degradation was heaped upon them by the bishop-jailers and their wives—a class of women who specially denounced the olden bishops for their celibacy." And, again, Dr. Ratclyffe maintains: "As far as public opinion dare to express itself in Elizabeth's reign, there was a general disapproval of making the deposed bishops the prisoners of the 'new prelates.'" Ratclyffe was a Protestant physician well known in the social circles of the period.

To commit the bishops to the worst dungeons in the Tower

* Records of the Cathedrals of Ely and Norwich.

would not have been so painful and humiliating as that of being placed in the custody of the men who had just taken possession of their dioceses. What feeling could the deposed prelates experience towards their jailers? This degrading and cruel action was done for the purpose of debasing the bishops. The motives are clear enough. "The bishops conformed more or less to the new order of things," observes Dean Hook, "but Dr. Whyte and Dr. Watson could not conscientiously submit. Watson was at first committed to the custody of Grindal, the new Bishop of London, and afterwards to that of Coxe, Bishop of Ely. Instead, however, of meeting courteous treatment with courtesy, Dr. Watson was found 'preaching against the state,' and it was deemed necessary to place him under closer restraint." * So writes Dean Hook. Wisbeck Castle became the next prison of the unfortunate prelate. Here he remained four-and-twenty years a close prisoner. Dr. Watson died in 1584.

Dean Hook is very emphatic in his statement as to a change of sentiment in the Catholic prelates; but he produces no authority for his allegation. If the Catholic bishops conformed in any way Elizabeth would have been glad to retain them, if it were only for an incitement to win others; for she heartily detested the Puritan element amongst her new bishops. Neither Horne, Barlow, Coxe, Jewell, nor Grindal enjoyed her confidence; they were forced upon her by circumstances.

A notable writer of those times admits that when party feeling ran high—when did it not?—"occasionally instances of harshness must have occurred." † This admission on the part of Sir William Cecil's secretary (Camden) allows a wide margin for the persecutions of this age. Grindal, like Coxe, is a specimen of the clerical jailers of the times. He was one of John Fox's correspondents in framing the marvellous history of the "martyrs." Grindal's whole nature was impregnated with the hatred of his Catholic countrymen, and both in the diocese of London and Canterbury he was the instigator of persecution against Catholics. Liberty of conscience was a sentiment he could not understand.

Dodd affirms that few clerics received such rapid promotion in Henry's reign as Dr. Bonner. He was indebted for his promotion, not to any personal merits, but to the fact of being a near relative of Lord Crumwell. Within a fortnight Bonner was installed bishop of Hereford, and then was transferred to the see of London. He was expediently grateful: he spoke and

* Dean Hook's *Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. ix. ; Godwin, p. 363.

† Printed at length in Somers' *Tracts*, vol. i. p. 193.

acted with the court; he advocated the divorce of Katharine of Arragon; he supported the King's Supremacy and the dissolution of the monastic houses. In later days came the revulsion. After the death of Henry, Bishop Bonner became conscious of the immense mischief he had done to the church in the days of his "good old master." During the brief rule of the Protector Somerset and his colleagues Bonner was committed to the Tower, where he was kept in close confinement, not permitted the "use of pen, ink, or paper, and *no fire*." When Bonner was called upon by Lord Hertford to take the Oath of Supremacy he at once refused to do so; and that refusal may be considered the best action of his mischievous life. Bonner was no coward, as alleged by the Puritans. It is only justice to Bonner to state that he was severely rebuked by the Council of Queen Mary for not acting with "expedition in the case of some obstinate heretics." But he should have remembered that his first duty was to God, and taken a warning from the memorable sermon of De Castro, the Spanish friar.* Bonner was a thorough man of the world, and his ambition for office led him to an unenviable notoriety in the eyes of posterity, who have in too many instances adopted the reckless assertions of such writers as John Fox, Speed, and Burnet; yet, strange to say, the Puritan writers just quoted admit, in favor of Bonner, that, "as the law stood, he could not refuse to hear those heresy appeals, as they were sent forward by the Council." Dodd takes the same view of the question. A recent Anglican writer describes Bonner as "a clerical judge who had never been a very zealous persecutor, and was sick of his work."† Bonner's secret despatches to Lord Crumwell from Rome, "concerning the divorce of Queen Katharine," place him in the worst light. He speaks of Clement VII., in his correspondence upon the divorce of Queen Katharine, in a manner both rude and insulting.‡ Like his kinsman Lord Crumwell, Bonner had no party, and was detested by every one who adhered to the virtuous Queen Katharine.

Bishop Bonner was most unjustly imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth *for ten years*. His last days were remarkable for fortitude and resignation. He was half-starved by his jailer, and his apparel became threadbare; still, he maintained his manly courage, amidst insults and wrongs deliberately heaped upon him by Cecil and Bishop Horne.

* *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. iii, pp. 220, 226.

† *Green's History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 260.

‡ In Brewer's State Papers Pope Clement appears in a most favorable light, and his conduct with respect to the divorce of Queen Katharine has been defended in an equitable spirit by a Protestant and an Anglican clergyman—Professor Brewer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND PRIMATE OF THE BRITAINS. By Martin Rule, M.A. In two volumes. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

Mr. Rule is a lay gentleman, who, although he was baptized in the Anglican sect by the name of Martin Luther, has dropped the name together with the errors of that heresiarch and returned to the bosom of the true church. He dedicates the elaborate and admirable life of the great Doctor of the Church and illustrious English prelate, St. Anselm, in beautiful and affectionate terms, to his wife, who appears to have been a partner in the labor of love which produced this tribute to the memory of a man wonderful alike as a theologian, a ruler, and a saint. The author has found his materials in Eadmer, Orderic, and William of Malmesbury, in St. Anselm's correspondence, in other ancient records, and in the personal inspection of all the places connected with the events of the saint's life. He has used great diligence and care in gathering and weaving together all these materials, and has shown great taste, skill, and artistic power in constructing a continuous, comprehensive, and fascinating narrative of the personal and public career of St. Anselm. This narrative includes, necessarily, an account of a great many of the most important events of the age in which he lived—that is, of the eleventh century and the first years of the twelfth, the age of St. Gregory the Great, of William the Conqueror, William Rufus, and Henry I.

The book has been published in the best style of Mr. Kegan Paul, and must take its place among the standard historical works of the English language. It is among the best and most valuable contributions which Catholic scholars of England have made to the ecclesiastical history of their own country. Its perusal has suggested to us the great need which exists of a complete and masterly history of the Catholic Church of England. Such a history we do not possess, either in a separate form or as a portion of the history of the universal church. We have it, in a certain way, as it is involved in, and interwoven with, the general history of England, narrated by the several eminent authors who have made this history their theme. In their pages, not even excepting Lingard, there is much which needs correction, and a great deal more is lacking. In all the works of specifically ecclesiastical historians there are very great deficiencies in respect to the history of the English Church. It is to be hoped that this great want may be supplied, though it might cost the labor of a lifetime.

RAGNAROK: THE AGE OF FIRE AND GRAVEL. By Ignatius Donnelly, author of *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

The view maintained in this work is that the "drift" with which a large part of the earth is covered, and for which no perfectly satisfactory explanation has ever been given, is the result of the collision of the earth with a comet, which, by its after-effects, also produced the glacial age.

The objections to other theories in vogue are forcibly presented, and strong arguments given for this one.

The author has an enthusiastic confidence in it which we need not share; but there is nothing absurd in the idea of such a catastrophe having occurred in the past, as it also might occur in the future. The chances, of course, are against such a thing happening; but the event is quite in the order of nature, and positive evidence of its having taken place is deserving of consideration.

So far as we are able to judge by modern observation, the larger comets, if they should strike the earth, would probably devastate a great part of it and strew it with *débris* much like the drift, both in quantity and quality. The mass of the drift is certainly immense, but it is very slight compared with that of the whole earth; and a comet might be insignificant as a disturbing body in the solar system by attraction, and yet by actual impact produce very serious effects.

There are some scientific inaccuracies in the work, but the main thesis can stand well enough independently of these. It is a plausible and an interesting one.

The author brings to its support various legends of antiquity collected from different parts of the world, and among others a Scandinavian one called "*Ragnarok*" (rain of rocks?) which gives its name to his book. In this endeavor to obtain historical evidence for his theory he strains many points and makes many forced interpretations. A remarkable example is the attempt to identify the catastrophe of Sodom with the great cometic disaster. In general we can by no means agree with the explanation given to the book of Genesis, which almost every reader will probably consider wild and improbable.

Ragnarok, however, will on the whole repay perusal and furnish much matter for reflection as well as excitement for the imagination. It is a pity that the author should have injured his case by advocating it too strenuously and inconsiderately, but a good deal of it is left in spite of this injury.

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER: What he should be and what he should do. Together with a collection of prayers suitable to his condition. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer by Rev. L. A. Lambert, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Waterloo, N. Y. With an Introduction by Right Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, D.D., C.M., Bishop of Buffalo. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1883.

This is a companion volume to *The Christian Mother*, which was introduced to the American public by the Archbishop of Baltimore and highly commended by us on its appearance. It is introduced by another prelate, the Bishop of Buffalo, with the strongest terms of praise and approbation. There is no need to say any more by way of recommendation. We have been particularly interested by a narrative entitled "*The Red Farmer of Münster*," which is a description of his own father by a priest. We would like to see these two books in the hands of all parents, and of all young people who are beginning their married life in Christian wedlock. The editions published are neat, but it would be a happy thought to publish others also in the most costly and elegant style for presents, and for that class of persons who are most in need of such books, and yet disdain to have them on their tables unless they are very dainty articles.

PATRON SAINTS. By Eliza Allen Starr. First and Second Series. Baltimore: John B. Piet & Co. 1883.

Less than two years since we had occasion to notice in this magazine the issue of the second series of Eliza Allen Starr's sketches called *Patron Saints*. The volumes now at hand are a new edition of both the first and second series of this lady's pen-pictures of God's blessed ones. We cannot say too much in praise of these books; in their way they are excellent. We are convinced that they have already wrought much good, and we trust that they will find a place in every Christian family, there to teach the lesson of love to God. Miss Starr has dedicated her sketches to the young, and she has been true to the object for which she wrote. She wished to give the young people bright, entertaining reading, through which she would enkindle in their hearts a love of virtue by showing the glory of those in whose lives the thought of God was the inspiring motive of their every action. We are of opinion that she has succeeded in accomplishing what she purposed.

Her style is pleasing; she has acquired the art of keeping her reader's attention to the end. In her choice of subjects she has been very happy, having selected those which abound in the lessons she would impart and which at the same time are full of poetry, so engaging with the young. Not the least of the merits of these books is that the sketches are short, there being more than fifty in the two volumes.

As to the etchings, of which there are a number in each volume, they serve to remind those having a knowledge of the originals of the works of which they are copies, and we trust that the day is not far distant when the patronage accorded such books as those we have been reviewing will enable publishers to enlist the services of some of our eminent artists in the execution of illustrations.

FOUR DAYS IN THE LIFE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. A drama for young ladies. By a member of the Order of Mercy. Edited by a member of the same Order, authoress of *The Life of Catherine McAuley*, etc. New Orleans: T. Fitzwilliam & Co., 62 Camp Street. 1883.

An interesting little drama for the exhibitions of girls' schools, in which Mary Stuart and her "four Maries" are introduced in four epochs of the ill-fated queen's life, the first scene representing Mary and her companions as little children, the last the parting at Fotheringay Castle just before Mary passed to the English headsman.

LIFE OF ST. DOMINIC. By the Rev. Père H. D. Lacordaire, of the Order of St. Dominic, and member of the French Academy. Translated by Mrs. Edward Hazeland. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

One cannot read the lives of the saints too often, especially in these times when faith, conviction, and courage are so sorely in demand. Two men of the stamp of St. Dominic and St. Francis sufficed to turn the tide of the prevailing corruption of their age, purify the members of the church, and renew her vigor.

This is an eloquent life of St. Dominic, founded on original researches, from the pen of the undaunted Père Lacordaire. Those who have not read it will do well to do so, and those who have should read it again and again.

CHARITY AS AN INVESTMENT. Lecture delivered Sunday, January 14, 1883, by Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.S.S.R., in St. Alphonsus' Church, for the benefit of the poor visited by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Father Girardey's lecture is an able and original paper. It is refreshing to read a new treatment of so trite a subject as the pious work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—the care of the poor.

SERVANTS OF GOD; or, Stories of the Saints. From approved sources. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1882.

This volume contains a judicious selection of the best of all pious reading—the lives of the saints. This book will do good service, since its perusal cannot fail to suggest holy thoughts and good resolutions.

GROWTH IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD. Meditations for every day of the year, exclusive of those for each festival, day of retreat, etc. Adapted from the French original of Abbé de Brandt by a "Daughter of the Cross." Vol. iii. London: Burns & Oates. 1883.

In the January number of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* may be found a notice of the first two volumes of this work. These excellent meditations will be appreciated by all who are desirous to be more like the Master.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. An essay to accompany a collection of aboriginal relics presented for the Toner Medal, 1882. By Louis A. Kengla, Student of Georgetown University, D. C. Washington: R. A. Waters & Son, Printers. 1883.

Mr. Kengla has added some Indian remains to the collection of his college, and in this pamphlet gives a description of them with some suggestions as to the mode of work followed by the Indians in making them. Colleges in other parts of the country might take a hint from Mr. Kengla's pamphlet and do their share in preserving and classifying the archæological remains in their vicinity.

THE STORAGE OF ELECTRICITY. By Henry Greer, author of the *Dictionary of Electricity*. Illustrated. New York: 122 East Twenty-sixth Street.

This is a well-written and interesting account of this very important and practical modern branch of the science, presented in a pamphlet of forty-two pages. The system of Mr. Brush is specially described, but the methods of other inventors are also treated at some length, and a general history of the progress in this department is given. The subject is presented in too technical a way to be intelligible throughout to the ordinary reader, but the statements of results attained, and of the advantages of storage-batteries over the ordinary machines, are clear enough to make the treatise worth any one's reading, and to excite an interest that would induce to a study of electrical science, which has made such wonderful advances in the last few years—a science which is not, in its practical aspect, very difficult to master.

GERTRUDE MANNERING: A Tale of Sacrifice. By Frances Noble. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1883.

A WILL AND A WAY. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, author of *Too Strange not to be True*, etc. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1883.

TALES OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD, by Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J.; and **THE HANDKERCHIEF AT THE WINDOW**, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1883.

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THE
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UNSCIENTIFIC LIBERTY.

CONFESSIONS of the failure of Protestantism as a religious system by persons educated and living under its influence have become quite frequent of late years. Our attention has lately been called to an article containing such a confession in the *International Review* for April. It is entitled "Influence of Sec-tarianism in Religion," and was written by a Mr. William Myall. We do not know who Mr. Myall may be, and must beg his pardon if we omit any additions which should be made to his name ; but, so far as we can judge, he is one who would not attach great importance to any such which might be his by right.

The title of his paper is necessarily brief and does not convey much idea of its drift. We may say, on the whole, that its real purpose—certainly a difficult one to express in few words—is twofold. It is, in the first place, to show that the sort of sectarianism which now exists, and which sprung from the action of the first Reformers (though by no means intended or sanctioned by them), is destructive to all belief in the positive dogmas of Christianity.

This is manifestly true, and cannot be denied by any one who will spend only a few minutes in examining the question. For this sectarianism is the recognition of the right of every one to believe, or rather to theorize, in religious matters as he pleases. This perfect freedom of speculation, of course, brings matters to such a pass that there are almost as many so-called Christian religions as individuals. When this state of things

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has come in, as we may say it has now in the Protestant body, no reasonable man can, without an overweening confidence in his own mental powers, hold firmly an opinion—for it is nothing more—which so few share with him and so many oppose. It becomes, therefore, impossible for intelligent men to attach themselves firmly to any Protestant system. Firm persuasion of the truth of any distinctively Christian dogmas disappears; there is a constant flux and reflux; everything may be successively entertained as probable, or everything abandoned.

The recent progress of physical science also helps, as Mr. Myall shows, in this destructive work. Some of its real discoveries seem inconsistent to many Protestants—as sometimes even to ill-instructed Catholics—to be incompatible with what they have been accustomed to hold as essential to Christianity. And its crude theories, like that of evolution, which he instances, are taken by the mass of them for real discoveries. They have in the true sense of the term, which he unconsciously recognizes, and which we will shortly more fully explain, *faith* in the conclusions of science, or of what they regard as such; religious faith they have none, but merely opinion. Their faith, in its contest with weakly-grounded opinion, naturally comes off the victor. In the case of the learned few who really know the grounds of scientific results, and the processes by which they are attained, this knowledge answers the same purpose that faith does for the multitude.

The tendency, therefore, of so-called Protestant Christianity has then always necessarily been, and conspicuously is now, to leave the field of dogma and to resolve itself into a mere moral system, commending itself to the natural feeling of all except perhaps the most depraved, but having no right to attach Christ's name to itself, except that he is viewed as the one who surpassed all others in the conformity of his life to it. It finally protests not only against Catholic teaching, but also against the teaching or the holding by any one as important of anything concerning the soul which is not clearly attainable by reason; and receives Christ's own teaching only as the teaching of a good man, whose moral doctrine was more pure and perfect than that of others only on account of the more perfect purity of his own character. In other words, religious, or, to say the least, Christian, faith has then, as will be seen, gone from it for ever. For what is faith?

In its general sense it is belief in the teaching or evidence of some one whom we trust. Thus, as has just been said, the

popular mind at the present day has faith in the teachings of scientific men and takes their results on faith. Very few of those who believe in the commonest and most certain of these results would be able to give any reason for their belief, except that those who have examined them testify that they are correct. And this faith shows itself not only in the more abstract and unpractical matters of science, but in those also upon which the greatest interests depend. How many of the immense number who cross the ocean know anything of the laws governing the movements of the heavenly bodies, upon which, however, they must rely if they wish to reach their destination safely?

Indeed, the very existence of society, and all our daily actions, involve the exercise of faith continually. One cannot even take a dose of medicine without making implicitly an act of faith both in the doctor who orders it and the apothecary who makes it up. If we insisted on examining everything for ourselves, and arriving at our own conclusions in all the daily affairs of life, things would come pretty much to a stop, both for the individual and for society. Even those who are at the head of intellectual progress, those who add to human knowledge by their own researches, depend, and must depend, on faith for the very means they use. No advance could be made in the short term of human life if every one were to wait to verify personally the conclusions of all those who had preceded him.

Such, then, is faith in general—something which every one uses, and which we cannot get along without. And evidently it may be exercised in matters not attainable by ordinary thought and experience in this world as well as in those which are. In this case it becomes, in a certain sense, religious or supernatural faith. If a friend appears to us after death, and gives reasonable proofs of his identity, we may of course put confidence or faith in what he may tell us of his experience since his departure. A moment's trustworthy evidence of this kind would outweigh a whole lifetime of speculation. Spiritualists, so-called, think that they have this evidence; Catholics also put some confidence in revelations of this kind, though our religious faith in its strict sense is not founded on them. But the mass of Protestants have abandoned, or are fast abandoning, even this low and uncertain form of faith. Still more have they dropped the higher and more certain faith which is the life of the Catholic Church, and which remains in it to-day just as it was eighteenth centuries ago.

What is this more certain faith? It is the belief in the

evidence or revelation, not of man, but of Almighty God. This evidence or revelation they are coming to regard as never having been given, or as being unattainable in the only place in which they are willing to look for it—that is to say, in the Bible, which they blindly accepted in the beginning as being God's pure and only word. They have been driven to this, of course, by the ever-increasing disagreement among themselves as to its sense, as well as by the arguments of science and rationalism against its veracity.

This, then, is Mr. Myall's first point, somewhat more developed and explained. Protestants, while retaining the habit of faith in general, have lost, or are rapidly losing, their Christian faith—their belief, that is, in the revelation or testimony of Christ; in some cases because they have come to regard him whom they look on as the Founder of their religion as not having been either himself divine or authorized to speak in God's name; in others because, though retaining a belief in his authority to teach, they cannot satisfy themselves what his dogmatic teaching really was. Their minds, as Mr. Myall truly remarks, are “set adrift upon a sea without harbor and without shore.”

His second point is that this loss of faith, or this elimination of the dogmatic part of Christianity, of that which alone, according to him, distinguishes it from other religions, has been a great benefit to the human race. We say “according to him”; for, in point of fact, there is a true and special Christian morality, though of course depending on its dogma, and therefore in one sense forming a part of it.

And why does this loss of faith seem to him such a benefit? Of course for the usual reason current nowadays—namely, because by it the human mind has been set at liberty. The nonsense of this claim, which Mr. Myall seems to have some faint idea is original with himself, is apparent enough to all intelligent Catholics, and, it is to be hoped, to many even of those who are outside of the church; still, it may be well to take this occasion to expose it fully.

Liberty is a fine-sounding word; and liberty in various senses, which we need not detail, is really an excellent thing, and a worthy object for which to make great sacrifices. But all liberty is not good or desirable, as a few minutes' reflection will show. A fool, for example, enjoys, if we may say so, a more or less complete emancipation from the laws of thought; given a major and a minor premise, he need not adopt the conclusion which necessarily follows from them, and to which others are

bound. Or a man not a fool, but simply ignorant in some department of human knowledge, is more free to indulge in exploded hypotheses regarding it than one who is better informed. The latter is not free to give interior assent to them; he knows too much. Other instances might be given; but these will suffice and lead up to the case in hand.

Let us come closer to it. It evidently would not be a benefit to civilized mankind in general to lose that faith in the genuine results of natural science of which we have spoken, and thus acquire liberty to speculate freely. We venture to think that Mr. Myall himself would be much chagrined if, on waking up some fine morning, he should find that astronomy, geology, chemistry, and the rest had suddenly reverted, in popular estimation, to the state in which they were before the great discoveries of the last few centuries. What benefit would the human race have received, or what progress would it have made, if the rotundity of the earth, for example, should again become an open question? Every one will readily agree that such a change in the mental position of mankind would be, though certainly a freeing from the constraint of the grooves in which its thought now runs, by no means a salutary one, and the very opposite of progress.

The fact is, as any one can see, that every addition to human knowledge is, in one sense, a diminution of liberty of thought. One field of speculation is closed by it. We are now, for instance, free to indulge in theories about an open polar sea; when the first adventurous voyager reaches the pole, if he returns to tell his story, the age of liberty of thought in that direction will have come to an end, and that of faith will begin. Faith—yes, in this case, exactly that; not the conclusion of reason, but simply belief in the testimony of some one who does not surmise, but knows what he is talking about.

It is, then, absurd to claim that liberty to speculate vaguely is an improvement on adhesion to dogmatic or positive teaching, merely in itself considered. When the teacher is a reliable one, well informed in the matters of which he treats, it is the height of folly to insist on continually guessing when we have an opportunity to know the truth and to bring our minds from their wanderings into permanent allegiance to it. It would be just as sensible for a boy to stay from school and insist on developing from his own interior consciousness what he might there learn. "Why this slavery of school?" he might say. "Liberty of thought is what I need."

A boy might perhaps be excused for such a silly notion. But a grown man should be ashamed to adopt it. Any reflecting mind will perceive that, so far from untrammelled liberty of thought being the true way to progress in knowledge, the only way to make such progress is to restrain and direct the action of our minds by subjecting them to the influence of instruction and information from some external source, and thus take away part of their liberty. Only let the source be one on which we can safely depend.

The attempt to develop from within one's self what ought to be sought for outside is indeed precisely the mistake for which the men of the present age justly blame what we may call the ante-Baconian scientists, and which made all the labors of those scientists of so little value. If a man refuses to use a telescope, or to listen to any one who does, preferring to determine by *à priori* reasoning how many satellites Jupiter ought to have, knowledge of the truth will be for ever impossible to him. Of course we do not mean to say that this kind of reasoning should be altogether discarded; no true scientific man does that. It must go hand-in-hand with observation; it directs observation and explains its results. But when once clear and certain observations have settled a point, reasoning as to what ought to be is expelled by the knowledge of what is. A peg is put at this point gained, a milestone of progress is set up; henceforth, in this matter, "*nulla vestigia retrorsum.*"

In this domain of natural science fortunately the mind of civilized man is, on the whole, on the right track. Prejudices, it is true—irreligious ones mainly just now—may lead it somewhat astray for a while; but so far, at least, modern science has, as a rule, kept to its true methods, and its vagaries have been soon corrected. But in rejecting error in one department of knowledge too many of the votaries of progress have fallen into it in another. In religion they have taken up precisely the false procedure which their ancestors so long clung to in physical science. They refuse to observe, to examine into facts, or to take account of the observations or the testimony of others; and of course they are perpetually beginning anew. The only thing which saved their predecessors from doing so in physics was a respect for authority, principally for that of one master genius; but there is no one speculator in religion in modern times to whom the rest will bow as the former physicists did to Aristotle; partly from the want of so great a mind, partly from a want of humility in themselves. And thus even the semblance of an

advance in knowledge in this department becomes impossible for them.

Simply, then, from this cause, from this puerile disdain for what others have learned before them, this absurd idea that liberty of thought unchecked by information will lead to truth, they expose themselves to the just contempt of those whom they foolishly regard as the slaves of dogma. Revolving in an endless circle, they take up one after another theories which they in their ignorance regard as original, but which in fact have been for a time entertained and then thrown aside ages ago.

The example of these unfortunate religious speculators, their want of success, more and more conspicuous every day, in attaining any certain and positive results, should be enough to show the absurdity of expecting anything from thought uncontrolled by positive information in matters lying outside of the personality of the thinker himself, even if this absurdity were not sufficiently evident for intrinsic reasons.

If one will only stop a moment and consider he will see that religion, outside of the existence of God and our responsibility to him, and the general principles of morality (all which are plain enough to our interior consciousness), is an extraneous matter, and that to arrive at any scientific knowledge of it it is absolutely necessary to find some facts outside of ourselves for a basis of the science which we wish to construct. To make progress we must begin by restricting our liberty of thought in the acceptance of these facts, exactly as in physical science we begin by taking for granted the existence of the material world which is its subject.

If we come to the conclusion that there are no such facts, or that we cannot get at them, our only sensible course is to desist from efforts which merely waste our time and intellectual strength, and devote our attention to other subjects. We have no business to indulge a liberty of thought which can lead nowhere for want of a basis to start from and materials with which to work. But we should not come to such a conclusion without careful and patient study, and a sincere purpose to surrender the fancies of our minds, if necessary, to the certainty of the truth.

Christians worthy of the name have come to the conclusion that facts relating to the supernatural world have been revealed by the authority of God through the great Teacher whose name they bear and whose disciples they profess to be. They may be, if you please, mistaken in this conclusion ; this mistake, if it

be a mistake, is the proper thing to bring against them, instead of the ridiculous charge that they have given up liberty of thought by the acceptance of what they consider to be proved facts.

And if from these which they regard as proved facts other consequences follow ; if on these facts a scientific and connected system is built up, though this system does very much control and direct the mind in its action, it is equally absurd to charge them with abandoning any right or useful liberty of thought in embracing it. The whole question is not whether liberty is surrendered, but whether it is surrendered to the truth or to an imposture and a delusion. Is the system which you have adopted the true one ; is it the only one which explains the facts which you admit, and puts them in the proper relations to each other and to the truths derived from other sources ? This is the reasonable inquiry to make, the reasonable issue to take, if you wish to find fault with any Christian scheme of doctrine.

This is, however, precisely what Mr. Myall, and others who think and write like him, fail to do. They act precisely as one would who, seeing the vagaries of the more or less crazy objectors to well-established conclusions of physical science, should say to them : " My friends, you have done and are doing a good work. For any set of men to claim that they have discovered the truth, and have a right to teach it to others, is an intolerable assumption, an attempt to place an insupportable yoke on the necks of thinking men. Put no faith in any who would thus impose on you. This so-called science is an abominable tyranny ; we wish you all success in your endeavor to rid the world of it, and to bring in that liberty of thought to which we are all entitled."

For this is, barely and simply, the benefit which Protestantism, in its failure to establish anything positive, has, according to Mr. Myall, brought to mankind. It has freed us, he says, from a dogmatic Christian system which previously held possession of people's minds and restricted their liberty of speculation. His point is not that the system held and taught by the Roman Church is a false one ; no, the objection to it is this and nothing more : that it is a system which, if accepted, will impede men from thinking freely on points lying within its bounds or affected by its conclusions, as every scientific system must of necessity do.

It is really a pity that an intelligent man should make a fool of himself in this way. Make a fool of himself, that is, in his outward utterances ; for his real interior position is not one of such

entire stupidity as would appear from his words. His real belief is one that he has inherited blindly from his ancestors, if, as we suppose, he has been born and brought up among Protestants. It is that the Catholic doctrine is something not founded by any legitimate process either on reason or on revelation, but is rather a tissue of purely human invention; and that, being an artificial construction of this kind, designed for human ends, and not for the sake of truth or with the means of arriving at it, it is naturally feared by its contrivers that some truth may be discovered, if the mind of man be allowed to rove at will, which will be inconsistent with it. Hence he believes that the authorities of the church are always making (the mistake certainly would be amusing to us, if it were not so ruinous to those who adopt it) "efforts to crush knowledge and enslave the human mind."

To try to show the falsity of the idea which he has of the church in this would be out of place here. Catholics know it well enough; and non-Catholics will not be convinced of it by anything which can be said in the limits of a magazine article. If Mr. Myall's thanks to Protestantism had been based on its having freed the world from an abominable imposition such as he supposes the church to be, even without substituting anything in its place, we should have only had to hope that some day he might by reading and study convince himself of his mistake. His course would have been reasonable, on the basis of the error in fact under which he labors. But in supposing, as he does ostensibly, that the mere giving every man liberty to speculate as he pleased in matters of religion, without regard to the results previously attained, could advance true religious science, or that the same principle applied in other departments could possibly lead to fruitful results, he falls, as has been seen, into a ridiculous blunder.

The fact is that the real cause of the advance of knowledge and science which the last few centuries have witnessed was the adoption of a principle diametrically opposite to that of liberty of thought in physical investigations. It was by restraining and directing of thought by information and observation, and by the deduction of laws resting on the solid foundation of facts that the science of modern times has been built up. A man who speculates at will, without acquainting himself with the results of his predecessors and contemporaries, who disregards the systems which they have solidly established, is ruled out of scientific society; is excommunicated, we may say, and regarded as a

heretic or an ignoramus. When any branch of knowledge is once started in its proper line of development, and is using its proper methods, this is the only course to pursue. We cannot be stopping to listen to the ravings of every theorizer who is out of the true line of its progress. Such meddlers in what is not their business must either be instructed in it if they wish to learn and show any aptitude, or they must be confuted, or even crushed by the weight of authority if there is no other way to dispose of their case. The treatment by scientific men of a certain rash weather-prophet whose name was a little while ago in every one's mouth is an instance in point of the way in which this sort of thing should be met. There can be no possible advantage, as far as the attainment of truth is concerned, in allowing liberty of thought or of speech to such men, if it could be prevented; indeed, it is quite questionable whether the free expression of opinion by them is not such an evil to other interests than those of science as to justify the use of some forcible means to stop their mouths.

It is, then, simply nonsense, worthy of no one certainly who has arrived at manhood, to remark, as Mr. Myall does in the conclusion of his paper, and as its final result, that Protestantism "promoted the growth of knowledge by maintaining the right of the individual to think and to declare his thoughts." Whatever else may be said in its favor, such thinking and declaration only promotes the growth of knowledge when the thoughts are well considered and in harmony with the knowledge and science which the world has previously acquired. If the system which Protestantism attempted to destroy had been a false one, a service would indeed have been rendered to mankind by attacking it in any way, and a certain preparation for a true system would have been made; but no positive promotion of knowledge of any kind could result as long as the principle of unrestrained liberty of thought, fatal to all attainment of any recondite truth by mankind in the mass, should be generally entertained.

CAROLINE SIBALDUS.

It was Christmas evening in the year 1705. The insurrection of the Bavarian peasants against Austria, who then governed their native land, had just been ruthlessly suppressed, and the snow around Munich was dyed with the blood of five hundred slain. Among these was an old blacksmith named Sibaldus, in stature a giant, as bold as a lion, and whose death-struggle with the enemy is represented in a faded fresco on the outer wall of St. George's Church at Sendling, a few miles from the capital.

On the threshold of this church this winter evening sat a young woman whose grief was too deep for tears; but ever and anon she would utter a moan and cry out, "Mein Gott! mein Gott!" Along the highroad were passing groups of prisoners on their way to be mutilated or beheaded, and not a few turned their eyes upon the sorrow-stricken maiden as they went by; for many of them knew Caroline Sibaldus and had had their horses shod at her father's smithy.

Thus bewailing the fate of her kindred, Caroline remained where she was until twilight deepened into night. Then rising, she withdrew into the sacred edifice, before whose altar the lamp was burning, and here she shivered and told her beads hour after hour and until the dawn crept in through the stained windows overhead.

It had been a long, cruel night for Caroline. But now, when she heard the first rooster crowing, instead of going forth to greet the approaching day she lay down on the stone floor and fell asleep. In a little while, however, a ghastly dream caused her to start and open her eyes, and whom should she behold bending over her but a young officer whose torn and dusty uniform and a bloody gash on the cheek told that he had been in the desperate fight of the day before. "I have been watching you, maiden," he said in a tender voice, while Caroline rose to her feet, not a little disturbed by the apparition. "And as the beads lay twined round your fingers your lips moved; you seemed to be praying. But what a hard couch to rest on!" "I was dreaming," replied Caroline. "I saw my dear father, my two brothers, and my lover, the faithful student Plinganser, who nobly espoused our cause, all covered with blood." Then, her

eyes flashing, she added : " And are you one of the hated Austrians who trod upon us poor people as if we were worms, who drove us mad until we rebelled? Are you? "

" I am not," answered Count Arco von Zinneberg earnestly. " On the contrary, I belong to a small band of Bavarian nobles who sympathized with the peasants and who drew our swords in your behalf. But, as you know, the foreign tyrants have been victorious. Bavaria is still under their heel, and I am here at this early hour a fugitive in quest of a hiding-place." " Oh! then God bless you," exclaimed Caroline, extending to him both her hands and smiling through her tears. " I love all who sided with us. They will never find you where I shall hide you. Come with me." So saying, she made a genuflexion before the altar, then conducted him to a dusky, narrow passage-way in its rear, which evidently was not often visited, for the officer's face brushed against more than one spider's web. " Now stoop and pass your finger through an iron ring which you will find in the floor," said Caroline. " I shall do the same, and between us both we may be able to lift up the stone."

Count Arco did as she requested, and after a little hard pulling a broad, flat stone was displaced and immediately rushed forth a blast of damp, mouldy air. " Is it down into this cavernous pit I must descend? " he asked. " Yes, it is here the good priests of St. George's have been buried for centuries," returned Caroline. " But fear not the ghosts of these saintly men; they were all friends of the people." " Well, I should rather not go down into my gloomy hiding-place just yet," went on the officer. " And I should prefer to keep you out of it altogether," said Caroline. " Therefore do what you think best for your own safety."

Count Arco concluded to stay near the mouth of this subterranean chamber, where it was still pretty dark, and only go down when pressing danger compelled him, while Caroline sallied forth to try and procure him some food; and she herself, too, was half famished. But not a single house remained of what only one day before had been the pretty village of Sendling; everything had been burned or razed to the ground except the tall black chimney of her father's forge. This was still standing and pointing like a grimy, revengeful finger toward the heavens. Of course no food was to be had here, and Caroline was obliged to go further in search of it.

More than an hour elapsed ere she returned, and then it was with eyes red and swollen, for she had cried a great deal. Over-

joyed was Count Arco to see her again. "I began to fear," he said, "that some evil might have befallen you."

"Well, I went as far as the Sendling tower and beyond it," answered Caroline; "and by the great gate lay a pile of bloody heads, and I could hear the shrieks of prisoners who were being tortured before they were beheaded." Then, after a pause, "But, kind sir," she went on, "you need have no fear." "Why? Is it because I have such a good hiding-place?" said the other, taking from her the chunk of black bread and the glass of beer which she had brought. "No, but because no harm is going to happen to you. You must know that I penetrated a good distance into the city; I kept my ears wide open and heard some officers by the palace say that Count Arco von Zinneberg would undoubtedly be pardoned if he surrendered himself. And that is your name, is it not?" "Verily, you bring me glad news," exclaimed the officer, who felt strongly tempted to embrace Caroline.

Nor can we wonder at his temptation. Despite her humble origin and plain country garb, Caroline was an uncommonly attractive young woman. Her teeth were like the snow, her eyes as bright as sparks, and she was tall and healthy, as became the daughter of Sibaldus. She was likewise modest and blest with a golden heart which any nobleman might have been proud to win. "She walked far to fetch me my breakfast," thought Count Arco, as he surveyed Caroline; "and if I am indeed pardoned I shall never forget her kindness." Then, after he had eaten a few mouthfuls, "Ah!" he said aloud, "you too have discovered the marks of blood which I first observed a few minutes ago." As the count spoke the girl's eyes were bent on the floor near the edge of the dark hole. "What horrible deed has happened here? Whence comes this blood?" she presently exclaimed, with a shudder. "No doubt some mortal fray took place here yesterday," answered Count Arco. "Alas! yes. Some poor peasant has been slaughtered even in God's holy temple," said Caroline, crossing herself. How different might have been her after-life had she now procured a lantern and boldly followed the tracks of blood down under ground whither they led!

During the day Caroline visited every part of the ruined village, found a little corn for her starving chickens, and saw her father and brothers decently interred. But of her betrothed, Plinganßer, no tidings reached her. "If he is among the killed I shall be left all, all alone. Oh! what will become of me?" she

sighed, when toward evening she re-entered the church where Count Arco was anxiously awaiting her. Caroline found him on his knees praying. But as she drew near he turned, and, seeing tears in her eyes, "Dear girl," he said, "I cannot restore to you those whom death has taken away. But come with me to Munich. There my mother, with whom I dwell, will provide a home for you."

"How very good you are!" murmured Caroline, letting him steal one of her sunburnt hands.

"And let us go at once before it is dark," he continued. Accordingly they left the church and bent their steps cityward, Count Arco not without some misgivings about how the Austrian commander might receive him, and Caroline eyeing narrowly every youth whom they met; and once, when she saw somebody who looked a little like Plinganser, her poor heart throbbed ever so fast.

"You are right," spoke her companion when he perceived her emotion—"you are right not to give up the hope of finding your betrothed." "Hope is a virtue," answered Caroline. "I will never believe that my Plinganser is dead; I will hope all my life." "Well, may I ask how you came to make his acquaintance?" said the officer, who felt, at every step he took, more and more interested in the artless maiden. "I first met Plinganser in the meadow behind our house," replied Caroline. "He was a student of botany and was looking for a certain flower which he was very desirous to find. By good luck I brought him the very flower he wanted. Oh! how glad he was—so glad that he gave me a kiss." Here Caroline clasped her hands and looked up at the sky. "I was very young then," she added presently, "but I shall never forget that happy day." "And he came there often afterward, did he not?" inquired the other, with a faint smile. "Yes, very often. He said that the finest flowers grew in our meadow. And when he was tired of roaming over it with me we would go and sit by my father and watch him shoe the horses. It was Plinganser who taught me to play on the zither. Oh! I wish you could hear him. Nobody can play on the zither like my Plinganser." "I hope one day to meet your lover," said the count. "Well, you will help me find him, will you not?" said Caroline.

"Have no doubt about it." "Oh! he loves me so much," she continued. "Many times has he told me that he would not give me up for a princess. And Plinganser is not like other men: he will keep his word. How delicious it is to be so truly loved!"

They had now come to the Sendling gate, and were about to pass into the city, when Caroline stopped, turned round, and gazed wistfully toward the heights where so lately her home, her happy home, had been, murmuring, "Plinganser! Plinganser! where are you? Oh! why do you not come to me?"

What the girl had reported to Count Arco proved to be correct: thanks to his rank and many excellent qualities, he was pardoned for having espoused the cause of the rebellious peasants, and great was his mother's delight when he was restored to her; the cut on his cheek proved to be only a trifling wound; and Caroline, too, was welcomed with open arms. The homeless orphan found a new home in a grand house—a palace it seemed to her. But after being dressed in the robe of a city damsel a strange fear took possession of her—namely, that Plinganser might not recognize her were he to meet her. "But I am sure that I should always know him," she said. "Whether poor or rich, young or old, a beggar or a prince, my heart would always warn me if he came nigh."

"Caroline," spoke Count Arco about a fortnight after she had come to live under his parent's roof, "be not offended if I urge you to keep your thoughts from dwelling so constantly on your lover."

"Pray why?" inquired Caroline, looking at him with surprise. "You, who have been kindness itself to me—how can you have the heart to advise me to forget Plinganser? Is it because he has no fortune and must earn his bread by teaching botany?" "No, indeed," answered the other; "but because I am told that the young man was seen to fall near the threshold of the Sendling church, covered with wounds, and well-nigh all the students whom he led were killed. He can hardly have escaped."

"Alas! Is it possible? Can it be true?" sighed Caroline, wringing her hands. "Every place whither the wounded were taken I have carefully searched," added the count. "Through all the surrounding hamlets I have ridden; nowhere did I discover Plinganser." At these words Caroline bowed her head on her friend's breast and sobbed bitterly.

The next morning she came to him with a countenance pale and excited, and when he asked what was the matter, "Brother," answered Caroline—she loved to call him brother, albeit it made not a few people smile—"I have had a strange dream. Methought I saw a peasant girl kneeling at the altar of St. George's Church; she looked very like myself, and I heard a voice bidding me follow the red stains which we discovered behind the

altar. Therefore, dear brother, I must hasten to Sendling. Will you accompany me?" "Of course I will," replied Count Arco. "In Plinganser's absence you are indeed my true, my faithful knight," said Caroline, looking gratefully up at him.

Accordingly, without delay their steeds were ordered, and to Sendling they rode in haste, Count Arco wondering whether Caroline's ceaseless mourning for her betrothed had not at length disturbed her reason. Having got to the church, they lost not a moment in opening the burial-vault underneath it; then, holding a taper in her trembling hand, and with loud-throbbing heart, Caroline led the way down. Carefully she examined each one of the ancient steps—they had been laid in the thirteenth century—exclaiming every moment: "I see the blood. It leads me on. I see it." "Why did we not do this when we first noticed these stains?" said the count.

Caroline's only response was a deep-drawn sigh. Slowly she advanced, partly groping her way, for the taper threw but a feeble light. Several skulls lay in the path; she reverently stepped across them. On the right and left stood a pile of mouldy coffins, and Count Arco could not but think what a very odd adventure this was. On and on, with head bent low, his guide proceeded. But hard though Caroline strained her eyes, the trail was not always easy to follow, and weird echoes were awakened by the officer's sword clanking and jingling behind him. Suddenly came a piercing cry, and lo! out went the taper. Count Arco was no coward, but at this moment his heart jumped into his throat and he clutched the hilt of his weapon. Presently bony fingers seemed to be touching him; he heard doleful moans, and beings of some kind were rushing past. But without trying to discover if this were merely imagination, he resolutely felt his way among the coffins to where poor Caroline was lying in a swoon. Then, lifting her in his arms, he bore her out of this gloomy, ghostly abode; and imagine his surprise, when he got to the floor above, to find tightly grasped in one of her hands a student's blood-soiled cap.

A week elapsed ere Caroline recovered from the shock which this discovery of Plinganser's cap had given her.

"Does it not prove," she said, "that Plinganser was concealed under the church immediately after the battle? Alas! why did I not explore the vault that morning when I stood at its very entrance? Oh! where is my dear, wounded Plinganser now? Did he die of his wounds, or is he hiding far away?"

Nor was Count Arco quite so confident as before that the

missing student had been killed. Although not superstitious, Caroline's dream, and the adventure which followed, had wrought a deep impression on him. And so truthful was his nature that although he felt himself day by day becoming more and more attached to the girl, yet he did not conceal from her his belief that the youth might really be alive, hidden in some remote spot, for a price had been set on his head.

More often now than before was Caroline seen in the count's company, and he boldly took her part when he heard people sneeringly remark that she was only the daughter of a blacksmith. Nay, even against his own mother he sided with Caroline. The latter had hung Plinganser's cap by her bed. The old countess would fain have had her throw this unseemly object away.

"I pray thee, mother," spoke her son, "let the cap be where it is. Let Caroline continue to keep hope alive in her breast, even though it dooms me to a vain, unrequited love."

And thus passed one year away and then another and another; the Austrians withdrew from Bavaria; the elector got back his throne; and Caroline Sibaldus still continued to dwell under the hospitable roof of Count Arco von Zinneberg. During all this time she never failed morning and evening to beseech God to restore to her her betrothed. "But I will wait," she murmured; "I will be patient. O Lord! thy will be done." In the meanwhile Caroline was taught many accomplishments, and as her talents developed her beauty grew more striking, and few were left to sneer, though many envied her when they saw her riding on a magnificent palfrey side by side with the tall and brave Count Arco. The count's mother was sorry that he did not choose a spouse from among the many fine damsels at court. But his prayer when he rose in the morning and went to rest at night was very like Caroline's prayer. "I will wait, O Lord," he said; "I will be patient. Perhaps in thy own good time my heart's love may be vouchsafed to me."

Half a mile from the city, on the left bank of the Isar, stood an ancient oak-tree, beneath whose shade Caroline and the count were wont to sit and converse. The river at this point was deep and flowed swiftly and darkly by, neither eddy nor whirlpool breaking its smooth surface. But a little below rose a rock in shape somewhat like a cross, against which the waters dashed with fury, and it was whitened to its very top with foam. One summer evening Count Arco was seated under this broad-spreading oak, holding Caroline's hand in his and gazing with

delight on her lovely face, whose expression of sadness added to its beauty, and he wondered what manner of man Plinganser must have been, for whom she could mourn so long.

"Of what are you thinking, sister?" he asked. Caroline heaved a sigh, then replied: "A strange fear ever and anon takes possession of my heart: may not Plinganser have passed me by without knowing me, dressed as a high-born lady, speaking courtly language, and surrounded by rich and proud people? Ought I not to don anew my lowly peasant garment?"

"What! ever dwelling on Plinganser?" exclaimed Count Arco. "Have not two years of silence laid him at rest? If he loves you as you love him ought he not to have sent you a message—given you some sign that he was living?" Then, as Caroline made no response, "Sister," he went on, "from the bottom of my heart I envy Plinganser; I would give my two eyes to change places with him. Nay, I would even be Plinganser dead, in order to possess the love of a being like yourself following me beyond the tomb."

At these words he bowed his head and a tear dropped on Caroline's hand. "Count Arco must wed a high-born lady," spoke Caroline presently in faltering accents. "I am not destined to be your bride. Continue to call me sister, while I call you brother; unless you do this"—here her voice fell to a whisper—"I shall perhaps be sorry that we ever met."

"Your speech is cruel," said the other, who had caught the whisper. "But if you are never to be mine, at least you cannot hinder me from giving you a proof of my undying devotion: no other woman, be she ever so rich or high in rank, will I ever seek to win, and from this day forth I will devote all my time to searching for Plinganser, whether dead or living. I may perhaps discover where he is buried, and over his grave I shall pray God to let me die." "Oh! speak not thus," exclaimed Caroline. "Why, what would become of me here in Munich alone without you? No, no, dear brother, you must live—live many years, and wed and be happy." At this moment a raft laden with charcoal was seen floating toward them. Within a few feet of the bank it swiftly glided, and presently, with the agility of one born amid crags and precipices, a young woman leaped ashore, poising deftly on her head a basket filled with edelweiss. At the sight of her Caroline turned pale and cried out: "It is she! Yes, yes, the very girl whom I saw in my dream praying in the church at Sendling."

"And she does bear a striking resemblance to yourself," spoke

Count Arco. "She may not be quite so tall, but she has the same deep-set, bewitching eyes, and a pretty dimple in the cheek, just as you have."

Presently the stranger stood before them, holding the basket in her hands, and begged them to buy a few flowers. "I have come a long distance," she said. "In a lonely, enchanting spot, where the green grass touches the snow and which the chamois haunt, I gathered these edelweiss. My life's happiness depends on whether I sell them for much money or for little." "Indeed!" said Caroline, who was touched by the maiden's earnestness. "Well, let me have not one bunch but the whole basketful." And so saying, she handed to Babette—for this was the stranger's name—a big purse filled with gold.

"What! is all this money for me?" ejaculated the latter in amazement. Then looking up at the blue sky, while her eyes filled with glad tears, "O my God!" she cried, "thou hast answered my prayers. Blessed be thy holy name for ever!"

"You have been praying, then, to be made rich?—as if riches could make one happy," spoke Count Arco, with a sad smile. "O kind sir!" replied Babette, "you cannot think how poor I was before I received this generous gift; my father and mother are dead, and I am in love—deep, deep in love—with a young man as poor as myself. Well, I suppose we should have married anyhow, no matter how poor, and fed on edelweiss and mountain air. But I never gave up hope that God would help me—hope never died in my breast; and now behold!"—here she looked at the purse—"I am rich—rich." "Well, in return for what I have given you," said Caroline, "I wish you to implore the Almighty to restore to me, if he be living, a youth whom I passionately love, and will love to my death." "Ay, that will I do," answered Babette; "and my husband—for we shall be married in less than a week—will go on his knees and add his supplications to mine." "Well, where is your home to be?" inquired Caroline. "Near the source of this beautiful river," answered Babette, pointing towards the purple mountains. Then addressing Count Arco, "And, gracious sir," she added, "will you not some day make us a visit? I am sure you are fond of hunting; and chamois abound near our home."

"I will," returned the count. "I am about to set out on an exploring tour through the whole of Bavaria. I shall begin with the mountains; therefore expect me before a great while." "I feel strangely drawn to you," spoke Caroline, giving Babette a kiss. "We must now separate, but we must surely see each

other again." With this she and Count Arco mounted their horses and galloped back to town, while Babette followed them leisurely with the basket of edelweiss.

"Something tells me that this will be for me a marked day," murmured Caroline inwardly as she re-entered her sleeping-chamber. "I cannot get over the startle which meeting this young woman has given me: she is the very one whom I saw in my dream—the very one."

Then turning to Plinganser's cap, which was hanging on the wall, "Dear cap," she said, "must you hang there for ever? Will he never come back to me?" After gazing on it a moment she advanced and was about to press her lips to this speechless object, when, lo! as if touched by invisible fingers, down it dropped at her feet.

Immediately a piercing shriek rang through the house, and when Count Arco hastened into the room he found Caroline lying on the floor senseless and one of her hands was grasping the cap, just as on the day when he had carried her out of the burial-vault.

"Well, you are indeed an exceedingly odd couple," exclaimed the Countess von Zinneberg when presently she arrived and discovered her son supporting Caroline in his arms and begging her to tell what she had seen to alarm her and cause her to faint.

"I dare say she saw a ghost," added the dame, grinning. "Humph! if I had had my way and thrown that ugly cap out of the window she'd have long ago been like other young women—got married to some honest fellow, and you, my son, would not have remained single."

True to his word, at sunrise next morning Count Arco set out on what, for all he knew, might prove to be a journey lasting many months. People shrugged their shoulders when they saw him ride away; for the secret had got abroad, and they wondered how Caroline Sibaldus was able to wield so much influence over him. It was even whispered that he might be mad. At the same hour Babette departed for her home in the mountains, having made Caroline a solemn promise to visit her again ere long: every day, almost, a raft would be floating down the Isar, and on one of these rafts she must come, bringing fresh edelweiss. "My future happiness, after God, will be owing to you," said Babette. "My guardian angel must have guided me to you. Nor shall I forget the object for which you asked my prayers. May your lover soon come back! Good-by."

In about three weeks Count Arco returned to Munich, and it

was evident from the condition of his poor horse, as well as his own wan looks, that he had gone many a league and endured not a little hardship in his quixotic expedition. "Dear brother, welcome, welcome back!" cried Caroline as she flew to meet him. "Pale and thin you are, but what means that sparkle in your hollow eye, that flush on your cheek? Oh! tell me, have you discovered anything to give me joy?" Count Arco hesitated what response to make. There was indeed gladness in his heart, and it revealed itself on his countenance; but, alas! what a selfish gladness it was. If Caroline knew what he knew might not her own tender heart break with anguish? Or if she survived the cruel shock—if she did not die—might not her reason be dethroned?

As these thoughts passed through his mind Count Arco's expression changed to one of profound melancholy.

"Speak!" exclaimed Caroline, who was trembling with anxiety. "I am sure that you bring me news of some kind. Tell me quick, is it good or bad? O brother! how you are torturing me."

"When she learns the truth may God grant her the strength to bear it!" murmured the count, averting his face to hide the tears. "But other lips than mine must tell it to her." "Brother, brother!" continued Caroline in imploring accents, "what twofold secret trembles on your lips? why are you joyful and sad almost at the same moment? Do speak!" Still Count Arco refused to answer: down his cheeks the tears fell. "Alas! alas! I have guessed it; my darkest fears have come true; my bright hopes are all gone," moaned Caroline presently, leaning against the wall for support, while her countenance became white as death. The count caught her in his arms, but she broke loose from him, and, tottering into her room, she fell on her knees and gave way for a while to heartrending grief. But by and by the sweet, consoling voice of faith made itself heard, and then Caroline, raising her thoughts to heaven, prayed for the soul of her dear, dead Plinganser. "By his grave," she murmured to herself, "I will have a little chapel erected, and there I shall have many Masses said. And when it pleases God to call me hence I will be buried by the side of my betrothed."

The following day the elector sallied forth on a hunting expedition, taking Count Arco with him, who was a great favorite, and the ruler of Bavaria seldom went anywhere without him. Caroline, who had passed a sleepless night, accompanied her protector to the outskirts of the city, her face hidden by a veil;

and when she silently pressed the count's hand, and he parted from her with a downcast look, the other nobles wondered very much what had come to pass between them. But let us follow the hunting party. Into the deep forest they soon plunged, and as they went along the elector made Count Arco tell him as much as he knew about the rebellion of the peasants against the Austrians a few years before. It had been a patriotic movement, in which the peasants had suffered severely, great numbers of them having been put to the rack or beheaded; and the elector cherished the memory of all who had fallen in that memorable uprising. "On the walls of the church at Sendling," he said, "I shall cause to be painted the heroic Sibaldus fighting his death-fight." Then presently he added: "And the student Plinganser shall not be forgotten, for he rallied round him in the cause of the fatherland well-nigh every student in the university. When his burial-place is found I shall erect above it a magnificent monument." Scarcely had these words been spoken when in the shadowy path not far ahead two persons were seen approaching; one was a man of a noble countenance, but poorly clad, and who hobbled along with difficulty, for he had a wooden leg and he had likewise lost an arm. His companion was a comely young woman, barefooted, and carrying on her head a basket of edelweiss. "Poor people!" exclaimed the elector, reining in his steed when they were near by. "They have probably come a good distance; they look weary." Then, addressing the man, who had doffed his hat, "How came you, my friend," he said, "to lose your leg and arm?"

"I am the student Plinganser," was the response, "and I became a cripple fighting for my dear Bavaria."

Quick off his horse at these words the elector dismounted, and, to the amazement of his gaping retinue, with his own hand assisted Plinganser to mount into the saddle.

Then immediately to Munich he despatched a messenger with orders to have the church-bells ring out a joyous peal and cannon to be fired, while more slowly the procession followed, of which Plinganser and himself formed the head. Close behind them came Count Arco, silent and anxious, while by his side was the dumbfounded, blushing Babette. Yes, back to Munich the whole hunting party went, the elector leading the horse on which Plinganser sat; and we may be sure that when they got near the capital great were the crowd and the excitement, the booming of guns and ding-dong of bells. "What can all this uproar mean?" thought Caroline, just as the sun was setting;

and hosts of other people were asking the same question. But she was too impatient to wait until the elector entered the town; forth to meet him Caroline hastened, riding a beautiful palfrey—the first of the many presents which Count Arco had made her.

Not far from the spot by the river-bank where grew the majestic oak-tree which he and she were so fond of, Caroline met the returning huntsmen.

First appeared the ruler of the land, to her great astonishment afoot and leading a steed on which rode a beggarly-looking man seemingly past middle life, so much had hardship altered his appearance. "My Father in heaven!" cried Caroline after gazing on the latter a moment. But this was all she could utter; everything began to swim before her eyes, and scarcely had Plinganser's wooden leg touched the ground when, quickly dismounting and thrusting everybody aside, the joy-distracted maiden flung herself on his breast.

Confused beyond measure was Plinganser; Count Arco trembled, while many voices exclaimed: "What does all this mean?" Not a little puzzled, Babette gently placed her hand on Caroline's arm and said: "Did you, then, know my husband?" "Husband! husband!" answered Caroline, turning upon her her flashing eyes. "Begone! You are babbling nonsense. He is my betrothed—my faithful Plinganser." "Husband, can she be mad? Do pray undeceive her," pursued Babette.

"Caroline, you have heard the truth. I—I *am* her husband," spoke Plinganser in a broken voice and with eyes bent on the ground. Caroline staggered backward, a singular expression came over her face, then a loud, wailing cry quivered upward through the air, and, springing upon her steed before Count Arco could catch the rein, away she galloped toward the Isar. The river was near by, and into its dark, deep water she spurred her horse.

But Count Arco hesitated not an instant what to do: right after her he plunged, and Caroline had barely risen to the surface when one of his strong arms was grasping her tightly. On, swiftly on, the current swept them toward the cross-shaped rock which, as we have said, broke the stream's impetuous course at a point a little below the oak-tree.

"Will he reach it? will he reach it? If he does he may save her," exclaimed a number of voices. Yes, the bold swimmer did get to the rock, and, assisting Caroline to climb a few feet out of the water and imploring her for God's sake to hold

fast to it, he himself dropped back and in another moment was whirled out of sight. Once, twice, three times did the excited spectators on shore declare that they caught glimpses of him as he was swept along; but it was on the further side of the river, and, owing to the deepening twilight and the absence of any boat, it was impossible to rescue him. But would not Caroline too be drowned? How long might she be able to cling to the slippery rock? The crowd lighted huge bonfires, shouted to Caroline to keep up her courage; while a few of the more sensible ones ran up the bank a little distance, and, cutting adrift a raft, steered it skilfully toward her. It sped like an arrow within a foot of the rock, then a tremendous shout burst from a thousand lips as Caroline was drawn aboard. But blending sadly with the people's joy came the thought that the noble, daring Count Arco von Zinneberg had lost his life.

"May the merciful God pardon me!" sobbed Caroline to Babette, who was walking beside the litter on which the exhausted girl was being carried to her home. "Oh! it was a grievous, a mortal sin to try and drown myself. And I have likewise caused the death of one who loved me so unselfishly, who gave his life for mine." To these words Babette and Plinganser made no response; in mournful silence they listened to her lamentations, while ever and anon Caroline would cry out: "Come back! come back! good, faithful Count Arco, come back to me!" "Well, here I am," answered the count, as, leaning on the arm of an honest fisherman, he appeared before her astonished, tear-dimmed eyes just as the litter reached the courtyard of the palace.

What immediately followed we leave undescribed. But Plinganser, we may be sure, was now quite forgotten by Caroline; and when the count's mother heard what had happened, and saw her son and the maiden whom he so passionately loved in such unutterable happiness together, she embraced them both and said: "By no wish or word of mine shall you two ever be parted." Then presently arose a hearty laugh when Count Arco related how into a fish-net full of pike and eels the eddy had happily swept him. And no fish had ever brought the fisherman such a price as this fish; for the count's mother filled his pockets with gold, and the elector likewise handsomely rewarded him.

"Dear Caroline," at length spoke Plinganser, "if you owe your life to Count Arco von Zinneberg, so do I owe mine to my beloved spouse. Severely wounded in that battle on Christ-

mas day, she carried me into the burial vault beneath the little church at Sendling, where the enemy were not able to find me. There in the darkness we remained for what seemed to me an age. At length Babette got me out into the blessed sunlight again, and then, with the help of a couple of mountaineers, she had me taken into the depths of the forest, where she nursed me until I recovered from my wounds. My only regret is that she has such a poor maimed fellow for a husband."

"No, no, do not say that!" exclaimed Babette, kissing him fervently. "I am only too proud to be the wife of Plinganser, who led the students of the university in the great revolt against the Austrians."

And so, after all his waiting, Count Arco von Zinneberg won the hand and the heart of Caroline Sibaldus, while for many years and until their death Plinganser and Babette were given a home in the palace of the elector, where Plinganser resumed his study of botany; and it is scarcely necessary to add that his devoted helpmate had no better friend in Munich than the daughter of the blacksmith of Sendling.

ABBOT FECKENHAM.

AMONG the many prisoners discharged from the Tower by Queen Mary was the Rev. John Feckenham, a learned Benedictine monk of Evesham, who was imprisoned by Somerset and Cranmer for "not conforming" at the accession of Edward VI. Queen Mary appointed Feckenham to be one of her chaplains and dean of St. Paul's. In a few months later this distinguished Benedictine monk was elevated to the rank of lord-abbot of the revived "Royal Monastery of Westminster," which had only recently been suppressed by the Protector Somerset.

Feckenham, accompanied by fourteen Benedictines, resumed the labors of his order in its ancient shrines; but the times were sadly changed, and the shortness of Mary's reign again consigned to extinction the hopes of these monks. When Elizabeth's negotiations with Wootton to fill the primatial chair failed, the next cleric named for the see of Canterbury by Elizabeth, to the surprise of the Protestant party, was Feckenham. The story appears almost incredible, were there not

vouchers for its authenticity. Feckenham was esteemed by all parties. Even the seditious Anabaptists acknowledged that he was "a man of peace"; they remembered that in Mary's reign he publicly protested against persecution for religious opinions and was always on the side of mercy and charity.

Feckenham was the last abbot who held a seat in the House of Lords. Camden sums up the character of Feckenham in these words: "He was a learned and a good man, who deserved well of the poor and drew unto him the love of his adversaries. He had all the good qualities peculiarly required in the difficult times he lived in, and especially that temper and moderation so commendable in the controversies of life." A later writer affirms "that the abbot was fixed in the olden religion, without passion or prejudice against the new one. He formed his conduct upon a view of the miseries which are incident to mankind, and gave just allowances to the infirmities of human nature. In a word, his zeal was limited within the bounds of discretion; and in all the parts of a social life he was disposed to be a friend to mankind."

The abbot's conduct to Lady Jane Dudley (Jane Gray) has been eulogized even by Puritan writers. He renewed again and again his entreaties with Lords Pembroke and Paget to spare the life of Lady Jane, but his eloquent appeals were made in vain.

Mr. Froude, in describing Feckenham's mission to Lady Jane Dudley, says: "He was a man full of gentleness and tender charity, and felt to the bottom of his soul the errand on which he was despatched; he felt as a Catholic priest, but he felt also as a man."

For Elizabeth herself, in the hour of her trials, the abbot was likewise an intercessor, and prevented many acts of harshness from being carried out against her. From the beginning of Elizabeth's reign Feckenham had openly opposed the chief measures of her government, but it is stated that the queen thought it possible that, through the offer of preferment, the abbot could be brought to terms. However, he remained resolute not to accept the ordinance of the Royal Supremacy.

"The failure of these extraordinary negotiations," writes Dean Hook, "brought that conviction to the mind of Elizabeth, at which her councillors had already arrived, that if her throne was to stand she must make common cause with the Protestant party."

Men like Cecil, it was plain, would support her on no other

terms. So Elizabeth hesitated for a while, and then became the sovereign of a party who were bold and unscrupulous as to the means by which they attained their ends.

The question has often been asked, "Was Elizabeth sincere in offering the primacy to Wootton or Feckenham?" It was alleged that she was "under obligations to Wootton, and desired to pass the compliment."

The queen, however, thoroughly understood the high character of Feckenham, and that he would never consent to become the tool of Sir William Cecil. What manifests the duplicity of Elizabeth in this transaction is the fact that, at the very time she was negotiating with the friends of Wootton and Feckenham, Cecil had his arrangements nearly completed to place Matthew Parker in the see of Canterbury. The date of the confidential correspondence between Cecil and Parker leaves little doubt as to the intentions of the queen. Abbot Feckenham made a powerful speech in the House of Lords against the revolution which Elizabeth and her Council were making in "church and in state." Only a fragment of Feckenham's brilliant and argumentative discourse has reached posterity. Roger Ascham, who was "concealed in a nook," relates in one of his numerous letters that the abbot was listened to "with profound attention by the lords, because the holiness and goodness of his life commanded the respect of every one, and argued much in favor of popery for having such a man as its advocate."

The lord-abbot of Westminster addressed the peers in these words:

"My good lords, in her late majesty's reign [Mary] your lordships may remember how quiet and governable the people were till revolution cast its seeds amongst them. It was not then the custom for the people to disobey the commands of their queen. There was then no sacrilegious plundering of God's house; no blasphemous outrages; no trampling the holy sacraments under the feet of wicked men. The real Catholic never dreamed of *pulling down the pix and hanging up the Knave of Clubs in its place*. They did not hack and hew and indecently outrage the crucifix in those times. They revered the holy season of Lent; they fasted and abstained; and the wicked appeared in the churches filled with tears for their past errors and crying out to Heaven for mercy. Where are they to be found now? Alas! in the ale-houses, or some places worse. In the reign of Queen Mary the generality of the people, the nobility, and those of the Privy Council were exemplary for their public devotion. It was the custom for the judges and other public personages, before they undertook the duties of the day, to go to a church or chapel and beg the protection of God. Now, however, the face of everything is quite changed. What is the cause? Again I ask, what is the cause of this awful change? English

men, and English women, had been the models of Christian perfection for centuries. The records of the outraged abbeys and convents have attested these facts. Think well over the Past and the *Present*."

Looks were exchanged, and a murmur ran through the House of Peers. It was, however, dangerous to express an opinion against the queen's policy. But Feckenham stood forward fearless as the advocate of Truth and Justice.

The lord-abbot met the fate of the bishops. The Oath of Supremacy was tendered to him "with three days' consideration," but he replied at once that his "conscience, his honor, and every feeling that was dear to him demanded the rejection of the oath proposed." He was arrested, and never more recovered his liberty.

There was something vindictive and cruel in consigning the deposed bishops and clerics to the custody of their Puritan successors. The sufferings of Feckenham were not easy to be endured; he was placed as a prisoner with Dr. Horne, the newly-appointed bishop of Winchester, an apostate priest and a narrow-minded Puritan, who could not speak respectfully to any one whose religious sentiments were opposed to his own. Feckenham made petition to the queen to remove him from the insults that daily awaited him from Horne, his reputed wife and retainers. What was Feckenham imprisoned for? Why not let him leave the country? First to rob a man of his private property, and then call on him to swear to a religious faith in which he did not believe, was despotism of the Tudor *régime* in its worst phase. Then to be imprisoned for life was a punishment that none but the worst statesmen could inflict. All of these transactions have been defended as necessary to "promote the growth of Protestantism." Comment is needless, for the whole of those proceedings impress a black and iniquitous spot upon the reign of Elizabeth; yet her conduct in this respect has been defended by English writers. Here is an extraordinary passage from a recent work:

"While refusing freedom of worship, Cecil, like his royal mistress, was ready to concede liberty of conscience."

The author again remarks:

"It was a far greater gain for humanity when the queen declared her will to meddle in no way with the consciences of her subjects." *

The work in which the above passages occur has been extensively read by English Churchmen and Dissenters.

* Green's *History of the English People*, vol. ii. p. 292; *ibid.* p. 298.

Feckenham was detained in prison by Elizabeth for five-and-twenty years, receiving bad food and every indignity that it pleased the jailers of those days to inflict. He died (1585) in one of the dungeons of the Castle of Wisbeach, in the Fens.*

Among Feckenham's works was a very learned treatise on the *Holy Eucharist* in reply to Hooper. At the time Dodd wrote his history this work was still in the "original MS." Bishop Horne assailed the abbot in a series of letters which place the writer in a very undignified position. But Horne cared not what he wrote when a papist's character was at stake. Queen Elizabeth was often indignant at his conduct.

In the days of his prosperity Feckenham had been a munificent benefactor to the poor of London. He erected public fountains of pure water for the people, and distributed daily the milk of twelve cows amongst the sick and indigent. He also provided food and clothing for thirty orphan girls of "reduced families." His bounty was extended to all irrespective of creed or party.

I may here remark that the venerable "elms" which now stand in Dean's Yard, Westminster Abbey, were planted by Abbot Feckenham. One particular anecdote has been preserved of the good, kindly abbot. When engaged in planting the trees above referred to, a debate was going on in Parliament respecting the religion of the country, and a messenger having brought word to Feckenham that the majority were in favor of "the Reformation," and that he was planting his elm-walk in vain, "Not in vain, I hope," replied Feckenham; "those that come after me may, perhaps, be scholars and lovers of retirement, and whilst walking under the shade of these trees they may sometimes think of the olden religion of England and the last abbot of this place."

The fate of Feckenham is one of the saddest on the rolls of those days of persecution and injustice.

* Camden's *Annals*; Anthony Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. i. p. 500; Reyner's *Historia Benedictorium*; Dodd's *Church History*, vol. i. p. 525; Froude, vol. vii.; *Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. ix; Pomeroy's *Chronicle* (black letter).

WHAT EUROPE OWES TO ITALY.

As it was in the counsels of Providence that Judæa and Jerusalem should be sources of unnumbered blessings to mankind, so, after Christ had suffered and risen again, Italy and Rome became the great watersheds from which fertilizing streams of religion, art, science, and literature have been diffused over the nations of Europe. By Italy, however, is not here meant so much that

"Magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum,"

of which Virgil sang in such powerful notes; not the Italy of the Pelasgi in the south, the Etruscans in the centre, and the Celts and Ligurians in the north; not Rome regal, republican, or imperial, the Roman Empire of the East or West, of Constantine or Theodosius, but rather that Italy of which Odoacer was the first king, and which rose on the ruins of ancient Rome and is commonly called Italy during the middle ages, or modern Italy. From this mediæval Italy the greater part of the nations of Europe received the language they spoke and the rudiments of law and letters; and from this same highly-favored land came, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, their earliest instruction in poetry, art, and science. While the Ostrogoths and Visigoths were ravaging its fair fields, and Belisarius and Narses were trying to establish the imperial authority; while the pagan Longobards descended from the Alps with their wives, children, old people, wagons, oxen, and flocks, other forces were at work destined to redound to the good of the people of Italy, and through them to Europe at large. Odoacer, the King of Italy, though an Arian, was inclined to show respect to the Catholics; and the same was true of Theodoric, who conquered and succeeded him. Theodolinda, Queen of Lombardy, prevailed on her husband Agilulph, to embrace the Catholic faith, and he was the first Lombard king who was consecrated with the iron crown formed of the nails with which Christ was fastened to the cross. But these facts, which mitigated the horrors of war and barbaric invasion, sprang from a cause to which must be referred the ultimate diffusion of the faith of Christ through Europe, the civilization of the middle ages, and that of modern society, so far as it is in accordance

with the word of God and the instincts of Christianity. The papal authority had been consolidating itself at Rome ever since the time of Constantine. The seat of empire being removed to Byzantium, Rome was left comparatively free from imperial domination and from Italian political and military combinations. The pontiffs had time and opportunity to consult for the good of Italy and of Europe at large. What we owe to Italy we owe in great part to the popes. They were an earthly-divine providence to other nations: they watched with paternal solicitude over all.

Let us run through a few of the benefits which they showered on outlying countries—benefits mainly spiritual, but having the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come.

Did Clovis, King of France, embrace Christianity through his wife Clotilda and receive baptism at Rheims from the hands of Remigius? The pope, Anastasius II. (496–498), wrote him a letter of congratulation on his happy change. By that letter the Roman pontiff again placed himself in the forefront of the church militant in France.

Did the Emperor Justin endeavor to convert Arians by force? John I. (523–526) went in person to Byzantium and pleaded successfully for a policy of toleration.

Did the Emperor Justinian support Eutychianism and deny the two natures in Christ? Agapetus (535–536) betook himself to Constantinople and reclaimed Justinian from his heresy. He is made to say in the *Paradiso* of Dante:

“Il benedetto Agapeto, che fue
Sommo Pastore, alla fede sincera
Mi dirizzò con le parole sue.” *

Thus the Pope of Rome witnessed for orthodoxy in the East as in the West.

Not the Anglo-Saxons only, but the Arian Goths, owed their conversion to the faith to Gregory the Great and the missions which he sent forth. The Holy See had in his time (590–604) large landed properties in Italy, Sardinia, Sicily, and even in Africa, and St. Gregory assiduously concerned himself in the administration of these and in distributing the revenues to the poor. He embraced opportunities as they occurred, and left grander projects to his successors. He was not aware how incalculable a benefit he was conferring on mankind in future ages by his mission of St. Augustine to England.

* *Il Paradiso*, canto vi. 16–18.

John IV. (640-642), who was a native of Dalmatia, sent large sums of money into his country and Istria in order to redeem captives. These sufferers also were indebted to Italy through the pope.

Zacharias (741-752) made his political influence felt in France when he approved the elevation of Pepin le Bref to the throne, saying in reply to a question submitted to him by that prince: "It is better that he who has the power should have also the title of king."

Adrian I. (772-795) presided by means of his legates at the Second Œcumenical Council of Nicæa, which condemned the Iconoclasts and defended the proper use of sacred images and pictures. By ratifying and also by disapproving the acts of great councils the popes made the nations their debtors in a high degree. Without a standard of orthodoxy from which there was no appeal, Christendom, with all its contingent advantages, would have fallen to pieces.

Leo III. (795-816) was a prince among princes, and by his alliance with Charlemagne vindicated the cause of the oppressed throughout a vast empire. What Europe owes to Italy cannot be considered distinct from the question of what Europe owes to the popes. The Anglo-Saxon, Frank, and (in the time of Nicholas the Great, 858-867) Bulgarian apostles obtained their missions from the see of St. Peter, and placed the people whom they converted to the faith under its immediate jurisdiction. They addressed themselves in all grave and difficult questions to Rome; and Nicholas in particular, when dealing with a question of divorce between Lothaire, King of Lorraine, and his wife, Teutberge, enforced the law of the church as regards marriage, which is the basis of civilized society.

After having been preceptor to the Emperor Otho I.'s son, and also to the son of Hugh Capet, Gerbert became pope in 999. He aided in the development of intellect and surrounded himself with brilliant disciples. His influence in Europe was increased by the reputation he possessed for geometry, mechanics, and astronomy. Indeed, he was said to be versed in all the learning of his time. The introduction of the Arabic figures into Europe is ascribed to him, and also that of pendulum clocks and the motive power of steam. He invented a horologe and composed music, being in all respects in advance of his age.* Thus he exalted Italy and made Europe her debtor.

Gregory VII. (the illustrious Hildebrand), Urban II., Pascal

* Havard, *Le Moyen Âge*, 252-255.

II., Gelasius II., and Calixtus II. preserved the church in many countries from becoming secularized by resisting Henry IV. and another emperor of Germany in the investiture quarrel. Conceding to the emperor the temporal investiture of bishops and mitred abbots, the pope reserved to himself the spiritual investiture, or right of conferring ecclesiastical titles. The former was done by means of the sceptre, the latter with the crosier and ring. Thus right was regarded on either side and society left free to progress.

But Europe at large was threatened by a Mohammedan conquest. Religion and civilization were at stake. The great Italian benefactors of mankind were alive to the gravity of the situation. The Turks must be resisted; and what Europe owes to Italy in this particular is powerfully illustrated by the following passage: "Sylvester II. was the originator of a union of Christian nations against them. St. Gregory VII. collected fifty thousand men to repel them. Urban II. actually set in motion the long crusade. Honorius II. instituted the order of Knights Templars to protect the pilgrims from their assaults. Eugenius III. sent St. Bernard to preach the Holy War. Innocent III. advocated it in the august Council of the Lateran. Nicholas IV. negotiated an alliance with the Tartars for its prosecution. Gregory X. was in the Holy Land in the midst of it, with our Edward I., when he was elected pope. Urban V. received and reconciled the Greek emperor with a view to its renewal. Innocent VI. sent the Blessed Peter Thomas, the Carmelite, to preach in its behalf. Boniface IX. raised the magnificent army of French, Germans, and Hungarians who fought the great battle of Nicopolis. Eugenius IV. formed the confederation of Hungarians and Poles who fought the battle of Varna. Nicholas V. sent round St. John Capistran to urge the princes of Christendom against the enemy. Calixtus III. sent the celebrated Hunyades to fight with them. Pius II. addressed to their sultan an apostolic letter of warning and denunciation. Sixtus IV. fitted out a fleet against them. Innocent VIII. made them his mark from the beginning of his pontificate to the end. St. Pius V. added the "*Auxilium Christianorum*" to Our Lady's Litany in thankfulness for his victory over them. Gregory XIII. with the same purpose appointed the festival of the Rosary. Clement IX. died of grief on account of their successes. The venerable Innocent XI. appointed the festival of the Holy Name of Mary for their rout before Vienna. Clement XII. extended the Feast of the Rosary to the whole church for the great vic-

tory over them near Belgrade." * They were beaten back and forced out of a great part of Europe, while the crusades which had been directed against them resulted in keeping open the access of pilgrims, travellers, and merchants to Eastern provinces whose produce, mental and material, enriched Europe.

We have now reached a period when the popes more clearly and fully became identified with Italy in the benefits they diffused on surrounding nations and tribes. Centres of learning sprang up all over Europe, fed from Italian sources and incited to emulation by the famous Italian universities. Art, science, literature, discovery, seemed continually flowing from Italy as their home and fountain-head, and of these we shall find abundant instances if we follow the stream of time.

The Pandects of Justinian were discovered by accident in Amalfi about 1135. They were carefully copied at Pisa, and they greatly contributed to propagate the true principles of justice and its better administration in France, Germany, and Italy. The manners of the age were still semi-barbarous and the codes in use often conflicting. The Pandects led to the disuse of duels between litigants—a most uncivilized and uncertain way of deciding on which side the right lay.

While the victory of "blind old Dandolo" over Murzuphlus at Constantinople (1205) increased the wealth and influence of Venice, it tended also to pour into Europe more profusely the treasures of the East. Once discharged on the wharves of Venice, they soon found their way northward.

The value of Dante's poetry to the literary world at large can hardly be too highly estimated. It exalted the mind and charmed the ear by the most exquisite music and elaborate rhyme; it conveyed a mass of knowledge on a wide range of subjects; suggested thought and inquiry; painted living and dead men with dramatic power; enlisted sympathies on the side of the good and great of all ages, and cursed and withered vice in all its forms. It exalted human love and divine; it vindicated the glorious truths of Christianity, and launched with uncontrollable fervor into the regions of imagination. His own personal history gave life to Dante's chief poem; and this element of interest had been wanting in the three great epics which had preceded by many centuries his immortal production. No book of human composition had ever before combined so many varied subjects of interest, and in this respect it will more than bear comparison with all the great poems that have since appeared.

* Newman on the Turks, lect. iii.

Europe owes its taste for hymns to Jacopone; for extended poems and epics to Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto; for sonnets to Petrarch; for ascetic writings to St. Catherine of Sienna; and for the classics to the Italian authors of the Renaissance in the fifteenth century.

The dawn of European art appeared first in Italian skies. There shone forth Cimabue (1240-1300), the father of modern painting, whether on canvas or glass, as well as of wall frescoes. There Giotto (1276-1336), his pupil, became famous for sculpture, architecture, and painting; and the time would fail to tell of Giorgione, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Perugino, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Michael Angelo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, Salvator Rosa, and Carlo Dolci, who succeeded one another during four hundred years. Suffice it to say that Europe marvelled at the splendor of their productions, bought them, studied them, copied them, and imitated them as models of art. The debt is too great ever to be paid; it is enough if we continue to be grateful. It increases as time goes on. About the end of the fourteenth century Taddeo Bartoli was perhaps the greatest artist of Siena. In his pictures in tarsia—that is, pictures executed in colored wood—we find illustrations of the Nicene Creed. The originals exist in the choir stalls of the chapel of the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena. Some years ago Mr. Henry Casolani, of Birkdale, in England, drew the sketches from which lithographs have just been made and published in London. This is but one out of countless examples of what we mean.

The revival of sculpture was coincident with that of painting. The Florentine Donato di Bardi (born 1383) was the earliest professor of it among the moderns. No need to speak here of Michael Angelo, Benvenuto Cellini, Bernini, and Canova. Two among them were great as architects as well as sculptors; and of St. Peter's at Rome it is still true that

“Thou of temples old or altars new
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.”

But we must pass on from the well known to the less known, if we would enlarge on what Europe owes to Italy.

It may here be remarked that the presence of the popes in Rome seems to have been necessary for the due action and influence of Italy on the rest of the world. When the Roman pontiffs exercised their dominion in a foreign country, and

passed seventy years in Avignon, "the sciences, arts, and the industries of Rome, which had served as a model to all nations, wholly disappeared." *

Before the year 1492 the only divisions of the earth yet known were Europe, Asia, and Africa. The circumference of the globe was unexplored, and few believed or even dreamed that our world was round. Many maritime discoveries, however, had been made, particularly by the Portuguese. The Azores, the Canary Islands, and the coast of Guinea had become known, and some explorers had reached the extreme southerly point of Africa and had given it the name of the Cape of Good Hope. The next great discovery of a territorial description was to be accomplished by an Italian named Christopher Columbus. Tennyson hailed, as every warm-hearted traveller near Genoa ever will hail, the house at Cogoletto in which he was born and where his father was a wool-carder. There, to his mind's eye, the

"Young Columbus seemed to rove,
Yet present in his native grove,
Now watching high on mountain cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

"Now pacing mute by ocean's rim ;
Till, in a narrow street and dim,
He stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,
And drank, and loyally drank to him."

The talents of the boy at fourteen could not escape observation, and, his conduct being praiseworthy, his father allowed him time to apply to arithmetic, geometry, and other sciences connected with navigation. He had heard with keen interest of the discovery of new lands by the Portuguese, and he followed the instincts of genius by learning navigation in theory from books, and then afterwards in practice by several sea-voyages. How beautiful and attractive is life at such an age and with a noble ambition stirring in the brain ! He took service under a Genoese captain ; joined in expeditions against the Turks and the Venetians ; engaged in combats ; weathered many a storm ; acquired knowledge, reputation, and experience ; sailed to the coasts of Portugal ; was wrecked, and arrived at Lisbon in rags and without a *maravedi* in his pocket. But Providence and his own genius frayed him a path through every difficulty and trouble. He was sure there was a new world, and he resolved to discover

* Bosco, *Italian History*, translated by Morell, p. 61.

it. Years were spent in vain efforts, and he was jeered at as a madman; but at last the necessary ships were obtained, and he sailed with three vessels from the coast of Spain, August 3, 1492. History contains nothing more thrilling than the story of his first voyage—the despair and mutiny of the crew, the undaunted resolution and perseverance of their captain and leader. At length land was reached October 12, 1492. Columbus set foot on St. Salvador, and the natives worshipped him and his companions as gods. He stayed in Cuba; he landed in St. Domingo. He had brought Christ across the waters. It had been his first thought. His dream was realized, at least in part, and the glorious scenery, the perfumed breezes, the wild exuberance of vegetable life, the water pure as crystal, filled him with delight. He had found the new world—and what a world! Would a lifetime or many lifetimes suffice to explore it? Is Europe indebted to him for the discovery? Are the vast white populations of North and South America indebted? The debt is owed to Italy, for Columbus was an Italian. Something is owing to Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine, also for his discoveries, but they must not be suffered to obscure the fact that Columbus discovered not islands only but the continent of America.*

“His presence and his persuasions,” writes Bosco, “having entirely regained the confidence of the king, he set out for his *third* voyage, and this time discovered that vast continent the credit of which has been unjustly given to Amerigo Vespucci.” Father Knight, the Jesuit, thus records the momentous event: “Columbus turned westward and anxiously explored the northern boundary of the gulf [of Paria]. Here first the Spaniards set foot on the mainland. Columbus was too ill to go himself, but he caused Mass to be said on shore, for it was Sunday, and he sent his worthy lieutenant, Pedro de Terreros, to take possession of the land in the accustomed way for the Spanish sovereigns, and to erect a cross as usual. Pedro de Terreros was the first and André de Corral the second who set foot in South America. If Columbus had known at this particular moment that he had really reached the continent, it is very certain that no fit of gout would have kept him prisoner in his bed. He was actually sailing west for the express purpose of finding some safer outlet to the north than the dreadful Dragon’s Mouth, and this makes it clear that he at that moment mistook the long promontory of Paria for an island. But it

* A. G. Knight, S.J., *Life of Columbus*, p. 178.

seems equally clear that when he found time to reflect he discovered his mistake."

Another discovery, of very minor importance, was made by this adventurous and, we may add, saintly Italian. The magnetic needle of the compass had long been known to point a little to the east of the north, and not due north. Columbus, sailing westward, found that the needle gradually lost its eastward direction and pointed due north, and then gradually moved a little way to the west. On his return, and in nearly the same place where it had changed, it gradually passed back to its first position. The reason why the magnetic needle, though always pointing northward, varies a little in different parts of the world is not even now clearly understood, but the fact remains.*

The intellectual movement of the Renaissance resulted in the literary treasures of Europe being augmented by the possession of many works of ancient Greece and Rome previously unknown. Palla Strozzi sent into Greece at his own expense to inquire for ancient manuscripts, and had Plutarch and works by Plato bought for him. Poggio Bracciolini, when at the Council of Constance, found in the dust-hole of a monastery Cicero's orations. He copied Quintilian and discovered Lucretius, Plautus, Pliny, and many other Latin authors. Guarini travelled in the East in search of codices. Giovanni Aurispa returned to Venice laden with hundreds of manuscripts. Old Latin classicism became engrafted anew on the flourishing stock of Italian literature and language. Europe at large was alive to the value of these rare importations. Birth and wealth were no longer everything: mind and industry began to have their appreciated value. Society was elevated and adorned—sometimes, it is true, at the expense of religion, but not necessarily and not always.

The academies that arose in Italy in the fifteenth century had influence all over Europe. They were those of Florence, Naples, and Rome. Cosmo de' Medici was the founder of the first. The philosophy of Plato was especially prized and studied in this school of learning, and that philosophy has important points of contact with the doctrines of Christ. The academy promoted art, particularly through classic models, and it strained every nerve for the revival of ancient learning. The Roman academy was founded by Giulio Pomponio Leto, with a similar view of discovering and investigating ancient manuscripts and monuments. The author of the lives of the first hundred popes, Platina, was a member of this institution.

* Buckley's *History of Natural Science*, pp. 56-7.

To none of Italy's sons is science more indebted than to Galileo Galilei. Unfortunately for himself, he was greatly in advance of his age and not so discreet as he might have been in the mode of advancing his opinions. He shocked the pardonable prejudices of many who had been brought up in a different system, and came into trouble from which he barely escaped with his life. The decrees, however, against him and the Copernican system of astronomy were subsequently rescinded, and his name, discoveries, and purely scientific teaching are now in as much honor at Rome as in other centres of learning. To him we are indebted in the first instance for discovering and explaining the principle of the pendulum as an instrument to be appended to a clock in order to regulate the motion of the wheels and impart to them an invariable movement.

But the pendulum was a trifle compared with the telescope. From Pisa Galileo went to Padua, where he was professor of philosophy, and invented that instrument which so wonderfully enlarges the range of human vision that now "science reaches forth her arms to feel from world to world, and charms her secret from the latest moon." Galileo was the first to detect the mountains of that orb, and the deep, dark hollows, and the wide plains which he mistook for oceans. He gazed with delight on the tiny stars of the Milky Way, on the planet Jupiter, and on Jupiter's four moons. He felt sure that his new instrument would help him to read wonderful truths in the glorious universe of God's creation, and he threw his whole heart and soul into the study. He discovered also the rate of falling bodies, the phases of Venus, and the sun-spots. But his great achievement, for which science is most indebted to him, was the confirmation of the truth of the system of Copernicus, that the earth moves round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. It was this and his mode of dealing with Scripture, which seemed to teach the contrary, that brought him into straits with which we are all familiar. Rolling years have cleared his fame and confirmed his judgments. In the spot where he stood on his trial and suffered a kind of honorable imprisonment we have in our time seen another Italian astronomer arise to teach and devote his life to the study of astronomy with immense success and European reputation. This was Angelo Secchi, of the Society of Jesus.

Born at Reggio in 1818, he studied theology in the Jesuit college at Loreto, and made considerable advance in the knowledge of mathematics and physics, for which he had evidently

a special talent. He afterwards in the United States gave himself to the science of astronomy at Georgetown College, where he became professor of mathematics and astronomy. He subsequently professed physics at the Collegio Romano in Rome, but, being with his brethren driven for a time from the Eternal City, he travelled in France, England, and America. He was thus prepared in every way, especially by the education acquired in foreign lands, to play the part of a great astronomer and follow in the steps of Galileo. On his return to Rome he entered once more upon those solar studies which were to occupy him to the close of his life. The observatory at the Collegio Romano was then in a sad state, but he succeeded in erecting it afresh over an arm of the church of St. Ignatius, and in procuring the new instruments required for stellar observation. This observatory became one of the most famous in Europe. The revelations made by Kirchhoff concerning the solar spectrum were accepted by Secchi with delight, and he took the most lively interest in the new mode of analyzing the constituents of the solar envelope. He studied with ardor all the heavenly bodies, and aimed at determining the physical condition of the remotest stars, and even at discovering their displacements by the variations in their spectrum.

European and Italian science were brought together into close quarters when Father Secchi, in 1867, delivered his conferences on the sun to the young men studying at the school of Geneviève in Paris. It was out of these lectures that his great work on the sun was constructed and brought to a close in the year in which he died. He knew that he should leave behind him an enduring monument of his genius and industry, as well as a landmark showing the utmost stage astronomical science had reached at the time of his decease. His essay also on sidereal astronomy, called *The Stars*, deserves to be borne in mind. Considering the periodical character of the spots and prominences in the sun, he infers, as we might expect, that the sun is truly and in every sense a star, but variable and endowed with a movement proper to itself. Night after night, under the clear moonbeams that fell on the splendors of Rome, Father Secchi took his rapid journeys through the starry skies, catalogued the four hundred and forty-four colored stars, calling each by a name, and marked its ascension and decline, magnitude and special colors, which are often variable and magnificent beyond description. He described in simple language the stars, or rather suns, which night reveals, escorted by satellites. These were

sometimes of immense and dazzling brightness, and sometimes comparatively obscure. He felt that he was not alone. Perhaps at the same moment other star-watchers of European fame were observing from their towers the same stupendous phenomena and arriving at the same, or very nearly the same, conclusions as his own—Schellen, Tait, Croll, Lockyer, Huggins, Guillemin, Roscoe, Proctor, and Helmholtz. But he did not observe suns, or stars, only. There were times when he encountered masses or groups of heavenly bodies emitting indistinct light and possessing no definite shape. Sometimes he could detect no distinct points, no centre. The Milky Way was an immense agglomeration of complex masses of stars, each one apparently composed of numberless systems of a high order. There were nebulae of vast extent which seemed to consist of incomplete stars, having luminous concentrations of matter towards their centre alone. Others, shaped like a ring, looked as though they had arrived at a point where they would break up and subdivide into planets. Father Secchi did not assert nor believe that the universe is absolutely limitless, but he concluded that it is practically so. A thing, he said, composed of distinct and discontinuous beings can never be infinite, difficult though it be to some minds to imagine a void, and though the telescopes of Lord Rosse and Capel, of Melbourne, Paris, and Washington, are continually disclosing more and more phenomena of creation in the realms of space. He placed himself side by side with the greatest observers of the heavenly bodies, and helped by his example to rebut the charge often brought against the Catholic Church of being hostile to the investigations of science. He welcomed every astronomical truth that was clearly established either by his own observation or by that of his scientific brethren throughout the world. He did not differ from Herschel in acknowledging that the Milky Way agglomerates perhaps eighteen millions of stars, or suns, yet is but one among other cosmic systems as great or greater than itself. The sun, he taught, is a star in the nebula called the Milky Way, and the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, is nineteen trillions of miles distant. The light of Sirius could not reach us in less than twenty years, that of Capella in seventy-two years, and that of the pole star in fifty. But there are stars in the Milky Way of which the light would require ten thousand years to leap the space which intervenes between them and the earth. Nay, there are astronomers who maintain that the light of some nebulae, travelling at the rate of one hundred and eighty-five

thousand miles a second, would not arrive within our view in less than seven hundred thousand years. Having pushed to the utmost length the study of the heavenly bodies by means of spectrum analysis, Father Secchi discovered the existence of the solar chromosphere, and he holds the first place among the investigators of this department of science. To him we are indebted for the knowledge of the fact that the sun is surrounded by a vast ocean of flame to a depth of five thousand miles, according to Lockyer's measurement. There furious storms perpetually rage. The least billows of its liquid fire are hundreds of miles high, and the crests of the waves are calculated to attain the elevation of fifty thousand or seventy thousand miles. The spectroscope, which Secchi so ably utilized, reveals the fact that this ocean of colored flame consists of the glowing vapor of at least fifteen of the elementary substances which form the earth's crust. The same father has diagrammed and classified some of the swells on this sea, that appear sometimes as prominences on the sun itself. One of this kind has been measured rising to the height of two hundred thousand miles, and the storms in this ocean of fire rush with the swiftness of one hundred and sixty miles a second. Secchi has done honor to Italy, to science, and to religion as the foster-nurse of science in our own day, and is mentioned here at some length as having carried on the scientific traditions of Galileo and obtained the recognition and thanks of Europe.

Material science is not exalted here above its real value. The Apostles' Creed, as we read even in *Alton Locke*, is worth all the objectivities and subjectivities in the world; but the debt of Europe to Italy is our theme at present, and of that debt scientific discoveries and advance form a conspicuous part. As in the year 1609 Galileo brought into view distant worlds by means of the telescope, so, about fifty years later, Malpighi, a native of Crevalcuore, near Bologna, revealed the wonders of exceedingly minute structures by means of the microscope. Fibres, vessels, and germs had before his time been as much hidden from sight through their minuteness as the moons of Jupiter were through their distance. He applied the microscope chiefly to anatomical investigation, and demonstrated the fact of arteries being connected with veins by means of capillaries. He described the air-cells from which the blood derives its oxygen. He showed how it becomes oxygenated and throws off its carbonic acid. He published a careful description of the nerves, vessels, and coverings of the tongue; explained the nature of the cells contain-

ing the coloring matter of the negro's skin; described the silkworm, the peculiar vessels in which it secretes the juice from which its silk is made, and the changes which the different parts of its frame undergo while being turned into a moth. He was, in fact, the first to attempt to trace the anatomy of insects. Nor did he neglect plants and the delicate and beautiful contrivances of nature as seen in vegetable anatomy.

There were in the last century two Italians to whom Europe owed the discovery, first, of animal electricity, and, secondly, of chemical or voltaic electricity. Each of these has given his name to science, the one as the inventor of the galvanic battery, and the other of the voltaic pile. Aloisio Galvani, a Bolognese, born in 1737, led by the observations of his wife, detected the peculiar effect of currents of electricity on the limbs of a frog, and his discoveries were spoken of far and wide under the name of galvanism. Volta, a professor of natural philosophy at Pavia, took up the subject where the lecturer Galvani left it. A controversy arose between them which lasted till Galvani's death in 1798, and many years after it became known that each of the naturalists had been right, though apparently at variance. Volta was right in ascribing the convulsion of the frog's legs to the contact of two metals in connection with a fluid; while Galvani was right in affirming that there is an electricity in animals which acts without any other help. An Italian named Nobili detected in 1826, by means of a galvanometer, the passage of an electric current in the frog, and it has since been found to be common to all animals. It is to Volta's pile, called after his own name, that we owe all the powerful galvanic batteries with which our experiments of most value are now made. Galvani, Volta, and Nobili placed themselves on the line which Franklin had started, which has led to the electric telegraph and has a future still before it of which none can divine the end.

In the autobiography of Dr. Granville, who was one of Volta's pupils, many interesting facts will be found in reference to him and other professors in the University of Pavia at the commencement of the present century. Spallanzani, for example, explained the phenomenon of digestion by assuming and proving the existence of an acid principle in the stomach, to which he gave the name of gastric juice, and in virtue of which food was converted into chyle, the primordial element of the blood. Scarpa made important and valuable observations on aneurism, the ligature of the principal arteries, and the treatment of hydrocele by injection. He was the chief of surgeons, and no

anatomist before his time pushed forward so successfully the investigation of the nervous fibriles of the heart. Attracted by the fame of Volta and his pile, "pupils and professors," says Dr. Granville, "from Padua, Bologna, Pisa—the three most renowned universities of Italy—flocked actually to Pavia. I remember Galvani, coming over from Bologna on the occasion, showing us his frog experiments and engaging in earnest and animated discussion on the then-called animal electricity with our eminent professor." *

But it is in the aggregate rather than in details that Italy stands forth as the great benefactress of Europe; and it has not unfrequently happened that the reigning pontiff has seemed to sum up the benefits bestowed at a particular period both in his own person and work and in the surroundings of his court. Popes who have not been remarkable for personal piety, perhaps even the reverse, have nevertheless been prominent as leaders of religious and secular civilization, and have carried on the movement which shows that unremittingly, however slowly, the human spirit struggles towards the light. It was so with Leo X., the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Tuscany's great benefactor. As a lover of learning Leo encouraged artists and literary men with great liberality. To the poor he was beneficent, to all affable. He desired above all things to enhance the glory and welfare of his country, assiduously promoted the fine arts, welcomed foreigners of distinction, and strove to keep far away the terrible scourge of war. Sciences and letters, ancient and modern, flourished under his fostering wing. By him the University of Rome was re-established and richly endowed. He brought to light and published ancient authors and founded the Laurentian Library. His reign was so illustrious through the progress of arts and letters that the brilliant epoch which he adorned has been called the age of Leo X. Then arose the poets Ariosto, Vida, Sannazaro, Berni, Ascolti, and Alamanni. Cardinal Bembo, Machiavelli, Caravaggio, Guicciardini, Fracastor the physician and poet, Giulio Romano, Cardinal Sadoletto, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and many others of distinguished name, added lustre to the group. Tartaglia, an orphan of Brescia, whose life had been providentially preserved when he was left in early boyhood severely wounded on the door-step of the house where his parents had been murdered, grew up a studious and profoundly learned man, and was the first in Italy who, by applying geometry to mechanics, revived

* Vol. i. p. 46.

sciences which had languished throughout Europe and might have been lost but for his application and genius. The Complutensian Polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes was sufficient to secure him a lasting remembrance in the republic of letters. It exhibited in one view the Scriptures in their most ancient languages; and the compiler, it should be recollected, was greatly encouraged in his difficult task by Leo X., who threw open to him the precious collection of the Vatican, and supplied him especially with the Greek MSS. required.* But for the labors of such men Protestants would never have possessed a Bible at all.

St. Peter's is in itself a boon to Europe. Pope Julius II. was desirous of making Rome the finest city in the world. The ambition was laudable, for what else ought the metropolis of Christendom to be? He invited Bramante, a celebrated Florentine architect, to Rome, and charged him to build near to the Vatican, in which the popes resided, a basilica so magnificent that it might be considered the grandest monument upon earth. At the entreaty of Bramante, who felt the pressure of his advancing age, the pope invited Michael Angelo Buonarrotti also to the sacred city. He was entrusted to commence a mausoleum for Pope Julius, and at the same time set about painting several pictures on the walls of the papal chapel, since called the Sistine from the name of Pope Sixtus, by whom it was erected. The grand roof of the chapel also was ornamented by him with paintings of Scriptural subjects. Leonardo da Vinci at this time was flourishing at Milan, and being a poet, painter, geometrician, mechanic, and musician, skilled in all bodily exercises, able to tame the wildest horses and make marble statues, as well as work wonders on canvas, all the princes of Italy were eager to secure his services. Julius II. did not rest till he had persuaded him to come to Rome to employ his genius in embellishing the Vatican, which Bramante was then active in repairing. During nearly the whole of the pontificate of Leo X. he continued his labors at Rome, aiding in the construction and decoration of those immortal works whose reputé was to go forth into all lands. The basilica of St. Peter's, with its immense and lofty cupola, being of such vast proportions, so rich in marble work, statues, paintings, and monuments, executed with great variety of style, required more than two centuries to bring it to completion. It represents the zeal of many popes, the skill of several architects from Bramante to Buonarrotti, the services of many eminent painters and sculptors, and the genius of Christian Italy.

* Hefele, *Life of Ximenes*, p. 136.

If Italia has possessed to her own harm the fatal gift of beauty, that wonderful gift has been the stimulus of life, religious, artistic, scientific, and literary, to the nations near and far. Every one of her famous cities has contributed to the charm and might of her European influence. Around Rome as the central light have shone the lesser but radiant stars of Florence, with its Duomo and Santa Croce, its Dante and schools of painting; Padua, Bologna, Pisa, and Pavia, with their renowned universities; Naples, with its sunny bay, museum, and neighboring cities of the dead; Palermo, with its memories of Metellus, Belisarius, and Robert Guiscard; Genoa la Superba, with its magnificent harbor; Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, throned upon her hundred isles, opulent with the memory of Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, and beautiful as the bride of the sea with her canals, gondolas, and palaces in Saracenic and Arabic style; Milan, with its chanting choirs:

"The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory,
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!"

Just at present the civilized world seems to be wandering in self-chosen ways, and Italy has followed evil examples. Let us hope and pray that she will return into the paths of dignity and truth, so that Europe may still recognize her majestic intelligence and continue to bask in the light of her radiant and many-sided influences.

THE YOUTH OF SAINT ANSELM.*

No science has perhaps gained more by modern facilities for travel and research than that of hagiology. In most of the old-fashioned lives of the saints wherewith we were edified in the days of our youth the man was entirely lost sight of in a host of the most astonishing and in themselves eccentric details that the author could rake together. Not unfrequently the life of one saint, by altering name and date, might have done duty for half a dozen other saints equally well, so absent were those characteristic touches which form a portrait, those features of the mental and moral physiognomy by which saint differs from saint even more than sinner from sinner; for it

* See *The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains*. By Martin Rule, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

seems as if the higher we gaze up the scale of perfection the more varied are the beauties of which our feeble vision becomes gradually cognizant. "Star differs from star," not only in the hue and brightness of its glory, but in the marvels which compose its orb, infinitely more than pebble differs from pebble along the unmeasured reaches of the shingly beach; and yet no two pebbles even are alike.

Montalembert, in his *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, made us, as it were, personally acquainted with her as a woman as well as a saint. By thus bringing her within reach of our human sympathies he inspired our admiration with a new life and our hearts with fresh courage for our own conflict. The track then marked out by Montalembert has in more than one instance been successfully followed by other Catholic writers, and by none more so than by Mr. Rule, whose work on *The Life and Times of St. Anselm* is one of the most beautiful and at the same time solid and instructive biographies that we have ever seen. Several years of loving labor have been spent upon this work, and the result—or rather one result—is an accumulation of details, many of them entirely new, which greatly enhance the interest of the narrative, as well as the accuracy and completeness which give it an especial value.

Tracing by personal investigation the footsteps of the saint from his mountain-girdled cradle at Aosta to his tomb at Canterbury, the author has verified, often by repeated visits, every topographical notice or reference of mediæval and other writers on the spot; sparing no pains in the recovery whether of detailed record, oral tradition, or incidental allusion which might aid him to unearth long-buried and forgotten facts. The information thus laboriously collected supplies more than one missing link, disentangles more than one rusted knot in the chain of mediæval history, and is, moreover, of effectual assistance to Mr. Rule in his able refutation of the saint's detractors, enabling him to correct mistakes into which, one copying from another, all modern biographers of Lanfranc and St. Anselm have fallen.*

* Very notably Dean Hook, Dean Church, and Mr. Freeman. Also, M. Charma, Herr Hasse and his translator Mr. Turner, Washington and Mark Wilks in *The Three Archbishops*, and we know not how many writers besides, all repeat the same blunders, usually accompanied by moral reflections—wide of the mark, because baseless. Who, for instance, has not been told, *ad nauseam*, that when Lanfranc, the learned Pavian, on his way to Le Bec, was left tied to a tree by robbers, he wished to pray, but could not, *because he did not know a single prayer*?—when the facts are these: As day dawned in the wood, Lanfranc, already a monk at heart, began to recite Matins and Lauds—offices comprising, besides hymns, versicles, responses, and antiphons, two lessons out of St. Paul's Epistles, the *Te Deum*, *Benedicite*, *Benedictus*, and twenty-one psalms. But the task was too much for him, exhausted as he was. He broke down.

The style is clear and simple, almost epistolary in its easy flow. Here and there, but rarely, an expression perhaps too colloquial has slipped in. Many of the lighter pages have about them a certain poetical delicacy, while graver ones rise at times to eloquence. The narrative hangs well together, and the varying groups of the numerous *dramatis personæ* never encroach unduly upon the luminous and wondrously attractive central figure. The work is elucidated by plentiful notes, many of which are, in fact, condensed dissertations; and each volume is completed by an appendix, of equal value and interest to the learned if not to the ordinary reader.

St. Anselm has been dead for nearly eight hundred years, and it may be safely averred that Mr. Rule is the first writer who has made any serious effort to find out who he was. By carefully following up one or two stray indications he arrived at the certainty that the saint was of princely race; but we can imagine what months of reading and research among the numerous histories of Lombardy, of Trans-Juran Burgundy, of Aosta, Susa, and Ivrea, his *excursus* on St. Anselm's pedigree alone must represent. We have not space to enter into the particulars of this research, in the course of which no matter what stray facts are economized and turned to account; we can do little more than give the author's conclusions and refer to the book itself for the rest.*

Anselm, the son of Gundulf and Ermenberg, was born at Aosta between the April of 1033 and 1034. "Gundulf was, not improbably, a son or grandson of Manfred I., Marquis of Susa, who in his turn was maternal uncle of Arduin, Marquis of Ivrea, and for some thirteen years king of Italy; and thus of the kindred of Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, and father of the illustrious Matilda. Nor can there be a reasonable doubt that Ermenberg was a granddaughter of Conrad the Pacific, King of Trans-Juran Burgundy, and thus first cousin to the Emperor Henry II., and kinswoman more or less distant to every considerable prince in Christendom."

And then he cried out in self-abasement: "O Lord God, how many years have I spent upon this world's learning! I have wearied body and soul with secular studies, but have not yet learnt to *recite the Office* of thy praise! Deliver me from this trouble and I will strive to *do thee service* as I ought" (vol. i. p. 87). The foot-notes here, as elsewhere throughout the book, are very valuable. They here point out the then accepted sense of *servire* and *servitium*—words proper to the Divine Office, or, as we still say, divine *service*. And also, with reference to the same incident, there is a note on the sense of *nudus*—i.e., stripped of the outer garments, as a monk without his tunic or a soldier without his armor, but not necessarily stripped *bare*.

* Pp. 1-4 should be read in conjunction with pp. 402-415, where mediæval terminology for the exact specification of social rank is fully treated.

The sovereign magistrate of Aosta had from time immemorial united in himself the titles of bishop and count, until on the death of Bishop Anselm II., about 1020, a nephew succeeded him in the episcopate only, while the secular honors were bequeathed to a brother-in-law, Humbert the White-handed, Count of Maurienne, and progenitor of the royal house of Savoy.

Gundulf and Ermenberg had a palace at Aosta. Tradition, supported by documentary evidence, points to the beautiful domain of Gressan, about three miles distant, as their country home. This property is still called Clochâtel, vernacular for *enclos du château*. We will quote the description given of St. Anselm's early home :

"Sweet, peaceful Clochâtel! Nowhere in this favored valley does noontide heat scorch less fiercely, as nowhere does evening gale or breath of morn blow more refreshingly, than here—here, where, when autumn days grow short, the neighboring husbandman wends homeward, bending beneath his gathered wealth of maize, and the burnished poplars hang forth to the sunset their foliage of silver and gold, and the chestnut falls soft on the turf, and the bells of the drowsy kine make a mellow discord, and down the vast valley to right and left the giant crags blaze with an amber glory; whilst far away the clear blue shadow rises, creeping slowly over avalanche and glacier, and as it rises the sky-touching snows of Combin, of Velan, and of the nearer Becca di Nona one by one quicken into rosy splendor and fade into night."

St. Anselm has left a description of his mother—not in the days of her early beauty, but as a matron in middle life; pious, thoughtful, conscientious in fulfilling the duties of her position, in ruling her household, managing her inheritance, and in maintaining a state suitable to her husband's princely rank and her own; her will being in all things guided by a sanctified reason. If her son's generosity of character was inherited from Gundulf, it was to her he owed his habit of submitting thought and action to the test of a higher law, and of seeking the agreement of reason with the revealed verities of faith.

With regard to the character of Gundulf, who has been very unjustly treated by the modern biographers of his son, we have a fresh exposure of the way in which an inaccurate reading, or rather the misapprehension of the meaning conventionally attached to certain expressions in other ages than our own, has resulted in unmerited aspersion. That in his generous open-handedness he spent his fortune heedlessly is the worst that can be said of Gundulf during Ermenberg's lifetime. In the tenth century it had become an immemorial tradition with Christian parents to consecrate only sons to God. Gundulf regarded his son as future

bishop of Aosta, but his young wife, fearing for her boy the dangers of the wealth and state attendant on this dignity, hoped that he might rather choose the monastic life.

The following account of the child's early vision or dream acquires a new interest from the description of its local framework :

"Heaven was to [Ermenberg] an ideal court, of which her own domestic traditions had afforded her an image; and in that heaven dwelt God, ruling all things and sustaining all things. So she taught her wondering child, in phrase suited to an infancy too tender to grasp other and more mysterious truths; and he in his turn developed her teaching into the conviction that God was willing his abode should be seen by mortal eye. Looking about him, therefore, day by day, for his best mountain way to heaven, he scanned the snowy dome of Velan, the icy flanks of the Ruitors, the slippery pinnacles of Combin, all the aerial heights that stand far off round about the valley of Aosta; but, to his untutored vision, none was higher than the Becca di Nona,* whose noontide shadow lay every day across the valley down below the city, as none was nearer for his untried strength, and none, therefore, when the happy moment should come, less likely to disappoint him. For when, at evening, all the other mountain summits are already eclipsed, the Becca di Nona gleams bright in the firmament; and whereas they stand wrapped in eternal shrouds of snow and ice, time is, year by year, when the summit of the Becca di Nona is for a few short weeks laid bare by the autumnal warmth. The season was autumn when little Anselm discovered this; and, noting well that at the foot of the mountain there lay a titanic ledge of rock, called then, as now, the Gargantua, he nursed his divine ambition, till one night as he slept the summons came. He must climb the mountain and hasten to the court of God. He set forth, crossed the river, scaled the Gargantua, where, grieved at finding the King's maidens gathering in his harvest after too careless and indolent a fashion, he chid their sloth and resolved to lay charge against them, but passed on forthwith, for he must not delay. So, leaving the region of corn and vineyard, he plunged into the forest, and threading his way upwards through belts of pine and over lawns of turf and lavender, and scaling precipitous blank rocks, had already reached the summit, when, lo! heaven opened. The Invisible, in fashion as a king, sat before him enthroned in majesty, and with none near him but his seneschal, for the rest of the household had been sent down into the world to reap his harvest. The child crossed the threshold. The Lord called him, and he obeyed; he approached and

* "This mountain stands almost due south of Aosta. Its English name would be Noontide Peak. Our word *noon* is a corruption of *nona*—i.e., *hora nona*, the word having obtained its present meaning at a time when the ecclesiastical office of Nones was said by anticipation at mid-day and not about three o'clock. I have no doubt that the Becca di Nona received its name when it was customary to ring the bells for the office I have mentioned, just as the sun stood over it; and my conviction is confirmed by the fact that the older name of the Mons Emilius, which stands a little more to the east, is *Pic de Dix Heures*, or Ten-o'clock Peak. When the unworthy designation of Mons Emilius shall have been supplanted by a better, the Valdostans could not do better than give their Becca di Nona the alternative name of Mont St. Anselme."

sat down at the Lord's feet ; was asked with royal grace and condescension who he was, whence he had come, what he wanted ; answered the questions and was not afraid. Whereupon the King gave command to the seneschal, who brought forth bread and set it before him. It was bread of an exceeding whiteness,* and he ate it in the Lord's presence. He ate it and was refreshed, and slept his sleep, and awoke next morning at Aosta, and, remembering his journey, or rather not so much remembering it as retracing it step by step and incident by incident, flew to his mother's knee and told her all.

"Ermenberg wept tears of consolation, but her joy was not like his. Wonder what the vision might mean, wonder whether it was in the body or out of the body that this had happened, added bewilderment to her bliss. But Anselm's was unalloyed. He had been to Paradise corporally, and with corporal mouth had eaten the Bread of God.

"Thus did Heaven set its mark on the child !"

It was the custom of the age that a child destined for high clerical dignity should be entrusted to the care of a *nutritor*, or guardian, usually some great prelate or high-born canon, who should have entire charge of his training, and under whose guardianship the boy was "as carefully tended, and certainly as sedulously whipped, as if he had remained at home." The nurseries of that date offered none of the modern incentives to learning. Not a nurse in Christendom, and very few mothers, could have taught the alphabet, and even if they could there was then no literature in the vernacular dialects, not even in the *lingua romana*, the least "barbarous" of them all ; hence none but Latinists would presume to take charge of an *abecedarius*, and consequently ecclesiastics were the sole teachers even of little children. The severity of the discipline to which these children were subjected, and which was considered essential to the formation of character, appears to us, with our modern ideas, almost incredible ; and still more so the instances of deep mutual affection between master and scholar with which these frequent castigations did not apparently interfere. They represented, in fact, an universal tradition, older than St. Paul and older than Solomon, and they were for the most part fashioned to a passionless ideal ; but nevertheless the sufferings of school-boy life were regarded by even grave historians of the eleventh and twelfth centuries as the very acme of human woe.

When, therefore, not long after his dream, and before he was four years old, Anselm asked to go to school, Ermenberg at first resisted, knowing what it meant. However, she subsequently yielded, and he was sent to the home of one or other of her

* Panem.

brothers, Lambert and Folcerad, both canons of St. Ours at Aosta. Among other details exhumed by our author we find it established as apparently certain that Anselm wore the white habit as canon of St. Ours from his fourteenth year, and probably from the age of seven.

After a year or two of attendance at the elementary school—it seems to have been that of the Benedictine monastery outside the city walls, whither his *clericus*, the attendant in orders customary for boys of his rank, accompanied him daily—Anselm was confided to a private tutor, probably a disciple of Lanfranc. To this period belongs the touching anecdote which follows, and which has not appeared in any previous biography of the saint :

“Tutor and pupil began their labors with equal zeal; but the zeal of the former was greater than his discretion. . . . He had so good a pupil that, bent upon converting the thoughtful, meditative, ever-reasoning child into a prodigy of learning, he entered upon a course of discipline which . . . was, for such a child, the cruellest that could be contrived—a course of discipline in comparison with which the purple stripes on Guibert of Nogent’s little back were very mercy.* Guibert, when his case was at the worst, could at any rate look his mother in the face and say, ‘If I die of my whippings I mean to be whipped’; but when Anselm’s was at the worst the brightest star of the eleventh century had been well-nigh quenched in its rising. The infatuated pedagogue confined him to the house in the fond hope of forcing him by incessant application into a premature intellectual ripeness; and, deeming it waste of time that so active a mind should be allowed to relax a tension to which it was only too prone by temperament, kept him prisoner over his books, and paid little heed to the attenuated features and throbbing pulse of the willing victim, and to all the other indications of an overwrought brain. At last the brain refused to work, and the precocious little student felt as if reason were toppling from her throne. The uncles, appealed to in this emergency, tried all the rude skill then in fashion, but to no purpose, and were fain in their perplexity to send him home to Ermenberg. Here fresh alarms awaited the poor child. He had forgotten the bustle and pomp of that princely home; . . . he sought solitude, shunned the looks of others, and, when father and mother plied him with solicitous tendernesses, turned away a flushed face and said nothing. On one such occasion Ermenberg cried out, ‘Ah me, I have lost my child!’ . . . She gave peremptory orders to her servants that the child was to be allowed to do whatever he pleased, thwarted in nothing, and implicitly obeyed in all he should choose to require. Her injunctions were respected; time and care did the rest.

“In future years it was remarked that never had nurse like Anselm entered an infirmary. . . . Ermenberg had taught him the science of the sick-room.”

While yet a boy Anselm debated within himself how best to

* See vol. i. p. 24.

fashion his life to the divine will. And here, from the circumstances of the times, his comparison of the monastic life and of the canonical, *as they should have been* rather than as they were, was a comparison of ideals. Remarkable as this was in a boy of thirteen, still more so was the fact that, after testing each by all that he knew of the divine will, he should at once have courageously endeavored to carry his decision, the result of abstract reasoning on his part, into practical effect. For, having arrived at the conclusion that the monastic life would be most conducive to this end, he presented himself, when not fourteen years of age, at a neighboring monastery and asked to be admitted as postulant. To his great distress he was refused. He then prayed for the grace of an illness. His prayer was heard, and when reduced to a grievous state of sickness he sent to the abbot, renewing his petition, thinking to move him to grant it by letting him know that he was like to die; but in vain. The abbot knew that in case of his recovery Gundulf would not be at all likely to forego his son's inheritance of the ancestral throne of the bishops of Aosta and all that this inheritance involved. "Thus," wrote Eadmer, "He whose foreseeing eye can by nothing be deceived was unwilling that his servant should have share in the religious life of that place, because he had some others hidden in the bosom of his mercy whom, as became evident in due time, he was preparing to be formed by Anselm the doing of his will." *

Anselm, recovering from the strange illness which left him for years afterwards in delicate health, entered on a studious, innocent, and exemplary youth, even in those early days distributing his income amongst the poorer members of his order, and forming those habits of life which led him later to be regarded as a model of the clerical character. He has left it on record that although for a long time his health was not sufficiently robust to endure the usual discipline of the cloister, yet the sole desire of his heart ever was to fulfil the sacred resolution of his boyhood and the one end which he kept steadily in view.

The following passage seems to us so important in relation to a mistake into which all the modern biographers of the saint have fallen that we give it in full, although passing over the

* That Dean Church's rendering of this passage is erroneous is shown by an exhaustive note on the mediæval sense of the word *implicari*. This does not here mean *to be entangled* (as he translates it), but simply to take part in, to be *employed* or engaged in—*e.g.*, *implicabar divinis*, "I spent my time in the study of sacred literature," not "I was entangled in divine things," which would be a specimen of that untruthful literalness which is far from being uncommon.

five pages immediately preceding, which, by the testimony they produce, give additional weight to every word :

"Thus, pure, studious, recollected, and hopeful, he passed the days of his youth, when, as he entered on manhood, a change, if change it may be called, came over him which challenges our careful attention ; for some fluent foreign writers have made of it a text for period after period of useless rhetoric, and for one of the most astounding calumnies to be found in the annals of all history. They have not converted a molehill into a mountain—they have done worse : by the strangest of alchemy they have converted a diamond into a dunghill, and transformed a blameless adolescence into that which the pen refuses to describe. Nothing could be more cruel, as nothing could be more false, and there is not the shadow of a suggestion from end to end of Eadmer's account to lend excuse to it. This is what Eadmer says : ' As bodily health, early manhood, and a successful secular career welcomed him with their smiles, the fervor of his heart, which had been set on embracing the monastic estate, began by slow degrees to cool ; so much so that he rather wished to pursue his course along the paths of the secular life than leave them and become a monk.' Then comes a passage intelligible enough as written by such a man as Eadmer : ' He also began insensibly to neglect those literary pursuits of which he was by habit a very enthusiastic student, and to turn his attention to manly sports.' This is all—' He began.' Pray, is it so very wicked in a young man of twenty, though he be a subdeacon or even a deacon, to study the bias of a bowl or the curve described by a javelin ? But let Eadmer tell his story : ' After all, however, his love and his devotion for his mother held him back somewhat from these pastimes. But on her death, like a ship that has lost its anchor, he narrowly escaped drifting utterly off into the billows of the world.' The billows—that is to say, the tempestuous sea of secular life (whether clerical or not) outside the walls of a monastery. In the language of the age monastic life was habitually compared to a peaceful haven, while those whose calling lay without the cloister were regarded, and regarded themselves, as storm-tossed mariners. Thus St. Gregory the Great, who had been compelled to exchange his cell on the Cœlian Hill for the throne of Peter, laments that the ship of his soul was now beaten by the billows and the storm, so that when he cast a backward glance at the haven he had left he groaned for very sorrow."

To resume our quotation :

"The case is clear and simple enough : Anselm was not yet a monk, but he had resolved to become one, . . . and hence when, in old age, he reviewed his mortal career, it was not without regret that he pointed to one period of it in which the intensity of his desire for the religious profession was allowed to relax ; to one short interval in which, mortification not being his sole joy, he suffered the little bark of his heart—to use his own phrase—to ride indolently at anchor and run risk of drifting out to open sea. But, be it a thousand times repeated, he was never out of harbor, and he has nowhere accused himself of what never happened. . . . His utmost extravagance of conduct may have been that he once provided himself

with a pair of hawking gauntlets, but we do not know that he even put them on."

But besides that it would be unreasonable to apply to such terms as *fluctus sæculi* a meaning utterly wide of the sense in which they were used for five centuries from the days of Gregory the Great, it is inexcusable to forget that St. Anselm was a *monachus monachorum*, and fervent enough in his love of monasticism to deem it a disadvantage to have lived a day in the world after having once formed the resolution of leaving it. Here, then, we learn the meaning of the tears he dropped upon Eadmer's account of this brief period of his life :

"For what is the purport of that account? Not that for one brief day or hour he definitively relinquished the idea of becoming a monk, but that his boyish fervor began insensibly to cool; not that he deliberately consented to a temptation to live henceforth in the world, but that he entertained the thought that a life in the world might be the preferable state; not that he discarded his studies and threw his energies into sports innocent in themselves, but that he was on the point—only on the point—of doing so. Do we ask, then, what can be the secret of all this emotion? There is only one thing that can explain it, and that is his estimate of the blessedness of the religious state. . . . He held it a supremely blessed thing that a soul created for God should in the earliest morning of life be transplanted to lawns of paradisiacal security, there to put forth its blossoms and its fruit, unhurt by chilling winds and nipping frost, and he deemed it a grievous loss to have been surrounded, for however short a time after reaching the age of reason, by any other accessories than the alternate prayer, and chant, and silence, and discipline, and labor, and penance of the cloister."

Whether in this we one and all feel with him matters not; our only present business is to understand him. In short, this portion of Mr. Rule's work completely pulverizes the assertions of those who, with Mr. Freeman, pretend that St. Anselm's youth was dissolute. Ermenberg died in 1056 in giving birth to a daughter, Richera. Anselm tried in vain to console his father, who became morose and gloomy not only from grief at the loss of his wife, but also from disappointment that she had borne him a daughter instead of a son. His irritation also against Anselm for not having chosen a position which would enable him to make a figure in the world developed into an ungovernable violence, as one incident after another showed him that the time was gone by for transforming the studious and ascetic youth into a mere man of the world. The gentleness and patience with which Anselm invariably received his father's upbraidings only had the effect of exasperating him beyond all bounds. Anselm,

therefore, resolved, on his father's account as well as his own, to leave home and country and adventure exile.

He went forth, therefore, with no unseemly haste, but equipped for a long journey, and attended, as became his condition, by his *clericus de terrâ*, and accompanied by probably four other members of his household. Descending the valley of Aosta, the little band pushed on to Ivrea, to Susa, and thence to Mont Cenis. They were still toiling through the trackless snows of the mountain solitudes when Anselm, whose sensitive nature had been so bruised by recent sorrow, violence, and injustice, became ill from exhaustion and fatigue. Food alone could save him, and all the provisions were consumed. His *clericus* in despair ransacked the empty wallets, and lastly a sack of provender thrown across the back of the ass, when lo! a manchet of bread, of exceeding whiteness, like that of the heavenly food he had eaten in his childhood in the presence of God. He ate and was restored, and resumed his journey, weeping tears of thankfulness and hope.

Upon reaching Cluny, "the pride of Burgundy," he remained there for a time, and afterwards with the monks of St. Benignus at Dijon; but the load-star of his wanderings ever was Le Bec, whither his heart had long been drawn by the presence of Lanfranc. Having at last reached Normandy when Lanfranc was absent at Rome, he waited at Avranches for his return. On the very day that term opened at the humble monastery by the Risle, Anselm was waiting betimes at the door of the thatched shed which was Lanfranc's lecture-room.

"His heart beat high as he stood outside that lowly shed of rude timber, flint, and mud. And if it be true that, after hopes alternately thwarted and deferred through many years, his enrollment amongst Lanfranc's disciples was an event of utmost interest to himself, it is impossible for us to forget that issues of enduring import in the moral and intellectual destinies of mankind were to follow from the relation now established between the illustrious teacher and his illustrious disciple. The disciple was to succeed the teacher first as prior of Le Bec, and then as archbishop of Canterbury; and the friendship of the two men during nearly thirty years, the part which each of them played in the same stirring events, their intimacy with the same great personages, have placed them side by side on the page of history. But though we regard them as contemporaries, we must not forget that at their first meeting the younger man had barely completed his twenty-sixth year, whilst the older was already in his sixty-third. Nor did they present a less remarkable difference in respect of character and of endowment. Lanfranc was the greatest teacher of the eleventh century; Anselm was to be distinguished as its profoundest thinker."

Before concluding we must mention another circumstance

which has been strangely distorted because strangely misunderstood. It relates to the motives which actuated Anselm in the choice of a religious life—motives in regard to which M. Charma, for example, and many besides M. Charma, are wide of the mark. Eadmer, in that part of his account relating to his master's resolution to enter the monastic life,

“breaks the thread of the biography in order to record the considerations which engaged Anselm's mind as soon as he had formed that resolution. But that is not all. Eadmer's account of those considerations is given in the very words of the saint himself, as he used to tell the story in his old age, and is accompanied with a description of the saint's manner in the telling of it. Nothing could be more graphic :

“We must, therefore, violate the dramatic unities, and, bidding our laggard imagination fly from Le Bec to Canterbury, shift our date from 1060 to 1108 or thereabouts. The scene is a room in the monastery of Christ Church, and the principal *dramatis personæ* not a secular clergyman of twenty-six, but a Benedictine monk who has already entered on the eighth decade of his life—a monk, yet more than a monk ; for he wears on his white, slender hand a ring which distinguishes him from his surrounding religious. He is seated in his chair ; and, together with a countenance of inborn nobility and sweetness, every line of which indicates a rare susceptibility of feeling, he has an eye lightened with a fire that always glows, but seldom, if ever, flashes, and hair that lies snowy white in tonsured ring over brows deeply marked by thought and the buffetings of an adverse fortune. It is Archbishop Anselm, now near his end, and he is speaking : “I said to myself, Now I am going to be a monk ; but where ? If at Cluny or if at Le Bec, the time I have spent in study will have been lost. The life at Cluny is so severe that I shall soon make a sorry figure of myself, for I have not the strength to endure it ; and as to Le Bec, Lanfranc's is too towering a genius for me there to be of use to any one. I shall, therefore, best carry out my purpose in a place where I may display my knowledge and be of service to many others.”

“So does the old man speak . . . with a sort of playful smile at his own expense.

““No, I was not yet broken in ; my contempt for the world was only in the bud, and that accounts for my not seeing the danger. I thought all this came from charity to others. . . . But what am I saying ? A monk ! To be a monk—what ! is it to wish to be set before others, honored more than others, made much of at their expense ? No ! no ! Down, then, with your pride and thought of self, and turn monk in a place where, as is just, you will be set last of all for the sake of God, and accounted least and unworthiest of all, and in comparison with all the rest not cared a straw for ! And where can this be done ? Why, at Le Bec, if anywhere. At Le Bec I shall be of no importance ; for at Le Bec is a man who shines with the light of a transcendent wisdom which is enough for all of them ; . . . they will all honor and make much of him. At Le Bec, then, shall my rest be. At Le Bec shall God, and God alone, be the beacon of my life ; at Le Bec the love of God, and that alone, shall be my study ; at Le Bec the

thought of God, the blissful and undying thought, shall be my solace and my satisfaction." Such,' continues Eadmer, 'were his musings, his longings, and his dearest hopes.'

And it is this wonderful soliloquy which has been so unjustifiably travestied by modern historians as to prove that they cannot have studied the subject.*

After Anselm had thus chosen the monastery of Le Bec as preferable to all others, the question presented itself whether the life of a hermit might not, after all, be for him the best. Gundulf had died since his son had withdrawn himself from his wrath—died a holy death and in the monastic habit—and Anselm, although his preference was for the cloister, debated with himself whether he ought rather to live in a hermitage or in a hospice which he should found out of his own inherited estates.† He went for counsel to Lanfranc, saying that he wished to choose that of the three alternatives which he should decide to be best. Lanfranc declined to give an opinion, but referred him to their venerable diocesan, Maurille, Archbishop of Rouen. The two went together and laid the case before the archbishop, who at once declared in favor of the ordinary monastic life. His word was law, and his visitors were ready to return to Le Bec on the morrow.

"In those days the Seine at Rouen, taking its tortuous course further to the north than now, washed the very precinct of the metropolitan church, and it requires but little imagination to see the prior of Le Bec and his pupil putting off in a boat from the ferry close under the sacred pile, and slowly making for the southern bank of the river. That ferry-boat carried no ordinary freight—Lanfranc and Anselm, each bound to the other by the ties of a new and supernatural sympathy; Lanfranc and Anselm, monks both of them, in heart at least, for the difference of garb will not last long, and in a few short hours Anselm will have exchanged the white dress of the secular clergyman (canon?) for a coarser habit. It is a morning in spring, and three winters have passed since he crossed Mont Cenis. The passage of Mont Cenis then, and that of the Seine now—what a contrast! That was a deliverance undoubtedly from thralldom, from suffering, from the shadow of death, but it was a perilous journey over solitudes of snow, and, to one sick at heart and jaded in body, a

* See the further remarks on the expression *scire meum* (pp. 111, 112), and the note, showing how, from the same want of care, the compilers of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* have entirely missed the meaning of Anselm's reply to Avesgot.

† The mistake has been made by Longueval (*Hist. de l'Eglise Gallicane*) that Anselm was deliberating as to whether he should be a monk, or a hermit, or remain in the world; and this mistake has been industriously copied. Were it needed we have the testimony of John of Salisbury on the matter: "An enim expeteret eremum, an claustrum monachorum, an ex proprio patrimonio domo construens peregrinis, pro facultate, et pauperibus ministraret, habebat incertum" (*Vita Sti. Anselmi*, cap. ii.)

venture into blank uncertainty; but this is a peaceful transit from suspense and deferred hopes to security and a terrestrial heaven. And peaceful influences fill his pure heart with an ineffable happiness. No sound breaks the pervading calm save the confused and harmonious din of hammer, chisel, and crane plied by the builders of Maurille's cathedral. He turns and gazes on its massive but unfinished tower. Clear and hard it strikes against the pearly sky, and stretches in vain pursuit its tremulous reflection across the flood. A peaceful reverie to Anselm. Lanfranc gazes on him with brimming eyes and an interest too deep for words. Nor he alone: others are watching. Ermenberg stoops from her blissful throne, and Gundulf, who once, in weakness and rage, drove him from his old home, now pursues him with blessings to his new."

Mr. Rule's *Life of St. Anselm* may be compared to a series of historical pictures carefully painted on the spot. All we have attempted is, by drawing attention to one, and this by no means one of the richest, but one of the simplest among them, to give some idea of the handling and interest of the rest.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER IX.

It was on the day after his visit to Miss Bertram that Egerton again made his appearance at the door of the D'Antignac apartment, and on this occasion was admitted. He was received by Hélène with great cordiality, and taken at once to her brother's room, where he found the scene which had grown familiar to him, as to many others—the bright chamber with its broad windows, its sunshine and pictures and flowers, and the couch where, with pathetic immobility, lay the wreck of a man's strong frame, and where out of a pale, suffering-stamped face looked such grave, serene eyes.

Those eyes glanced up as the door opened, and with a smile D'Antignac laid down a book which he was reading to hold out a wasted hand. "A friend who has been long absent is doubly welcome," he said, with his peculiar charm of tone and manner.

"That ought to depend upon the reason of the absence," said Egerton, responding to the smile.

The other shook his head. "One must take for granted that the reason has been good," he said. "We should never doubt a friend. However, you may give an account of yourself, if you like."

"The account, then, will include an attempt to see you not many days ago. I was sorry to have failed."

"I was sorry, too. But I did not hear of the visit till you were gone."

"It was I who gave the order that Raoul should be denied to any one who called," said Hélène.

"Oh! I am never surprised and certainly never offended at being turned away," said Egerton. "On the contrary, I take it as a special favor when I am admitted."

"And how ought I to take a visit from one who has naturally many more entertaining places to go than to the chamber of an invalid?" asked D'Antignac. "But, besides giving me pleasure, you are performing one of the corporal works of mercy—which is a good thing for you, though I dare say you know very little about the corporal works of mercy."

"I must confess I don't know much," answered Egerton,

"though I am glad to be performing one. But if there is any merit connected with such works, I am sure my visit to you cannot possibly be classed among them, as it gives me too much pleasure."

"If flattery could spoil me—as it is more than likely that it does—my friends give me enough for the purpose," said D'Antignac. "But sit down and tell me about yourself. What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

"That," said Egerton as he sat down, "would make a long story, if it were worth telling—which it is not. Since I was here last I have, with one exception, done nothing worth remembering for five minutes."

"You are severe on yourself," said Hélène.

"If that is severity it will apply very justly to the most of my life," said the young man quite seriously. "But you do not ask what is the one noteworthy exception."

"We wait for you to tell us," said D'Antignac.

"Remember, then, that I define it as noteworthy, not praiseworthy; for I am afraid of falling in your good opinion when you hear that I have attended a Socialist meeting."

"There is no reason why you should suffer such a fall from the mere fact of attending the meeting," said D'Antignac. "The question is, *Why* did you attend it?"

"From curiosity chiefly. I have a friend who is a student over in the Quartier Latin, a fiery Red Republican, and I have heard him talk a great deal of a man of remarkable genius and eloquence who is one of the leaders of the extreme Socialists. Now, you know, although one hears a great deal about Socialism, it is generally only from one point of view; and I always like to hear both sides of a question. So I went with a friend of my friend's—a Bohemian journalist, also Red Republican—to hear this revolutionary tribune. He is indeed a man of remarkable eloquence, and after the meeting was over my companion introduced me to him, when I found him to be that singular anomaly, a gentleman-Socialist. His name is Duchesne."

D'Antignac smiled. "I felt sure that you would name him," he said. "And what then? Did he convert you to his doctrine?"

"Hardly. I am not prepared to assist in cutting my own throat. Yet I should not answer for myself if I were subjected to his influence often. He has not only the gift of persuasion and the power of eloquence in extraordinary degree, but he is well supplied with the heavy artillery of argument. And I must

admit that some of the problems of the time seem to me insoluble."

"So they are," said the other quietly, "in the light of anything that you can bring to bear upon them. You have gained a step if you recognize that. Many men either deny the existence of these problems or have a panacea ready for all the evils that afflict the world."

"I have nothing of the kind," said Egerton. "The evils seem to me so gigantic and the remedies proposed either so ineffectual or so terrible that I have a sense of despair in contemplating the picture which human society presents."

"That is a common state of the most thoughtful minds," said D'Antignac. "Pessimism is one of the rapidly growing evils of the days on which we have fallen. Whoever is without faith, yet has a sufficiently clear vision to see the tendency of the age, and not only the tendency of this age but the tendency of all ages, 'if in this life only we have hope,' must fall into it."

"I am not a pessimist," said Egerton, "nor do I think that I could ever become one. These things are very much matters of temperament, you know. But if I am not a pessimist, I am still less an optimist of the positive school—one of those who see the future of the world rose-colored by the light of their own imaginations. I am quite sure that the humanity which we know, and have known, through history, for ages, will undergo no great change in the time to come—that selfishness will still rule men and crime will still exist among them."

"In other words, original sin will still remain with its consequences," said D'Antignac. "But original sin is one of the things which positive thinkers ignore. To them humanity only needs to be relieved from the belief in eternity and the fear of God to become great and good, wise and benevolent. The anarchists—who are the most perfect developments of advanced thought—do not, it is true, exhibit these virtues yet in transcendent degree. But perhaps when they have assassinated all rulers, slaughtered all capitalists, overthrown all governments, and demolished all altars, they may begin to do so."

"Men like Duchesne at least think so," said Egerton. "He gives me the impression of being an honest enthusiast—one who looks reluctantly at the first act of destruction, but who sees beyond it the new earth, the new civilization, the new creed of the future."

"Such dreamers are to be pitied," said D'Antignac, "but they are none the less accountable because self-deceived. The

spirit which fills them—the spirit which is as far as possible removed from the reason which they profess to adore—is shown in the violence of their animosity toward the idea of revealed religion, of a law which all men are bound to obey under a penalty of spiritual death.”

“That reminds me,” said Egerton, “that if the eloquent Socialist ‘almost persuaded’ me, an oracle of a different kind spoke under his own roof-tree, and directed me to you.”

“It is not difficult for me to imagine who that was,” said D’Antignac. “You met Armine.”

“Mlle. Duchesne? Yes, I met her, and was exceedingly interested. No doubt she would be interesting under any circumstances; but as the daughter of a fiery Socialist, and *your* friend, you will confess that was enough to stimulate my curiosity.”

Mlle. d’Antignac laughed. “Quite enough,” she remarked. “But we have known Armine for a long time. She was hardly out of childhood when I met her first—the most slender, quiet creature, but always with that poetic face and those sibylline eyes. Before I had exchanged a word with her—before I knew who she was—I felt instinctively sorry for her. And you may be sure I feel sorry for her now.”

“Do you mean that you are sorry for her because her father is a Socialist?” asked Egerton.

“Partly, yes; for he is not only a Socialist in theory, but, as Armine says with pathetic pride, he does not content himself with urging others to danger: he is ready to lead them. Nay, from what she lets fall, I fancy it would not surprise her if he were any day implicated in a dynamite plot on the other side of Europe.”

“I should not think,” said Egerton, “that Duchesne was that kind of man. He looks to revolution, of course; but I cannot imagine him endorsing assassination.”

“Personally I know nothing about him,” said M. d’Antignac, “but if he does not himself endorse assassination he is the companion of those who not only endorse it but declare it to be their chosen and approved weapon. It is difficult for any man to disavow the policy of the army in which he has voluntarily enrolled himself. And the utterances of the leaders, as well as the acts of the revolutionary societies all over Europe, are unmistakable on this point. From Mazzini, the idol of ‘liberals’ and apostle of assassination, to Michael Bakunin, the father of Nihilism, their outspoken teaching is as clear as the acts of their followers have been decisive.”

"I am afraid there is no doubt that assassination plays a large part in the revolutionary programme," said Egerton. "But is it not the old story—oppression producing violence?"

"Unfortunately they have not always that excuse. Bakunin, of whom I spoke a moment ago, declared publicly in a speech at Geneva that 'such deeds are justified by the necessity of rooting out from men's minds the habit of respect for the powers that be.' In other words, secret tribunals are to condemn kings and ministers to death for no other crime than that of ruling—or attempting to rule—and in order to break down the last faint tradition of 'the divinity which doth hedge a king.' Has the world, in what are called its darkest ages, ever known anything to equal that? In the broad light of this much-lauded nineteenth century we see Europe dominated by powerful organizations which defy every law of God or man, which proclaim anarchy as their end, terror and bloodshed as their means, and which are already strong enough to dictate the policy of governments."

Egerton did not answer for a moment. Then he said: "It is true. Yet surely there is something to be said for that movement which we call Socialism. Putting aside its objectionable features—assassination, war against religion, and wild theories about property—can it be denied that the grievances of the poor are real and undoubted? And in the face of those grievances we can scarcely blame desperate men for advocating desperate measures."

"In the first place," said D'Antignac, "it is not possible, in considering and judging Socialism, to put aside what you call its objectionable features; for they are not simply features, but integral parts. Without the denial of religion there could be no such thing as Socialism. And men never stop at denying God: they immediately proceed to make war against him. Now, they can only reach him through the church, which is his visible witness and representative on earth; and so you will find secret societies, wherever they exist, arrayed against Catholicity."

"I have accounted for that," said Egerton, "by the fact that the Catholic Church, embodying the spirit of a past age, is opposed to popular rights."

"It has often been a source of wonder to me," said D'Antignac quietly, "that men of culture like yourself are not ashamed of displaying gross ignorance with regard to what, even from your own point of view, is one of the most important institutions the world has ever known. On every other subject you are careful to be thoroughly informed, to accept no assertion

without proof; but when there is question of that church to which you owe every fragment of your civilization you are content to receive the unproved assertions of her enemies and to betray, whenever you speak of her, an ignorance for which a child should blush."

"I am sure I beg pardon," said Egerton, "if I have displayed in any way an offensive ignorance. Nothing was farther from my intention. And I may add that no one admires more than I do the glorious achievements of the Catholic Church in the past. But it seems to me that, however beneficial her influence was at a certain point in the progress of the human race, it is now an outworn force. Having lost her hold on the intellect of the world, she is incapable of leading modern thought."

"My poor friend," said D'Antignac, "your ideas are in sad but not uncommon confusion. Your reasoning seems to be something like this: because modern society three hundred years ago threw off the authority of the church which the Son of God had commanded to teach all nations in his name and witness through all ages to his truth; because it has persistently ever since turned a deaf ear to her admonitions and disregarded her solemn warnings, and because it is now face to face with the logical result of its own principles; because men have transferred the right of revolt from the spiritual to the political sphere, and there is consequently only choice between tyranny and chaos in government; because 'private judgment' has led to universal scepticism, and because the people, deprived of the hope of heaven, are about to rise up and take forcibly the things of earth, therefore the Catholic Church is an outworn force, unfit to guide the society which owes all that it possesses of good to her."

"I do not think," said Egerton, "that I am stupid enough to have been guilty of such false reasoning as that. But you must admit that the ideas of modern society are wholly opposed to those of the Catholic Church."

"Certainly I admit it, and I add that the result is before you in the evils which afflict that society. The Catholic Church teaches man that he is a being subject to instruction and bound to obey a law which God has revealed; modern thought tells him that he is the supreme judge of truth, and that whatever his finite intelligence cannot apprehend is to be denied and ignored. The Catholic Church inculcates as cardinal virtues obedience and humility; modern thought says that obedience is slavish and humility folly. The Catholic Church echoes for ever the words

of her Lord, 'Blessed are ye poor'; modern thought says, 'Blessed are ye rich.' The Catholic Church says that the road to heaven is by self-denial and sacrifice—none other, indeed, than the road of the cross; modern thought affirms that an 'enlightened selfishness' should be the guide of all our actions, that sacrifice is futile, and that the cultivation of our faculties and the amassing of wealth is the true end and aim of life. This is the contrast of ideas. And 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' The condition of the world at present—its higher classes absorbed in the pursuit of gain and the pleasures of life, its lower classes sunk in animalism and despair, governments threatened with revolution and society with dissolution—these things flow directly from a common fountain: denial of the authority of the church, from which in logical sequence has proceeded contempt of *all* authority, both human and divine, infidelity in the spiritual and revolt in the political order."

"And do you think," said Egerton, "that the great problem of labor and capital which underlies Socialism—of the rich, without effort on their own part, growing constantly richer, and the poor, with all their efforts, constantly poorer—flows from the same cause?"

"From what else can it flow?" asked D'Antignac. "Is it not entirely a product of the modern world, of the materialism which has become the gospel of life, and the selfishness which is its law? Echoing a statement which you have accepted without consideration, you said a moment ago that the Catholic Church is opposed to popular rights. Yet where, in the history of the world, have the people ever found such another friend? She stood between them and the tyranny of their rulers during all the long centuries when civilization was slowly emerging from barbarism; she flung round them her mighty protection and waged continual warfare in their behalf; she raised them from slaves to freemen, and she laid down in her theology that to wring his toil from the laborer for less than its just value is a sin, and to defraud him of his wages is ranked with wilful murder, as one of the sins 'crying to heaven for vengeance'; she blessed those great guilds of the middle ages which secured to the artisan his rights, and of which the trades-unions of our day are merely unworthy imitations; and she framed laws against usury of which the world—helpless to-day before the immense power of capital—is only beginning to realize the wisdom."

There was a pause.

It is difficult for one to whom these truths are so familiar as to be commonplace to understand that to Egerton they were much more novel than the views of Socialism with which he had been lately entertained. Nor let it be imagined from this that he had not the culture which has been claimed for him. Those who know most of modern culture are best able to realize how entirely it regards the history of the world and the claims of the church through a distorted medium—the accumulated prejudice of three centuries of error. The man of letters or of science who has flung aside contemptuously the mutilated creed of Christianity is still as fast bound by an inherited tradition of dislike to Catholicity, is still as childishly ignorant of the true relation of the church to human civilization, as the most narrow-minded adherent of the sects he scorns. The mother of learning is to him a house of bondage for the human intellect; her dogmas, instead of divine truths enlarging the sphere of knowledge, are fetters on speculative thought; her beautiful devotions are idle superstitions; and her influence, to which we owe all progress, is held to be fatal to progress. No one outside the church can escape the contagion of these ideas. They are in the very air; they are iterated and reiterated in every department of literature; and the more a man has yielded himself to the current of his age, the more is he likely to regard with animosity the one steadfast witness of revealed truth.

Egerton was not conscious of entertaining any of this animosity. He would certainly have described himself as entirely unprejudiced—and prejudiced, in a vulgar sense, he certainly was not; but that his ideas were those of the “liberal” thinker of his day and generation was sufficiently evidenced by the fact that as he listened to D’Antignac he felt like one whose point of view is shifted so suddenly that familiar things grow unfamiliar, and who may be called upon to readjust all his mental attitudes.

“I see,” he said at length, with a smile, “that if Mlle. Duchesne wanted me to have an antidote to her father’s teaching she knew very well where to send me for it. Yet what strikes me most is that on several points—especially in your view of modern civilization—you are practically agreed with him.”

“Extremes meet in many things,” said D’Antignac. “We are, however, exceedingly disagreed in our view of remedies. It has been very well observed that the difference between Socialism and the Gospel is that the latter says to the rich, ‘Give’; the former says to the poor, ‘Take.’”

“You have certainly given me a great many new ideas and

subjects for thought," said Egerton; "but I fear that I am paying an unconscionable visit, and that I have made you exhaust yourself with so much talking."

"No, I am not exhausted, though I think it very likely that *you* are," said D'Antignac. But as he lay back on his pillows he looked so pale that Egerton, with sudden self-reproach and a glance of apology at H  l  ne, rose to take leave.

"So far from being exhausted, I have never been more entertained, not even by M. Duchesne," he said, as he drew near the side of the couch. "I only hope that Mlle. d'Antignac will not punish me for my want of consideration by shutting the door in my face when I come again. Taking advantage of your statement that man is 'a being subject to instruction,' I shall return."

"You will be welcome," said D'Antignac, glancing up with a smile. Then, retaining for a moment the hand which the other gave, he added: "But if you really desire instruction let me beg you to go to Notre Dame on Sunday afternoon to hear an orator as eloquent as the Socialist whom you went to Montmartre to hear."

"With all my heart," said Egerton. "There is nothing to me so attractive as eloquence. Who is this orator?"

"He is a famous Dominican friar, the P  re Monsabr  . Go to hear him. And while you listen I will be like the b  ggar on the pulpit stair and pray that light may enter your mind and grace touch your heart."

CHAPTER X.

As Armine had said to H  l  ne, the wishes of D'Antignac had such weight with her that it is likely she would have gone to Notre Dame to hear the P  re Monsabr  , whatever obstacles had been thrown in her path. But, as it chanced, there were none. Her father had been called away suddenly by a telegram from Lyons—one of the mysterious summons which always oppressed the girl with the dread of some unknown catastrophe—and she had nothing to do but set forth in the bright afternoon with Madelon, who had been her *bonne* in the past and was maid and companion in the present, for the Ile de la Cit   and the great cathedral of Paris.

They found, when they arrived, a crowd pouring into the church through its vast portals—that is, a number of persons, and those persons chiefly men, which would have formed a

crowd elsewhere, but inside the cathedral the immense space of its nave and aisles offered room for an army. Near the sanctuary, however, and especially in the neighborhood of the pulpit, the throng was already dense, a serried mass of entirely masculine forms, for at the entrance of the nave a gendarme on each side waved back all feminine intruders.

Into that charmed space Armine made no effort to enter. She passed with Madelon down one of the aisles, that seem to extend indefinitely before the gaze, with their massive columns and the majestic pointed roof which, having "set itself like a conqueror upon those broad Roman capitals," rises to a height and into an obscurity which the eye can scarcely pierce. Pausing as nearly as possible opposite the pulpit, which is placed against one of the great pillars of the nave, she selected her position and would have kept it had not Madelon begged to make a short visit to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin.

"We need stay but a few minutes; and see! Vespers have not even begun," she whispered.

It was true that Vespers had not begun, and, with the prospect before them of a long time of waiting, Armine consented. They passed around the choir—the outer walls of which are covered with the quaint carvings in alto-rilievo of the principal events in the life of our Lord, begun by Maître Jehan Roux and finished by Maître Jehan le Bontelier in the fourteenth century—to the Lady Chapel, which is immediately in the rear of the high altar.

As is generally the case in French churches, it was filled with a quiet, devout throng, many of whom, in the present instance, were men. Armine knelt down by Madelon on one of the low chairs, and as she did so perceived in front of her a slender, graceful man about whose appearance there was something familiar, though his face was buried in his hands. Presently, however, he lifted it, and then she recognized the Vicomte de Marigny. It was no surprise to her to see him there. She had heard the D'Antignacs speak of him too often not to know a good deal about him, and several times he had been mentioned by her father's friends as one whose ability and ardor might give the friends of freedom trouble. Her father, too, had once said a few words which showed that he regarded him as no common foe. These things had impressed De Marigny's name on her memory even before she saw him; and when she did see him the clear-cut face and dark, earnest eyes stamped themselves quite as ineffaceably.

But soon, like rolling thunder far in the distance, the sound of the great organ reached them, and Armine, rising, touched Madelon, who was dropping the beads of her rosary through her fingers in apparent oblivion of her desire to stay but a few minutes. M. de Marigny rose also at the same instant, and in passing saw Armine. A slight, courteous bow indicated his recognition and brought a faint flush to the pale cheek of the young girl as she acknowledged it; for she had not imagined that he would know her, and, for some reason which she did not explain to herself, she was pleased that he did.

A great disappointment awaited her when she returned to the aisle and attempted to regain her place within hearing distance of the pulpit. The attempt was hopeless. In the interval of her absence the tide of humanity had overflowed from the nave, and a dense throng extended along the aisles as far as there was the least prospect that the preacher's voice could be heard. Armine paused at the end of the choir and stood looking hopelessly at the dark mass of people. The Père Monsabré had not yet appeared in the pulpit, but when he should appear how was she to hear him?

Her disappointment and concern were written so plainly on her face that the Vicomte de Marigny—who, like herself, had been stopped by the crowd—observing it, hesitated an instant, then stepped aside, spoke to an official of the church, and after a moment returned and went up to her.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, "but you are anxious to hear the sermon; is it not so?"

"Yes, M. le Vicomte," she answered, turning to him, surprised by the address, yet with the ease of perfect simplicity. "I am very anxious to hear it. But there seems no hope."

"There is always hope," he answered, smiling. "I can give you a chance to hear it—though I fear not a very good one—by going into one of the galleries, if you care to do so."

"Oh! I should like that," she replied quickly. "You are very kind."

"This way, then," he said, with an air of such grave courtesy that it inspired even Madelon with confidence. They followed him, and the official to whom he had spoken led them up a narrow stone staircase into the gallery that runs under the flying buttresses of the aisles. As they emerged upon this M. de Marigny heard Armine utter a low exclamation. She felt as if a new revelation of the majesty of the great church was borne to her. How solemn were the lines of its noble architecture, how

vast its glorious space, when seen from here! The pealing strains of the organ were rolling in waves of mighty harmony through the massive arches, and above its deep thunder rang the choristers' voices, chanting those poetic psalms of the king of Israel which the church has adopted to be her words of praise as long as time shall last. The cathedral itself was like an inspired psalm, eloquent in every line of faith and worship. The golden lights on the great altar shone as distant stars; the clouds of incense mounting upward from the swinging thuribles of the acolytes were a visible expression of the prayer they symbolized; while the play of light and shadow on the great arches and pillars revealed at once their immensity and their repose. It seemed to the girl as if a mighty hand were laid upon her, and, acknowledging its influence in every fibre, she sank upon her knees.

It was the deep spiritual significance underlying these things which thrilled her so powerfully; but it is to be feared that only their outward beauty struck Egerton, who was leaning against one of the pillars of the nave near the pulpit. He was too thoroughly cultivated not to appreciate that beauty fully—not to feel the perfect harmony between the great cathedral and the majestic ritual which it enshrined; not to be conscious that, granting the premises of the Christian faith, just such homage as this man owed to his Creator and Sovereign. But culture, which can open the eyes of sense, is powerless to open the eyes of the spirit. Indeed, by dwelling too much upon external things it is quite possible that it may miss their inner meaning altogether. Yet to one significance of the scene Egerton was not blind. He said to himself that it was no longer possible for him to think of the Catholic faith as a decaying and outworn force. Was that decaying which could bring together in the capital of modern civilization this vast multitude—not composed of women, nor even chiefly of pious men (though many of the latter were there), but of that class of intellectual men who in these later times have so largely parted with belief? And was that outworn which could put forward such a champion as he whose calm and thoughtful face looked now from the great pulpit of Notre Dame?

This is not the place to give a summary of one of those famous sermons which have so deeply and widely stirred intellectual France and arrested the attention of that keen French mind which is so logical even in its errors, and proved once again how capable of solving all problems of modern thought the science of God's truth is. As we are aware, eloquence was at all times

singularly fascinating to Egerton; but this eloquence enchained him, not only from the perfection of its literary form, but because every forcible and clearly-elucidated proposition carried to him a growing sense that here was a system of thought which was at least absolutely harmonious, not only with itself but with all the facts of human existence—a system which to those questions that modern philosophy declares unanswerable is ready with an answer clear, precise, and logical. That answer, as those who belong to the household of faith are aware, does not vary. The message is the same, whatever be the voice of the speaker. But there are some voices which have greater power than others in delivering this message, and under the mighty arches of Notre Dame few have ever sounded more powerful than that to which men all around Egerton were listening now with rapt attention.

At another time he would probably have felt that this attention was as remarkable as the sermon. But now he had no thought to spare for it. For was it not to him directly that the penetrating voice spoke, with its sharp lance of logic and its fire of eloquence? Various and contradictory had been the voices sounding in his ears for many days, diverse indeed the gospels which they preached; but here was one which seemed able to reconcile all that perplexed and make clear what was dark. Something of what he had felt in listening to D'Antignac he felt now in greater degree—like one whose point of view is suddenly shifted, and to whom what has been before meaningless confusion now reveals itself as order and symmetry. But it must be added that in all this his intellectual pleasure was greater than his spiritual enlightenment. It was his mind alone which received these impressions: his soul had no more share in them than if it had been as non-existent as modern science represents it to be.

Meanwhile the little party of three in the high gallery found that their position was not very favorable for hearing. The voice of the preacher was lost in the great space which intervened between them, only fragments of his sentences coming now and then to the ear. M. de Marigny, having heard him frequently, regretted this less on his own than on Armine's account; and when, after an interval of painfully-strained attention, she looked at him with her eyes of soft gloom, and, smiling faintly, shook her head to indicate that she could not hear, he said in a low tone:

"I am very sorry! Should you like to return below?"

"Oh! no," she answered, with a glance at the closely-packed

crowd beneath. "What should I gain by that? I should hear no more, perhaps not so much, and I should miss the sense of freedom which we have here. Why, this"—she looked up at the mighty roof out into the vast space—"is more glorious than any sermon."

"It is a sermon in stone," he said, smiling. "I am glad that you have some compensation for not hearing the preacher."

"It is a great compensation," she said simply. "I was never here before, and it is wonderful."

Her face was indeed full of the wonder eloquent with admiration, as she stood gazing up at the great flying buttresses, at the multitude of carved forms in which the genius and faith of a past age still live. What the preacher was proclaiming below these massive stones spoke even more eloquently above. It seemed to Armine as if they said: "O faithless and unbelieving generation, while you wander far and near seeking peace in human ideals, we remain to testify to the one Ideal in which all peace abides." Surely it did abide here; and surely it was weary even to think of the feverish world, roaring and struggling so near at hand. A sudden memory came to the girl of the passionate unrest in which her father lived, of his hopes and aspirations, his struggle and revolt. She put her hand to her eyes as if to shut out the vision, and when she took it down it was wet with tears.

They surprised herself, and she dashed them quickly away, but not before M. de Marigny had caught a glimpse of the crystal drops on her lashes and cheek. He was a man of quick intuitions as well as of quick sympathy, and an instinct told him what she was feeling. He, too, had thought of the contrast between the social ideal which the preacher was painting in words that seemed almost inspired, and that which the false humanitarianism of the age presents; he was a soldier in the thick of that battle, the sound of which rang in poor Armine's ears, and he knew—none better—how far off was any prospect of peace. But for him, also, the great stones of Notre Dame had a message—a message of courage and faithfulness and hope. "Should we be here," they seemed to ask, "if the men who wrought upon us had not each done his life's work faithfully, patiently, for the honor and glory of God, leaving the completion of the whole to after-time? They labored with eternity in their hearts, so they were content to behold only in vision the stately pile which they were building for the multitudes that were to come after them."

Few more words were exchanged, but Armine caught the flash of comprehension and sympathy in De Marigny's eyes as she brushed away her tears ; and when eyes speak, words are unnecessary. They listened quietly to such fragments of the discourse as reached them, and were thrilled by the great rolling burst of the organ which followed. Then when all was over and they had descended Armine paused a moment to thank him again.

"I shall tell M. d'Antignac that I owe it to your kindness that I heard anything of the sermon at all," she said, with one of her most exquisite smiles.

"I fear that the sum of your obligation is very small," he answered, smiling in return, and thinking again what an interesting and touching face this Socialist's daughter had. "I fear you only heard enough to make you desire to hear more."

"That could not be helped," she replied. "I am glad to have heard what I did, and for the loss of the rest there was compensation, you know." Then, bending her head with a gentle graciousness which would not have misbecome a princess, she turned away with Madelon.

This short conversation took place at the foot of the stairs, and as Armine moved away she found that, although the greater part of the crowd had left the building, a number of persons yet remained, and one of these—a gentleman slowly walking toward the choir and looking with interest around him—she met a moment later. It is doubtful whether she would have noticed or recognized him had not his recognition been immediate as soon as his glance fell on her.

"Mlle. Duchesne!" he said quickly, not pausing to think whether he had a right to claim her acquaintance in this manner.

She paused, and there was an instant's indecision in her regard. But before he could speak he saw that she recollected him.

"Ah! M. Egerton," she said. "I am glad to see you here."

"You are very good," he answered. "But do you know why I am here? It is because by your advice I went to see M. d'Antignac, and by his I came to hear the Père Monsabré."

A soft light of pleasure flashed into her face. "I felt sure that he would know what was best for you," she said. "And I hope that you had better success than I in hearing the sermon."

"I heard every word of it," he answered ; "and I have never

enjoyed a greater intellectual pleasure—not even the pleasure of hearing your father, mademoiselle.”

She shrank a little. “That is very different,” she said hurriedly. “I—I do not think I would remember that, if I were you.” She paused, hesitated an instant, then added, glancing as she spoke toward the distant altar: “Here is order and peace—there chaos and tumult. It seems to me that one need not take long to choose.”

Then, giving him no time to reply, she passed on quickly.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY in the following week Egerton called at the apartment in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, but was informed by Madelon that M. Duchesne was not at home, and he had not courage or audacity enough to ask for Armine. He was aware that French custom did not permit young ladies to receive visits from young gentlemen; and although he thought it likely that M. Duchesne, who was so anxious to uproot the tyranny of governments, would hardly insist on his daughter being bound by the tyranny of social laws, there was something in Armine herself which made it impossible for him to expect from her any infraction of those laws. He was, therefore, forced to content himself with leaving a card bearing his address, which he hoped might meet the eye of the busy Socialist leader.

It was a few days after this that, remembering the young lady who in Mrs. Bertram's drawing-room had told him that her mother and herself received on Friday, he went to pay his respects; for they were old friends whom he was conscious of having neglected a little. He found them established in pleasant apartments on the Champs Elysées, and when he was shown into a large white-and-gold *salon* full of many figures and the soft hum of well-bred voices, Laura Dorrance came forward to receive him, saying:

“Why, Mr. Egerton, I thought you had quite forgotten us!”

“Do I prove forgetfulness by coming on the first Friday after you told me it was your day of reception?” he asked.

“We do not expect our special friends to wait for that day,” she answered; “and, although you do not deserve for me to say so, we consider you one of our special friends. Mamma has asked about you several times lately. Come and make your peace with her.”

She led the way across the room to where, half-buried in a deep chair, sat a delicate-looking lady, whose reception of Egerton was so cordial that no one would have imagined the peace between them to have been ever broken. More gently than her daughter, however, she intimated some surprise at the length of time since she had last seen him, to which, before he could answer, a young lady sitting by replied :

"Mr. Egerton," she said, "has probably been too much occupied in attending Socialist meetings to pay social visits."

The slight satiric ring of the voice was so familiar that at the first sound of it Egerton knew whom he should see, even before he turned to find himself confronting Sibyl Bertram. She was looking particularly handsome in a dress of garnet velvet and a great Gainsborough hat with drooping plumes of the same color. Gainsborough himself might have been glad to paint her in this costume, with its warm lights and rich depths of shadow. Involuntarily Egerton smiled as he met the luminous gray eyes.

"Miss Bertram's kindness, no doubt, prompts her to suggest an excuse for one who has none to offer for himself," he said. "But since I have only attended a single Socialist meeting, I can scarcely claim that it has occupied much of my time."

"Oh!" said Miss Bertram, "I fancied you had by this time attended many."

"In short, joined the Socialist army," he said. "Is that what you would be likely to do in my place?"

"I cannot answer at all for what I might do in your place," she replied. "But at least if you joined what you call the Socialist army you would have a definite aim in life."

"Perhaps I am not so much in want of a definite aim in life as some of my friends are good enough to take for granted," said Egerton, who began to feel that the persistent hostility of this young lady was too unprovoked. "In fact," he went on, turning to Mrs. Dorrance, "it strikes me that there is something positively unhealthy about many of the cries of the present day. We are told to be earnest, to have an aim, to regard life as 'unspeakably solemn,' and many other adjurations of the same kind, which, if they were observed, would certainly tend to make life 'unspeakably solemn'; for the best kind of happiness, that which is simple and natural and not given to constant introspection, would vanish out of it, if we should have a multitude of people striving after visionary ideals, not so much with the hope of reaching them as because the attitude of striving is

held to be good. But I think the attitude of repose and satisfaction with things as they are is better."

"It is certainly more comfortable," said Mrs. Dorrance, smiling, while Miss Bertram rose and walked away as if in silent protest against such philosophy; "but I think you must be what is called an epicurean, Mr. Egerton."

"Some people consider me one," said Egerton, looking a little resentfully after the graceful figure in the garnet velvet dress.

Mrs. Dorrance observed the direction of his glance and smiled again. "No doubt Sibyl does," she said; "but there is a French word which describes Sibyl very well. She is *exaltée*—charming, but decidedly *exaltée*."

Egerton felt that he could very easily have described Miss Bertram's manner to him with an English word; but he did not care to talk of her, and began to inquire about Mrs. Dorrance's health, for the sake of which she was staying in Paris. It is a subject which no invalid can resist, and she was still describing her improvement and relating the hopes and fears of her physician when some fresh arrivals created a diversion in Egerton's favor, and he moved away, greeted several acquaintances, and finally approached Miss Dorrance, who was talking to a young lady lately arrived in Paris and full of enthusiasm for the fashions she had been inspecting.

"I have been to most of the famous establishments," she was saying—"to Worth's, Félix's, Pingat's—and I find that one has really no idea of style until one sees it here at the fountain-head."

"Oh! the cut of the great houses is simply indescribable," said Miss Dorrance. Then she looked up, caught Egerton's glance, and smiled. "I don't suppose you need to be told, Mr. Egerton," she said, "that to most women Paris simply means a milliner's shop."

"But that is not *all* it means, I imagine," said Egerton.

"I am afraid that it is very nearly all that it means to most of us," answered Miss Dorrance. "Here is Fanny, for example, who has been in Paris ten days and is quite familiar with all the famous shops; let us ask her if she has been to the Louvre."

"Why, of course I have," answered Miss Fanny promptly. "But it is not a place for elegance: one goes there for bargains."

"For bargains!" repeated Egerton in amazement.

"She is speaking of the Magasin du Louvre," said Laura,

with a burst of laughter. "O Fanny! what will Mr. Egerton think of you?"

Miss Fanny was in an instant covered with a blush. "I was not thinking," she protested. "Of course I know; but we were talking of shops."

"Yes, it was very unfair to ask the question without making it clear whether the Magasin or the gallery was meant," said Egerton, smiling.

"Well, I must say I am not at all ashamed of thinking more of shops than of galleries," observed Miss Dorrance. "For one thing, they are much more necessary to one's comfort and well-being. Sibyl dragged me to the gallery of the Louvre when I first came, but I have never been there since; and you are at liberty to despise me, if you like, Mr. Egerton!"

"If I were capable of liking to despise you," said Egerton, "such frankness would disarm me. But why not go again? A taste for the fine arts can be cultivated as well as a taste for *chiffons*."

She shook her head. "One does not have to cultivate the last," she said. "It is inherent—in women, at least. There is Sibyl—with all her æstheticism, she is not above it. Otherwise she could not dress so well."

"Miss Bertram certainly dresses very well," said Egerton, as, almost against his will, his eyes turned again toward that young lady.

Yet he had been conscious all the time that she was standing near, talking to Mr. Talford, and it occurred to him that there was something significant in this constantly-recurring conjunction. It was quite true that Mr. Talford had been long ago set down as "not a marrying man"; but the most incorrigible of such men sometimes find their fate at last, and here was just the fate that would be likely to conquer this man—a brilliant, beautiful woman, who would reflect credit on his taste, and of whom he had said (as Egerton well remembered) that, if she had artifices, they were not of the usual order and therefore not transparent. It was not very exalted praise, but a man must speak according to his nature, and perhaps he shows his nature in nothing more distinctly than in his attitude toward women.

But she! Egerton felt tempted to laugh aloud at the thought that she, who went to the verge of rudeness in condemning his own lack, or what she esteemed to be his lack, of elevated sentiment, should look with favor on the world-worn and cynically *blasé* man that he knew Marmaduke Talford to be. There was

something in it which struck him with the force of the keenest humor, yet was not altogether humorous. He began to feel indignant with this *exaltée* young lady, whose professions and practice were so widely at variance. For there could be no doubt of the graciousness with which she treated Talford, and, contrasting it with her manner toward himself, he was moved to resolve that if she attacked him again he would return a Roland for an Oliver.

It seemed as if the opportunity might soon be given him ; for, with that instinct which tells people when they are spoken of or looked at, Miss Bertram turned and approached them.

"You are talking of me—confess it!" she said with a smile.

"There is no reason why we should hesitate to confess it," said Miss Dorrance. "We were only speaking good of you: we were saying that you dress very well."

"And you consider that speaking good of *me*?" said the young lady. "I know that 'the apparel oft proclaims the man,' but I confess I did not know before that the dress *is* the woman."

"The dress is the embodiment of the taste of the woman," said Egerton; "and therefore in praising the beauty of your toilette we are really praising your taste, which is part of yourself."

"You are ingenious, Mr. Egerton; I always expect that from you," she said, looking at him with a glance which was not unkindly. "But I am bound to remind you that taste is a marketable commodity, to be bought like everything else in this good city of Paris."

"Not *your* taste, Sibyl," said Miss Dorrance. "Why should you slander yourself by intimating such a thing? I was claiming for you that, despite all your fancies for high art and many other high things, you have a genuine love of *chiffons*, and that your toilettes are the result of that love."

"I flatter myself that my fancy for art has something also to do with my toilettes," said Miss Bertram. "But may I ask what possibly led to such a choice of subject?"

"I think Mr. Egerton's advising me to go to the Louvre and cultivate a taste for pictures led to it," said Miss Dorrance.

"And I only ventured to offer the advice because Miss Dorrance confessed that she had been there but once," said Egerton.

"I think I took her then," said Miss Bertram, "mindful of the difficulty which I experienced, when I first reached Paris, in inducing any one to take me. 'But of course you want to go to the shops first,' my friends would say. And one of them, out of

patience with my persistence, at last exclaimed, 'How can you talk of rushing off to see pictures as if you were a Cook's tourist?' "

"I don't suppose you understood the feeling which prompted the remark then," said Mr. Talford, "but no doubt you understand it now."

"I understand it, but I have no sympathy with it," was the reply. "Why should those who have the means and leisure to live in great centres of art, and who are often shamefully indifferent to everything except social trifles, scorn those who, less fortunate than themselves, can only see these great and glorious things by taking advantage of cheap travel? The possession of riches is no more a test of culture than it is of merit."

"Very true," said Mr. Talford; "but many of the possessors of riches do not care more about culture than they do about merit. In possessing money they own the golden talisman which can command everything in the modern world."

"I do not agree with you," said Sibyl, with the ring of scorn in her voice that Egerton had often heard. "The world is mercenary, of course—we all know that—but the things which are best worth having in it money cannot buy. Love and faith, and culture in its true sense—that is, the fine perception of the beautiful—are not to be bought. Then heroism—the rarest and greatest thing on earth—can money buy that?"

She looked very beautiful—her gray eyes opening wide in her energy—and Mr. Talford answered that it would be necessary to define heroism before they could decide whether money could not buy it. The promise of reward would, he thought, induce a man to risk his life in what is called a heroic manner, as well as the hope of glory.

"We are speaking of different things," said Miss Bertram. "You are talking of actions, I am alluding to a quality. Money cannot purchase the heroic soul any more than it can the mind of Plato. I should beg pardon for stating such a self-evident truth, if you had not made the astonishing remark that it can command everything."

"I confess that I was thinking of tangible things," said Mr. Talford, smiling. "Heroism is rather out of my line. I have never seen a hero. I am afraid I should not recognize one if I met him."

"It is very likely," said Sibyl. "It is with that as with everything else, I imagine. Sympathy is necessary for under-

standing. He who does not believe in heroism will never recognize a hero."

Her incisive tone made Egerton smile. After all, it appeared that Mr. Talford did not fare much better than himself at the hands of this imperious, clear-eyed young lady. It was Miss Dorrance who now interfered in his behalf.

"My dear Sibyl," she said, "tell us how to recognize a hero. Or rather, tell us who *is* a hero. You speak as if you knew many."

"On the contrary," answered Miss Bertram, "I do not know one."

"Then perhaps *you* are deficient in the sympathy which is necessary for understanding," said Laura a little maliciously. "What do you think, Mr. Egerton?"

"I think," replied Egerton, "that heroism is all around us to a greater extent than we know or believe. It often hides under very humble disguises, and we must look closely in order to detect it."

"Probably we must also make a journey to Montmartre," observed Mr. Talford, with an inflection of sarcasm in his voice.

"Oh! no, that is not necessary," answered the other. "No doubt it is to be found in Montmartre—for wherever poverty abounds it exists in the form of endurance and self-sacrifice—but my acquaintance with that faubourg is not sufficient for me to speak with certainty. But I do not think that any of us need go far to look for it. In our own acquaintance we can certainly find at least one example of undoubted heroism."

"In our own acquaintance!" repeated Miss Dorrance and Mr. Talford in a tone of incredulity not very flattering to their acquaintance. Sibyl Bertram said nothing; she only looked at Egerton with a questioning glance.

"Surely," he said, "you all know, or have heard of, M. d'Antignac?"

There was a moment's pause. Then Laura said: "I know Miss d'Antignac. She came to see mamma—I believe mamma and her mother were old friends—but she said that she very seldom went out, and, although she asked me to go to see her, I have never found time."

"I advise you to find time," said Egerton. "Miss d'Antignac is not only worth knowing herself, but by going to see her you may meet her brother, who is the person of whom I spoke."

"Oh! the man who was shot to pieces in some of the French battles," said Mr. Talford. "Yes, I have heard of him. But if

being wounded constitutes a hero, we may find heroes by dozens at the Invalides."

"Being wounded no more constitutes a hero than any other accident," said Egerton. "But to endure a life of absolute helplessness and torturing pain, not only without murmuring but with a patience and cheerfulness nothing less than sublime, and, despite constant suffering and failing strength, to take the keenest interest in the lives and troubles of others, and to spare no effort to help or cheer them—that I call true heroism."

"You are right, Mr. Egerton," said Sibyl Bertram quickly. "It is heroism. And I, too, remember now that I have heard of the D'Antignacs, but I do not know them. I have only heard that they are more French than American, and that Miss d'Antignac does not go out."

"She goes out very little," said Egerton. "Her brother is her first care, and he absorbs most of her time and attention. But she receives her friends. I have been there once or twice on Sunday evening when the rooms were filled."

"But on such occasions I suppose you do not see the brother?"

"On every occasion when I have been there his couch has been the central point of the assembly—the spot where talk was best and wit keenest. But I am told that there are times when he can see no one; and then the doors between his room and Mlle. d'Antignac's *salon* are closed."

"Laura," said Miss Bertram, turning to her friend, "I wish you would go to see Mlle d'Antignac and take me with you."

"Of course I will," said Laura. "I really would have gone long ago, if I had thought of it. Mr. Egerton, do you think we might present ourselves at the Sunday evening reception?"

"I am sure you might," Egerton replied. "It is altogether informal, and I am certain Mlle. d'Antignac will be very happy to see you. I was there last Sunday evening. Having gone by D'Antignac's advice to Notre Dame to hear the great preacher, Père Monsabré, I went to tell him what I thought of the sermon."

Mr. Talford smiled. "What a singular fellow you are!" he said. "One while you have just been to Montmartre to hear a Socialist orator preach anarchy; then again you go to Notre Dame for a sermon. And which do you prefer—dynamite or infallibility?"

Egerton looked a little annoyed. He would not have minded this raillery in the least if Sibyl Bertram had not been by, but to

his fancy her eyes seemed to say, with their accustomed disdain, "When will you find anything in which to believe?"

"Surely," he said a little coldly, "one may enjoy the eloquence of a great orator, whether he be a Socialist in Montmartre or a priest in Notre Dame, without necessarily becoming a convert to his doctrines. For myself, I confess that eloquence is my passion, and I seek it wherever I can find it. That I find it in Notre Dame is not remarkable, for no one can be unaware of the halo of genius that has long surrounded the French pulpit. I heard on Sunday no mere string of moralities, but a strong, masterly discourse dealing with the great social and philosophical problems of our time—a discourse addressed to intellectual men, a multitude of whom listened to it with breathless attention."

"You don't say anything about intellectual women," observed Miss Dorrance.

"For the very good reason that the Père Monsabré does not address his conferences to them," Egerton answered, smiling.

"That is very ungallant of him, then," said the young lady, as she rose to shake hands with some friends who came forward to make their adieux.

Miss Bertram drew back a little from the gay chatter which ensued, and something in her glance made Egerton aware that she wished him to follow. She moved to a table near by and began touching some flowers in a vase as she said, without looking at him:

"I feel that I owe you an apology, Mr. Egerton. I had no right to speak as I did when you first arrived—to imply criticism on your conduct and opinions. I beg your pardon."

"There is no reason why you should," said Egerton, greatly surprised and forgetful of the irritation he had felt. "What you said was true enough. I have no specially definite aim in life—I am very much of an epicurean."

"It was—it is—no affair of mine," said Sibyl, with an air of uncompromisingly taking herself to task. "Of course it seems to me a pity for a man to spend his time and his talents in mere amusement, intellectual or otherwise; but every one must judge for himself. And I have no right to scorn you, for my own life is no better."

"So she does scorn me!" thought Egerton, half-amused, half-dismayed by this confession. He hesitated for an instant, hardly knowing how to answer. Then, with a strong sense of humor, he said: "Perhaps we are neither of us so contemptible as

you imagine, because we are not trying to reform the world. It seems to me that there are a sufficient number of people already engaged in that work—especially since they are not at all agreed in the manner of setting about it."

Miss Bertram smiled. "I have no ambition to reform the world," she said. "But I do not see how one can be indifferent to the great needs of mankind and content to spend one's life in the pursuit of trifles. Yet that is what I am expected to do, and—perhaps I am impatient with you, Mr. Egerton, because I envy you. How free you are! how able to do what you will with your life, your energy, your means! And yet—"

"And yet I do nothing," said Egerton. "It is true; but, in my place, what would *you* do?"

It was a home-question which confused the young lady. She hesitated, blushed; after all, it was easier to criticise, to condemn, than to point out the path of action.

"How can you ask me?" she said at last. "It is not I who can tell. Your opportunities for judging are much better than mine. I have not heard either M. Duchesne or the Père Monsabré."

With that shaft she turned and rejoined the group she had left.

A little later Egerton had taken leave of Mrs. and Miss Dorrance when he was joined by Mr. Talford in the antechamber. "Our roads lie in the same direction, I presume," said that gentleman; and, Egerton assenting, they were soon walking together down the Champs Elysées.

Their talk was idle enough for some time—comments on the equipages, the toilettes, the faces of the crowd which filled the great avenue. But presently Mr. Talford said carelessly:

"Do you still find Miss Bertram incomprehensible?"

"Not incomprehensible, perhaps," replied Egerton, "but decidedly puzzling, as well as very *exaltée*. Mrs. Dorrance suggested the last term, and it suits her exactly. She is very clever; she has read a great deal of modern agnostic literature, and she thinks that we should all be 'up and doing' on some great work for humanity, of the nature of which she is not quite clear."

"I dare say not," remarked the other, with a low laugh.

"It does not, however, prevent her from attending to all the requirements of society and devising very charming toilettes," said Egerton, whose plumes were always ruffled after an encounter with Miss Bertram, "nor yet—" Then he paused abruptly.

"Well?" said Talford, looking up, and the expression of his glance made Egerton aware that he divined what was in his mind.

"You must excuse me," he said, "if I was about to add, nor yet from treating with great consideration you, who, she must be aware, do not pretend to exalted sentiments of any kind."

"It is for that very reason that she treats me with consideration," said Mr. Talford calmly. "The woman of the world recognizes that I am frankly and simply a man of the world. She does not expect exalted sentiments from me. While as for you, my dear fellow, you are neither fish nor flesh—you are neither of the world worldly, nor yet enough of an idealist to please her. Indeed, it is doubtful whether you could gain her approval by going to any lengths of idealism. My experience of women is that if one is foolish enough to attempt to meet their demands, those demands immediately grow with fulfilment. Whereas if one keeps one's own position they adapt themselves to that."

"I have not the least intention of making any attempt to meet Miss Bertram's demands," said Egerton. "Her disapproval is altogether a matter of indifference to me. I cannot truthfully say that, either," he added after a moment; "for sometimes it irritates me and again it amuses me exceedingly. I confess that I have been very much amused by the inconsistency of her position toward you and me."

"There is no inconsistency in it," said Talford. "It is very plain to me. Miss Bertram has in her two women—one fond of visionary things, dreams of heroism, self-sacrifice, ardor, etc.; the other a woman of the world who recognizes what are the matters of real importance in life. It is rather an unusual and quite an attractive combination which the two elements form."

"And if your theory is correct, which of the two do you take to be the strongest?" asked Egerton.

The other looked at him for a moment without replying. Then, "Wait two months and you will not need to ask," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE COLORED PEOPLE.

THE census of 1880 tells us of nearly seven millions of colored people in the United States, nine-tenths of them living in the former slave States. Only about one hundred thousand of them are Catholics. We wish that we could say that all our Catholic colored people lived in the country, that their lives were spent working in the fields and woods in the pure open air, that they shared the chances of all thrifty country people of acquiring a piece of land, and especially that they enjoyed the advantages of country life in bringing up their children in innocence of soul and vigor of body. In Louisiana, indeed, there are numerous colored Catholics among the sugar and cotton plantations; but lack of information on our part prevents our bringing them within the scope of this article. There are also many colored Catholics in some of the lower counties of Maryland and in parts of Kentucky; and of these it suffices to say that they are good Catholics and that their temporal prospects are encouraging. But as the Catholic whites of the South in ante-bellum times lived for the most part in the cities and larger towns, it is there that the Catholic colored people are now mostly to be found. There they are—house-servants scattered everywhere; poor laborers and washerwomen; barbers and waiters; longshoremen and hands coming and going with oyster-boats and fishing-smacks—striving to keep the Catholic faith and the commandments of God, and to hold their own in the struggle for life in the teeming streets and alleys of the colored quarter. You will find some of them in every Catholic congregation in the Southern cities. Their spiritual necessities are well cared for. The people regard them with kindness and the clergy bestow upon them the same affectionate care as upon the other members of their flocks, and often give them special attention. Whoever is acquainted with the Southern priesthood will not be surprised at this, for they are edifying men, well educated, pious, zealous, and often practising the very highest virtues of their state of life. It is to them and their predecessors in the sacred ministry, as well as to the conscientious masters of ante-bellum times, that we owe it that there are any colored Catholics at all in the South.

The congregations composed of colored Catholics exclusively are for the most part, we believe, in charge of the fathers of St. Joseph's Society for Foreign Missions. They are a community of secular priests bound by vow of obedience, and also of poverty as far as concerns everything received *intuitu missionis*. They are also bound by a peculiar vow to devote themselves exclusively to the colored people. The Josephites, as these priests are called, have twelve fathers among the colored people in this country, and are now in charge of six congregations—two in Baltimore, one in Washington, two in Charleston with three out-missions, and one in Louisville. In these parishes the baptisms of infants are over seven hundred annually; they received two hundred and sixteen adult converts into the church last year. Of white female religious engaged in this work there are six sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, three of the Holy Cross (Notre Dame, Indiana), and two Sisters of Charity of Nazareth (Kentucky). These religious conduct the schools attached to each of the above-named parishes, and a house for waifs in Baltimore. Of colored sisters the Oblates of Providence have a large convent, academy, and orphan asylum in Baltimore, conducted by thirty-three religious. The Benedictines have charge of a flourishing industrial school for colored boys in the diocese of Savannah. It will be seen that the diocese and city of Baltimore have taken the lead in this apostolic work, as it has in times past in so many others for the good of religion.

As to the religious disposition of the colored Catholics, some personal knowledge and much inquiry have given us a high opinion of it. They have kept the faith with wonderful fidelity. As was to be expected, the Protestants have, caught a few here and there by the use of money, and some have apostatized from human respect. It must be borne in mind that the dissolving forces of the war and of emancipation scattered families in every direction and drove great numbers away among utter strangers to their religion. Some of these, settling down in country places and finding themselves the only Catholics for many miles around, have had the weakness to deny their faith and here and there even to join Protestant churches. Many, from the ignorance and vice of parents and a poverty deeper than any known among whites in this country, have been turned adrift on the streets in childhood and so into the clutches of the noonday demon. Mixed marriages have done great harm. But these evils have told against the colored man's faith no more, as a rule, than they would against the white man's under like circumstances. We

might give many examples in proof of this. One or two will suffice.

On an island in the far South, at a great distance from any Catholic church, fifty families of Catholic negroes whom the vicissitudes of the war had left to shift for themselves passed seventeen years without seeing a priest. At last, after efforts again and again renewed, they were visited by a zealous missionary. He found that in spite of the proselytizing attempts of the Protestants of the neighborhood they had kept the faith with the utmost fidelity. The children had been validly baptized, and, as they grew up well instructed in the rudiments of religion, a Catholic service of prayers and hymns held publicly on Sundays and holydays, the dying assisted with every religious aid except the sacraments, and every soul, without a single exception, steadfast in the belief, and as far as possible in the practice, of our holy religion. Another instance: Not very long ago a tall, fine-looking black man, a real ebony Apollo, presented himself to a priest in Baltimore to be instructed for First Communion. Fully twenty-five years ago, when a little boy in the same city, he had been kidnapped on board a coastwise schooner and sold into slavery in South Carolina. All that he remembered of his mother, whom he was never to see again, was that she was a free woman and a Catholic, had taught him his prayers and warned him against false religions. Through slavery and freedom, in town and country, amid scoffs and revilings, he had held his faith, and at last, wandering back to the place of his childhood to seek his mother, was instructed and received the sacraments.

And now it is time to ask, What is the outlook for purely missionary labor among the colored people? What prospect is there of the conversion of the non-Catholics? We answer that everything seems to indicate that the time is come for the Catholic Church to undertake the conversion of the black race in the United States. In the first place, as a body they are entirely without prejudice against our holy religion. To the common run of them all religions are the white man's religions, and they feel free to pick and choose at will. They are for the most part nominal adherents of the Methodist and Baptist sects, but in reality they follow no form of religion. Even church-members have but the vaguest notions of any fundamental truths of religion, and the efforts of Protestantism have failed to impress any distinct religious character on them. Meantime the superstitious practices usual among all ignorant people are rife among them. The use of spells and charms, the belief in dreams and in

fortune-telling, are common. As to colored ministers, there are some among them who are educated men and a few who are men of ability. But they are exceptions and are lost among the others, who are but common men, of little or no schooling of any kind, who have risen above their fellows because they are good hymn-singers and fervent exhorters of the lowest type. Of course they have some power over the people, especially as religion and party politics have to a great extent worked for the same ends among the colored people of the South. But, like their attempt to prevent Bishop Keane, of Richmond, from making converts, the influence of the ministers is but partial and temporary.

We have said that the colored people have no prejudice against the church; we may say even more: we venture to affirm that they positively admire it. As soon as they know anything about its real doctrines and practices they are attracted to them. Especially are they won by the life and character of the Catholic priesthood. A priest may go in and out of the most dangerous colored localities or among the worst colored roughs with as much freedom as in the midst of devout white Catholics.

It often happens that a colored man who had never spoken to a priest before in his life will send for one and gladly receive instruction and be admitted to the sacraments in his last moments. Perhaps he had heard of the church years before from some Catholic comrade, or had once or twice attended Catholic service, and the impression produced had never faded from his mind. Protestant mothers often require no more than the solicitation of a Catholic friend to have their children baptized and to bring them up Catholics.

But it is in the country places that the missionary's labor would find its best reward. The great mass of the country blacks have scarcely so much as heard of the Catholic Church, and the testimony of the most competent witnesses leaves little doubt that good priests, willing to live and labor among these simple people, would eventually be surrounded by congregations of converts. It is true that Protestant missionaries are everywhere in the South. But what of that? What can Protestantism do or what has it ever done as a missionary force, save to raise money from an over-prosperous people and spend it in the support of impecunious clergymen and their wives and children? The Protestantism offered to the colored people is the cast-off raiment of the perplexed and doubting whites. The very de-

nominations which send the "open Bible" into the South freely allow doubts of its inspiration in their own homes, even in their own pulpits. We do not mean to say that Protestant missionaries are insincere, or even that they do no good. If for no other reason, they deserve credit for helping to solve the greatest problem of the Southern people—the education of the colored children; for Protestant missionaries, male and female, are fond of keeping school. But the multitudes of pious and religious hearts among the colored people, harassed with doubts, tormented with misgivings, struggling against temptations—what can Protestantism do for them? Can it answer the questions of the soul? Can it teach an ignorant man a really certain doctrine? Does it so much as claim a right to teach at all? Can it arm weak natures with supernatural strength? Does it so much as claim to possess divinely-appointed ordinances for the assistance of struggling humanity? And its "open Bible"—what can it do for men and women who cannot read? To lead earnest and inquiring minds from one delusion to another, and finally to believe in delusion as the soul's incurable disease, is what Protestantism can do, does do, and must ever do, whether its victims are white or black.

How different the Catholic Church! Certainty of belief, an inner power of grasping and holding on to difficult truths, an unison of expression, a world-wide and immemorial organization plainly superior to any human invention—certainty, solidity, perpetuity: these are the notes of Catholic belief. And joined to them is the supernatural character of the Catholic's spiritual life, especially in the reception of the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist. The true church is the ark floating securely on the restless billows of human opinion and human frailty; what hearts will welcome it and cling to it for safety more eagerly than the colored people?

And in the wide circle of civilized races there is none which stands so much in need of the true faith as the black race of the United States. In the civil order, indeed, much has been done for them. But for all that they are an outcast and despised people, and that for no passing cause. It is not from conquest, or poverty or misfortune, or even crime, but for a cause deadlier and deeper than poverty, conquest, and crime put together—race. They are not of the right color; their faces and bodies mark them off from other men and their children from other men's children. A man may raise himself out of poverty, or marry himself out of it; he may conquer misfortune, he may

change his name and his abode, and his past crimes cannot stand in his way. But the Ethiop cannot change his skin, or move away from his facial outline, or help transmitting his misfortune to his little ones. He and his are "*niggers*" for ever. This it is that crushes the colored people down. It is race-prejudice that weighs them down. Those who fancy that equality on the statute-book or in the court of law is real equality know nothing of race-prejudice and of the power of caste, or forget that laws and courts have little to do with the every-day life of men. History tells of but one power that can produce a real equality among men, and that without shock or lesion to true social distinctions. It is the Catholic Church.

Wherever a Catholic missionary will appear among the colored people they will behold a personification of the Christian doctrine that all men are brethren. That doctrine does not, indeed, level men in the human sense, does not deprive wealth or family of social station, does not break down those barriers that are the metes and bounds of the gifts of Providence in the natural and civil order. But it elevates men so completely above the whole natural and civil order by regeneration into a divine brotherhood and equality that the petty distinctions of this life are quickly forgotten. Catholicity antagonizes no truth or legitimate distinction. We have said that the white Catholic missionary will personify this doctrine to the colored people. A simple man can soon tell if any one loves his soul; and whoever loves us deeply is one with us: though the differences be those between king and pauper, they are lost in a true love. Now, what any priest does for love of his people must often lead him to the borders of the heroic. The missionary to the blacks will go over the border. They will see a man who for the honor of God has given up all things for their sake. His celibacy, his voluntary poverty, his snapping of the ties of relationship and home, his freely living among poor strangers, his ceaseless toils for them—all these life-gifts of an educated white man would win converts to any kind of religion; much rather for a religion which enlightens the mind, warms the heart, invigorates the moral nature, purifies and elevates the whole man, pours into the soul emotions of the deepest influence while leaving it untouched by morbid excitement.

And now a word about the difficulties. But let us bear in mind that in doing things for the honor of God we should not be easily scared by difficulties. Conservatism may be a virtue, but we meet with men who have so much conservatism that they

are sodden with it. They are fond of calling living and wakeful men dreamers, and of putting down what they call theoretical people. They are fond of introducing into the discussion of religious undertakings the prudence of the bank director discounting a note. Prudence has acted on their souls as a certain kind of water acts on wood: they are petrified with prudence. If you speak of old mother-church bearing new children, they lift their slumbrous eyelids in wonder, and the chances are you will hear them say: "He is a dreamer." There is a class of persons, and they are not all Protestants, who look on the church as a sort of vast, sublime, antique curiosity. Their favorite praise of the church is embodied in the words "time-honored." Her note of apostolicity overshadows every other. When they say, Be prudent, they mean, Begin nothing new, make no experiments, have no aspirations, venture nothing, disturb no old order of things. Like the sleepy brakesman, no matter what signal they hear, they jump to their posts and put down the brakes.

And it is just such persons who depreciate the colored people as a race and say that our efforts would be wasted on them. They pick out certain races of men as best fitted for our holy religion, and say, or leave you to infer, that other races are unfitted. They are loath to follow divine Providence over the boundaries of certain countries. They wish to divide our Lord's heritage very unequally among men. They cling to race-lines. When speaking of religious matters you often hear them use the words Teutonic and Celtic, Latin and Saxon. Now, when we say that the Catholic Church is something which has its races and its regions, in which alone it can flourish, do we not make it a false religion? False religions are always local. It is race and nationality that hold false religions together and give them their few generations of life. As a wide-spread body a false religion has either followed abroad some great human power as an appanage of its greatness and accepted by other nations at the edge of the sword, as was the case with Mohammedanism, or it is a congeries of local errors, just as Protestantism is. But Christ is catholic and rules over nations, or rather he rules over men and knows no nation or race, nor is he a respecter of persons. The human heart and mind are his kingdom, and his religion is made to win any kind of men and wherever it can find them. It is precisely the same low view of men and religion that inspires some of our Protestant brethren when they dread our success among the colored people, because, as they say, we can attract them with a gaudy ritual and offer them a religion

which does not tax the intellect and is purely emotional—a calumny not less against the race than the Catholic Church. It is the deep void in the human heart, and the infinite Being who made it and who alone can fill it, that are the terms in the problem of any person's conversion. If some colored people are over-emotional it is because they are simple and unlettered, and not because they are black. All things considered, that perhaps ought not to be put down to their disadvantage. Bring down God, his truth, his worship, his promises, his pardon; throw open the fellowship of his external society—do this for the colored people, or any other people equally free from prejudice, and you will convert them. Emotional conversion is altogether a Protestant affair; it succeeds or fails just the same with the whites as with the blacks.

Time was when we heard the gravest accusations against the colored people. It was hard to see how God could have created so wretched and helpless a race of beings as they were considered to be. Yet if the worst had been true Christian zeal would have been only the more inclined to choose them as the first object of charity. But year by year the colored people have won their way into public estimation. They were once called incurably idle; and now agriculture flourishes more under their free labor than when they were organized and controlled by their white masters. Men said that if they were set free they would rot with vice and perish away; and now it is seen that they increase faster than the whites. The gravest forebodings were uttered as to their influence on politics, for it was said that they were of a temper so soft and yielding that they would surrender without a murmur to the guidance of others; and yet who can say that any white race, placed in similar circumstances, would have voted otherwise than the blacks have done? Of all the accusations against them we admit that the one seemingly best founded is that they lack the courage of their convictions. But this timid temper, if it exists, is a vice due to slavery and not to their African blood; for the tribes from which they have sprung are as fierce and warlike as were the barbarians who roamed the German forests and are the ancestors of the present Teutonic races. It was thought that their relation to the other races of the Union was like that of a soft stone laid in among the hard ones of an arch, to be soon crushed or riven, bringing, perhaps, the whole structure in ruins to the ground. But now it is plain that this broad black line of race-politics crosses every other line in such wise as to conduce to the strength of the

whole political system. It begins to be plain that the colored race is upon the threshold of a great future. This may be but the time of childhood for them; yet we believe that they are going to be a rich, intelligent, and powerful people among us, and we believe that no nation of the past displayed in its beginnings better promise of a high religious destiny.

So much for a difficulty which may be called sentimental. It remains for us to consider the real difficulties. For there is a true prudence which is the wise forecast of well-regulated zeal. It studies ways and means and methods. It measures obstacles and calculates the resources to overcome them. Now, the two real difficulties of the missions to the colored people are men and money—applicants for the missionary priesthood and the money for their training and support. As to the first difficulty, we are persuaded that if the missionary cause be fairly brought before the people, and widely and fully made known, the Spirit of God will cause the hearts of the noblest of our young men to throb with longings for the holy adventure of the missionary life. The hardships of the life will only be an attraction, will only serve to make the new missionaries what they ought to be—a sort of *corps d'élite* of the whole body of the clergy. Like the choice of the lovers in the play, the one who passes over the golden and silver caskets and takes the leaden one is both the noblest suitor and the most fortunate. If Frenchmen, and Germans, and Italians, and Belgians are found in sufficient numbers to leave civilization behind them and to go into the midst of the cruellest heathen nations, who will say that our own young church has no sons brave enough to suffer the common hardships of a poor man's life for the conversion of their own fellow-citizens?

It seems to us that there are signs of the will of God among us which point to the opening of a missionary era. The clergy throughout great part of the country seem to be at last numerous enough for the ordinary spiritual concerns of the people. In 1840 the Catholics of the United States were comparatively insignificant in numbers; yet in 1880, when they approximate seven millions, there are more priests in proportion to the Catholic population than in 1840. In other words, the increase of the clergy has more than kept pace with even the prodigious increase of the people. The question is no longer, "Where shall we get the priests?" With some bishops we are informed that it is rather, "What shall we do with our young priests?" We hear in various quarters of young men of piety and education

applying for places in the seminaries and refused for want of vacancies in the dioceses. As to the religious orders, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that their novitiates are overflowing. The Spirit of God is among the young men, and in his own good time he will turn this religious ardor into the missionary field. The emigration, indeed, shows no signs of slacking, nor are we sorry for it. The new Irish are fully as good Catholics as the old Irish. So are the new Germans. They are all more welcome than ever before. If they stay in the cities there are churches and priests ready for them; nor is it otherwise in the country. The rushing of this living tide of old-country Catholics into the church in America is the sound of the river whose flowing maketh glad the city of God. Meantime from every quarter of the country we hear of new churches dedicated, debts paid off, schools opened, colleges opened, and encouraging words spoken about universities. We would not be understood as taking a rose-colored view of religious affairs; we are quite ready to admit that our present difficulties, if not as critical as former ones, are very serious indeed. What we do maintain is that zeal for the sacred ministry is so great among us that if we should dread a lack of missionaries for the colored people it would not be because we were prudent, but that we were distrustful of Providence or ignorant of the spirit actually at work in the church.

The financial difficulty will be more serious. Large sums of money must be raised to support a missionary college or seminary and for the current expenses of carrying on the missions, at least until congregations of converts are formed; for we are persuaded that as soon as formed these congregations will be self-supporting. We know of one congregation of colored Catholics which supports three priests, a school of four hundred children, and inside of five years has paid off a debt of ten thousand dollars. The colored people have been accused of many things, but never, we think, of being stingy. Funds have already been raised sufficient to justify hopes of starting a missionary college at an early day, and a spirit of generosity has been manifested in various quarters which justifies the strongest confidence of overcoming the financial difficulties.

Of course such a work will not be left entirely or mainly to private zeal. That would be to express a sort of contempt of it. Hence the American episcopate, in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, uttered no words of deeper earnestness than those recommending to the bishops and their clergy, the religious

orders and the people, the conversion of the freedmen. The colored people were yet in the very chaos of reconstruction, and the whole country under the influence of the highest political excitement, when the bishops hastened to anticipate private zeal and to stimulate individual effort, and the language used is so energetic as to remind one of the letters of St. Francis Xavier from the Indies. And we may be full sure that the bishops are still of the same mind. They would gladly see the aid of the whole Catholic body enlisted for this great cause in such a public and permanent form as would bring us men from every diocese and money from every parish in the country.

It is time, therefore, that the great heart of the Catholic Church in America began to beat with missionary longings. "Her empire," says Dr. Newman of the church, "is a continual conquest." The revolutions of nations and the migrations of races are but the moves of the divine plan towards the final and universal spread of the truth. It is enough to make one's heart leap within him to realize that we, right here and now, have been most plainly set apart by Almighty God for the conversion of this noble American people, white and black. If the gifts and calling of God are without repentance, then he will build up the church in this republic, that its citizens, while striving upon earth, may be led to the knowledge and love of eternal things.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

"Ὅτου δ' ἀπορβεί μνηστὺς εὐ πεπονθότος,
Οἷ ποτε γένοιτ' ἄν οὗτος εὐγενὴς ἀνὴρ."*

—SOPHOCLES, *Ajax*, 523.

THE public career of the late Alexander H. Stephens, covering the most eventful years of our national history, has been fully treated in a comparatively recent publication which bears his own imprimatur in the following words: "I think all the essential facts in regard to me and my acts are substantially correct."† It is therefore a work of supererogation to review the political events of that life so lately closed, or to call up afresh the stirring scenes which lend to it a certain picturesqueness. It is better to allay than to arouse the passions which have agitated our land and drenched it in blood. Peace is now the supreme vocation. It will be our aim, then, to touch as lightly as possible on the old issues which have distracted the country, in recording a few of the impressions and recollections of the man rather than the statesman, in individualizing the picture of him as we knew him in the intimate relations of personal intercourse.

Alexander H. Stephens was a man of the people, a genuine product of our country and its form of government. In a large and unpartisan sense he was a democrat by birth and by conviction. Aristocracy in any of its phases never touched his thoughts or his acts. Through the shifting scenes of public and private life he was always faithful to those principles of equality which he regarded as the outcome of republican institutions. In his fellow-man he only saw the man, unawed by conventionalities of station or society. He judged him by what he was in and of himself, and not by his rank or his wealth, which were looked upon as the mere accidents rather than the results of character. These were advantages in the esteem of Mr. Stephens only when they made their possessors noble and beneficent. He never paid court to them in his own person, and when unaccompanied with moral or intellectual worth he utterly despised them. Of the public men whom we have known this can be affirmed of but

* But he whose memory of benefit falls away can never be a noble man.

† *Life of Alexander H. Stephens.* By R. M. Johnston and W. H. Browne. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1878.

few. The poverty and ill-health which planted so many thorns in his early path likewise impressed a lesson never obscured through a career of one-and-seventy years. It broadened his sympathies for others similarly circumstanced; and although by the sheer force of intellect he conquered innumerable obstacles, yet the courage and fortitude expended in the contest never sapped that generosity of soul which appreciated the poorest and lowliest of friends. Men who have attained great eminence in spite of physical infirmities are always interesting characters, for we naturally admire the nerve and energy which pain cannot vanquish or poverty subdue. In the *Blithedale Romance* Hawthorne puts a sentiment into the mouth of Coverdale the converse of this, which he admits may be softened or subverted by the education of Christianity, but of man in his unregenerate state it is too true. "Most men," says the ill patient of Brook Farm, "have a natural indifference, if not an absolutely hostile feeling, towards those whom disease, or weakness, or calamity of any kind causes to falter and faint amid the rude jostle of our selfish existence." The bodily sufferings of Heine enhanced the fascination of his writings; the partial blindness of Prescott extracted the venom from the critic's pen; and to-day no member of the English cabinet is so eagerly watched for by visitors in the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons as Mr. Henry Fawcett, the blind postmaster-general. The personal appearance of Alexander H. Stephens was quite unique. His dark, brilliant eyes, which Cicero calls the windows of the soul—"ut imago est animi vultus, sic indices oculi" *—showed the latent power as well as fire which resided in that delicate organization, and there was an occasional expression about the mouth, when his face was enlivened in conversation, which denoted that he possessed the weapon of sarcasm, even if he seldom drew it for use. We never saw the poet Heine, but there was much that reminded one of the commoner of Georgia in the personal description of a friend who knew him in Paris when he was so frail that his wife carried him about in her arms. Unlike Heine, however, who was an invalid during only the last ten years of his life, Mr. Stephens had never known perfect health. From the cradle to the grave his lot was that of physical suffering. He was never absolutely free from pain, and yet we never knew such a cheery invalid, so exempt from the morbid characteristics of the valetudinarian. Confined for many years to a sick man's chair—which he pushed about his rooms with ease, as the

* *Or.*, iii. 59.

wheels moved at a touch—he would often demonstrate some point or illustrate an assertion with considerable gesticulation. His attenuated physique was as sensitive to the changes of the weather as a barometer, and even on moderately warm days he wore gloves and hat when indoors. The Spartan simplicity of his life was exhibited in everything about him, and his manners were as unaffected as a little child's, betraying neither the consciousness nor the dogmatism of greatness. He had no disposition to dwell upon his maladies nor to make a parade of them. In fact, they had become second nature, and he never spoke of them unless inquiries led in that direction, when he was frank as to his mode of living and the general condition of his health. The buoyancy of his spirits was unflagging, and even when racked with pain, and death itself seemed imminent, there was a certain heroic calmness which defied gloom and shed a real lustre over great mental gifts. It was this self-sustained equipoise of character which enabled him to bear the ills of early life and bestowed upon his acquirements in later years their power and significance :

“ With a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed : courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterraneous fire,
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts,
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm.” *

It was our custom for some years to pass part of every New Year's day with Mr. Stephens, and we well remember the peculiarly pensive mood in which we found him on January 1, 1882. In response to the usual salutations and good wishes of the season he said it was the last New Year's day he would ever spend at the federal capital. It made a deep impression at the time ; for although we saw him every few days, it was the first really pathetic as well as prophetic utterance we ever heard from him about himself. The succeeding New Year was his last, but it was not passed in Washington. A man so intellectual, so versatile, and so genial was formed to enjoy and need society. Wherever he happened to sojourn he gathered about him hosts of friends, old and new, who delighted in his companionship ; and although himself almost wholly debarred the pleasures of visiting, his home at Liberty Hall in Georgia and his lodgings at the Na-

* Henry Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*.

tional Hotel in Washington had their *habitués*, who were constant in attention and devoted in affection. As a host Mr. Stephens was proverbially hospitable and considerate. He possessed in a large degree that keen social instinct upon which the intellectual elements of a successful dinner so greatly depend. It enabled him to collect around his board not only those who were personally pleasant to him, but who were congenial and agreeable to each other. We can recall a number of instances which displayed his delicate tact and forethought in arranging special dinners and guests while he was in Congress. Notable among these was the modest dinner given in his parlor at the hotel in honor of the present archbishop of Baltimore. Mr. Stephens always entertained a high regard for the Catholic clergy, many of whom he numbered among his best of friends. He was not acquainted with the amiable and distinguished prelate whom he desired as his guest, and was specially solicitous that a note should reach his grace, who was then in Washington. We gave him such information as would further the object in view, and in a short time an invitation to meet the archbishop at dinner proved the success of his efforts. Nothing of little moment in itself seemed to annoy Mr. Stephens more than to be thwarted in arrangements of hospitality, and it is amusing to remember that no less than three messages reached us to be present, when we had already accepted in the first instance. There was a touch of the ludicrous about the last, which came through our friend, the Rev. Dr. Wills, then pastor of a Presbyterian church in the neighborhood. This anxiety on the part of the generous host was due to the fact that his nearest Catholic friend, Col. R. M. Johnston, of Baltimore, was unable to attend, and that Mr. Stephens wished a Catholic to aid him in doing honor to the primate of the church in the United States. Some twelve or fourteen gentlemen made up that delightful company, and the disappointment which the absence of a few had given rise to was soon forgotten in the charming *bonhomie* of the host and the quiet refinement of his eminent guest. Mr. Stephens often afterwards recalled that little gathering and the easy flow of animated and intellectual conversation, so interesting in topics and so kindly in tone, and always with some special reference to his pleasure in having met the archbishop of Baltimore. We must advert to one bit of stupidity, too good to be omitted, on the part of a then representative of this country at a foreign court. Mr. Stephens had his dinners invariably served in his private parlor, and this custom sometimes subjected him to the

contretemps of an unsolicited visit. During dessert a gentleman possessing neither the presence of mind nor the *savoir-faire* necessary for such an emergency was ushered into the presence of the company. The situation of the visitor, awkward enough in itself, reached the grotesque through the simplicity of his inquiry when presented to the chief guest—namely, “if the archbishop was an Episcopal archbishop?” The quick-witted prelate, whose urbanity never deserts him, took in the unfortunate position of the ambassador, and kindly came to the rescue with the remark that he believed the Episcopalians had no archbishops in this country. A wag of the clerical character of Sydney Smith, oblivious of the confusion of the moment, could not have resisted the reply, Can an archbishop be other than episcopal? “*L’esprit est bon serviteur, un méchant maître.*” The blunder of the plenipotentiary reminded us of a similar one which we heard the then Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Columbus Delano, perpetrate in introducing the late Canon Kingsley to an audience in the Congregational church in Washington as “chaplain to *her royal highness* the queen.” We must add, however, that the face of Mr. Kingsley was as imperturbable as that of the archbishop. A few persons but slightly acquainted with Mr. Stephens supposed that he was inclined to inquire into the claims of Catholicity. This mistaken supposition arose from two facts which stand prominent through his whole life. He was recognized as the uncompromising antagonist at the South of political principles tending to abridge the rights of any class of citizens. His pronounced sentiments uttered at the period when a party of proscription threatened to sweep the Southern section of the country, and his intimate social relations with some of the Catholic clergy and laity, were the sincere expressions of his widely tolerant mind. In no sense was he an ethical or political proscriptionist. “With him,” as Mr. James G. Blaine says of the late President Garfield, “the inquiry was not so much what a man believes, but does he believe it.”* If conviction of the truth of Catholicity led any of his friends into the Catholic Church, Mr. Stephens was neither tardy nor reluctant in signifying his admiration for loyalty to that conviction. This was notably so in the case of his brother’s former law partner, his own nearest friend and biographer. Fidelity to honest conviction, however opposed to his personal views or feelings, always commanded his hearty respect, and, if held at cost of a real sacrifice, was in his eyes the highest moral heroism. As to the

* *Memorial Address*, p. 57.

question of State rights which finally involved the nation in civil war, there was, we apprehend, no essential difference between his opinions and those of Southern public men generally. His opposition to the movement prior to the secession of Georgia was on the ground of inopportuneness, and the irresistible logic of events proves beyond controversy that if his counsels had prevailed the terrible conflict, almost without a parallel in modern civilization, would have been averted. He frequently protested against the common assertion that social or political ostracism for opinion's sake was peculiarly a Southern mode of disparagement. He maintained that it was the outcome of intolerance everywhere, and cited two memorable cases of unpopularity and desertion by friends in Massachusetts, when Mr. George Bancroft became a Democrat and when the late Charles Sumner left the Whig party and opposed Mr. Winthrop. The continued friendship of Mr. Prescott for these two men, under the social ban of the aristocratic circles of Boston, heightened his regard for the character of that eminent writer.* Some of his opponents, measuring him by party lines, looked upon Mr. Stephens as a kind of political Mephistopheles, who owed his success in practice to his inconsistencies in principle. But men of this baser sort, whose ken is restricted by the horizon of party, belong to the third degree of Machiavelli's divisions of the capacities of mankind, who can neither understand things of themselves nor when they are explained to them by others.† To such minds his attitude towards the administration of Mr. Hayes will always appear inexplicable; but whatever may have been its weaknesses, that administration assuredly brought substantial results to those States long cursed by the most venal political adventurers against whom a nation desirous of peace had to contend. They were of the "reptile species of politicians," delineated by Macaulay‡ as "willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice," so long as they could hold

* No letter in all literature is more honorable to the writer than Hawthorne's to his publishers, who urged him to drop Mr. Franklin Pierce's name from the dedication of *Our Old Home*. Hawthorne says: "My long and intimate personal relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness; and if he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him" (*Analytical Index to the Works of Hawthorne*, p. 36).

† "E perchè sono di tre generazioni cervelli: l'uno intende per sè; l'altro discerne quelli che altri intende; e il terzo non intende per sè stesso, nè per dimostrazione di altri: quel primo è eccellentissimo, il secondo eccellente, il terzo inutile" (*Il Principe*, cap. xxii.)

‡ *Essays*, vol. v. p. 425, "The Earl of Chatham."

an estate in the federal offices. Mr. Stephens lent his support to the then President because his course gave peace and home-rule to every section of the republic. Another characteristic equally independent of party affiliations was his genuine admiration of Gen. Grant, whom he always spoke of as a man without guile. We remember remarking to him that the most fatal misstep which that world-fêted general ever made was when he resigned a life-position for which he was fitted by education and experience to embark on the untried and troubled sea of American politics, when he quite agreed with us, and spoke of the destruction which a political career wrought upon an otherwise symmetrical character.

In anecdotal force and fulness Mr. Stephens resembled the late President Lincoln; and in the greatest freedom of social life, with no restraints to check his utterances but those of good breeding, we never knew him to garnish his speech with ribald jest, indelicate allusion, or profane word of any sort. Since his death it has been charged that when nervously overwrought with pain he was given to profanity. If such were the fact it is remarkable that it never came under our observation; and we have more than once sat by his bedside when his nerves were tingling in exquisite torture. His anecdotes used for purposes of illustration were either drawn from Southern life or from scenes in public affairs of which he was an eye-witness. He was a good story-teller, and his success as a *raconteur* was greatly aided by facial powers peculiar to himself. No anodyne more effectually allayed the sense of suffering than a joke, especially if it smacked of the languages of Greece and Rome, which had for him the fascinations felt by the old-fashioned scholar. The presence of some of his friends appeared to suggest subjects of a classical turn; and this was always true of Mr. Joshua Nicholls, an alumnus of Georgetown College in the days of the eloquent Father Ryder. Mr. Nicholls had lived much abroad, and to the culture of his *Alma Mater* he had added an accurate knowledge of the languages of southern Europe. Possessed of a sunny temper which misfortune could never cloud, he was a welcome guest, and on the occasions of his visits and those of Col. R. M. Johnston, a life-long friend, Mr. Stephens was most joyous in spirit and felicitous in conversation. At a dinner late in March, 1881, just before his return home, these two gentlemen were present, and of the many anecdotes "that were wont to set the table in a roar" we recall one of the times in which John Quincy Adams figured as a leading actor, but when told, on paper it loses the

aroma with which dainty viands and sparkling wines suffused it. Illinois had sent a new delegation to the Twenty-eighth Congress, including Stephen A. Douglas, John A. McClernand, John Wentworth, Orlando B. Fichlin, and John J. Hardin, who was subsequently killed in the battle of Buena Vista. Three of this number, it was commonly believed, aspired to the Presidency, and as a preliminary training for candidature were frequently on their feet in the halls of Congress. A noisy discussion arose as to the pronunciation of the name of the State which they represented. Mr. Campbell, of South Carolina, gave it the French, and others participating in the debate a different, pronunciation. As a *dernier ressort* an appeal was made to John Quincy Adams, one of the most elegant scholars then in public life, to settle the question. Mr. Adams arose quoting the verse of Virgil:

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites," *

and adding, "From the discussion I should say the correct pronounciation should be *All-Noise*." This ended the debate. Any witticism of a classical flavor met in our reading was duly noted and chronicled for the benefit of an appreciative hearer. The last *jeu d'esprit* reported was taken from the lately-published *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi*, librarian of the British Museum, who had a sort of malevolent satisfaction in exposing the errors committed by Sir Henry Ellis in his printed catalogue of the Museum library. Mr. Stephens, having given some attention to the subject of indexing the proceedings of Congress, had gained considerable knowledge of the difficulties in the art of cataloguing, and, despite the irreverence of Panizzi's comment, he was struck with its adroitness. It appears that a French translation of a work of Jeremy Bentham, whose name was turned into French on the title-page, was catalogued "*Bentham (Jérôme)*." Panizzi wrote on the margin opposite the book the following annotation: "*In propria venit, et sui eum non receperunt.*" †

Mr. Stephens frequently called for us to accompany him on a pleasure-drive or a business visit to the departments, and during the latter we occasionally got some insight into the occult influences which determine the success or failure of the applicant for public office. The last visit of this nature to the Department of State was during the secretaryship of Mr. William M. Evarts, to whom Mr. Stephens introduced a young man from New York desiring a consulship, who had come to Washington with the recommendation of the Legislature of that State. On this occa-

* *Bucolica*, ecl. iii. 108.

† Vol. i. p. 144.

sion inquiries were made relative to the appointment of Mr. Ernest Dichman, of Wisconsin, as minister to Bogota, in whom Mr. Stephens felt an interest. The conversation of the secretary evinced a friendly disposition towards that candidate, who was highly commended by Mr. A. S. Hewitt, of New York. Mr. Evarts expressing surprise at these efforts in behalf of Northern men led Mr. Stephens to remark that he had very many warm friends at the North. Shortly afterwards the appointment was made and evoked a good deal of adverse criticism, of which Mr. Stephens had to bear the brunt. We have mentioned these two cases to demonstrate the fact that he did not restrict his good offices to citizens of his own State or section, but that he was always ready to serve merit to the extent of his ability. At this same interview we heard with keen satisfaction the declension of Mr. Evarts to consider the reappointment of a person lately from Georgia to the consular service, for he had rendered himself particularly odious at the seat of government as a collector of political assessments among the employees of the departments. When we returned to our carriage for a drive in the beautiful suburbs of the capital a lively conversation ensued as to the claims of this person to public station, and we are free to say that we neither shared the views of Mr. Stephens nor acquiesced in them when presented. He conscientiously opposed the collection of money for political campaigns, but candor compels us to say that as a man of affairs his chief fault was that which Sir Henry Holland attributes to Lord Melbourne as a cabinet minister, "of too generously condoning what was faulty in others." * The personal attachments of Mr. Stephens were strong and deep, and sometimes warped his judgment. In his friendships there was a chivalrous delicacy for the feelings and opinions of friends, none of whom he ever deserted when they saw fit to differ with him or to oppose him. No two graces ever more conspicuously adorned the career of a public man, through evil as through good report, than his high-bred courtesy and magnanimity. For the late President he cherished an almost romantic attachment. They had served together as members of the Committee on Rules, shared its labors during the heat of summer at Long Branch, and beguiled the close of each day's work with the fascinations of whist, for which they had great fondness. When the sudden and startling news of the tragedy which finally closed that brilliant life aroused the sympathy of the nation for its unoffending victim, no soul was

* *Recollections of Past Life*, p. 196.

more deeply touched than was that of Alexander H. Stephens. Equally marked was his affection for children. The busiest hour of his busy life would never tempt him to overlook or slight such little visitors, and his keen glance softened and grew beautiful when it fell upon a child's face. An instance in point occurred on the occasion of the reception held on his seventieth birthday, February 11, 1882, when his rooms at the National Hotel were filled to overflowing with some of the most distinguished men and women then resident at the capital. Mr. Stephens was receiving the congratulations and good wishes so heartily bestowed. A crown of laurel, with an appropriate inscription in letters of gold, had been presented to him, and the air was heavy with the perfume of exquisite flowers, the offerings of friends from all parts of the country. Just after President Arthur and Vice-President Davis had made their cordial greetings and passed on, two little figures came timidly forward, half-frightened at finding themselves in such a brilliant company, yet eager to reach the side of their always kind friend. At the first glimpse of them Mr. Stephens extended his hand and drew first the fair-haired girl, then the boy, in a close embrace and kissed the bright little faces before all the guests. The memory of that kiss, it may safely be said, will never be lost to either of the children. An autograph album was arranged upon a table, in which those present were requested to inscribe their names as a memento of the evening. Fearing the little ones would not feel themselves entitled to write theirs, Mr. Stephens made a special point of asking them himself. Not many months afterwards the younger of the two was brought low by a well-nigh fatal illness, and although the close of the Congressional session was near at hand, with all the multiplicity of duties, haste, and confusion thereby entailed upon members, Mr. Stephens found time for kind inquiries and sympathy. As soon as the little invalid was permitted to take the air he placed his carriage at our service with a grace which made the acceptance a favor to himself. During the summer of 1882 the custom among children of giving monograms engraved on silver coins as tokens of remembrance had reached its height. Mr. Stephens, having been asked to add his to a little girl's collection, was greatly perplexed to find out just what was expected of him. Amusing as it was to see the interest manifested and the minute attention paid to this trifling matter in order to be sure that it should be rightly done, it is yet very touching in the recollection, now that the thoughtful care for a child's gratification is become a thing of the past.

The letter which accompanied the little gift was about to be despatched when he, in dictating the address, found himself unable to remember the *middle* name of the recipient, and quietly ordered his servant to unpack a box of papers which stood ready for the journey to Georgia, that the proper address might be found among them. Unimportant as such things may be in themselves, they are very endearing when associated with a man whose whole sphere of action lay in the public view, and illustrate the tenderness which would have made beautiful a home-life that he was destined never to know.

Prior to his election as governor of Georgia the management of the *Century Magazine* had requested from him a paper on Stephen A. Douglas. Just as he was collecting materials for the work the nomination was made and the subject put aside. Those who remember his able and interesting paper on the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*, whether his arguments be considered conclusive or not against the identity of Sir Philip Francis, will regret that he did not give to the world his view of the life and labors of such a popular man as the Little Giant of the West. In his most laborious years Mr. Stephens never relinquished the habits and pursuits of the student. Few men now in American politics can turn from their absorbing interests to examine with the intuitions of the scholar literary and historical questions in which he was quite at home. His conservatism of thought made him an opponent of all radicalism, and he had no sympathy with what Mr. William Swinton calls the "new lamps of history"—that is, the historical school of which Froude and Buckle are representatives. Literature as influenced by the positive philosophy of Comte was distasteful to him; and he believed that Macaulay will hereafter be read, not for the value of his historical opinions, but as a rhetorical master in whose style one may see the marvellous flexibility of the English language. The record of the life of Alexander H. Stephens lies open to the world, and from first to last the most prejudiced eye will fail to find one act of self-seeking or of questionable motive. He was indeed "ruggedly honest," as has been aptly said of him since his death, and among his strongest personal friends are numbered many honored names of men entirely opposed to him in political faith, who knew how to value his sterling integrity. To say that he had some weaknesses is only to admit that he was human, but in view of his real greatness these little foibles are as motes in the sunshine. With clean hands and a pure heart he passed through a life which to a less noble nature would have

been full of snares and pitfalls, without once faltering in what he considered the path of duty ; and now that the end is reached it is seen, more plainly than before, how brave and strong and true he was.

"To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days—
These riches shall not fade away in life." *

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE LIQUOR-TRAFFIC.

It is not a pleasant task to direct public attention to the faults, the deficiencies, or the vices of others, yet it is a task that must be performed at certain times to vindicate the cause of truth and justice. The drunkards and their crimes are frequently exposed to view ; and sometimes their brutal deeds receive an undue prominence in the columns of the daily press to the exclusion of other information vastly more important. Many of our best citizens, who are striving to make the world better and happier, have discovered by continued observation and the evidence of constantly-recurring phenomena—in short, by the process of induction—that there are others besides the drunkards who should be held accountable for the prevalence of intemperance and its attendant evils ; and they have been taught by sad experience that there are in the world not a few avaricious persons deliberately plotting by night and by day to promote the excessive use of adulterated and intoxicating drinks. No one can deny that these abettors of drunkenness deserve censure and stern condemnation, especially when they assume an attitude of defiant opposition to the precepts of religion as well as to the dictates of common sense, many of which are embodied in the salutary restrictions of the civil law.

That drunkenness prevails to an alarming extent in the United States is unquestionably true ; that it is a prolific source of crime and poverty cannot be denied even by those who are enriched from the sale of intoxicating beverages. Apart from other channels of information, the records of the police-courts sufficiently demonstrate that the vice of intemperance is widespread, and that every State in the Union is obliged to spend thousands of

* Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*.

dollars annually because a large number of its citizens become drunk and disorderly. Homes are made desolate, families are brought to a state of destitution, children suffer hunger and want, because the money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is squandered for drink. Surely this is an evil * of great magnitude. Certainly every friend and well-wisher of a drunkard would entreat him to renounce that which is leading him to destruction. Every Christian who loves his neighbor as himself would feel prompted to erect a strong barrier before a person addicted to intoxication. For the same reason that medicines are carefully guarded and judiciously distributed, intoxicating drinks should be used with prudence and moderation. Several of the remedies discovered by medical science are beneficial if taken in small doses, but are poisonous if taken in large quantities, so that the patient must choose to take a little of such medicine or to take none.

Considering the gigantic proportions that intemperance has attained as a social evil—an evil which has been justly compared and classified with those three great scourges of the human race, war, famine, and pestilence—what opinion should be formed of those who daily look with unconcern at the delirious and degraded victims that frequent their stores? What judgment should be pronounced upon those who by every means in their power, for selfish purposes, encourage the growth of this destructive vice? Accusations of a very serious character are frequently made against those interested in the sale of intoxicating drinks. Trustworthy evidence has been adduced to show that a very large number of them, though they see more clearly, perhaps, than others the evils of intemperance, are unwilling to exert a remedial influence. Undoubtedly the act of giving the intoxicating draught and the act of taking it are closely connected. There can be a direct co-operation, a mutual responsibility, when a liquor-dealer entices and urges another to excess in drinking, especially in the case of one who he knows will become intoxicated. Most assuredly any seller of liquor who continues to supply it to one that he knows to be an habitual drunkard is guilty of deliberate co-operation. Viewed from this standpoint, any intelligent person can perceive that certain moral and mental qualifications are needed for the proper management of a re-

* The statistics and data concerning intemperance in the United States have been lucidly set forth in the profound and eloquent lecture recently delivered in Chicago by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland before an audience composed of a large number of the Catholic clergy, several Protestant ministers of various denominations, some of the State officials, and many of the most prominent citizens.

tail liquor-store. In the lecture already mentioned Bishop Ireland describes clearly the difference between the *ideal* liquor-dealer, possessed of the requisite qualities for his avocation, and the sort of a being that may be designated as the *persistent type* that usually predominates in all large cities containing three hundred thousand inhabitants and upwards :

"The ideal saloon-keeper, an upright, honorable, conscientious man, will never sell liquor to an habitual drunkard, or to a person who has already been drinking and whom another draught will intoxicate; he will never permit minors, boys or girls, to cross his threshold; he will not suffer around his counter indecent or profane language: he will not violate law and the precious traditions of the country by selling on Sunday; he will never drug his liquor, and will never take from his patrons more than the legitimate market value of the fluid. Upon these conditions being observed I will not say that liquor-selling is a moral wrong. The ideal saloon-keeper is possible; perhaps you have met him during your lifetime; may be Diogenes, lamp in hand, searching through our American cities, would discover him before wearying marches should have compelled him to abandon the search. I have at present before my mind the saloon as it usually nowadays exhibits itself, down in an underground cellar, away from the light of the sun, or, if it does open its doors to the sidewalk, seeking with painted windows and rows of lattice-work to hide its traffic from public gaze, as if ashamed itself of the nefariousness of its practices. The keeper has one set purpose—to roll in dimes and dollars, heedless whether lives are wrecked and souls damned. The hopeless inebriate and the yet innocent boy receive the glass from his hand. He resorts to tricks and devices to draw customers, to stimulate their appetite for drink. Sunday as on Monday, during night as during day, he is at work to fill his victims with alcohol and his till with silver and gold. This is his ambition; and I am willing to pay him the compliment that he executes well his double task."

For reasons not satisfactorily explained to the sovereign people or to their most temperate and enlightened constituents, a majority of the members of the Assembly and of the Senate of the State of New York have lately attempted to legislate for the large cities containing three hundred thousand inhabitants and upwards in such a way as to extend the privileges of liquor-dealers and to remove from them the salutary restraints imposed by the excise law that was framed by wise men in the year 1857. Eminent citizens opposed the measure on the ground that the public good of any city or town in the State could not be promoted by granting enlarged facilities for the sale of liquor. Among others the Hon. Charles A. Peabody, formerly a justice of the Supreme Court, speaking on behalf of the Episcopalian Church Temperance Society, declared that further limitations in

the sale of liquor were urgently needed in view of the undeniable fact that the stores where liquor is sold—already too numerous—are often the rendezvous of bad men, who assemble there for the purposes of vice. Chief-Justice Noah Davis, who has been on the bench of the Supreme Court of New York City almost twenty-six years, strongly condemned the proposed amendment to the excise law as a concession to the liquor-selling interests regardless of the demands of the better classes of the community. Alluding to his varied opportunities of observing the beginnings and the consequences of crime, he stated that in nearly every case where he was compelled to pass sentence of death the poor culprit pleaded that he was drunk when he committed the murderous deed. The following words of Judge Davis are worthy of remembrance :

“The law is, unfortunately, so unjust that it makes drunkenness an aggravation of crime, and yet licenses thousands of places to make men drunk. I have passed thousands of sentences for minor offences, homicides, assaults, and larcenies, and I solemnly aver that in a great majority of cases intemperance has been the direct cause of crime. Every life given by God is worth protecting from the sting of the venomous serpent, intemperance.”

To the Rev. C. A. Walworth, of St. Mary's Church, Albany, belongs the honor of having been among the first to detect and expose the true character of the excise bill proposed in the Legislature as a substitute for the wholesome restrictions carefully and studiously devised twenty-six years ago to regulate the sale of liquor and to suppress intemperance, pauperism, and crime. Long experience in missionary labor and in the performance of parochial duties, his extensive knowledge of civil law—for he was admitted to the bar before he became a priest—together with his exceptional gifts, enable Father Walworth to discuss such topics judiciously. At an interview with the Senate Committee on Cities he brought up the broad merits of the cause at issue between the sincere and thoughtful citizens of the State and the upholders of the liquor-trade. He affirmed what all Catholics hold—namely, that neither the use nor the sale of liquors is a sin *per se*, but only *per accidens*. But a thing innocent in itself might be changed into a sin by circumstances. When places opened for the sale of liquors become, as a general rule, resorts for drunkards and schools of intemperance, they then contribute occasions of sin. They constitute a great moral evil, and ought to be treated as such by the government as well as by the church. The dangers of the trade should be made re-

mote in every possible way. The excise laws of 1857 recognized these principles of moral theology; in their original symmetry they constituted a wise, beautiful, and thorough system. They have been mutilated by additions, and, although too generally evaded, cannot be regarded as entirely inoperative. The legal complications that now exist have been constructed to suit the wishes of the worst liquor-dealers.

Besides supplying the foregoing information to the Senate committee, Father Walworth also delivered in the old Assembly Chamber a powerful speech at a mass-meeting of citizens presided over by ex-Mayor Judson, of Albany. The call for the meeting was signed by several prominent representatives of the Catholic clergy and by a large number of the best citizens of all denominations. Though differing from one another somewhat in regard to the best means of opposing intemperance, they were all agreed that the State should not sanction the proposed change of the excise system. Speeches were made by the chairman, Mr. Robert Graham, of New York City, and by Bishop Doane, of the Episcopal Church; the most telling speech, however, was that of Father Walworth, from which the following extracts are taken:

"Who are our adversaries? Of course it is an obvious answer to say our great adversary is the liquor-interest. True, it is so. But I wish to make a distinction even here. It is not for the interest of all engaged in the trade to have the traffic unrestricted. Don't think so. That it is for the business interest of the distiller and the brewer, and, with some few special exceptions, of the wholesale dealer, to have the traffic extended to its utmost limits, and to have the greatest possible amount of drinking done, I freely admit. But I do insist that many a grocer and many a restaurant-keeper would be better off if the sale were limited to a few by high licenses and other strong restrictions. I know that many of these men burn with shame to find themselves associated in the same trade with the keepers of low dance-houses, brothels, bucket-shops, and other dens of debauch and misery. These help to swell the purses of manufacturers and rectifiers, but they bring no profit to *bona-fide* grocers or keepers of hotels or refreshment-houses. I have little sympathy with this trade in any shape, but let us be just, and in no case denounce even the blameworthy except so far as they are censurable. These men are not all and altogether reckless and ruthless. Their consciences are weak—God help them!

"There is a class of men whose influence against our cause is most unfortunate. They are not opponents but obstacles. They are temperate men, and oftentimes call themselves temperance men. They may be, perhaps, in their own personal practice, total-abstinence men. But when a great occasion arises to show themselves—one like this—they have no heart for the work. They are afraid of something. They are afraid they may get hurt. They are good soldiers at a temperance drill, but they do

not like the smoke of battle. Their heart is always in the right place ; but it isn't much of a heart. When you ask them to give a temperance address they are ready. But when you ask them to sign a call like this, in face of the enemy, they draw their horns back into their shells. They would gladly do it, but—but what? Why, they are 'so situated.' I presume I need not explain any further. By your laughter you show that you are able to take in the *situation*.

"Now, I pity these men. They are constitutionally timid. I have a repugnance to urge men of this kind. It seems to be impolite and actually cruel. I would as soon think of frightening a lady by putting a spider upon her neck. When I meet one of these tender philanthropists, and see the perspiration gather on his face at the idea of doing some good deed which may 'hurt his prospects,' I dislike to wait for his slow-coming, painful apology. On the contrary, I feel like apologizing to him for disturbing his 'situation.' I would rather say, as Burns did to a field-mouse when he saw it scared out of its nest by a plough :

" 'Wee, sleekit, cowrin', timorous beastie,
Oh ! what a panic's in thy breastie.
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle.
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee
Wi' murdering pattle.'

"But sometimes these unwilling friends of temperance take higher ground. They actually become champions for the extension of the liquor-trade, and plead a sense of duty. We find such men in the Legislature. 'My duty to my constituents,' they say, 'requires me to vote against restrictions upon the liquor-trade.' Well, duty is a noble and a beautiful thing. It is hard to plead against duty. I love to recall the magnificent sentiment which Walter Scott puts in the mouth of the celebrated Claverhouse: 'Faithful and true are words that are never lost on me.' But who are these constituents? Do you mean to say, honorable sir, that it will be for the welfare and true happiness of the people who live in your district to make this trade more free? 'Well, no; not exactly that. As a friend of sobriety I couldn't say that.' Do you mean that the population of the district which sends you to the Legislature desire it? 'Well, no; not exactly that. A very large part of the voters in my district did not wish me to come to the Legislature at all. I see you do not understand what a constituency is. We politicians understand it very well.' Ah! now I have it. The voters of your party are unanimous, or nearly so, in desiring it. Have I got it now? 'Well, no; not exactly yet. But one thing is certain: I could not have got here at all if it had been known that I was in favor of restriction.'

"Now, gentlemen, to speak to the practical point, what attention will this Legislature pay to this meeting, and what will they do? It is easy to see. If, in their opinion, we are likely to fold up our sentiments in talk, while the liquor-traders embody theirs in action; if our fears and indignation are to make no difference with our votes, while the liquor-interest will exert itself to crush those who legislate for good order and sobriety—why, then this nefarious bill will pass. The State will (for a time at least) be

abandoned to drunkenness and misery. And New York City, in particular, will become a pandemonium of lawless crime; and Sundays will form no exception to the evil.

"I trust that it will not seem to any one present, because I speak earnestly and boldly, that therefore I allow my judgment to be carried away by my feelings. I think that I am in perfect possession of my reason and shall have no cause hereafter to wish any of my words recalled. I acknowledge that sometimes friends say to me: Father Walworth, you are not prudent, and especially in this temperance business. You stand in your own light. If you have any ambition, it is not wise. You block up your own way. No man, moreover, that talks so freely can hope to be popular. Sometimes the shot you scatter lodges near home. You hurt the feelings of friends.

"In truth, I am not insensible to observations of this kind. I have my own ambitions, such as they are, and they are great, vast. Magnificent aspirations fill my breast; but I am willing to bide my time, and I trust that in the end I shall not be altogether disappointed. I try hard to keep my boat headed in the direction of my hopes. As to popularity, I should be sorry to be found playing the demagogue at any time. Yet I should be very glad to have the whole world respect me and love me. A very dear-bought popularity would it be, however, if I should gain it only by the loss of something more valuable.

"Another caution touches me nearer. I have a circle of familiar friends, whose friendship is more dear to me than all the treasures of this earth. Yet even that I could deny myself rather than close my mouth in this holy cause. Let no one ask me to do it. I cannot. There are voices continually resounding in the chambers of my heart that will not let me. There are voices that haunt my dreams by night. I hear, of course, the greedy clamors that come from so many distillers and brewers. I see the smoke of the malt, and I hear the hissing of the still. I hear the clink of many bottles and the rolling of many barrels. I wish no harm to any honest trader. But behind all this, and beyond all this, and beneath all, and above all, and mingled with all, I hear a sound of riot and a cry of woe. I hear the sound of woman's voice in despair. I hear the accents of children complaining of cold and begging for bread. I hear the voices of multitudes of men, made in the image of God, with hearts like my own, made to love and be loved—I hear these hoarsely shouting as they rush into crime, or pitifully pleading on their knees for help—help against their own weakness. These things will not let my tongue be silent until it lies silent in the grave.

"How soon that time may come I know not. But this I know: so long as memory lingers within these cells of life and thought, so long will I remember with a proud pleasure the opportunity given me this evening to stand in this hall of famous recollections, the very centre of an area within which cluster the most joyous remembrances of my childhood, to stand before an audience like this, with privilege to plead this cause."

It is to be hoped that the eloquent defence of the temperance movement contained in this able speech by Father Walworth may be circulated far and wide. The good seed that he has

sown so fearlessly may be destined to produce an abundant harvest long after the termination of his earthly career.

Within the past year many earnest men holding distinguished positions have been engaged in gathering reliable information concerning the number, the location, and the management of retail liquor-stores in New York City. In this important work the members of the Episcopalian Church Temperance Society have taken a prominent part. Under the laws of this organization those who use moderately and those who abstain entirely from intoxicating drinks unite together on equal terms to oppose the excessive use of liquor. At a mass meeting of citizens of New York, held under the auspices of the above society, eminent speakers advanced strong arguments to show that it is for the public good to have the sale of liquor restricted within reasonable limits, and that a maximum license fee of five hundred dollars per annum would be effective in reducing the number of drinking-places. Under such a system the licensed dealers would become active and interested agents in preventing the unlicensed traffic that is now carried on largely in defiance of the police. Not content with exposing the lawlessness that abounds among the low groggeries, the citizens present at the mass meeting referred to unanimously approved the appointment of a deputation to wait upon the excise commissioners to urge upon them restriction in the issue of licenses, and upon the police commissioners to inform them of the violations of law respecting the sale of liquor to minors, to intoxicated persons, and at forbidden times. It was also decided that this deputation should interview the mayor to ask for the appointment of competent and reliable excise commissioners.

St. Paul's Temperance Guild, of New York City, deserves honorable mention for its continuous efforts since its formation to lessen in every possible way the evils of intemperance. To this end they recently decided at a public meeting to send a letter to Mayor Edson containing a condensed statement of the testimony derived from many sources and from many conscientious persons residing in the Twenty-second Ward. A few passages from this letter may be appropriately quoted in connection with the evidence already presented with reference to the management of the liquor-traffic:

"From selfish motives, to increase their profits, *some retail liquor-dealers*—and perhaps some of the wholesale dealers also—adulterate what they sell with injurious substances; allow habitual drunkards, in defiance of the law, to purchase drink and lounge in their stores; encourage the use of

strong intoxicating liquors, and seek to dissuade the citizens of this city from doing what they ought to do to promote their own well-being. Some of these retail liquor-dealers are responsible for co-operating with the drunkards in depriving destitute women and children of food and clothing. The money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is gladly taken by these inhuman monsters in exchange for their destructive, adulterated beverages. These considerations, your honor, are not illusions of the imagination. The statements which we make are based on facts, stern realities, and may be verified by your own observations in this neighborhood.

"As citizens, therefore, entitled to the protection of the laws which you are appointed to defend and enforce, we demand a rigid supervision over those authorized to sell liquor; we wish to see more strenuous efforts made to put into practical operation laws to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to aid in suppressing the degrading vice of intemperance. With proper deference, we ask you to consider the reasons that have induced the excise commissioners to grant licenses for the sale of liquor in over *nine thousand* stores. We beg leave to inform you that *some of the individuals* who have obtained a license for this business are unfit to be placed in a position where they can do damage to others. In conclusion, your honor, we cherish the hope that you will seriously reflect on the information communicated in this letter, and that you will speedily devise a plan to sustain us in our efforts to enforce the existing laws for the suppression of that most destructive vice, *intemperance*."

It is not within the scope of the present article to give a detailed account of the work accomplished during the past year by the various Catholic organizations devoted to the cause of temperance. But it is proper to state that the delegates of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies, representing the Metropolitan Union of the State of New York, at their last annual convention in the city of Troy unanimously adopted the following resolutions, proposed by Father Walworth:

"1st. That the object of this Union is not merely to provide for the safety or the perfection of its own members, but also to 'oppose and uproot the baneful vice of drunkenness' by the systematic application of every available means, religious or otherwise.

"2d. That the sale of intoxicating drinks upon the Lord's day is not only a violation of the laws of the State and the precepts of the church, but also a fruitful source of intemperance; and that we are bound in the very nature of this Union to oppose it and to seek by every available means to uproot it.

"3d. That, in view of the curse of drunkenness which lies like a blight upon this generation, it is right and necessary to unround the sale of intoxicating drinks by salutary restraints of law, and that it is the especial vocation of temperance men and the duty of all good citizens to sustain such laws and encourage their enforcement."

It is important to call attention to these resolutions as show-

ing that the Catholics of New York State have determined that "it is right and necessary to surround the sale of intoxicating drinks by salutary restraints of law," and that it is the duty of all good citizens to sustain such laws. The same policy was sanctioned by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America in the convention held August 2 and 3, 1882, at St. Paul, Minnesota. It was declared in one of the resolutions adopted that the delegates did not rely upon "any compulsory means to suppress drunkenness," and that all lovers of virtue and sobriety, whether they be total abstainers or believers in temperance, should enforce salutary measures for elevating from the depths of sorrow and degradation thousands of our men, women, and children who need their assistance and guidance.

The evidence brought forward in the preceding pages is sufficient to show that all good men should be actively interested in the suppression of intemperance. The unrestricted sale of beer—which is so often used among intemperate women—or any other intoxicating drink would produce disastrous results. No honest, respectable dealer can wish to liberate from the wise restraints of civil law the reckless individuals who are degrading his business. Salutary restrictions and limitations are feared only by those who are unfit to have a license at all. As conducted by disreputable men—and there are many of them—the liquor-traffic is dangerous to public morals and to the prosperity of the state. Let all who desire to vindicate the liquor-dealers from the accusations made against them endeavor to co-operate with the champions of temperance in an earnest effort to have laws made based on the sound principles admirably stated by Bishop Ireland in the following quotation from his lecture at Chicago :

"The sole logical plea upon which prohibition can ever seek to obtain a hearing is this : that liquor-selling has become among us such a nuisance that the most sacred interests of the people, the salvation of the commonwealth itself, are imperilled, and that all other means less radical have been tried in vain to avert the calamity. It must be borne in mind that under our free government it is a very dangerous proceeding to infringe to any considerable degree upon private rights and liberties under the plea of the public welfare. The very essence of our republican government is that it will respect, as far as it may be at all possible, private rights. Individual taste as to what we are to eat or drink is one of the most personal of our natural rights, one of the very last subjects, indeed, even in extreme cases, for public legislation. The case is, certainly, supposable when matters should have come to such a pass, as I believe they have in China as regards the use of opium, that nothing but prohibition would suffice ; then

salus populi suprema lex would be my principle. Even then, however, we should have to consider whether public opinion had been so formed as to warrant the practical enforcement of prohibition. The first work must at all times be to appeal to the intelligence and moral nature of men. Legislation by itself will be idle speech. It has its purpose: it removes and lessens temptations; it assists and strengthens moral sentiment; but alone it neither creates nor takes the place of virtue. So far, in America, I imagine public opinion is not prepared for prohibition; nor have we with sufficient loyalty tried other less radical measures to be justified in invoking the forlorn hope—absolute prohibition. If in the future, however, the country shall be precipitated towards extremes on the liquor-question, the liquor-dealers will themselves have brought about the crisis: they will reap the whirlwind where they will have sown the wind. By resisting, as they do at present, all rational and moderate measures for the suppression or diminution of the evils of alcohol, they will have forced us to cut them off as men madly and incurably opposed to the interests of the commonwealth.

“HIGH LICENSE.

“What is at once practicable, and would be most serviceable in diminishing the evils of intemperance, is to demand of liquor-sellers high license-fees. There are two grounds upon which we base our plea for high license. One is the economic ground: if a traffic of any kind puts unusual impediments in the wheels of government, State or municipal, and increases to an inordinate degree its expenses, the traffic should be made to bear its due proportion of those expenses. Before saloon-keepers have reason to complain of injustice or harsh treatment they should be made to pay over three-fourths of all sums spent annually in maintaining police forces, criminal courts, jails, public charities. In allowing them to pay but trifles of those sums the State or city is guilty of deep injustice towards the sober citizen, who is taxed to repair the harm inflicted by liquor upon society. The second ground for high license is the moral consideration that it is the duty of government to prevent as well as to punish wrongdoing, when no principle is violated by such prevention, and to put restrictions upon a traffic which is dangerous to public morals.

“Not many who would be candidates for a bar could pay one thousand or five hundred dollars; nor would the wholesale dealer be anxious, as he is now, to advance the license-fee. High license would drive saloons from the outlying districts into the more central portions of the city, where police control is more effective. It would end the unholy alliance between groceries and liquor, and the poor laborer or his wife could buy a pound of tea or sugar without being invited to buy also a glass of whiskey or beer. The impecunious fellows, ashamed to beg and too idle to work, willing, however, to sell whiskey, are often the men most careless of consequences; their idea is to make money. They would be kept out of the business. A salutary fear would rest upon all liquor-dealers of violating city ordinances, lest they lose their license, which has some value when it costs five hundred or one thousand dollars. Nor would so many drink if we had high license. There are men who will seek out whiskey or beer wherever it is and pay any money for it. There are many others, however, who will not

drink when temptation is not thrust upon them. The poor working-man after his day's work will not walk several blocks to find a saloon. If it is next door, and the selfish keeper, envying the dollar he has earned so hard, invites him with a sickly smile and a shake of his clammy hand to cross its threshold, the poor man will yield and get drunk. Diminish the saloons and you diminish the number of drinkers. A low license-fee is an open encouragement to the indefinite and irresponsible multiplication of rum-holes in every street and in every block of our cities.

"DANGER FROM INTEMPERANCE TO OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

"If we do nothing to stop the evil the solemn question for the American people is not out of place: Will the republic survive? No people so much as we need, for the very life of their political institutions, to cultivate sobriety; and yet America takes rank among the intemperate nations of the world. In monarchies and empires it matters far less how the people behave: the ruling power may still guide aright the ship of state. In a republic the people are the rulers; each citizen exercises through his vote sovereign power. The right of suffrage is a most sacred trust; the life of the commonwealth depends upon its proper exercise. From each one of us God will on the judgment day demand an account of our civic as well as our private acts, and, before Him, the citizen will stand guilty who will have aided by his vote to place in office, State or municipal, bad or dangerous men. Nor will the plea of mere party politics excuse him; loyalty to the country is the first and highest political duty. If ever the republic fail it will be because our form of government presupposes men better than they are. Behold, then, our danger—a danger which no republic in Rome or Athens ever encountered, a danger peculiarly our own—alcohol! Woe betide the republic of the west if hundreds of thousands deposit their ballots while the fumes of alcohol darken their brain; if the caucus of the reigning party is held around a saloon-counter; if the party slate is ever written near the whiskey-bottle or the beer-glass! Woe betide her if the men chosen by popular vote to enact or administer our laws cringe through fear before saloon-keepers, receive their inspiration from the whiskey and beer elements in the population, and speak and act at the bidding of King Alcohol! Yet, if we look well at things, the peril is upon us. The liquor-element shows itself most bold in politics; if daring and courage were the sole qualifications for power, it would assuredly deserve to reign. On the other hand, the moral and conservative men in the population too often shrink away into quiet security, timid and inactive. As the result, the most incapable and the worst men in city and State may at any time be entrusted with the reins of authority, and be permitted to shatter with fatal blow the pillars upon which rest our most cherished institutions. If the republic is to be perpetuated, alcohol should be made to feel that it is barely tolerated, and that it must never, under severe penalty, court power or seek to control politics. Alcohol cannot be the political king, else the republic becomes a mere memory of the past."

ENGLISH WAIFS.

WHOEVER has honestly attempted to benefit the so-called "dangerous classes" will eventually arrive at the sorrowful conclusion that the task is next door to hopeless. The force of habit is too strong. The sad condition described in Scripture of a man *delighting* in evil, loving it for its own sake, "rolling it under his tongue as a sweet morsel," is, alas! a realizable fact. Consequently many persons who have spent months and years in vainly trying to benefit adults, finding no result, have concluded that *the young*, the rising generation, merit most attention. *They* represent the *future*. And the constant increase of crime makes it most imperative to do something for these, who if suffered to grow up in infamy will become so many scorpion-whips to the nation. And surely, apart from all political considerations, there can be no sadder sight than thousands of depraved children, who, as Kingsley long ago remarked, are "cradled in vice, nursed in crime, polluted from the womb, yea, damned before they're born."

Charles Dickens did good service to society in calling attention to this race of pariahs. We see them accurately depicted in his pages—pale, emaciated creatures, clad in vermin-peopled rags, grimy, filthy, audacious, and cunning, whose ambition is to become adroit thieves, whose acme of delight is a full stomach. He stimulated legislative enactments, and to-day the eye is less offended in London streets by this continual reproach, the juvenile Lazarus at the gate of Dives. It cannot fail to interest those in New York who, like the admirable Father Drumgoole, feel the immeasurable importance of this work if we take a comprehensive though brief glance at the various measures adopted in England for the benefit of the homeless and outcast children.

The Poor Laws of England have been deservedly denounced by no less a person than Mr. Fawcett, the present postmaster-general, as "a curse to the laboring classes." And Mr. Prettyman, in his valuable work *Dispauperization*, traces to them the terrible scourge of pauperism with which the country is so manfully struggling. But he dares not tell us how much may be traced to the unequal distribution of wealth, and the small number of persons who possess the entire landed property of the realm.

The basis of all recent legislation for the aid of destitute children is the well-known law of Elizabeth, of 1602. By this enactment the parish is responsible for the maintenance of such children as have no protectors. In the year 1881 the number of such in England (exclusive of Wales) amounted to 442,338, and in this category there is not a child older than sixteen years. This shows since 1851 a diminution of a hundred thousand.

All these children are not assisted in the same way. A large number—295,888—get “out-door relief”; that is, they remain with persons who take care of them, and who receive certain doles of money or provisions. The rest receive “in-door relief”; that is, they are taken in and done for at the Union workhouse. The children of these establishments are happily far better off than Oliver Twist, and the awful crime of “asking for more” is not of so frequent occurrence. They are divided officially into three categories—“*casuals*,” “*orphans*,” “*deserted*.” Respecting these last a word needs to be said. The English law makes no provision, as does the French law, whereby a mother may give up her child to the care of the state, while she remains free herself. This state of things largely contributes to infanticide; and when this is not the case, and the wretched woman has still some lingering tenderness for her offspring, she leaves it helpless upon a doorstep, where happily it may be found, and from that time it becomes the charge of the parish.

The first place with which this poor waif makes acquaintance as soon as he can walk is the receiving-ward of the workhouse. Here he mingles with professional tramps, who never think of anything but begging and pilfering. Not unfrequently the narration of their adventures arouses in young minds that nomadic tendency which all of us possess, and the taste for “padding the hoof”—otherwise tramping—is implanted, never again to be wholly eradicated.

It was a long while before the consequences of this evil association were realized. But by two acts, one passed in 1845, the other in 1848, the government decided on a complete separation of the pauper children from the adults. The formation of district schools was the result. The metropolis is statistically divided into thirty unions, containing one hundred and ninety parishes. Eleven of these have separate schools for their children. They are mostly situated some miles from London. One of these, for the Lambeth Union, is situated at Norwood, and may be regarded as a fair specimen of the rest. The dormitories are narrow and ill-ventilated, and the vicious practice obtains of

compelling the children to sleep two in one bed. The school-rooms, however, are large and lofty, and there is a large playground and plenty of good air. The children are taught for certain hours of the day, and then instructed in some trade, such as shoe-making, tailoring, gardening, etc. The deck and spars of a ship afford opportunity for teaching youths destined for the navy. Occasionally the guardians find that a little more outlay on the education of the children is far more profitable than injudicious economy, since it lessens the chance of having to maintain them in future years. The cost of each child in the thirty unions varies from £16 10s. to £36 16s. annually.

Too much praise cannot be given for the efforts to keep the schools healthy. All children arriving from the workhouse are placed in a probationary ward which, as in the South Metropolitan District School, is built apart. They undergo a mild quarantine, for many are afflicted with contagious diseases. Generally these rooms are constructed of such inexpensive material that they can be burned in the event of severe epidemic. Great attention is paid to drill, and gymnastics, and bathing, so that the poor shrunken form of a street Arab soon becomes healthy and robust.

Girls are instructed in domestic work, but not in cooking. The garb imposed on the children is coarse and ugly—a real badge of servitude. There is little to complain of in the education except, perhaps, that there is too much of it. Mrs. Senior remarks: “It would be far wiser to teach girls how to cook a potato or darn a stocking than the heights of mountains and the length of rivers.” The instruction is declared to be *unsectarian*, but the service of the Church of England is the only one used. To the honor of the commissioners it must be said that they are scrupulous about compelling the attendance of Catholic children. If there is a Catholic priest in the vicinity he is invited to give them instruction, and always consents. But if there is no priest, these poor children are in a state of absolute spiritual destitution. This is why Cardinal Manning has labored so energetically to procure the establishment of a school specially for Catholic children. The government has partially yielded. A large number of Catholic children from London are sent to St. Mary’s orphanage, directed by the Belgian Frères de la Miséricorde; while an equally large number of girls are sent to a convent of nuns whose mother-house is Notre Dame de la Délivrance, in Normandy.

Independent of the trades taught in these district schools,

boys who have reached twelve years of age are eligible for one of the training-ships. Several of these lie at the mouth of the Thames, and the boys are carefully trained for maritime service. The captain in command knows how to combine a strict discipline with that reasonable amount of freedom necessary to youth. However loud the uproar of "wild and careless play," if he but sound twice on his whistle there is instantaneous and absolute silence. He seeks to arouse in them a manly emulation, a sense of honor, and the gold stripe awarded for good conduct is much appreciated. Its removal for grave offences is regarded as a serious punishment. The authorities have not discarded the rod as a final punishment for the worst form of offences; and my own experience shows there is wisdom in this. Do not discard it in *theory*, but in *practice*. If a very severe chastisement is needed, it is every way better to birch a boy than injure his health with confinement and severe tasks. No one was ever the worse for a judicious flogging.

To see these bright, happy-looking fellows in their smart uniform, glowing with ruddy health, as agile as monkeys, and quite as mischievous, it is matter of hearty congratulation to think so many have been rescued from the sorrowful career of misery in which they were born. The authorities have, indeed, difficult material to mould into this shape. I once questioned one of these training-ship lads, one much trusted by the captain, and this was his story :

"We had slept in a barrel, a sugar-barrel you know, my sister and I, when the boy's beadle twigged us, and takes us to the workhouse. They gave us some grub, but I couldn't eat half of it, because I never got such a lot all at once. I was a good while before I could eat it all. Then they took me to a bath, and told me to get in and not be afraid. I wasn't afraid because I used to dive in the Thames mud for pennies. So I jumped in, but I screamed out directly, for it was hot, and I never had had a hot bath in my life. I thought they wanted to kill me, and no threats could make me get in again. I was said to be a bad 'un, and I think I was. So I was marched to the school and the master asked my name. I wouldn't tell him. He insisted, and I told him to find out. Then a monitor took hold of me, but I giv him a punch in the head that sent him sprawling. Then the master got out his stick, so I had to tell him my name was Carrots. He said it wasn't a proper name, but I never had any other. So he set-to to find out, and in a week he said my name was William Brown. I shall never forget the first time I went to church. I'd never been inside one before, and when I saw the chaps in white gowns I was stunned. But I got whacked coming out for going to sleep, so I kicked the master's shins. Then they sent me here, sir; and it's no use playing up here, and I'm very happy, and hope soon to get a real ship."

And there was undoubtedly in him the stuff of a jolly tar. This is but one way of meeting the difficult query, *What is to be done with the children when they grow up?* Orphans and deserted children remain at the district school until they are sixteen. But this is not the case with *casual* children. These leave the school at the same time that their parents quit the workhouse. These generally take refuge there during the winter, for there are seventy thousand more casuals in the workhouses during January than during July. It is quite impossible to make any satisfactory impression on these young tramps during their short stay. But though little *good* can be done to them, they do a great deal of harm to the other children. The irruption of this floating element of depravity into the stable population of the schools is an unmixed evil, and calls for a more rigid classification.

The only remedy yet tried has been to "farm" the children; that is, to place them with peasants, who send them to the National school, and take care of them for a fixed payment. But generally they are much worse off than in the workhouse. Apart from the privations they suffer, the very low state of morals among the English peasantry exposes them to the greatest dangers. This may be seen by the following fact: The proportion of illegitimate births in three agricultural counties, Westmoreland, Norfolk, and Salop, was last year *eleven per cent.* It is in these districts that overcrowding in the deplorable hovels of the laborers produces the most flagrant immorality. Consequently the guardians of the poor have almost abandoned the plan of farming the children.

It may be asked, What are the *moral* results of the district-school system? According to the reports of her majesty's inspectors of schools, and taking an average of the last five years, we find that of the boys *five* per cent. turn out badly, and *nine* per cent. among the girls. The remainder have turned out reasonably well. We must set off against these government figures those of a committee promoted by Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Kinnaird to inquire into the prostitution of London. These quite impartial persons, gentlemen of high rank, found that fifty-four per cent. of the girls discharged from the schools led a wholly bad or suspicious life, thirty-nine per cent were well or passably conducted, the rest were dead or had disappeared. The result of this inquiry is that the workhouse plan of education succeeds badly for girls. It has been said that they are dazzled by the glamour of prostitution offering them (*in fancy*) a

life of idleness and plenty, and the old ingrained laziness prefers this terrible risk to plain living and hard work.

It has long been a vexed question with statesmen and philanthropists, *What are we to do with our juvenile criminals?* The late Mr. Hill, Q.C., recorder of Birmingham, and the present Home Secretary, have given serious attention to the subject. It is one of absorbing interest, and every now and again thrusts itself upon the public attention and claims a hearing. Three acts of parliament regulate their treatment. The first in date and the least known is that of July 22, 1847, entitled *The Juvenile Offenders Act*. It defines *offences* to be of two sorts, *indictable offences* and those susceptible of *summary conviction*, either by two justices of the peace sitting in petty sessions or a stipendiary magistrate. In the number of indictable offences is simple larceny, a crime of the most frequent commission by the gamins of London, and which they regard as no crime at all, "nicking" being their chief source of livelihood. Formerly a child who had stolen an apple was sent to the county jail, to await the tri-monthly sessions ere he obtained acquittal or sentence. The Home Secretary has now given the stipendiary magistrates the power of inflicting a flogging in lieu of imprisonment, which, if not more salutary to the offender, is at least more economical to the taxpayer. But the English law has not repudiated imprisonment as a punishment for juvenile offences; by no means. In 1879 1,883 children were sentenced to hard labor, and 1,070 to be flogged. Be it understood that the old cat-o'-nine-tails is now replaced by a stout birch rod, which, however, if vigorously wielded produces *a decided impression*. It has been found that the most hardened young reprobate would rather suffer three months at the treadmill than one birching. Minors condemned to imprisonment under the act of 1847 were sent to the settlement at Parkhurst, in the Isle of Wight. It worked ill. The youth was no sooner discharged than he was reconvicted for fresh offences, each time more aggravated than the last. The lads were simply trained for penal servitude. The public became so convinced of the necessity of establishing more efficient means of dealing with juvenile criminals that in 1852 a parliamentary commission was instituted, which prepared the draft of the well-known act of 1854 on *reformatory schools*.

This act empowered magistrates to send young delinquents, found guilty of theft, incendiarism, wounding, etc., to a correctional education for a period of not less than two years and not

more than five. This was to be preceded by an imprisonment in solitary confinement for fourteen days (since reduced to ten). This act was intended to meet the case of the most incorrigible class of waifs, to whom has been appropriately given the name of *street arabs*. But it was found inadequate to the purpose, and a new act, the *Industrial Schools Act*, was passed in 1866. This specially applies to vagabond children and juvenile criminals; but the former require to be under fourteen years old to secure its benefits, though it takes cognizance of delinquents under twelve. It extends also to children "without proper guardianship"; to those whose parents are in prison or who associate habitually with thieves, and to those who prove incorrigible at home or in workhouses. This act originated the officer known as the *boy's beadle*, whose duty it is to get hold of street waifs and carry them off to the magistrate. He is the first instance of a *beneficent Bumble*.

The strict fulfilment of this act has received an impetus from the London School Board, which by the act of 1870 is charged with the surveillance of all schools of primary instruction. The Brentwood school is owing to the activity of the board. The education of the waif is thus secured, but at the cost of the state. The day industrial school is of later growth. In this the scholar is fed and taught, but returns home at night. Considering what the homes are to which the children return, it is quite safe to say that any good which they may obtain during the day is completely nullified at night. The parent when able is compelled to pay his quota toward the expense of his child. In 1880 £19,044 17s. were recovered for school-fees from this class. This has proven good in two ways: it lessens the taxpayers' burden, and it places an obstacle in the way of those unnatural parents who in too many cases speculate on their children, calculating to live later on upon the proceeds of their nefarious lives.

There are in England and Scotland sixty-seven reformatory schools, containing in 1881 5,612 children. There are also 120 industrial schools, containing 12,900 children. About two hundred is the average in each school, the largest numbers being in training-ships. Most of these establishments are indebted to private charity for their maintenance. It is true the government pays five shillings per head—recently reduced to two shillings—weekly, but this is quite inadequate. Legacies, parochial grants, etc., and subscriptions publicly solicited make up their revenue.

The discipline of the reformatory school differs widely from

that of the industrial school; *necessarily* because the character of the inmates differs so widely. It is only in the former that you see those old faces upon young shoulders, faces wearing the scars of crime, the brand of infamy. But the difference of treatment is not perceptible to the observer. In both places strong efforts are made to keep up the appearance of a large public school; everything savoring of jail is avoided. There is an industrial school near Hyde Park that can only be distinguished from neighboring mansions by a tiny brass plate on the door; and one for girls at Hampstead is a pretty villa with ornamental grounds. When the education imparted is agricultural the school is called a *farm*. There are four reformatory and five industrial schools held on board ships. The boys in the latter are eligible for the royal navy, but those of the former are forever debarred by reason of their conviction of crime.

The first and most important of the reformatory schools is the Philanthropic Society's Farm School at Redhill. It was founded in imitation of Mettray, and the wise and benevolent founder of the French school, M. Demetz, was invited to lay its foundation-stone. Here the children are divided into families, under the general superintendence of a chaplain, who is also the governor. They are employed in field labor and in acquiring trades that are useful to agriculturists. They are taught to become carpenters, blacksmiths, bakers, farriers. As they are chiefly destined for rural life or for emigration, the society has obtained most satisfactory results. Out of 236 children liberated during the three years preceding 1881 only twenty-six have been reconvicted. This gives an average of eleven per cent., whereas at Mettray it is fourteen.

Redhill Reformatory has about three hundred inmates, but that of Feltham has eight hundred. This immense establishment is conducted entirely upon military principles. Drilling occupies a large part of the boys' time, accompanied by athletic exercises, which are found very beneficial to health. They are prepared for all trades, agriculture, shoemaking, military music, the navy, etc. It is quite a small world by itself. It supplies its own wants, growing its vegetables, washing its linen, manufacturing furniture, clothing, and all requisite utensils. It has its own church and its own cemetery, where these poor outcasts sleep side by side beneath little green mounds unmarked by any token whatever. I noticed one that had two common shells laid upon it. They told me the mother of the child lying there had brought them all the way from London to place them there.

There have been but eight per cent. of reconvictions at Felt-ham in three years. And this is very satisfactory, because the most part of the children go back to the depraving influences of their parents and associates.

To form a correct idea of the general results of the education imparted in reformatory schools we must consult other things than statistics. What effect has it upon the general criminality? The training terminates at sixteen, sometimes earlier. Four thousand and seventy boys and girls were set at liberty in one year, according to the latest report. Of this number five hundred and ninety went to sea, sixty-eight entered the army as musicians, one hundred and fifty-four emigrated, eighteen hundred and twenty-three were found situations, and the remainder went to their friends. It is always with the latter that difficulties chiefly arise. Statistics prove that it is nearly always the children that go back to their so-called homes who fall again into crime. The chaplain of each school keeps a register, called *Book of Discharge*, in which, arranged alphabetically, the name of each child is entered, and a sort of moral account opened with him. The cause of conviction, antecedents, those of his family, his conduct while at the school; then everything that can be gleaned about him after his discharge, either from himself or from others. If he disappears, the date is carefully noted and the cause hinted at. This is approximatively the surest method of testing the results of the education imparted in the reformatories. We make some few extracts from this book. Out of the whole number of boys discharged we find a proportion of seventy-two per cent. conduct themselves satisfactorily, while fourteen per cent. are reconvicted. For the girls a proportion of seventy-four per cent. who behave well against six per cent.; the remainder doubtful or disappeared. For the industrial schools the proportion is seventy-nine per cent. of well-conducted against five per cent. of reconvictions. For the girls eighty-one per cent. against three per cent. The rest doubtful. These results are certainly satisfactory.

We venture to observe that any careful person, however reluctant, must come to the conclusion respecting the Catholic industrial schools and reformatories that the boys are not so well managed as the girls. This does not detract in the least from the self-denying labors of persons like the Brothers of Mount St. Bernard. There is no lack of zeal or piety, but there is of that quality which the French aptly term *savoir-faire*. The nuns have a far more difficult task, for it is well known that a bad girl

is harder to manage than a bad boy. Yet they succeed better. The explanation given of this fact is: "In Catholic schools they strive to obtain obedience through the affections, without developing the sentiment of responsibility, and when this affection fails the child succumbs without making any resistance." I fear the good brothers who undertake this difficult task set about it in the mistaken belief that they have only to treat these boys like other boys to obtain the same results. On the contrary they have to deal with boys who are unlike *any* ordinary boys, and must be exceptionally treated. The subject is really so environed with thorny difficulties that we hesitate to make even a suggestion, lest in our ignorance of all the circumstances it should appear impertinent. If we have ventured upon this remark it is from our great regret at the partial failure of the brothers, and from a sincere wish to see the contrary. An acquaintance of many years with the class in question in some of the largest London parishes entitles us to an opinion.

As to the influence of the laws of 1854 and 1866 upon the general criminality of England it is very difficult to pronounce. At first sight this influence might seem null. The criminality of adults has a tendency to increase. In 1877 the number of sentences pronounced amounted to 154,276, which is 40,000 more than in 1866. But, as Sir Edmund Du Cane, the inspector-general of prisons, remarks, this increase may be accounted for by the increased severity of the laws, and their more energetic administration. It is not logical to infer that the increase of crime is due to the inefficiency of the laws for the repression of juvenile offences. In the adult prisons the number of criminals under twenty-five is to-day less than *a fourth*, while the average ten years ago was *a third*. This warrants the belief in an amelioration. The number of young delinquents has also diminished. In the first years of the Industrial Schools Act the annual number of delinquencies amounted to 10,000. To-day it has decreased to 7,200, and this despite the increased energy of the London School Board. This decrease can only be explained by the diminution of juvenile crime.

It would seem almost superfluous to remark that the present difficulties of the government in curbing juvenile crime are chiefly attributable to long years of past neglect, during which it *ignored* the subject. It is doing the same with another monster evil, prostitution. The stupidity of this procedure is apparent. The rapid growth of the evil will soon render remedial measures almost impossible.

It is to be feared that many causes are at work in New York which are fostering juvenile crime. But it is now capable of efficient repression. Let legislators and men of influence watch carefully over the many things that tend to corrupt the youthful mind. Let them *ignore* nothing. By these means they will avert that terrible condition of things which the English suffer from, who, despite the most heroic efforts to overcome the evil, feel at the best of times that they have only "scotched the snake, not killed it."

AMPÈRE'S STRUGGLE WITH DOUBT.

THE histories of the mental conflicts between faith and doubt are interesting and instructive especially when they deal with the actions of great minds or when they throw light on the subsequent career of men of note.

Some months ago, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Renan published a series of memoirs of his own religious, or irreligious, opinions, and lately a valuable criticism of these memoirs was translated in THE CATHOLIC WORLD from a French contemporary.* In that criticism it was conclusively proved that whatever else might have been M. Renan's motive for abandoning the Christian faith, the love of the truth was not, as he has boasted, the real motive; that, in fact, taking M. Renan's own premises for granted, his conduct in giving up first the sacerdotal career he had at one time entered on, and then the Catholic faith, was the result of not loving the truth with that self-sacrificing love which the truth demands and deserves. It was shown, indeed, and M. Renan's own memoirs were used in the illustration, that no one baptized and properly instructed in the faith can lose the faith unless he does not love the truth as it ought to be loved.

The same periodical which has so ably refuted M. Renan's pretension to have abandoned Catholicity in deference to his love of the truth gives us in a series of articles an insight into the religious vicissitudes of the greatest mind that science has boasted in France in this century. Between Ampère the Elder

* THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1883: "Was it Love of the Truth made M. Renan an Infidel?"

and M. Renan, as the *Controverse* points out, there is scarcely a foothold for comparison, except on the ground of notoriety. M. Renan has won some reputation as a Semitic scholar, but it is doubtful if he would ever have been heard of outside of small groups of specialists in philology had it not been for his *Vie de Jésus*, which, like everything that attacks the divinity of Christ, was warmly welcomed by the infidel, or so-called *Liberal*, press of Europe, and thus made its writer's name known to the world at large. But Ampère, to whom we owe the invention of electro-dynamics, looms up as a giant among scientists. There can be no doubt of the clearness and the power of reasoning, no doubt of the genius, of a man who, in a country like France, was selected at the age of thirty-four to be inspector-general of the newly-founded university. And the certainty of the man's greatness of mind is the better established from the fact that it was the great Napoleon—himself remarkable for his insight into men—who personally made the choice of him for this honorable and important position. The mere mention of Ampère's name suggests nothing that is not great and magnanimous.

André Marie Ampère was born in 1775 and enjoyed every advantage of education. His religious training was wisely fitted into the thorough course of studies he followed, so that when he became distinguished at Lyons for his abilities as a scholar he was still known to his family and friends as full of sound, manly, Catholic piety. In 1804—the year of Napoleon's coronation—he was invited to Paris and became one of the faculty of the École Polytechnique, and he was still a Christian in feeling and practice, as his correspondence at this epoch and for a short time after proves. But a change was taking place gradually in him, and he was beginning to sacrifice his convictions.

The Revolution in its first outburst had broken up and scattered many of the infidel philosophical coteries that had contributed their share towards bringing it about. The *salon* of Madame Helvetius at Auteuil, where Condorcet, d'Holbach, Turgot, and others had shone by their learning and wit, but especially by their sneers at Christianity, had disappeared with the rest, but there were survivors from the ruins. Helped by the wonderful success of the Empire, materialism in philosophy on the one hand and sceptical ideology on the other became more fashionable than ever. These two apparently contradictory forms of infidelity had their representatives in Cabanis and Destutt de Tracy, whom Ampère, soon after his arrival in Paris,

numbered among his most intimate friends. Cabanis, celebrated for his treatises on medicine and philosophy, explained all things, even the formation of ideas, by physical causes, while Tracy, who was the disciple of Condillac, taught Condillac's system in his *Éléments d'Idéologie*.

In 1805 Ampère writes to one of his old friends at Lyons:

"Be careful not to let my mother know of the doubts that trouble me. No one knows better than you how fully I believed in the revelation of the Roman Catholic religion, but since coming to Paris I have fallen into an unbearable state of mind. How I regret the change from the time [when he was a Catholic, that is] when I lived in those thoughts, though they may have been chimerical! . . . My dear Bredin, let me have a candid outline of your own present beliefs. . . ."

And again, in 1806, he writes to the same friend:

"You talk of the immortality of the soul, yet so far I have not had any doubts about that; still, I know that only a revelation can demonstrate the certainty of it. But though the edifice is standing its foundation is crumbling. What is to become of me at that terrible time when my body shall be far away from me? To what sort of existence shall I pass?"

"How it is that the religious sentiment once so active in me is nearly extinguished, or why uncertainty has taken its place, I cannot tell. I am puzzled, but it is a mystery which not all the metaphysics in the world can explain. Sometimes I feel my old ideas reviving and my doubts disappearing. . . . There have been days when the admirable thirty-seventh chapter of the third book of the *Imitation* has done me good. . . ."

Writing still later about Maine de Biran, one of the greatest metaphysicians of the century, whose acquaintance he had recently made, he says:

"I am still much taken up with metaphysics and have become intimately acquainted with Maine de Biran, whose work has just been crowned by the Institute and is shortly to be published. His metaphysics, like Kant's, is spiritual, though even further removed than Kant's from materialism. My way of looking at intellectual phenomena is simpler, and, as it seems to me, more in harmony with facts, but it does not raise the soul so high as does his, nor give so lofty an idea as his of the innate and essentially free power of the will, as shown in all his explanations."

In the meantime Ampère, having lost the wife whom he devotedly loved, married again; but this second marriage was unfortunate, and his domestic troubles issued in a lasting separation from his ill-matched partner.

In 1814 Ampère became a member of the Institute, being chosen on the first ballot. About this time his sagacious friend Bredin writes of him: "At last he has attained to the highest

honors that a scientist can win ; and among all those men whose colleague he now is, not one has so large and so mighty a brain as his. The greatest difficulties of science are mere sport for him ; heights which others try to climb only with painful efforts are reached by him naturally, and apparently at his ease. He is not affected by the desire of succeeding, as he loves science purely and for itself alone." The next year, the year of Waterloo, brought disaster to the Empire. But Ampère had never been a courtier. He owed his standing and his fame to his own merits exclusively. In fact, he had never felt any liking either for Napoleon personally or for the destructive methods of the man.

What interests us most, however, at this period of his life is that having sounded all the notes of doubt, having familiarized himself with all the philosophical systems that attempt to thrive without the aid of revelation, Ampère was again turning his mind toward Christianity. But this time, instead of the simple method he had naturally followed when a boy under his preceptors, he began a deep and scientific study of Christianity in its moral and historical aspects, bringing together in his own way the Gospels, the prophets, and the Fathers of the Church, and through them all slowly, methodically, and thoroughly sifting out the fundamental truths relating to faith. His correspondence during this period is an interesting record of the details of his movement back again to Catholic Christianity.

To make the new birth of Ampère's faith more apparent it is worth while to follow for a little the letters between him and Bredin, who also seems to have wandered away, though not so far as Ampère. Ampère had written in 1817 to ask Bredin exactly what he believed as to the Catholic Church, at the same time advising him to beware of the sects ; and Bredin in reply had admitted the existence of a divinely-established church having Jesus Christ for its founder, but he was in doubt as to the whereabouts of that church, and could not fully make up his mind as to what had become of it after its foundation. Bredin's view seemed to be that the church exists wherever the Father is worshipped in the spirit and in truth, but that no boundary line about the church could be definitely made out ; that the church took in the entire congregation of repentant sinners ; that the true church was at Jerusalem with the apostles, at Rome with St. Peter ; that it is to be seen in the palace and in the hovel ; that *even the Jesuits* are not excluded from it ; that it is in fact wide open to all the world, and good-will is the only passport re-

quired for admittance. Bredin, it is plain, was breathing an air which was full of such compounds as Gallicanism, Jansenism, and the vapid latitudinarianism that survived the Revolution. The strong, healthy Catholicity of the saints and doctors of the church was in his mind diluted with the prevalent self-conceit which, under the semblance of charitable-mindedness, found fault with the truth as too inflexible.

Bredin wrote that he was looking about for a priest to whom he could unbosom himself, but that he would not be satisfied with less than a St. Francis de Sales, and Ampère (March 1, 1817) replied:

"My dear friend, this morning I have received the great grace of absolution. On my return I found your letter, which has embittered the sweet peace I have felt since hearing the sacred words, *amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea, et a peccato munda me*. . . . From your language I had supposed you a faithful child of the church, but I was blind. I had said to you that, thanks to the Infinite Mercy, I was become a Catholic, and you seemed to be very glad of this. Were you then a Catholic? Yes, you were a Catholic for a moment, but the light has left you for a time, just as it left me after my coming to Paris. To-day it is in the Catholic Church only that I can find the faith and the gradual accomplishment of the promises which God has made, and made to her only."

Ampère, having wandered away from the faith to return to it after years of mental struggle, felt none of that impatience for the doubts or hesitation of others too often shown by those whose faith has never been subjected to great intellectual tests. He was now full of zeal for the cause of Catholic truth, but his zeal was fired with charity, not contempt. In 1818 he writes to Bredin:

". . . I have a wish to see you that is something like what Gall calls a fixed idea, and the homesickness I once before felt has taken hold of me anew. I am thinking only of my past. . . . Why have I allowed vain occupations to draw me away from heavenly things into an unpardonable idleness? In the eyes of the world I have now attained to fortune, fame, to that which men most strive for; but, my dear Bredin, God has shown me that all is vain except loving and serving him."

One day in 1833 a youth making his legal studies at the university wandered into the church of St. Étienne du Mont, as much from idle curiosity perhaps, and from habit, as from any distinct religious motive, for he was then a prey to doubts as to the truth of Christianity. The young man was Frederic Ozanam, destined to win fame in the republic of letters, and to become known the world over to Catholics as the founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Ozanam, weary, despon-

dent, and sceptical, moved up the aisle, looking listlessly about him, when suddenly he saw, kneeling humbly in a remote corner of the church, an old man wrapt in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, and commemorating the mystery of the Incarnation on the beads of his rosary. The venerable worshipper was the greatest savant of France, the illustrious Ampère, and his presence and attitude there, away from the noise and bustle and strife of the human life outside, produced an immediate effect. Ozanam went softly out, after making a prayer of thanksgiving at the altar, refreshed in spirit and comforted in mind.*

As M. Valson†—from whose articles in the *Controverse* the details of this article are taken—remarks, Ampère was at this time in the highest enjoyment of his talents, was at the very zenith of his scientific glory. But his towering intellect, his world-wide fame, coincided precisely with his humble prostration of himself before the altar of the church to which he had returned to be for ever after a faithful son. Ampère's conversion shows also the usefulness of the sound religious training he had received in the home of his parents. It was this which formed his morals and served as an anchor to prevent his drifting too hopelessly into the sea of denial, where his faith would have suffered shipwreck.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOCRATES. A translation of the *Apology*, *Crito*, and parts of the *Phædo* of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

Father Gratry has said: "The Socratic and Platonic school is the most moral of all the ancient schools, and the one which has best known, understood, and described the real impulse toward the Supreme Good which exists in the soul. In fact, Socrates, as is very properly laid to his charge by the modern sophists, is the founder of moral philosophy" (*Connais. de Dieu*, c. ii.) The story of his death has lost none of its fascination for the mind and the imagination, none of its power to stir the best sensibilities of the heart, by the lapse of twenty-four centuries. Plato the disciple of Socrates, and Aristotle the disciple of Plato, keep their place among the six or eight men of the highest order of genius who are the princes in the realm of philosophy. The distinguished writer quoted above has also said: "St. Augustine sees in antiquity one true doctrine and two other doctrines of sects: the two sects being those of Epicurus and Zeno; the true doctrine

* Ozanam, who also was from Lyons, lived for a time in Ampère's house while following his university course.

† M. Valson is the Dean of the Faculty of Sciences of Lyons.

that of Plato. According to St. Augustine, a doctrine is to be judged by the point where it places these three things: the supreme good, the causes of existing realities, the centre of stability in reasoning. Now, Epicurus places these three things in the body and the senses, and the character of his sect is foulness; Zeno places them in man himself, and his sect is marked by pride; Plato places them in the true God: his is the true philosophy. This is what St. Augustine says."

The sect of abject and foul materialism and the sect of windy pride subsist in our own day, revived in worse than their ancient forms, and flood the world with their counterfeit science and base literature. When we read the best of the pagan classics they seem by comparison like Christian productions. The study of this portion of Greek and Latin literature is a powerful antidote to the mental and moral malaria by which the atmosphere is poisoned. Good translations, especially from the Greek, enable readers of English who cannot enjoy the originals to share largely in the profit and pleasure derived from a study of the classical authors. It is a pleasure to find, where there is so much lamentable waste of time in reading and writing that which for the most part, if not noxious, is trash, and if not trash is noxious, an example of devotion to solid studies and of generous effort to make these useful to others, specially fitted to awaken the emulation of that class of young people most exposed to the temptation of frivolity. The translator of the three famous pieces of Greek literature given in English in the volume under notice, having been introduced by Prof. Goodwin, of Harvard University, does not need any further commendation for accuracy and faithfulness in rendering the true sense of the Greek. On the qualities of the style as a specimen of English composition, we may express our opinion that we could not wish for anything more suitable to the purpose of expressing easily and correctly what was spoken and written in Greek, as if it had been first composed in English. The *Apology* of Socrates is the speech which he made before the Athenian assembly which condemned him to death. The *Crito* is one of the Dialogues of Plato in which the events and circumstances of the last scenes in the life of Socrates are recounted. The *Phædo* is another Dialogue, one of Plato's masterpieces, containing an argument for the immortality of the soul. Some parts of it, very judiciously we think, are omitted, and their place supplied by short abstracts which link together the translated portions, so that the reader does not lose the continuity and true pith of the discourse, yet is relieved from its long digressions.

The cheap edition in paper covers costs only fifty cents, and thus is in reach of the generality of lovers of good books. It is, however, a model of neatness and of all the proprieties dictated by good taste. May it obtain a wide circulation and be followed by more of the same good sort!

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY AND THE REFORMATION PERIOD. By S. Hubert Burke, author of *The Men and Women of the Reformation*, "Time unveils all Truth." Vol. iii. London: John Hodges, 1883. (New York: For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Some admirers of Luther, especially in the free régime of Prussia, intend this year to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. That celebration will be the signal for much foolish talk about the causes,

methods, and results of the so-called Reformation. But it will do good, too, for by drawing public attention to the career of the apostate friar and of his abettors it will be the means of leading many logical minds among non-Catholics to examine for themselves into the history of the irreligious disturbance of the sixteenth century in the northern countries of Europe. There will be Protestants who, amid the noisy rhetoric, will quietly study for themselves; who, not influenced by the imaginative and lying Genevese D'Aubigné or his echoers, nor by the traditional falsehoods that originated with Fox and Burnet, or were given currency by them, will weigh the testimony of contemporary writers, including that of the "Reformers" themselves, as to the value of the movement given shape by Martin Luther.

A good deal will be said, no doubt, as it has repeatedly been said, of "the corruption of the clergy" at that period in the countries where Protestantism broke out like a tumor; and much of this will be true. One fact, however, which will perhaps astonish those Protestants who take up an honest study of "the Reformation" is that it was precisely the most corrupt members of the clergy, the men chafing under a virtuous restraint, who threw themselves the most recklessly and bitterly into the movement. And these clear-headed Protestant students, pursuing their investigation, will be able, without any sophistry, to reason that a movement which followed on the corruption so often charged, and which numbered among its supporters a large proportion of the most corrupt, could not, in any proper sense of the word, rightly lay claim to the name of a reformation.

But the corrupt clergy alone would have been powerless. One of the first acts of "the Reformation" everywhere was the confiscation of property—of churches, monasteries, and asylums especially. This in itself is suggestive. Besides, there is scarcely an instance of a "Reformer" who did not gain something of this world's goods by "reforming"; if it was not a rich estate from a neighboring religious order, or absolute plunder during riot, or during siege and sack, then it was surely a wife. The immense domains of the English nobility to-day are largely the work of the "reforming" and noble rascals who hung about the courts of the Tudors and got their share in the plunder of the church property, which had always been held as the heritage of the poor. Instead of the beautiful, benevolent monasteries, which it left in ruins on every hillside, "the Reformation" built the workhouses and prisons, changing "merrie England" into avaricious England that grinds the poor and the lowly. In England, as elsewhere, "the Reformation" made the rich richer, but the simple though good and contented poor it degraded into beggars or sullen sots. The Catholic Church is essentially the church of the whole people, but "the Reformation" in England divided the people into classes, even in its conventicles. The profligate prelate and the bankrupt noble, the one taking some one else's wife, perhaps, the other grasping the lands and goods of the neighboring monastery, attached themselves to the schismatic Establishment, to the remnant of what had not been destroyed or plundered. But the more obscure though equally profligate priest who had thrown himself into the heresy associated himself with a band of ne'er-do-wells, perhaps with the survivors of the Lollard communists of the towns, and set up a

new form of disorder under the name of Anabaptists, Brownists, or what not.

Men and women, alike Catholics and Protestants, were deprived of their goods, were imprisoned, were tortured, or even lost their lives, on account of their religion, or their want of religion, in each of the bloody reigns from Henry VIII. to Elizabeth inclusive; yet it is a fact, not often enough dwelt on, that the persecutors were more or less the same, or were connected in unbroken succession, through the worst period of all these reigns. When the ordinary Protestant reads, for instance, the account of Cranmer's trial under Queen Mary, in his indignation he is not apt to remember, perhaps he does not know, that the proctor who so skilfully and mercilessly conducted the case against Cranmer was, in the reign of the next queen, as zealous against Catholics. When the Protestant reads with horror the account of poor Latimer's cruel fate he perhaps does not remember, or does not know, that under Henry VIII. the same Latimer, then a schismatic of Henry's kind, sat in the court which sent John Lambert to the stake for denying Transubstantiation; and that later, as a Protestant under Edward VI., Latimer sermonized, or rather taunted, Dr. Forrest, a Catholic priest, while the unfortunate priest was hanging in chains roasting over a fire.

The researches made of late years among the English State Papers, and other original sources of information, concerning the beginning and the growth of "the Reformation" in England, have unearthed a curious mass of testimony as to the evil character of many of the chiefs and underlings in that movement. But it is hard to efface early impressions, and the ordinary non-Catholic, whose childish notions of Cranmer, Latimer, and the other "godly" heroes of that period were derived from their Sunday-school reading, and especially from the Munchausen tales of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, will not easily give up the prejudices of a lifetime.

Destructive as was "the Reformation" of nearly everything that it could destroy of what was good and beautiful in art and literature, no less than in religion, its history is nevertheless interesting from its picturesqueness, as well as from the lessons it teaches. It is a confused scramble of a motley crowd for the wealth of churches, monasteries, and hospitals, the fortunate and educated "Reformers" taking on conservative airs after coming into possession, whereat the disappointed rabble in homespun, and all who have been left in the lurch, or have been, as they believe, cheated of their fair share of the plunder, repeat the pillage and set about to reform "the Reformation."

For something more than two years the author of the *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty* has been a valued contributor to the pages of this magazine. His readers will be glad to know that he has now brought out a third volume of his *Historical Portraits*, resuming the sketch of Cardinal Pole's mission, continuing with the events of Mary's reign down to her death, and then giving a glance at the condition of religious affairs in England at Elizabeth's accession and for some time after. He intends to complete his valuable series of pictures of the Tudor times in a fourth volume. In the third volume (p. 92), now published, he defends himself from some unjust criticism: "During the four-and-twenty years I have been connected with English and foreign literature I have never wilfully

or otherwise misrepresented facts. In Cranmer's case I have merely produced statements drawn from the records of his actions during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son Edward VI. I positively affirm that the charges I have preferred against the archbishop are derived from the State Papers or Protestants of high repute. In the course of my researches I have met with documents which place Cranmer's private and public life in a far worse position. Yet I have hesitated to use such material, and disregarded the suggestions offered for placing it on record."

Mr. Burke's style is candor itself, exceedingly artless, and not a little quaint at times. The volumes are well printed, though not uniform in size nor in the color of the paper, and the proof-reading is not what it should be. Quotation-marks are often wanting, either at the beginning or the end of a passage cited, and this is an exasperating defect in some places. The punctuation, too, is occasionally bewildering. But there can be no question of the great value of Mr. Burke's *Portraits*, which should find a place in every respectable library.

NOTES ON INGERSOLL. By Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N. Y. Preface by Rev. Patrick Cronin. Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Catholic Publication Co. 1883.

This little book is the best answer to Ingersoll that has yet appeared. Others have answered his arguments, and have done it well; some have put him aside and gone to the sources from which he drew, and have refuted his teachers. But Father Lambert here deals not only with the arguments of his adversary but also with the man himself. Ingersoll, the voluble, shallow, scoffing, jeering mob-orator, is subjected to a thorough-going course of treatment; his motives are revealed, his impertinence rebuked, his misstatements and false assumptions and bullyings fitly punished. Considering how much of Ingersoll's success has been due to his effrontery and his mastery in a certain low sort of wit, the wisdom, even the necessity, of Father Lambert's method in answering him will be appreciated. Doubtless such a course presents some difficulties to a respectable clergyman. The fact that Father Lambert is a priest, a serious student of Scripture and theology, and a journalist of reputation made it, we fancy, no little difficult for him to obey the Scripture injunction, "Answer a fool according to his folly." It detracts nothing, however, from the repute of a master of fence that he can break heads at quarter-staff. The exigencies of self-defence sometimes impose on a peaceable man the unpleasant task of using nature's weapons upon a wayside bully to blacken his eyes and throw him into the gutter.

The truth is that the common run of assailants of the Christian religion have caught Ingersoll's tone. It is a scoffing, sneering atheism that Christian men have to contend with in private life, at their places of business, among chance acquaintances and in travelling, and from the evil side of the home-circle in social intercourse. Here, then, is what we consider not only a real hand-book of the proofs of God's existence and providence, the truth of Scripture, a future state of rewards and punishments, and the other fundamental truths of religion, and so a treasury of matter for all serious argument, but especially a model of the manner in which to deal with Ingersollism. Let any fair-minded man read these twenty short

chapters, and enjoy their wit and sarcasm, and ponder over the solid arguments everywhere contained in them, and we are sure that he will agree with our estimate. The introductory chapter is perhaps the gem of the book, but there is a vein of fine humor all through and several passages of real eloquence. It is well printed and bound.

NATALIE NARISCHKIN, SISTER OF CHARITY OF ST. VINCENT OF PAUL. By Mrs. Augustus Craven, author of *A Sister's Story*. Translated by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York: Benziger Brothers.

Madame Craven's original work was reviewed in this magazine on its first appearance. Since it has now found a translator who is the equal of the author as a writer, we recall the attention of our readers to what we have said of the illustrious subject of the biography and the charming style in which it has been written. We repeat, in brief, for the information of all who need it, that the holy Sister Natalie was born in 1835 and died in 1874; that she belonged to the family of the highest princely rank in Russia next to the imperial family itself, was converted from the schismatical Russian Church to the Catholic Church, and, after her reception into the congregation of Sisters of Charity, passed the rest of her life in a religious house at Paris. Her biography is both delightful and instructive in the highest degree.

CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY AND SICILY. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of *Walks in Rome*, *Walks in London*, etc. New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1883.

Mr. Hare in this, as in his two preceding volumes of Italian travel, goes over a good deal of ground that is far from familiar to the ordinary English traveller or to those American travellers who customarily follow English footsteps. The author is evidently fond of his subject and has a sympathetic heart for all in Italy that is not essentially Catholic. Mr. Hare's pleasant style is easy and delightful reading, even apart from the intrinsic pleasure of the subject-matter, and he knows how to give a definiteness to his descriptions by apt quotation. It would be difficult now for any one limited to English and intending a tour of Italy to dispense with Mr. Hare's volumes, for there is a warmth of color about his descriptions that renders them a needed supplement to the rather dry pocket guide-books of Baedeker, Murray, and others.

But though Mr. Hare's volumes are admirable in their way, they are not without a very great defect, which has been hinted at above. Not only has Mr. Hare no sympathy with the religion of Italians: he seems to be laced up in the old-fashioned Protestant prejudice against all things Catholic.

Mr. Hare in his introductory chapter remarks that "English travellers nearly always play at follow-the-leader," but he is himself playing at the same game when he follows stereotyped Protestant prejudices in describing or criticising either the popular superstitions or the Catholic customs that he observes among the impulsive peasantry of southern Italy. What, for instance, would Mr. Hare's American co-religionists think of a Catholic foreigner who, after a trip through this country, should on his return to his home publish his travels and point out as among the most noteworthy characteristics of their religion the consulting of "clairvoyants," a belief

in the virtue of a horseshoe when hung over a door—or even over a bridal couple—a horror of the number thirteen at a social feast and of undertaking anything on a Friday, or the like? Of course there are curious superstitions surviving in Italy, and in other ancient lands, from pagan times, and a scholar like Mr. Hare ought not to betray the inveterate blindness of many Protestants in this matter, who cannot dissociate the harmless traditions of an ancient people from the religion of the Catholic Church. Mr. Hare evidently means no offence, yet he does very offensively jumble together the sacred rites of the Catholic Church and the curious old customs of an ignorant people. In the one paragraph he speaks of the “evil eye,” “charms,” and “andidotes,” along with “half the population” of Naples “kneeling in the streets,” and the Blessed Sacrament being carried in procession during an eruption of Vesuvius. And, by the way, in this very passage Mr. Hare seems to regard the prayer of the people in the face of calamity as a “superstition”! In describing the cathedral of Naples he undertakes to give an idea of the scene when the hot-blooded Neapolitans gather to witness the liquefaction of the blood of their beloved martyr-patron. But whom does he quote for the main part of the description of this religious ceremony? Voltaire and Alexander Dumas!

In his brief sketch of Sicilian history Mr. Hare is again in the clutches of his Protestant prejudice when he ascribes, p. 374, to “the jealousy of the popes” the attack upon and defeat of fifteen thousand Saracens by seven hundred Christian Normans in 1061. It is true that it was the popes who everywhere, when they could, marshalled the Christian princes against the Moslem and thus saved Europe from Mohammedanism; but even Protestant prejudice ought to be able to see something nobler than jealousy in this. It is strange, by the way, how this antipathy to the popes has led so many Protestant historical writers to betray a sort of tenderness, one might say a love, for Mohammedanism against Christianity whenever dealing with the heroic efforts made by Catholicity during the middle ages against the Moslem invasions. Witness, for instance, Washington Irving, who almost sheds tears over the departure of the Moors from Granada.

Were it not for this Protestant inability to penetrate the religious atmosphere that surrounds a different people, this new volume of Mr. Hare's travels in Italy would form a more useful companion to the traveller than it does now and would be an entertainment and instruction for home reading.

A TREATISE ON CITIZENSHIP, BY BIRTH AND BY NATURALIZATION, with reference to the Law of Nations, Roman Civil Law, Law of the United States of America, and the Law of France; including provisions in the Federal Constitution, and in the several State Constitutions, in respect of citizenship; together with decisions rendered thereon of the Federal and State courts. By Alexander Porter Morse, of Washington, D. C. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1881.

A clear understanding of the rights and privileges of citizenship is in no country of so great importance as in ours, where a large proportion of our people are citizens either by naturalization or by the naturalization of their parents. For unless his political status is clearly established by the federal government and his rights are as stoutly maintained, every naturalized citizen who sets out for a journey abroad is liable to petty annoy-

ances from nervous or ignorant officers of foreign governments, if not to unprovoked imprisonment in countries where the reign of law means the reign of an arbitrary administration, as is, for instance, the case with naturalized citizens of Irish birth who have any reason to visit Ireland now. There is no question that outside of certain limitations as to office-holding and as to voting fixed by the constitutions of the United States and of certain States, a naturalized citizen is entitled to the same rights and privileges as a natural born citizen. The difficulty is in determining in any given case whether or not the requirements for naturalization have been complied with. It is a matter of evidence.

Mr. Morse's work is a treatise on the whole subject of citizenship, but, owing to the course of the English and German governments with regard to many of our naturalized citizens, it is the international phase of citizenship as treated by Mr. Morse which just now the most appeals to public interest. Mr. Morse very justly says of the weakness of the Federal government in regard to its citizens when abroad that

"The occasions have been too frequent in which the government of the United States has hesitated, or neglected, to protect sufficiently the persons and rights of naturalized citizens abroad. The measure and character of protection—when it was extended—*was dependent altogether upon the character of the executive or of the cabinet*, rather than upon any well-defined and consistent action as the result of a pronounced foreign policy. . . . On occasions the attitude of the United States towards her citizens abroad has been discreditable as well as pusillanimous, and it is usually in mortifying contrast with the conduct of Great Britain in respect of her subjects."

The italics are ours. To a great extent, then, the safety from annoyance, or worse, of the naturalized citizen whose business or pleasure takes him abroad depends on the personal feelings of the United States representative to him, or to his class or race, rather than upon the will and the ability of his country to protect her citizens. And this was written nearly three years ago. Can it be said that there has been any improvement in this matter within these three years?

AN ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE OF BOOKS PUBLISHED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION. First compiled by the Secretary of the Association. Revised, rearranged, and corrected to date by L. K. April, 1883.

Some time, perhaps, in the far future a history will be written of the Catholic publishing trade in the United States, and very interesting reading no doubt it will prove to the American Catholic of that day. We are now in the building period of Catholicity in our country, both in the literal and figurative senses. It is a period, too, of great discontent and much complaint, and of constant yearnings for something that we have not, but that it is supposed we as Catholics ought to have.

There are popularly supposed to be two sorts of Catholics, those who "care" and those who do not care, and the careless ones are vastly in the majority and refuse to be waked up. Those who do care—that is to say, the small but intelligent body of Catholics who, not content with frequenting the sacraments, take an interest in all that bears on Catholicity—are apt to be roused to a condition of positive discomfort at what they think the selfish, stolid inflexibility of the majority. And this is particularly noticeable in the matter of Catholic literature, some of our more

zealous friends maintaining that we have no literature, and that it is necessary to bring the Catholic publishers to task for this, they having stamped out by their stupid walk the first sprouts of genius beginning to show above the newly-tilled soil ; others, equally sure that they are right, asserting that there is an indigenous Catholic literature, but that the publishers, while encouraging genius as much as it was their duty to do, have not, by fair prices for their books, encouraged that vague body known as "the public." The publishers' answer has been that they have done all in their power—that, in fact, their own interests would impel them to do so—to increase the sale of Catholic books and to increase the number of Catholic readers ; that the fault has lain with the public, or, at all events, with others than themselves. The publishers assert that if until recently their prices were fictitious, were nominal prices set at a very large percentage above the cost, it was not because they would have themselves chosen to make such prices, but because they were forced to do so, as most of their sales were made not directly to the readers themselves, nor even to retail booksellers, but to others who relied upon the profit from the sale of books as an aid in carrying on some special religious or educational work. The sum of it all is, at any rate, this : whoever has been at fault—if anybody has been at fault—Catholic literature has most certainly not thriven in the United States in proportion to the increase in wealth and general well-being of the Catholics.

Of course there are very great numbers of Catholic readers in this country, and readers of a serious character, too, who do not read English, or who, at all events, do not customarily read books in English. Most of their reading they do in German or French. These large numbers must therefore be counted out in all estimates of the reading public on which our Catholic publishers generally may depend. Another thing to be borne in mind is that Catholic literature, of the higher sort at any rate, often involves a greater amount of intellectual discipline in the reader than does the corresponding grade of non-Catholic, or secular, literature. Serious Catholic writers, if they are deep, are apt to be very deep ; if lofty, very lofty—though sometimes (alas that it must be confessed !), if shallow, very shallow—so that, on the whole, the reader who is not a thinker is inclined to find serious Catholic literature dull ; and it is dull for him—and that with him is the main question—if he does not understand it or cannot follow its reasoning, or if, from lack of trained habit, he cannot keep his mind long enough on the subject treated to enjoy it. In other words, a literature of any sort, in order to be in a flourishing condition, requires a reading public trained to appreciate it—men and women who like and can appreciate good reading matter and are able and willing to buy it.

But there is still another fact worth noting when discussing the support given to Catholic literature, and it is this : in the United States, among non-Catholics quite as much as among Catholics, women and the clergy are the chief readers of books—not counting professional and technical books. The American man reads the newspaper, and the bookseller depends upon libraries and the clergy principally for his sales of serious works.

Still, the fact that the associated Catholic publishers have brought out a combined catalogue containing all the publications of the twelve leading

Catholic publishers, at prices which now at last are based on a reasonable advance over their cost, is perhaps an indication that a Catholic reading public is beginning to demand attention. It is, after all, to Catholic schools and colleges, and, in a very important degree, to Catholic home-training, that our literature has the right to look for the growth of an educated taste in the future. No Catholic household should be without books, and, above all, without a fair array, according to its means and circumstances, of all that is best in the various walks of Catholic literature. One of the best evidences of the right training received at home and in school will be the taste for Catholic reading. An almost certain evidence of a defect in the methods of any Catholic school or college will be that its average pupils find Catholic books "dull and heavy." That Catholic school or college may be regarded as the most successful which sends forth the largest proportion of readers of Catholic books. Dull and heavy some books by Catholic authors certainly are, but only ignorance or flippant self-conceit can assert this of the great range of Catholic books that have come from the presses of Ireland, England, and the United States during the last half-century.

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Q. P. INDEXES, No. XII. The Q. P. Index Annual for 1882. (Pamphlet.) Bangor, Maine: Q. P. Index, Publisher. 1883.

LITERARY SOCIETIES: an essay read before the Young Men's Catholic Union of the Archdiocese of Baltimore at its fourth Annual Convention. By John T. Fallon, member of the Carroll Institute. Washington, D. C.: The *Washington Catholic* Print. 1883.

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, corner of Eleventh Street and Seventh Avenue, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, from October 1, 1881, to January 1, 1883. (Pamphlet.) New York. 1883.

ST. THOMAS AND OUR DAY. An oration delivered June 22, 1882, at the thirty-eighth Annual Commencement of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. By the Rt. Rev. Francis S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes, Ind. (Pamphlet.) Notre Dame, Ind.: *Scholastic Press*. 1882.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MODERN SCIENCE. A Lecture by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Professor of Physical Science in Notre Dame University. Delivered in the Cathedral, Denver, Col., on Easter Monday evening, March 26, 1883. (Pamphlet.) Notre Dame, Ind.: University Press. 1883.

FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST. JOSEPH'S INSTITUTE FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION OF DEAF-MUTES, Forham, N. Y., to the Legislature of the State of New York, from September 30, 1880, to September 30, 1881. Transmitted to the Legislature January 14, 1882. (Pamphlet.) New York: Press of Wynkoop & Hallenbeck. 1882.

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No. 220.

DR. JOHN HALL ON THE FAILURE OF PROTESTANTISM.

THERE are frequently ideas seething in society for a long time which no one has the courage to seize upon and define. Perhaps this may arise from the same feeling as Coleridge describes:

“ Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.”

So many prefer a vague sensation of uneasiness rather than a definite reality, although the dread is worse sometimes to bear than the fact. We prefer to know the worst under any circumstances. *Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλέσσειν.* That man is worthy of praise who will boldly grapple with an indefinite bugbear and put it under microscopical observation. For how often such bugbears resemble the phenomena which once so puzzled the astronomers who had pointed their telescope to the moon. To their astonishment they beheld a prodigious creature of elephantine build, with long snout and seemingly endless tail. Oh! the crowds that came to see it. And how those crowds were sold when it was discovered to be *a mouse* which had gotten between the lenses!

Copyright. REV. I. T. HECKER. 1883.

A distinguished divine of this city, Dr. John Hall, deservedly commended for his learning and moderation, has lately seized upon one of these bugbears which has inflicted much uneasiness upon thoughtful people, "bobbing about uncannily." He, in common with the whole Protestant clergy, has felt a growing conviction that his system of religion is inadequate to the needs of society. He has watched with anxiety the mighty tide of infidelity which is slowly advancing and threatening to sap the very foundations of the strongest bulwarks reared against it. In short, the thought that sits heavily on the soul of Protestants is: Can Protestantism cope with the avowed scepticism of the age, and is it not, judged by its boasted claim to be superior to every other religious system as a social civilizer and regenerator, the most complete of failures?

This impression has sat upon the reverend doctor until at last he speaks. And it is apologetically. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*. He tries to show by figures that Protestantism is not a failure. We give Dr. Hall's own words as reported in the *New York Herald*, April 23:

"Over thirty years ago a Roman Catholic dignitary in this city committed himself to the public statement that Protestantism was a failure, and alleged causes for it. He was echoed more or less feebly in different directions since that time. Dating from 1517, when the Roman Catholics had one hundred millions of people and the Greeks thirty millions, there had been a great march of Christianity all over the world. Upon the lowest and most generous computation it would be safe to say that the Roman Catholic powers controlled lands to-day with a population of one hundred and eighty millions—say two hundred millions—and the Greeks one hundred millions. But what was the fact with regard to Protestantism and its alleged failure? Statisticians said that over four hundred millions of the human race stood in the same relation to Protestant powers as those three hundred millions to Roman Catholic and Greek powers. Judged in that way, Protestantism was not a failure."

Probably many persons who do their thinking by proxy, and accept without contradiction the clergyman's *ipse dixit*, might feel somewhat elated at these statements. But, setting aside the fact that every theologian worth the name will emphatically disallow the value of statistics as a proof of the church's merits, we repudiate the accuracy of the computation.

Dr. John Hall claims for Protestantism four hundred millions of the human race. This includes the Buddhists, Confucians, Mohammedans, and the vast array of idolaters in the isles of the Southern Ocean. Can these by any laxity of expression be justly called Protestants? As the late lamented Bishop Patter-

son once told us, they protest against nothing except soap and trousers. Then will Dr. Hall include in the number of Protestants the vast multitude of free-thinkers, Socialists, and avowed atheists of England, France, and Germany, who protest against Protestantism vociferously? If not, how does he make up his four hundred millions? But this argument is so utterly beside the mark that we are surprised that any man of culture should put it forward. Does he forget that it is the very argument which non-Christians have used in all ages to disprove the claims of Christ? Was it not from the beginning the same? And who can look back on the insignificant and despised handful of men who originated the mightiest revolution which the world has ever seen, and not feel that the very weakness of the church is a most convincing argument in her favor? Was it by the strength of his own arm that the shepherd-boy of Bethlehem vanquished the giant? Truly not. "Not by might, nor by strength, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It was not by the might of imposing numbers that "the pride of the Portico, the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust." The church rejoices in the fulfilment of the promise, "a little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation," but she ever bears in mind the fewness of the elect.

Besides, if the computation of Dr. Hall be scrupulously accurate, we entirely repudiate the principle upon which it is made, which is the numbers over which Protestant powers *exercise control*. The argument of Catholics is grounded upon the numbers *of the faithful*. From this mistake the lecture of Archbishop Hughes, upon which Dr. Hall animadverted, should have preserved him.

"Protestantism, however," says Archbishop Hughes, "still numbers perhaps fifty millions of men—an immense aggregate, it is true; and among them may be found many of the most enlightened and best educated minds that the world can this day boast of. Yet, owing to the unhappy auspices of the first principle of Protestantism, if God would make known what is the specific creed of each individual of these fifty millions, it is probable that not ten out of the whole number could be found to agree on all points, in substance and detail, in the principles and doctrines of Christian revelation. On the other hand, the Catholic Church numbers two hundred millions, scattered over all the globe from the rising to the setting of the sun; and I run no risk in stating that out of these two hundred millions there could not be found ten in whose inmost souls there exists the slightest deviation from the actual, and of course original, doctrines of the church in regard to the revelations of the Son of God." *

* *Works of Archbishop Hughes*, vol. ii. p. 98.

It is evident that Dr. Hall has attempted (unconsciously, we suppose) to shift adroitly the point in debate. What is the argument used by Catholics based upon that of numbers? The Catholic faith shows itself to be divine, because it unites men of all nations, races, tribes, in one common faith, and to an extent that no comparison can be made between her and the sects. She is catholic, universal; they are not. The Catholic faith refuses to be localized, nationalized—Italianized, Germanized, Gallicized, Anglicized, or Americanized. The church is

“ Elect from every nation,
Yet one o’er all the earth ” ;

whereas disunion is the chief characteristic of the sects. Whatever dogma they disagree about, they are sure to agree in wrangling among themselves and with every one else. It would almost seem as if this discordant element, which keeps the mind in a state of perpetual effervescence, was adopted as a substitute for that pious fervor and zeal so necessary to the maintenance of the Christian life. Our own observation goes to show that piety, in large numbers of Protestant congregations, is with difficulty pumped up, while the nagging and quarrelling disposition flows naturally and copiously.

It is complained of by missionaries of the Church of England that their church is not adapted to the ideas of savages. It was Bishop Selwyn who used to illustrate this by a droll story. A missionary went to Greenland and began to discourse upon hell. As he pictured its everlasting fires he observed a glow of satisfaction overspread the countenances of his audience. He came to the conclusion that the prospect of continuous and gratuitous warmth was more inviting than forbidding. He afterwards adopted some illustrations from the *frozen* circle of Dante’s *Inferno*. The same prelate, undoubtedly the greatest missionary that the Church of England has ever produced (though we do not ignore Henry Martyn and Bishop Mackenzie), used to dwell on the *unelastic* character of Protestantism. He compared it to a suit of buckram. We should compare it to the coffins in *Oliver Twist*, which Mr. Sowerberry made an uniform size, and desired that the occupants should be starved to fit them. The Catholic Church sends forth her missionaries with the same message that has been found adapted to the needs of men in every age and land. Boniface found it suited to the wild Germans, Augustine to the wilder Saxons, and Francis Xavier to the Hindoos. As though it had been specially designed to meet

the requirements of each, it became Saxon, German, Indian, without for one moment ceasing to be *Catholic*. She is one and common—*uni-versal*. The Protestant faith is neither one nor common. It is an aggregation of individuals who differ from each other in their beliefs, under a common denomination which properly determines and suggests its character. It is the product of

“Ein Geist der stezt verneint.”

Those very Catholic missionaries to whom Dr. Hall rather contemptuously alludes disprove his theory. They did such brave deeds that romance pales before sober fact, and if they had been done by Protestant missionaries they would have been blazoned far and wide. But this is the normal conduct of a Catholic missionary. Not unfrequently they have reduced the aboriginal tongues to writing, and compiled grammar and dictionary, ere they could translate catechism and Bible. They go alone, with their lives in their hand, “strong in the Lord of hosts.” The savage is reclaimed from barbarism and converted into an orderly, peaceable citizen, and the Catholic faith acts as one of the most powerful restraints upon his naturally nomadic and predatory instincts. Where it obtains to-day it is more potent to quell the native races than the rifles of the United States army.

But Dr. Hall has too much common sense to imagine that he has disposed of the pregnant question, *Is Protestantism a failure?* by a citation of figures. There is the mighty factor of scepticism to be accounted for—a factor which can no longer be ignored or pooh-poohed; which cries aloud to all who labor for the amelioration of their kind, and ought to be explained, if any explanation is possible. Dr. Hall evidently feels this, and he essays an explanation. “Adverting to the anti-Christianism of the present day, he said that Fisher showed it was not to be attributed to Protestantism, as it had its origin in pre-Reformation times.”

According to this the scepticism and semi-paganism of the day is an outcome of “Romanism.” Upon purely historical grounds I think Dr. Hall would find it extremely hard to prove this. It is curiously inconsistent in Dr. Hall to say “there never was a time when there was so much belief in Christian truth.” We gave him credit for a large acquaintance with the critical literature of the day. No man who carefully studies this can disguise the fact that at no time was there so much

of the spirit of paganism prevalent. The clever author of the *Fight in Dame Europa's School*, a beneficed clergyman in England and a scholar of no mean standing, says in a recent work :

"That Christianity, as the professed religion of English men and women, will survive the scrutinies of the next fifty or eighty years is more than I may dare to say. . . . Its present position before the world is hopelessly untenable, and would not be tolerated for a single day did it not manifestly suit the world's purpose to extend its gracious forbearance yet a little longer towards so valuable an ally. . . . Our modern Christianity will never be defended by any man who is not personally interested in the perpetuation of a contemptible unreality, or who does not, for some higher reason, judge it prudent to deprecate inquiry into a system which will not bear the light of day." *

This is no isolated statement. Such ideas, more or less explicitly stated, abound in our literature, and they are as nothing compared to the practical paganism which has grown to be considered more suitable to the advanced intellects of the times.

But we intend to disprove Dr. Hall's statement indirectly and inferentially—a kind of proof which is much more telling than any other. If it could be shown that scepticism and infidelity are (as Dr. Hall, in common with all Christians, believes) antagonistic to the real welfare of mankind, and that these have been superinduced and fostered by the Church of Rome, it follows that as a civilizer and regenerator of society, to take no higher ground, the Church of Rome is and has been an utter failure. This is Dr. Hall's position. We propose to prove the direct contrary.

It is quite capable of proof that all the definite knowledge of the supernatural existing in the world is the direct result of the teachings of the Catholic Church. She collected all the scattered rays of light found in time-honored systems like Buddhism (offshoots of the primal revelation) into one focus—Christ, the very true light of the world. As darkness is but the absence of light, having no concrete existence in itself, so error is but the distortion of truth. As a majestic ruin is a standing witness to the glory of the fane in its pristine state, so the religious errors of the world, the spiritual ruins that encumber the church's path, are indirect evidence of the truth which once prevailed; for errors, like lies, only obtain currency as "the counterfeit presentment" of truth.

Also, that modern scepticism is a direct growth of Protestant-

* *Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism*. By the author of *The Fight in Dame Europa's School*. New York: Worthington. Pp. 15, 16.

ism. I emphasize the word *modern*, because it seems to me that unbelief nowadays is of a different kind to that of former times. A man then became an unbeliever less in theory than in practice. He rebelled chiefly against the moral restraints of religion, but rarely sought to justify himself by any other argument than sneering at the more conscientious and consistent lives of believers.

But now men having a desire to break down all moral barriers contained in the ideas of God, human responsibility, and future punishment, set about to prove them false after a fashion of their own—a fashion which Archbishop Whately conclusively showed could be made to prove that the best-known facts of history are pure fiction.

If we can adduce any proof that Protestantism has engendered this fearful hydra, before which it stands trembling like Frankenstein before the monster of his own creation, surely we shall be entitled to ask, Where does the failure lie?

Let us take England as the most favorable specimen of Protestantism. Dr. Hall, though hailing, as he does, from Belfast, does not, we think, suggest Ireland. According to his theory we are entitled to look for the highest development of social virtues in England. For three centuries Protestantism has had full and uninterrupted sway in the land. Under the false plea of toleration England has tolerated no religion but her own, save upon moral compulsion. What is the result to-day? Dare the advocates of Protestantism, Dr. Hall included, put the case fairly, as a lawyer would in court? They dare not. Let us essay to do so; and we protest against any circumlocution in the matter.

Apologists for Christianity and special forms of Protestantism seldom have the manliness to face an opponent fairly. They treat his objections with levity and ignore that condition of mind which is really most hopeful—

“Longing and wishing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong.”

They find that we have arrived at a time when men will believe only upon the surest warranty. For men suspect shoddyism in religion, as they do in many other things. But their determination to be thoroughly satisfied ere they give in their adhesion does not imply radical unbelief, and is by no means a condition of mind to be treated contemptuously. They judge,

for the most part, of Christianity from the Protestant semblances of it with which they are familiar, and when they speak of Christianity they really only mean some sect. Now let us, without beating about the bush, plainly state what Protestantism has led such men—thoughtful men, men well disposed, “perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds”—to conclude.

They argue that the question of the hour is not whether this form of Christianity is preferable to that, but whether all forms of Christianity pretending to come from God through Christ are not gross impositions from beginning to end. Revealed religion is on its trial before the world—not for some trifling blemishes which a little mild correction may mend, but for its very life.

Christianity is one of two things, and the whole question of the hour resolves itself into this: which of these two is it? It is a human philosophy, founded by a great moral teacher called Christ, who was so much better than Epicurus or Zeno inasmuch as he hit upon a system which was better adapted for civilizing the world, and taught precepts nobler, purer, more disinterested, more unselfish than the precepts of any other school. Or it is a distinct revelation of God's will, brought down from heaven by Christ, the only-begotten Son, claiming not only to improve upon human philosophies, but to supply those essentials in which they were all lacking, establishing a kingdom mysterious, supernatural, unearthly, opposed in every sense to the traditions of this lower world. If it is a very excellent philosophy it is not essentially divine, because man could have found out such a philosophy for himself, unless we accept Matthew Arnold's idea of God as merely the indefinite source of every upright principle in the human mind. But if it be essentially divine it is not a very excellent philosophy, because it forces man into the highly unphilosophic attitude of holding all things around him in utter contempt, in order that he may win a heaven thoroughly opposed to earth.

This, we think, is a fair statement of the difficulties of intellectual sceptics. They see Protestantism attempting to combine these two positions, and imitating the frog in the fable with the same lamentable result. They regard religion as a mental phase highly respectable in its way, and as a social *repressor* to be cultivated. People have always set up some kind of superstition, and Christianity is probably a better kind of superstition than any other. All religions, too, have had their heroic ages and their myths, their ritual and their ceremonial, their pro-

mises and their threats. Surely there can be no reason why our modern religion should be denied its rightful share. But if Christianity be what it claims to be, the divinely-appointed channel for saving throughout eternity the souls of men, Protestantism must be a libel upon it.* We do not say that it does not contain holy and devout souls by thousands. But their holiness is no product of their creed. We have seen the blue gentian blooming ten thousand feet above sea-level, in some rock crevice where all vegetation seemed impossible. So holiness among Protestants is cultivated *despite their system*. They dwell in a crypt into which there struggles some feeble ray of the outer sunshine, some echo of the song that swells through the long-drawn aisles overhead. In short, their piety is an indirect influence of Catholicism.

Now, it is capable of proof that *the perversion of truth by sectaries in England has been the cause of a large part of the infidelity existing there*.

Take one doctrine upon which they are all agreed. We have to imitate Christ. They—the Protestants—claim that the Roman Church does not put this forward as the first duty of a Christian, and that they excel in doing so. There cannot exist two opinions as to the sort of life which he is represented to have led. The one characteristic feature of his conduct, the one point which separated him from the philosophers who had gone before and made him distinctively Christ, was his opposition to the world. It was not merely that he preached an unpopular austerity. This had been done before, and the openly vicious and luxurious had relished such preaching as little from the lips of Socrates as from the lips of Christ. The point at which philosophy stopped short (because it was of earth) and Christ began (because he was from heaven) was in the attack, not on vice, but on so-called virtue. He taught that the righteousness of men, as well as their wickedness, was displeasing to God; that the heart was to be first subdued to him, and any merely outward observance, however rigid, was in itself worthless unless it became the exponent of an inner desire after truth, an aspiration after a nobler life of which he was the source. He taught the submission of the entire heart and conscience to his Spirit, as to a personal, ever-present guide, without whose co-operation deeds

* See this argued cleverly in *The Creed of Christendom : its Foundation contrasted with its Superstructure*, by W. Rathbone Greg, author of *Enigmas of Life*. Only for "Christendom" read "Protestantism," and the very soul-harrowing phase of it in which Mr. Greg was educated. Probably he knows none other, and argues, *Ex uno disce omnes*.

might be passably fair and motives ostensibly honorable, but the inner life would yet be lived at enmity with God. He taught thus, and so men hated him—not as they hated the philosopher who had quarrelled with their sensual, grovelling pleasures, but as they could only hate One who threw their very goodness in their teeth, and convicted them of blindness in the very things wherein they thought that their vision was so clear. And so they hated him; and if there is one syllable of truth in the Bible from Genesis to the Apocalypse, this truth stands out most prominent of all: that for the self-same reason for which these men hated Christ their fathers had hated God ever since his prophets had revealed him, and their sons would go on hating him till the end of time—would hate him as they hate him even now, because he interferes, not with the passions which they know already to be bad and evil, but with the standard it has pleased them to set up of the lawful and the good. A man needs no Christ to tell him when he has debased himself to the level of the beast. His country punishes him for open, notorious crime. His very excesses are themselves the avengers of his darling sin; and society has for the most part a sterner sentence to pass upon special forms of guilt than either conscience or penal code. It is the office of Christ, the one precise office which makes him Christ and divides him from all the moralists that ever preceded him, to convict the respectable, courteous, good-natured individual, from the first beginning of Christian centuries at Jerusalem down to the last century that shall ever be—to convict such a man of idolatry and stubbornness of heart, because he is being daily conformed to the world instead of being transformed into the likeness of God. For this they hate him; and as they hate him, so has he declared that they will hate all those who belong to him. There can be no peace between two such armies as the soldiers of Christ and the servants of Satan. His soldiers must fight as their captain fought, causing animosity by their very earnestness, stirring up hatred by their very example. This is the one test, the only test, of Christian faithfulness. Any hypocrite can prate about his faith and his feelings. The Christian is to take up a manful position at the point where he stands most in need of all his strength and courage; and there, openly before client and friend and patron, there where the struggle is hardest, is to suffer and dare.

Doubtless Dr. Hall and any orthodox Protestant would agree to all this theoretically. But, I ask, does Protestantism set forth such a Christ as this? Does it aim at the practice of a piety

that in the slightest degree arouses the opposition of the world? Does it afford any motive inspiring its believers with the bravery and daring hinted at?

Modern Protestantism has for years stultified the statement of Christ. He says, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "Oh! yes," says the bland minister, "we can; there is a sense in which two and two do not make four, if you choose to think they make five. These things are not to be viewed in a popishly ascetic light, else what would become of my salary, so largely dependent on the good opinion of men who only value religion as a respectable adjunct of social usages?" That is, the plain teaching of the New Testament is to be accommodated to the tastes of the age. We recollect a clergyman who in the summer months was wont to act as *locum tenens* for country clergymen on leave. He always carried a stock of sermons nicely adjusted to every conceivable shade of view. On arriving at the town where he was to preach on the morrow he invariably sent for the parish clerk and sedulously got out of him the prevailing views of the place; so that he was always orthodox wherever he went, and I have heard him claimed as a high Calvinist and a high Ritualist. Protestantism is always doing this on a larger scale. If its teachings be correct Christ is out of date. He must have commanded what is contradictory and absurd, and Christianity becomes ridiculous. The modern Protestant gives the lie to very many precepts of his Master. Christ says, "Renounce the world; come out of it; have nothing to do with it; live in that condition of detachment from it that the light of your example, shining before men, may be a silent yet eloquent reproach to the unbeliever. If you do this the world will be opposed to you, as it was opposed to me." The modern Protestant says, "No; I want the good opinion of my lord, and his grace. I shall take care to stroke him down, not up. I shall utter nothing capable of costing me the loss of an invitation to dinner or a day's shooting."

And this is just the rub. The doctrine of Christ is opposed by the world on another score. It is everywhere perceptible that the principles that govern commerce have become lax. The feverish haste to grow rich gradually blunts the finer susceptibilities and makes the worse appear the better reason. Because the stern law of right which Christ taught interferes with that short cut to wealth which every tradesman seems hunting after, and makes the accumulation of a fortune more problematic, men try to convince themselves that these precepts are effete and

unsuited to the age. Catholicism does nothing to silver-coat this unpleasant pill. She does not soften down iniquity by calling it by euphonious names. She holds forth sin as the only and chief object of man's unmitigated abhorrence, the only thing he must hate, and hate with an ever-intensifying hatred, to be avoided in all its insidious guises; and her aim is to instruct him how to detect these disguises and successfully to defeat them.

Now, without being invidious, we ask, if the doctrine of Christ as here specified be correct, how is it that Protestantism is on such good terms with the world? "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own," was the Master's statement. Well, the world, if it does not love Protestantism, at least does not hate it. It is indifferent to it. The world finds that what Catholicism, with seeming severity, bluntly calls sins Protestantism ignores altogether. The world finds that the genus hypocrite is much more the growth of Protestant countries than of Catholic. The virtues of a respectable Protestant are practised much more with a regard to social *convenance*, a sense of the fitness of things, or a natural distaste of vice, than from any reference to a divine standard of right or "the terrors of the world to come."

I recollect seeing a statue of Erasmus in a town in Holland which the inhabitants had so polished up with sand-paper that it resembled a huge brass candlestick. All the fine and delicate chiselling was obliterated. In a similar way the grand form of a Christian—a Christ-follower—set up in the Gospels has gradually become effaced by the friction of the loose ideas begotten of Protestantism. For at the root of all these ideas lies the right of private judgment. If I am a law unto myself, and competent to decide what is true and what is false, is not my decision of equal weight with yours who stand upon the same footing? You say this is a sin; I say it is not, because it suits my taste and convenience. I am as right in my opinion as you are in yours. No man believing in such a standard of appeal has any right to condemn any other man.

The fact is, Protestantism has pared down the precepts of Christ till they are almost invisible. They have become like those gutta-percha faces which children delight in—you can squeeze them into any kind of expression you like. We rarely hear of any hitch, however slight, between Protestantism and the world. They regard each other as two of a trade. A newly-appointed rector, meeting his butcher on Monday, remarked,

"Glad to see you at church yesterday, Mr. Brisket." "Oh! yes," replied the butcher; "I always return custom." The object of the Church of England has avowedly been for over a century to conciliate the world. How? By toning down all that is obnoxious in its creed. In this respect High-Churchmen have been notorious offenders. The old Evangelicals who led the religious revival sixty years ago, although so one-sided in doctrine as to alienate all men with church tendencies, were far more nearly right in their ideas about Christian practice. Their preachers did, at any rate, denounce with bravery every kind of worldliness, and warn men that the whole heart, and not a certain part of it, must be yielded up to Christ. But when they collapsed and the Tractarians took their place, straightway these last permitted their disciples to indulge in an almost unlimited amount of secularity.

The average Protestant really lives without any practical faith in God. He is above doing a mean or immoral action, not from any promptings of conscience, any deference to an exalted standard of righteousness set up within his soul, but from fear of temporal consequences, or because it is as easy to do a good thing as a bad one, if there is no advantage to be gained by the latter. He has also "gentlemanly feeling"—an unknown moral quantity which will keep him true to his word, cause him to eschew lying and avoid getting drunk, especially on indifferent wine. But his virtues are no more Christian than those of a Parsee, who disbelieves in Christ altogether. His virtues are common to civilized humanity. There is not one essential point of difference between the fine lady of Fifth Avenue and the fine lady of Athens and Rome, except that the former goes peradventure to Dr. Hall's, the latter went to her temple and her god. If in smaller points of culture the modern fine lady surpasses the ancient, they have nothing to do with Christianity and are merely the product of civilization.

There is nothing in modern English society under Victoria that might not have existed in the days of Agricola, as regards what are called the social virtues. What difference there is is owing to the undying influence of the Truth, which three centuries of apostasy and heresy have been unable to stamp out. And the virtues upon which such congregations as Dr. Hall's pride themselves are indirect emanations of that Holy Catholic Church they affect to despise. What made the disloyalty of Égalité Orléans more pronounced and odious was his striking family likeness to the poor King Louis XVI., whom he helped to

destroy. The very virtues of Protestantism, tracing, as they do, their descent from the Church of Christ, proclaim it matricide.

If we were not haunted by the fear of the inexorable editorial shears we could show that the present state of political disquietude that haunts the nations is a necessary product of Protestantism. Protestants boast of it. They say, We only could produce a Garibaldi or a Gambetta. Demagogues and unprincipled adventurers, who care not who sinks, so that they swim, are incompatible with those principles of submission to lawful authority and the observance of that golden rule which Socialism has filched from the Catholic Church—the sacrifice of the individual to the well-being of the many: principles that were tried for a millennium ere Protestantism was incubated. The governments of Great Britain and of this country, as the two great representatives of Protestantism, are not based upon any one single specifically Protestant principle.

And if we come closer, to that which touches us all most intimately—our families—we discern the failure of Protestantism still more. As it has no spiritual coercion, nothing to enforce discipline, the child will only obey its parent when he pleases. If a father wins his child's respect it is by making a friend of him, by sinking the parental character into that of a chum and wistfully suing for the allegiance he is powerless to control. We could gather evidence from exclusive Protestant sources to show that never at any time was there less obedience to parents. The very name is ridiculed and scorned. This is not so among Catholics.

We live in an age when everything is at high pressure. As it is more difficult to get an honest living now than it was fifty years ago, so it is far more difficult to be a Christian. There are forms of vice and fraud known to-day that were not thought of when we were boys. The advance of the world is toward sheer materialism, and the church, as the true bride of her Lord, must see the antagonism of the age intensify daily till it reaches the final climax. But while difficulties are multiplying around what has Protestantism to oppose to them? Absolutely nothing. The world is coming to think that the distinction between truth and lying is, after all, a matter of conventionalism; that strict integrity and uprightness in business are quite impossible; that it is quite lawful for a Christian man to use "sharp practice" and overreach his neighbor in a bargain by cunning and misrepresentation; that "Get money, honestly if thou canst, but get money," is a shrewd and commendable maxim for a Christian merchant's

conduct. And Protestantism looks on smiling and says, "It's none of my business." Now and then some one raves excitedly for five minutes, apparently to secure a column in the *Herald* and to keep his name before the public. But no man in his senses would take this for the honest denunciation of a man who means what he says. We fancy we see the wink in the ministerial optic as he denounces the rich, specially directed to the pew of the gentleman who has invited him to dinner. It is a part of the performance, and

"Nobody seems any better or worse."

But see him in the dining-room; hear him mumble the thing called "grace," making it especially and commendably short. Does he not know that he goes into society on the very same footing as a layman goes—because he is a gentleman and it is pleasant to meet him? He dare not utter a syllable which would hurt the prejudices of his friends.

And yet perchance the most indifferent among the Protestant clergy may be aware of the multitudes who are battling with life's mighty problems, like shipwrecked mariners cast adrift upon a shoreless ocean, clinging despairingly to the last plank, which they feel slipping from their grasp. What of these? Have they for these no message from the Most High, no word of cheer or of counsel, who claim to be heaven-sent? Here, we claim, is your test. No man who has honestly striven to conquer self, to cast out the evil thing from his soul, to tame the lurking wild beast within him, to do things naturally distasteful, to acquire virtues directly opposed to his normal disposition, to bridle his tongue, to keep his temper, to speak rigidly the truth, above all to imitate in ever so lowly a degree the perfect exemplar, Christ Jesus, but has found Protestantism utterly a failure. It has nothing definite to offer to meet the most definite and tangible of ills. It resolves itself into vague, meaningless phrases, and, when the despairing soul asks bread, offers it a stone. Men like the late John Stuart Mill have been frightened away from Christianity by the hideous caricature which Calvinism presents of God. It was sufficient to cloud for a lifetime the brilliant intellect of Cowper, as it has caused multitudes to secretly hate Him whose crowning characteristic is Love. There is everything in Protestantism to repel man when he thinks of God. There is everything in Catholicism to attract. As Christ claimed as a distinctive mark of his Messiahship, "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them," so the church points to her fit-

ness to reach the poor as a divine sign of her unction from on high. Protestantism has never successfully coped with the poor, and mainly, I believe, through its vagueness. The God it presents is not Him,

“ Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,”

whose tenderest sympathy reaches to all forms of suffering, but a harsh being alien to the tenderest and deepest sympathies of humanity.* As a system of philosophy it is valueless, because its premises are unsound, having no standard of appeal but the ever-varying and shifting judgment of the individual. As a system of government its direct outcome and real, legitimate sequence is the most anarchical form of Socialism, because again it is the individual, not the many, whose welfare is to be the chief concern. As a social regenerator it is valueless, because it has no machinery for enforcing its precepts, no pains and penalties about which any one cares a jot. As a means of self-elevation, a soul-leverage, it is worse than useless. We want to feel our

* Perhaps I may be allowed to quote, from a poem now out of print and composed when a Protestant, an idea which many Protestants share :

“ Mysterious power, which we in colder climes,
With bigoted beliefs and chilling rites
That human nature dwarf to pigmy size,
Instead of raising it to the divine,
Can scarcely enter into, e'en when Art,
The cultured worship of the Beautiful,
Has shown us in her magic lens how rare
Is the perfection of the smallest flower ;
Those great interpreters of loveliness,
The masters, could embody in a form
Not only all sweet Nature's truthfulness,
But those ideal graces which the mind
Alone perceives—perfume of character
Caught from those mystic heights where sanctity
Communes with heaven and sees the face of God.
And the lone spirit of the cenobite
Beheld in his Madonna, calm and pure,
The beauty and the grace of womanhood,
All that he would have prized in wife and child,
Transferring to the saint that love and trust
That human nature must bestow somewhere,
Which is as necessary to the heart
As a support unto the clinging vine.
So to the solitary monk and nun
Mary, the ever-blessed Mother-Maid,
Becometh mother, wife, babe, sister, all,
And her devotion half-idolatry—
The passionate expression of a love
Which, once extinct in any mortal soul,
Transforms it to the lowest demon grade.”

—*The Face of the Saint*, pp. 30, 31.

feet upon the everlasting Rock, not on the shifting sands. We want to feel, as we grope in the dark, the hands

“That stretch through Nature, moulding men.”

We want to hear an infallible voice say, “This is the way.” We want help from without—help from above to make us prefer the spiritual to the animal, the heavenly to the earthly. And, tried by all these tests, there is no such failure as Protestantism.

We lay down the pen with the conviction that those who believe least in Protestantism are Protestants themselves!

PSYCHE; OR, THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.*

FOREST TALKS OF A NATURALIST.

BOITSFORT, June 1, 1882.

YAWNING already, my dear fellow? Bored with one half-hour spent under an old oak-tree, awaiting the end of a shower!

And this is all that education has done for you—taught you to wear this woe-begone countenance in the presence of Dame Nature, nothing comprehending of the pomps and mysteries she is celebrating around us. You see nothing, hear nothing but the growling of the storm in the distance. I have the better of you now, my poet, who only yesterday were looking down on scientists as beings devoid of æsthetic perceptions and a taste for the Beautiful. Will you dare to laugh the next time that you see me “hunting for little beasts” or dissecting flowers?

Look through my microscope, you vandal, and see the architecture of the spray of moss that you have trampled under foot, unconscious of the marvels of grace and beauty that you were crushing. See the slender, awl-shaped leaves so finely indented on the edges. How prettily they cling to the stem, winding about it in spiral curves! In the middle rise flexible stalks of a red color, each bearing a pointed cap covered with silky, light yellow hair.

Now watch. I lift one of these hats with the point of my pen-knife. The cap covers a prism swollen at the base and covered with an elegant little lid in the form of a circular fold,

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ending in a point. We lift the fold, which is easily detached; it covers a second lid in the form of a drum. Break the membrane of this instrument of warfare, and a myriad of little green seeds fall from the urn. Now, the series of operations that I have produced artificially before your eyes is accomplished spontaneously in Nature every year. If you need proof, here is a more mature capsule; the urn has bent over the stalk and flung its cap topsy-turvy, tossing its fertilizing dust to the breezes, which will sow in other places the polytrichum commune.

Excuse the name; I did not invent it. Latinists, scholars in *us* like yourself, have seen fit to cumber these graceful creatures with uncouth names and make the approaches to Nature's domain bristle with all possible difficulties. There was a time when a knowledge of words and phrases concealed ignorance of facts and made the seed of pedants spring up like mushrooms. This was, we are told, the golden age of man, when a robust memory sufficed to lift the heaviest wits to the pedagogue's desk. The heritage of the Hellenists is hard to bear, so, with their leave, we will some day remodel their catalogues and barbarisms.

All this apropos of peaked caps and moss. Examining again the curious stems which bear the progeny of mosses, we find beside them other stalks ending in a bell-shaped rosette. This rosette is the male flower formed by the union of the antheridia. Grayish spindles rest on a short pedicle, and, as you will see through the microscope, are fixed in the rosette. These are sacks formed of a single wall of cells which contain other animated cells. Plunge one of these sacks in water, and the cells will press towards the outlet, burst through, and swim about in the fluid. The wall of each cell dissolves, and out wriggles a little serpent with a big head and a tail furnished with two lateral hairs which serve for oars. These antherozoides, endowed with sensibility and motion, may be compared absolutely with the spermatozoides of animals, and prove that there exists no serious barrier between the two kingdoms of Nature.

This marvellous unity of nature, suggested by Aristotle, was only revealed completely by modern science. Now it is demonstrated that the inferior vegetation called cryptogamic which prevailed throughout the whole ocean (algæ), and afterwards covered the risen land with gigantic ferns, lycopodia, horse-tails, etc.—that all these cryptogams, I say, are reproduced according to the laws of cellular polliferation. Indeed, their reproduction is better understood to-day than that of phænogamic

plants, so that naturalists are no longer in danger of confounding their animated germs with infusoria.

What are you doing now? Despatching with a snap of your finger that harmless rynchophorus which has dropped on to your coat-sleeve. This miserable insect, little as you suspect it, belongs to one of the most interesting families of the order of coleoptera,* of which the cockchafer and the scarabæus of the Egyptians are types. This one is a weevil decorated by your masters with the euphonious name of *ryncophorus*, which means in plain terms trunk-bearer.

Look for yourself: its head is shaped like a funnel with a long tube ending in two articulated horns (elbowed antennæ), giving him a very eccentric appearance. Unhappily, this is no mere mask. That pointed head enables his congeners to perforate flowers and fruits; and certain families of plants, such as the leguminous, know that it is a serious matter to make the acquaintance of this apparently grotesque and harmless personage.

At the blossoming season the apple and pear trees in our orchards are visited by a little butterfly and a small weevil, which introduce their eggs into the germ (pistil).

The pear-tree weevil (*anthonomus pyri*) spends the winter in the cracks of the bark. In the month of March the female perforates with her trunk or snout the flower-buds and lays an egg in each gallery. The bud perishes, while the caterpillar (worm) absorbs the sap to its own profit and passes through its metamorphosis. Periodical scraping of the bark is the only effective remedy to prevent its ravages.

Granaries of wheat are also devastated by a weevil (wheat-weevil) well known to our agriculturists.

There exist innumerable species of weevils. Nearly all our plants nourish at least one species, and some of them have extraordinary habits. For example, the *lisette* (cut-bud), which attacks fruit-trees. This industrious little creature has a trunk like an elephant; but this appendage of its mouth, longer than its whole body, is not flexible and serves both as saw and auger. The claws and velvet of its feet enable it to walk upside-down on the smoothest leaves. Its back is like a cuirass of burnished steel. When the *lisette* attacks a bud she begins by marking with a stroke on the outer covering the place where she intends to cut through. Then she climbs above this mark and begins to work with her saw, head downwards.

* Coleoptera are insects possessing two pairs of wings, the anterior wings acting as sheath to the posterior wings.

The woodman makes his principal notch on the side towards which he wishes the tree to fall; but the insect would run the risk of getting her proboscis caught as in a vise. Therefore she attacks the branch on the side opposite to its natural inclination, so that its weight may drag it away from her. When she reaches the pith, the female, who accomplishes this work all alone, pierces a hole with her trunk. Then she turns round and lays an egg in it. Again taking her first position, she pushes the egg with her trunk into the bottom of the hole. You should see with what activity and certainty the microscopic worker, like some fairy elf, toils to preserve her species at the expense of the preservation of our fruits—in other words, the reproduction of the tree.

What did you say? An engineer who, without graduating from a polytechnic school, knows what he is about! Yes; and remember that each species displays new resources to attain by various means one common end—the propagation of its kind.

See that fly resting immovable on a bramble, waiting for a ray of sunshine to appear before taking flight. It is a solitary wasp, *odynerus rubicolus*, which scoops out galleries in the stalks of briars and brambles to lay her eggs in. As her larvæ are carnivorous, while she lives on honey only, she changes her habits and becomes a huntress when the time comes for laying eggs, and when the gallery is finished by dividing it into cells with walls of a kind of mortar made of kneaded earth, and separated from each other by a wall of pith. Nature has given her a sting which distils a hypnotizing poison like the poisoned arrows of savages; but this poison benumbs without causing death. And by a marvellous foresight, not akin to the instinct of the insect, the mother, armed in this manner, strikes the victim just in the centre of the nervous ganglia, where sensibility is concentrated, so that sleep is infallibly produced. The mother drags her prey into a cell and lays an egg beside it, then seals up the entrance, and repeats the same manœuvres until the last egg is laid. Not less extraordinary is the fact that as the egg laid last occupies the entrance to the gallery, it is hatched the first to favor the exit of the others, which are hatched in the inverse order of their laying—a series of phenomena which our friends the Darwinians would find it hard to explain by the happy accidents of natural selection. Therefore they prefer to ignore them, like our *doctrinaires* when they are confronted with a miracle.

Here is another marvel, I said, picking a leaf from the oak-tree that had served us for an umbrella.

These little red balls which stud the back of the leaf come from the sting of a little fly, and they will become nut-galls, which, as you know, have the property of fixing the salts of iron to make ink.

Swammerdam, the illustrious author of the *Bible of Nature* and revealer of the insect world, proved in the seventeenth century that the production of vegetable galls results from a wound made in the plant by the sting of an insect which emits a corrosive liquid before laying eggs. The larvæ then do not engender the swelling of the gall by gnawing the leaf and simply producing a flow of sap which hardens in the air to envelop the creature.

Sometimes the auger is much longer than the body of the insect; it is elastic and is coiled with its sheath around the viscera of the abdomen, just as the tongue of the woodpecker is wound round the os hyoides, like the spring of a watch, to be darted at will upon insects hidden in the dark.

If you press the abdomen of these insects you see the oviduct issue from its horned sheath in the form of a hollow needle, and the auger often ends in a perfect arrow-head. This point secretes a corrosive liquid which produces an inflammation of the cellular tissue, and, like a thorn in the flesh, provokes the flow of liquids which change the external form and sometimes exhaust leaves and flowers. The cynips builds also actual nests for its offspring, and larders, towards which the nourishment flows in direct ratio to the appetite of the larvæ.

The fecula which at first accumulates in the vegetable tumor is afterwards transformed to fat and sugar, necessary to the nymph of the insect in accomplishing its last metamorphosis.

The buds and flowers of the oak are attacked, like the leaves, by peculiar species of flies. We find galls of various forms on many kinds of vegetation, especially on eglantines, where they make large, hairy balls; also on willows, brambles, nettles, etc.

The insects which produce these excrescences present in perfection the phenomenon of parthenogenesis; that is to say, the species can propagate itself indefinitely, without impregnation, by eggs, so that nature dispenses with the aid of the male. This zoölogical eccentricity, which offers to physiology a problem still unsolved, was studied in a special manner upon plant-lice by Professor Balbiani,* of the Museum of Paris. It was discovered

* Course of comparative embryology given as professor in the College of France.

in the eighteenth century by the celebrated philosopher, Charles Bonnet, of Geneva, who was not, like many persons, content to decide *à priori* the problems of life.

Speaking of this subject, M. Van Beneden says that nature wishes to produce millions of insects in a few hours to check the exuberance of vegetation, and, distrusting the co-operation of the male, she suppresses it, and the female alone brings a daughter into the world ready to give birth to a granddaughter. Generations follow each other so rapidly that, if the daughter chance to meet some obstacle on her passage, the granddaughter may come into the world before her own mother. A single egg may produce by the end of a season several thousand millions of individuals. By what means does Nature insure the fecundation of the egg? M. Balbiani asserts that it possesses internal fecundation by a sort of hermaphroditism. The question rests with micographists, and researches undertaken at the University of Louvain upon the evolution of the cell may soon result in the solution of this problem.

We are compelled to admire these admirable provisions of Nature. She arrives by the simplest means at aims the most varied and ingenious, and conceals under apparent evil and disorder a wonderful, inexhaustible harmony. It is a providential arrangement which may be discussed but not reasonably denied. The progress of science confirms every day more conclusively the intuition of philosophers and of the ancient poets who celebrated long before the Christian era the mind that animates nature (*mens agitat molem*).

There is the sun shining out of the blue sky. The rain stopped long ago, and you did not notice it; never mind! The latter-day philosopher must have lent you his spectacles to look through. "Little beasts" are good for something, are they not, when it rains? Nature disguises under insignificant exteriors endless marvels of which the human mind never wearies when once it has tasted the fruits of the tree of science. It is a thorny tree, I confess, and pedants have made its approaches unattractive; but once sleep beneath its shade, and you shall never wake, for it is enchanted. Naturalists, burning with sacred fire, know ecstasies that wrap them as in a dream, so that they pass through the world unconscious of its weariness and cares.

If sufferers from *ennui* did but know the power of her philters they would turn for consolation to the sorceress whom we call Nature. When the mind enters into communion with

life and universal order, when the ear discerns the various themes of the grand hymn of creation, all petty passions of earth are estimated at their true worth, and forgotten in proportion as we rise and become absorbed in the contemplation of God's works.

My friend made no answer. His head rested on his hands and he seemed lost in meditation. "What are you thinking of?" I asked, laughing.

He replied gravely: "I was thinking that if intercourse with men alienates us from God, a comprehension of Nature leads us back to him in spite of ourselves. How can one deny Providence in the presence of miracles of foresight and calculation incarnate in creatures so trivial that we may pass them a thousand times without noticing them?"

"Why were we not taught to read this wonderful book where God's name is inscribed on every page and Providence is everywhere revealed? You are right. I play a sorry part among the wonders that surround me—more crassly ignorant than a peasant, in spite of my classic incumbrances. Those who have planted the domain of God with thorns and nettles from the garden of Greek roots are criminal pedants."

"I agree with you," said I. "It is undeniable that the study of dead languages and of the law is a bugbear to many minds that remain uncultivated all their lives for want of intellectual nourishment. Even of those who pass the Pillars of Hercules—their examinations—there are many, especially among our young men of family, who gladly abandon such distasteful diet. But as the educated mind cannot rest inactive, it seeks false and hurtful nourishment from works of imagination of the class furnished by theatres and novels. The door closed to study is usually accessible to *ennui*, father of all vices and of every crime. When that takes possession of a man's mind he can appreciate no pleasures but those of excitement and the senses, however good his education may have been."

Whose fault is it? The fault of those who, having a sound, wholesome, pleasant food to offer to the imagination, keep the door of Nature's temple tight closed, the better to ransack their dictionaries and guess the riddles of some prehistoric author.

Nature, too, offers enigmas to us at every step; but her problems fill the mind with wonder and interest. One feels like *Œdipus* guessing the secret of the Sphinx who devoured the passers-by—an ingenious symbol invented by the Greeks to express the miserable state of man struggling wildly among the

complications of Nature. Dumb and implacable like the Sphinx, she offers her terrible enigma to all who pass through the world, torturing, oppressing, rending those who fail to understand it. Virtue only, armed with the buckler of science, can conquer the monster who is deaf to the poet's passionate appeal, to the mother's prayer, to the lamentations of the dying. It is easy to control rebellious minds by this grand and terrible spectacle, at once pathetic and sublime, which is more interesting than any romance and develops unconsciously rare and precious faculties, such as the spirit of observation and analysis.

Whoever learns to read this Bible learns, in the very process, to love it. From that time the country has new attractions. It is changed, as Montaigne happily expresses it, "to a most holy temple not made with hands."

The mind which dwells in communion with Nature, finding everywhere God's hand at work, becomes unconsciously impressed with the order, the extent, and the majesty of creation. Nothing develops more fully uprightness of mind and rectitude of judgment than the disinterested search after truth. One is forced to take life seriously and appreciate the value of time in the presence of this sublime spectacle, which recalls to man the true conditions of his existence, his place in creation, his noble destiny.

The miracle of existence becomes then clearly apparent to all minds uncorrupted by self-indulgence or by that precocious scepticism which dries up the springs of religious feeling.

See that clump of brier illumined by a ray of sunlight filtering through the great trees. Aladdin's wonderful lamp in the *Arabian Nights* never revealed more marvels. Drops of rain glitter on the leaves like diamonds of the first water. The insects have begun their dance again with renewed vigor. Flies, butterflies, coleoptera, orthoptera, neuroptera, and hymenoptera of every shape and color flutter, buzz, vibrate, chase each other, and hide in flower-cups, while overhead in the great beeches the concert of warblers, blackbirds, and goldfinches is resumed with fresh delight. It is the sublime harmony of life which enchants the listener and evokes from the solitude of the forest, Nature's chosen temple, sweet and wonderful mysteries. The most evenly balanced mind is filled with emotion and admiration in the presence of such beauty. . . .

"Artist! poet!" said my companion, laughing in his turn. "Take care! I shall report you to your friends the naturalists. You know they will bear no trifling on this point. Poet and

scientist are irreconcilable terms in their opinion. The scalpel of science has pitilessly cut the strings of the lyre, and Apollo's disciples are, in the eyes of your teachers, so many idiots who personify in the nineteenth century those dark ages of history which correspond to the infancy of humanity."

"You are not wholly wrong," said I. "But I believe with St. Augustine that the Beautiful, being only the perfection of order, cannot be separated from the worship of the True—that is to say, science. The human mind cannot be mutilated with impunity, and, if the man of science must distrust the flights and aberrations of the poet's imagination, he should guard against the exclusion of the ideal, which sears the heart and turns the understanding into a registering-machine."

Many scientists have reached the point of measuring a man's worth and the reach and certainty of his judgment by his skill in managing a microscope or a scale. This new kind of psychometry is in vogue among positivists, and elsewhere too—a fact easily explained by the predominance of petty minds. They appear to forget that fertile discoveries may be made even in the domain of the sciences of observation with the registering-machines given to us by Nature. When the senses and understanding are early trained together, when judgment is not sacrificed to mechanical memory, we learn to see more clearly in many instances than these false priests of Nature. Influence the intellect by the intuitive teaching of phenomena, and the normal evolution of the faculties will be spontaneously accomplished and a taste for study unconsciously developed in the child.

No more need of the ferule then: the marvellous, inexhaustible reality of creation satisfies a virgin imagination better than the make-believe wonders of fairy-tales. Substituting the real world for the imaginary, truth for artifice, in primary education, we infuse into man from the beginning the spirit of the laws of that Nature with which he must struggle until the hour of his death.

"There is," says Charles Nodier, "a wonderful charm in the study of nature, and the man who does not penetrate the grace of these mysteries lacks, it may be, a sense for the enjoyment of life. All the pleasures of the soul have been described; it is a pity that no one has described the delight that possesses a heart of twelve years old, formed by a little instruction and much sensibility for a knowledge of the living world, at the moment when he takes possession of it as of an inheritance on some lovely morning in

spring. So Adam must have looked upon the world made for him when the breath of the Creator roused him from his child-like sleep.

"Oh! how beautiful the world seemed to me.

"I already thought—for I have not changed my mind—that a profound study of the facts of the creation was more worthy than any other to interest a sound intelligence, and that everything else was only fit to occupy the extravagant leisure of degenerate races. Even now it makes me shiver with delight to remember the sight of my first 'carabus auro-nitens.' He appeared to me in the damp shadow that lay on the trunk of an old fallen oak, where he rested, gleaming like a carbuncle dropped from the aigrette of the Grand Mogul. I remember standing for a moment fascinated with his light, and that my hand trembled so with emotion that I had to collect myself again and again before I could take possession of him. . . .

"The world of butterflies is a series of enchantments and metempsychoses to the child who chases them with his delicate net. By his coat of mail, checkered black and yellow, we know the prudent Machaon, who, with faithful devotion to plants that give out precious specifics for sickness, will not fail to alight upon the fennel. . . .

"Go down into the meadow. These butterflies are shepherds, and Nature has clad them in rustic vesture. Here is Tityrus, Myrtil,* Corydon.† One is distinguished among them all by the brilliancy of his azure mantle, beneath which innumerable eyes gleam like stars in a clear night sky; it is Argus‡ watching over the flocks.

"Now pass with searching glance the verge of the woods, defended by Silenus and the Satyrs.§ Here is the band of Sylvans|| wandering among the solitudes with still more airy nymphs which mock your pursuit, soon leaving a brook between themselves and you, and vanishing like Lycoris without fearing to be seen behind the shrubs of the opposite bank.

"Look! you may know Mars by his cuirass of burnished steel flashing in the sunlight with gleams of gold and silver;

* Satyrus Myrtil (Janira); July; meadows and glades.

† Lycæna Corydon flies in May and August along the banks of the Meuse.

‡ Lycæna Alexis, a little azure-blue butterfly very common in all the meadows of Belgium during the month of June.

§ Cœil de bois, very common also in wooded roads and in fields.

|| A black butterfly with a transverse white line on each wing, and hovering in solitary woods with nymphalidæ which are larger and have iridescent reflections on their wings. July, when the spring grain is ripe. Very common formerly in the forest of Soignies. The latter have almost disappeared since the destruction of the woods.

Vulcan,* blazing with ingots of burning red like iron in the furnace; . . . Apollo with his snow-white robe waving in the air, relieved by bands of purple." †

I quote from memory; this passage of the great writer and learned philologist I have not seen these fifteen years, but it remains so deeply graven in my memory that I can vouch for its correctness.

Well, what do you think of it?

Was I right in saying that no novel or legend or fairy-tale approaches this in interest? What can be more dramatic than the innumerable varied phases of the great struggle for existence made by all living creatures, from man down to the meanest insect, calling to their aid by turns strength, artifice, intelligence, patience, and boldness? Insects especially neither give nor take quarter in the warfare upon which Nature lavishes the resources of an inexhaustible imagination. The law of parasitism is universal—an immense Curia from which nothing escapes. Every plant, animal, organ, has, so to speak, its own parasites; but there are some that travel from one to another, accomplishing each phase of development in a different being or organ. Often the perfect insect lives on the flower, and its larvæ on the fruit, stalk, wood, leaves, and roots. So also parasitic worms usually accomplish the first phase of their evolution in the body of an animal which will be devoured by some other when they have attained their perfect state.

In short, we may assert that every imaginable process has been used to favor the parasitism which costs to agriculture millions every year. The diabolical artifices of these countless, invisible foes which harass every living thing and torment each other like imps of fairy lore explain to us the superstitious beliefs so deeply rooted in the rustic mind. Before science was capable of revealing the evolutions and metamorphoses of insects and cryptogams, the peasant, seeing his crops ruined and his flocks dying without apparent cause, was led to believe in the intervention of evil spirits. Multiform as Proteus, his enemies escaped him by their insignificance, their transformations, their migrations and stratagems, now brought to light by naturalists.

To-day science has pierced the darkness which the terrified imagination of our forefathers peopled with preternatural powers. It is through science alone that the cultivator can hope

* Vanessa Atalanta—Red Admiral—passes the winter in the butterfly form like other Vanesidæ, and flies from spring to fall.

† Apollo flies only on high mountains near the region of snows.

to exorcise the gnomes and elves of which legend, still vigorous in country places, has preserved all sorts of superstitious stories. Science has substituted inflexible law for the caprices of evil spirits. In their stead we find invisible workers, accomplishing blindly, in accordance with a direction invariable for each species, their natural evolution, which unwinds like a spring that can be easily clogged when once we understand its mechanism.

One remarkable phenomenon is the identity in the mode of procedure and in the weapons employed by the most dissimilar parasites in seeking a similar end.

As, for instance, the standing ear of wheat is attacked by insects of three different families: coleoptera, diptera (two-winged flies), hymenoptera (four-winged flies). * All these little insects wait for the period of blossoming of the wheat to introduce an egg at the base of the spike under the last knot. This egg soon hatches out a larva, which establishes a barrier to intercept the sap for its own benefit by making a circular incision within the stalk. Then, when the harvest time approaches, the larva descends from point to point, perforating the knots, and takes up its abode at the foot of the stalk, which the sickle never cuts; or, like the cecidomia, it bends backward and stretches itself out like a spring to reach the ground, as the salmon, ascending a stream, springs over the cataracts. Each of these insects fortunately has a parasite, sometimes of the same family, which limits its ravages and multiplies in direct ratio to the fecundity of its victim. The platygastrum, a little four-winged black fly, introduces its eggs beside those of the cecidomia (whose presence it recognizes by unerring instinct) by means of its auger ending in a spear-head. As soon as the larvæ of the cecidomia begin their work the larvæ of the platygastrum enter their bodies and devour them after the fashion of the ichneumon until the period of hatching arrives, when the astonished observer sees a different fly issue from the empty skin of the cecidomia.

So also the chlorops is destroyed by the alysis, of the family of ichneumons, with a prolonged abdomen ending in an auger. When we study the parasites of wheat we wonder how the precious cereal can escape their attacks, and marvel no longer that the devastations of insects are estimated at two thousand millions in France alone. While the cryptogams, flies, and coleoptera attack the wheat, arachnides and myriapodes (one-thousand-footed) † attack the germs.

* Saperda, chlorops, cephus, cecidomia.

† Acarus and iules.

The acarus has two pincers like those of the lobster, which it uses to perforate the cotyledons and grind the farina. The iule, which needs a liquid nourishment, insinuates itself into the interior of the grain, when the farinaceous mass is transformed to vegetable milk under the influence of soluble ferments engendered by germination. It is a little millipede of one centimetre in length, formed of fifty rings, each bearing two lateral stigmata of vivid red color. The number of iules is considerable in the infested land; we find them rolled one over the other in the grain of cereals.

Another animalcule still more interesting, of the family of trichinæ, produces smut in the wheat during damp months. This is microscopic in dimensions, and possesses the strange power of drying up and reviving according to the weather. A drop of water will produce this miracle. You can see through the microscope the little worms dry up by the evaporation of the liquid. They can be preserved indefinitely in a box and resuscitated at will by a drop of water.

Réaumur followed minutely the evolutions of the fly which lays its eggs in the cabbage caterpillar. The victim appears to be slightly affected; it eats with its ordinary appetite, without suspecting that it carries about the germ of death. Hardly are they hatched when the little larvæ devour the caterpillar, but, by a providential instinct, they attack only the accessory parts; without injuring the essential organs of life, they are nourished by fat which surrounds the digestive organ itself.

When they have acquired their complete development, at the moment when the caterpillar prepares for the chrysalis state, they come out all together from their living prison, given up then to annihilation.

The fruitful investigations of Réaumur were confirmed and carried on by a naturalist of the country of Linnæus. The Swede De Geer describes a very fine species of ichneumon which lodges its eggs in the eggs of other insects—for instance, butterflies. The worm which issues from the ichneumon is so small that it finds within the shell of the other egg all the food necessary to enable it to reach its growth; there it changes to a nymph and then to a fly; the fly pierces the shell, which it has emptied of the contents, and which would now be only a prison. The amazed naturalist sees a little fly emerge from the eggs whence he had expected caterpillars.

Réaumur and Vallisnieri observed also the manœuvres of

parasites upon cereals and fruits which belong to the same families and are both nearly of one species. I have already said that a weevil of the order of coleoptera and a moth of the order of butterflies are the most dangerous foes of our orchards and granaries.

The pyrale of apples (*carpocapsa pomonana*) is a charming little butterfly, steel gray spotted with gold and bronze. The larva (worm), which hatches after the blossoming season, gnaws the fruit and digs out vertical galleries. The exhausted fruit drops off just at the time of chrysalizing, thus giving its parasite the opportunity to go into the ground, where it passes through its last change.

The granaries of wheat are devastated not only by a weevil (*calandra*), but also by moths of the genus *alucita*, of which one species eats the inside of the grain, avoiding the perisperm, and another sews several grains together in order to lodge in the middle and eat them more at ease. I should never end if I were to describe all the atrocious tricks played by these charming little creatures whose secrets entomologists have revealed to us.

It is sometimes easy to *surprise* the intentions of Nature in the peculiar structure of insects. For instance, nocturnal butterflies are distinguished from those which fly by day in having a little *apparatus* which fastens the *lower* to the *upper* wing. This apparatus, visible to the naked eye in the larger ones, is formed of a ring clasped to the great costal nerve of the upper wing, and of an elastic wand which is simply the isolated costal nerve of the posterior wing. When you remove the wand from the ring where it is fastened the powerful flight of the sphinx becomes unequal and abrupt, like that of day butterflies. The observation of a caterpillar's foot through the microscope indicates whether the insect is adapted to the parasitism of leaves, stems, or wood. Certain species, like the *sesias*, present absolutely the same form and color as certain families of flies armed for war, such as the wasp and the *ichneumons*. The resemblance is so perfect that the enemies of these butterflies are taken in by it. So the end is attained by a veritable disguise, a mimicry; it is the carnival of Nature.

Others imitate the form or color of leaves or dead twigs. The moth of the alder, for instance, assumes during the caterpillar stage the form of a little knotty stick; it keeps upright and immovable to complete the illusion, and, indeed, deceives birds as well as men.

The six parts of the mouth meant for grinding, among cater-

pillars, transform themselves in the butterfly to a long, flexible proboscis, which rolls up like the spring of a watch; anatomy finds in this snout, under another form, the six pieces in the same relation.

But it is time for the train; we must go.

To end with, I remark a characteristic phenomenon of insect life which has attracted the notice of observers and struck the imagination of the poets of earliest antiquity. It is the metamorphosis, celebrated by Ovid, which makes brilliant, aerial being issue from an unformed, repulsive larva. The ancients saw in it the symbol of resurrection and personified it under the form of a lovely young goddess with butterfly's wings.

Psyche meant the soul, the divine breath which animates Nature. The soul, which becomes conscious in man, is unconscious in animals, realizing without knowing it all the marvels of life. It was the pantheistic and pagan conception of the universe, once more in fashion nowadays in the philosophical German school of Schopenhauer. Another school, that of Darwin and Hæckel, attributes understanding and conscience to animals as to man, and sees in the human soul only a result of the development of the souls of animals.

I will not insist on this point to-day; it is enough to have shown you that mind everywhere animates Nature, and that if materialism exists it can have no cause but corruption of heart or ignorance of natural things; unfortunately this ignorance is encouraged by those even who have most reason to wish to dissipate it, to plead the cause of Providence by unveiling his mysteries in the great work of creation.

SAINT IRENÆUS AND THE ROMAN SEE.

THOSE who have made a study of the controversial writings which have come down to us from the last century and the earlier portions of our own cannot fail to be struck with the very prominent position which of late years the question relating to the office and *status* of the Roman pontiff has assumed in works of a polemical nature on both sides. If we glance over the pages of that admirable work, *The End of Controversy*, by the immortal Bishop Milner—himself, during the greater part of his episcopate, the foremost defender in England of the rights of the Holy See, “the champion,” as Cardinal Newman has deservedly called him, “of God’s ark in an evil time”—we shall, if I remember rightly, find but one short chapter devoted to the discussion of this point, while such other questions as the infallibility of the church, transubstantiation, and so on are treated of fully and, I venture to add, unanswerably. Nor is the cause of this alteration in the tactics of our adversaries, necessitating an equivalent change of front on our own part, far to seek. It cannot be attributed merely to the prominence which the Vatican definition of Papal Infallibility has given to this and cognate questions, for the controversy regarding them had been gradually assuming its present proportions for many years previous to the assembling of that council. I am inclined rather to think that it is the logical outcome of that Oxford movement, known as *Tractarianism*, which, while it carried its more consistent adherents, including their illustrious leader himself, into the bosom of the Catholic Church, so raised the religious and ecclesiastical tone of those who through blindness or perversity were left behind that, assimilating one by one all Catholic doctrines, or such a version of them as they thought could be made to square with their own anomalous and anarchical position, they at last found themselves in the situation of that worthy Anglican clergyman who declared his readiness to “swallow everything except papal supremacy”! Having arrived thus far, and inasmuch as the party which has adopted these views forms no inconsiderable section—and that portion beyond dispute the most zealous and active—of the clergy and laity of the Anglican Establishment, it is not difficult to perceive how the controversy should have nar-

rowed itself down to this single point, viz., What authority has the Roman pontiff by divine ordination, as a centre of unity and jurisdiction to the whole church?

The absence of any supreme and final authority, capable of deciding once and for all questions of faith and morals, and whose decision should be binding upon the consciences of the faithful, constitutes a fatal and irremediable flaw in the theory of Anglicanism, rendering the efforts of the Ritualists, whether in the way of ceremonial imitation of Catholic worship or in the simulation and adoption of fragments of Catholic doctrine, both dogmatic and ascetical, merely a melancholy burlesque. The Ritualistic conception of the church, when resolved into its ultimate parts, resembles only the Hindoo idea of the world upon which we live, which rests upon an elephant, which rests upon a tortoise, which rests upon—*nothing!*

But the Ritualists, at all events those among them who have an elementary knowledge of ecclesiastical history, are perfectly well aware that from apostolic times downwards the church had always the power of excluding heretics from her communion—Marcionites, Montanists, Novatians, and so on. Now, it stands to reason that the supreme authority in this matter must have existed *somewhere* throughout all these centuries, and the whole controversy turns upon the question, *Where was it?* The test of true doctrine could not have been the ruling of individual bishops, for they did not always agree, and the truth is one. It was, perhaps some one will maintain, the universal doctrine of the church; but this is merely putting one set of words for another without elucidating the meaning, for we are met at the outset by the question, *How do you define the church*—of what did it consist, and what was its living voice? That of all the bishops—all those who, being in valid episcopal orders, were in actual possession of a see? Was, for instance, Eusebius of Cæsarea one of its bishops? If so, then the church could scarcely be said to be unanimous even on the doctrine of the *homoousion*, for he and many others were known to be Semi-Arians. Where, then, was this supreme authority, whose decision on matters of faith and morals was to be final and binding, and whom, when it had once spoken, Christians could not contradict without heresy? It was in the Chair of Peter, the Apostolic See; “for with this church, on account of its more powerful principality, every church must agree.”

I do not here propose to touch upon the Scriptural evidences of St. Peter's primacy, nor the proofs, drawn from history and

logic, that the Bishops of Rome were from the beginning recognized as his successors. What I purpose doing in the present paper is to take the above well-known passage from the writings of St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, *Against Heresies*, and by a careful grammatical and logical analysis thereof, in all its parts, to endeavor to ascertain in what estimation *he* held the Holy See, and consequently, inasmuch as he is regarded on all hands as a representative writer, what was the acknowledged *status* of the Roman pontiff in the second century.

In order that the whole sense of the holy bishop's words may be made clear to those who are not familiar with his writings, I will take the liberty of quoting him from the commencement of the chapter containing the above-cited words, out of the Protestant translation in the *Ante-Nicene Library*, published by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, and translated by the Rev. Alexander Roberts, D.D., and the Rev. W. H. Rambaut, A.B. I do not know who these gentlemen are, but they are certainly *not* Roman Catholics.

In book iii. chap. ii. St. Irenæus says :

"When, however, they [the heretics] are confuted from the Scriptures, they turn round and accuse these same Scriptures, as if they were not correct nor of authority, and assert that they are ambiguous, and that the truth cannot be extracted from them by those who are ignorant of tradition. For they allege that the truth was not delivered by means of written documents, but *vivâ voce*.—But, again, when we refer them to that tradition which originates from the apostles, and which is preserved by means of the succession of presbyters in the churches, they object to tradition, saying that they themselves are wiser, not only than the presbyters, but even than the apostles, because they have discovered the unadulterated truth."

"Chap. iii.—It is within the power, therefore, of all in every church who may wish to see the truth to contemplate clearly the tradition of the apostles manifested throughout the whole world; and all are in a position to reckon up those who were by the apostles instituted bishops in the churches, and to demonstrate the successions of these men to our own times, those who neither taught nor knew of anything like what these [heretics] rave about. For if the apostles had known hidden mysteries, which they were in the habit of imparting 'to the perfect' apart and privily from the rest, they would have delivered them especially to those to whom they were also committing the churches themselves. For they were desirous that these men should be very perfect and blameless in all things, whom also they were leaving behind as their successors, delivering up their own place of government to these men; which men, if they discharged their functions honestly, would be a great boon [to the church], but if they should fall away the direst calamity.

"Since, however, it would be very tedious in such a volume as this to reckon up the successions of all the churches, we do put to confusion all

those who in whatever manner, whether by an evil self-pleasing, by vain-glory, or by blindness and perverse opinion, assemble in unauthorized meetings, [we do this, I say] by indicating that tradition, derived from the apostles, of the very great, the very ancient and universally known church, founded and organized at Rome by the two most glorious apostles, Peter and Paul; as also [by pointing out] the faith preached to men which comes down to our times by the successions of bishops. *For it is a matter of necessity that every church should agree with this church, on account of its pre-eminent authority*, that is, the faithful everywhere, inasmuch as the apostolic tradition has been preserved continuously by those [faithful men] who exist everywhere."

This is the whole passage from St. Irenæus, given in the words of the Protestant translators themselves. I will only add that, in my humble opinion, the thanks of all readers of English are due to these gentlemen for the upright and honest way in which they have conducted this translation. We shall find in our analysis of this passage that the method laid down by St. Irenæus by which individuals may assure themselves as to the truths of divine tradition is precisely that which exists in the Roman Catholic Church at the present day, *and in no other*. If an individual be desirous of ascertaining what the Catholic faith is upon a given point, it matters not where he may be—London or Paris, New York or San Francisco or Sydney—he has only to go to the first Catholic priest whom he meets and ask him. And how, is it asked, is the inquirer to know that this person possesses the true apostolic tradition? Because he will find, if he investigates the subject, that the tradition which the priest hands to him is that which he in turn receives from his bishop, who in his turn receives it from the Apostolic See, in which chair sits the successor of him to whom our Lord said, *Feed my sheep*.

And this is precisely the rule which St. Irenæus lays down. "We refer them," says he, "to that tradition which originates from the apostles, and which is preserved by means of the successions of *presbyters* in the churches"; and then, going a step higher, he says, "We are in a position to reckon up those who were by the apostles instituted *bishops* in the churches, and to demonstrate the succession of these men to our own times"; and then, passing to the highest step of all, "We do put to confusion all those who in whatever manner assemble in unauthorized meetings by indicating" the tradition of the See of Rome; "*for it is a matter of necessity that every church should agree with this church, on account of its pre-eminent authority*." Here, says he, is the summit of ecclesiastical authority, and when you have ascertained the doctrine of the Roman See you know *ipso facto* the

doctrine of all other sees throughout the world which are in Catholic communion, for they *of necessity* take their keynote from her.

The Latin version of the passage under review runs as follows:

"Ad hanc enim ecclesiam propter potentiores principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam, hoc est eos qui sunt undique fideles; in qua semper ab his qui sunt undique conservata est ea quæ est ab apostolis traditio."

Let us examine the various parts of this sentence minutely, and see whether, in its strict grammatical and logical construction, it favors the Anglican "view" of the matter or the thesis maintained by the theologians of the Catholic Church.

The original Greek text of St. Irenæus has been lost. All that we possess of the original is the greater portion of the first book, which has been put together by means of the copious quotations found in the works of SS. Hippolytus and Epiphanius. But these fragments are of the highest value, as they enable us to compare them with the Latin translation—a process which proves the latter to be a most faithful and accurate rendering. Those of my readers who desire to pursue this subject further may consult Massuet, *Dissertatio iii. De Irenæi Doctrinâ*.

If, consequently, we find that the Latin rendering cannot, by the utmost efforts of Protestant ingenuity, be twisted into giving countenance to the Anglican view, I think that we may reasonably conclude that such was not the "view" of the great bishop of Lyons himself.

Now, Protestants of various kinds, both English and Continental, Anglicans and Calvinists, have tried their "prentice hand" upon this passage of St. Irenæus; but it is only fair to say that the Calvinists, like Salmasius, are, generally speaking, by far the more honest and straightforward in their interpretation of the words, probably because they can afford to tell the truth upon the subject, while Anglicans feel that they have to carry the point against Rome *per fas et nefas*.

The first objection to the Catholic interpretation which I will notice will be found substantially in Palmer's *Treatise on the Church of Christ*, vol. ii. p. 412, and in the works of other Anglican writers. It is that, although St. Irenæus does say that it is necessary for all churches to agree with or resort to the Church of Rome on account of its more powerful principality, yet he does not affirm that this principality is of divine institution, and

therefore it is not divinely ordained that all churches should resort to or agree with the Church of Rome.

Now, in reply to this objection it may first be observed in passing that it is not *simply* on account of its more powerful principality that St. Irenæus declares that all churches must agree with Rome, but because, in addition to this, the faith has there always been preserved uncorrupted.

But, be this as it may, it is manifest, when we couple these two facts together, that although St. Irenæus does not assert it to be of divine institution explicitly and directly, yet he does so implicitly and in reality; for, first, if that principality were purely of human and not of divine right, it is inconceivable that a necessity should be placed upon all other churches of agreement with the church possessing such principality; and, secondly, if the purity of the doctrine of the Roman Church were simply accidental, how, by comparing their errors with its teaching, could all heretics be confounded? Unless the doctrine of that church was always to be preserved pure by divine institution and privilege, heretics might no less be confounded by consulting the doctrine of any other individual church, especially of one founded by an apostle, which up to the time of St. Irenæus had preserved the faith incorrupt. We shall see the force of this argument more clearly when we come to consider the words *must of necessity—necesse est*.

Another very common objection, derived, if I remember rightly, from the Lutheran Griesbach, is this: It is possible that St. Irenæus, for the words (which I have here translated) *more powerful principality*, wrote in the original *κρείττονα ἀρχήν*, which can be rendered *more powerful beginning*.

Now, supposing that the saint had so written, it is quite immaterial to us. *Ἀρχή*, it is well known, can mean either *beginning* or *princedom*; but princedom, which is the word the Latin translator uses, who of course had seen the original, *never signifies beginning*. Judging, then, from the general accuracy of the Latin translation, so far as it is in our power to compare it with the original, there is the strongest probability that St. Irenæus did not use any word which signified *beginning*, and this more particularly as the fact that the Roman Church had a “powerful beginning”—had commenced with more *éclat*, so to speak, than other churches—would not in itself be a reason why every church should be under the necessity of agreeing with or resorting to it. How many churches had most powerful and glorious beginnings which afterwards fell away from the faith altogether!

It is noteworthy that the interpretation upon which I am insisting is precisely that given by Von Döllinger and Friedrich, the leaders of the "Old-Catholic" sect in Germany. Dr. von Döllinger, in the English translation of his *Church History* (vol. i. p. 256), after speaking of the Protestant "attempts to wrest the words from their evident signification," himself gives the following rendering: "It is necessary that the faithful of every church should be in communion with this church, on account of its *more powerful authority*, in which communion the faithful of the whole world have preserved the apostolic tradition." So wrote Von Döllinger when he was an honored professor of Catholic theology.

"Hei mihi, quantum mutatus ab illo!"

And, stranger still, Professor Friedrich, supposed to be one of the authors of *Janus*, only two years before the assembling of the Vatican Council, in a work entitled *Kirchen Geschichte Deutschlands* (vol. i. p. 409), has the following remarkable passage:

"Interpret as we will the 'propter potioem principalitatem,' Irenæus testifies to the fact of the pre-eminence of the Roman Church in his time; for this, even omitting the phrase in question, is clearly expressed in the passage, since it declares that every church must unconditionally and of necessity agree with the Roman Church, and measure its doctrine by her standard, for she is the guardian of apostolical tradition. But to the mind of Irenæus this tradition of the Roman Church herself is essential and fundamental for the whole church."

Schneemann, as Father Addis informs us,* "shows that in each of the twenty-three places of the Latin version where it occurs 'principalitas' signifies 'dominion.' It is used, e.g., for the supremacy of God over all—'principalitatem habet in omnibus Deus' (iv. 38, 3); for Christ's headship over the church (iii. 16, 6); for that attributed by the Gnostics to the spirit of light (iv. 35, 2)."

As regards the Greek original of this expression *potentior* (or, as some manuscripts have it, *potior*) *principalitas*, Cardinal Franzelin, in his great work *De Divina Traditione et Scriptura*, mentions four different conjectures, three of which are Protestant and one Catholic:

Griesbach (Lutheran)	supposes	διὰ τὴν ἐκανώτεραν ἀρχὴν.
Salmasius (Calvinist)	"	ἐξ αἰρετὸν πρωτεῖον.
Thiersch (Lutheran)	"	διὰ φέρουσαν πρωτείαν.
Massuet (O.S.B.)	"	ὑπέρτερον πρωτεῖον.

* *Anglican Misrepresentations*, p. 8, to which valuable pamphlet I am indebted for the above quotations from Döllinger and Friedrich.

It will be seen that only one of these learned men favors the word *ἀρχή*—Griesbach. This is the author to whom I referred above on the authority of the Anglican controversialist Beaven.* Why Griesbach's Greek for the word *potentiorum* differs in Beaven's quotation and in that of Cardinal Franzelin I am unable to explain.

The word *ἀρχή* is frequently used in Holy Scripture as signifying dominion or sovereignty—as, for example, Rom. viii. 38; 1 Cor. xv. 24; Ephes. i. 21 and iii. 10; Col. i. 16 and ii. 10–15, and Titus iii. 1. Our Lord himself also uses the same expression in St. Luke xii. 11 and xx. 20. Liddell and Scott, in their well-known lexicon, translate the word, when it refers to temporal sovereignty, by *the first place or power, sovereignty, dominion*, quoting Pindar, *Διὸς ἀρχή, θεῶν ἀρχαί*, and so on. As regards *πρωτεῖον* and its cognates *πρωτεῖαν* and *πρωτεύων*, its meaning is virtually decided in Col. i. 18: *That in all things he may hold the primacy (πρωτεύων)*.

Another objection is that all the apostolic churches had a certain *principalitas*, or pre-eminence, before other churches. It is, of course, manifest that any church founded by an apostle would have *per se* some sort of pre-eminence, take some kind of precedence, over those not so founded. But that is nothing to the point. I deny *in toto*—for indeed the words of St. Irenæus himself exclude the idea—that any apostolic church, except that of Rome, rejoiced in any *principalitas* on account of which all churches *must unconditionally and of necessity agree with it and measure their doctrine by its standard*. Nor, again, is it true that the apostolic churches, Rome only excepted, always preserved the apostolic tradition. And Anglicans in particular are especially debarred from making use of such an argument, for their own Thirty-nine Articles expressly declare that the churches of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem too “have erred.” If, on the other hand, simply a pre-eminence of honor is intended we may pass the objection by; it is irrelevant.

An immense amount of controversy has centred round the true rendering of *necesse est*—*it is necessary*. Mr. Beaven (p. 67) observes: “*Necesse est* may imply, it is true, that it is the duty (*sic*) of every church to resort to Rome, but its more natural and usual meaning is that as a matter of course (*sic*) Christians from all parts, and not strictly the churches themselves, were led to resort thither by the superior eminence of that church.” I am not sure that an apology is not due to the readers of THE CA-

* *An Account of the Life and Writings of St. Irenæus*, 1841, p. 65.

THOLIC WORLD for introducing an objection logically so feeble, and so wanting in an appreciation of the meaning of language, as the above; for the learned author, while admitting that it *may imply* what is its obvious and, as we shall see, inevitable signification, presents us on his own part with an interpretation as the alternative which diametrically contradicts the words of St. Irenæus himself. For the holy bishop distinctly declares that it *is* strictly the churches themselves, and not the individuals composing them, who *must* resort to Rome for guidance.

Let us, however, consider more at length the force of the expression *necesse est*. If we turn to any standard Latin dictionary—as, for instance, that of Dr. William Smith (one of the classical examiners in the University of London)—we find the expression rendered thus: 1, *unavoidable, inevitable, necessary*; 2, *needful, requisite*. Now, if Mr. Beaven's words have any meaning at all, they signify that although Christians were attracted to Rome by the superior eminence of its church, still they were under no obligation to have recourse to it, and if they had neglected or refused to do so it would have made no difference whatever in their ecclesiastical *status*. But this, as we have seen, is precisely what the word does *not* signify; its simple and solitary meaning, as we have ascertained, is inevitable, unavoidable necessity—a *sine quâ non*.

I remember some time ago reading in an Anglican work a comment upon this passage, in which it was maintained that if St. Irenæus had intended that all churches *ought*, as a matter of right and wrong, to agree with Rome, he would not have used the expression *necesse est*, but *oportet*. Now, at first sight this objection seems very specious indeed, yet upon investigation it will not hold water for a moment. In my humble opinion, if St. Irenæus had used *oportet* there might have been, supposing that this were the only evidence for papal supremacy, a loophole of escape for Anglicans. For *oportet*—*it behooves*—certainly implies a moral obligation, but not an absolute necessity. It behooves (*oportet*) a man not to sin, but still man, as man, through his free-will has the power of sinning, and if he does sin he does not cease to be a man. Had St. Irenæus used this expression it might have been urged that, while he represented that all churches *ought* to agree with Rome in order to the perfection of their ecclesiastical *status*, nevertheless he did not say that if they did not do so they would cease to be churches—*i.e.*, to form part of the visible church of Christ. Now, this is very important, because it is precisely the position claimed by the most advanced

section of Anglican High-Churchmen. "We know," they say, "that the whole church *ought* to be one and visibly united to its head the Roman bishop; but our 'unhappy divisions' have placed us where we are, and we know that, in spite of these divisions, the Church of England has not ceased to be a true branch of the Church Catholic, and therefore it is our duty to remain in her." The Anglican divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, more honest in their Protestantism than those who claim to be their successors, used this same argument with regard to *episcopacy*. They granted that it was essential to the *perfection* of the church, but not to its existence.

Now, St. Irenæus, by using this word *neccesse*, deliberately cuts off this excuse. For this expression does not signify a moral necessity at all. A moral necessity, as I have said before, in relation to human beings signifies a *moral obligation*—such as the obligation of man to love and serve God, his true end, which obligation, as I have also observed, by reason of the freedom of the human will, may be set at naught without the offender ceasing thereby to be a man. He ceases, it is true, to be a *perfect* man, but he does not nevertheless cease to be a man. So, if agreement with the see of Peter were only a moral necessity, it might be set at naught by local churches, without their thereby ceasing to form part of the visible church; the agreement being necessary to the *perfection* of these churches, to their perfect health, so to speak, but not to their existence as integral portions of the Church Catholic.

Now, this, I maintain, is precisely what *neccesse est* does not mean. The phrase is not at all an uncommon one in classical writers, but in every instance that I can think of it signifies an absolute necessity—just such a necessity as that by which, as St. Augustine says, in order for a limb to form a *living* member of a living man, it *must* be visibly joined to his body.

To refer to one passage, familiar, doubtless, to many readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, Cæsar (*De Bello Gallico*, book vii. c. 19) has the following :

"Indignantēs milites Cæsar, quod conspectum suum hostes ferre possent tantulo spatio interjecto, et signum prælii expectantes, edocet quanto detrimento et quot virorum fortium morte *neccesse sit* constare victoriam."

"Cæsar clearly points out to his soldiers, indignant that the enemy could bear the sight of them, so short a distance intervening, and demanding the signal for action, with how great a loss and with the death of how many brave men *it would be necessary* to obtain the victory."

Nothing can be clearer than the meaning of *necesse* in this connection. Cæsar does not tell them that without the loss of these lives the victory may indeed be gained, but that it will be less complete, less perfect, and the consequent glory to the Roman arms less ; but that without the sacrifice of these brave men it *cannot* be obtained at all, that in order to secure this victory it is absolutely necessary (*necesse*) to make this sacrifice—a *sine quâ non*.

The distinction between an absolute necessity of this kind and a mere moral obligation is expressed by the terms *necessitas medii* and *necessitas præcepti* respectively. These expressions are not unknown to Anglican theologians, as Father Ryder has pointed out in his masterly reply to Dr. Littledale's *Plain Reasons*. The learned Oratorian mentions that both Stillingfleet and Bramhall explain these terms. The latter says: "Doth he know no distinction of things necessary to be known, that some are not so necessary as others? Some things are necessary to be known *necessitate medii*—to obtain salvation ; some things are necessary to be known only *necessitate præcepti*, because they are commanded." The former, we have seen, is the simple meaning of *necesse est* ; the latter is implied by *oportet*—ought.

But, urge our Anglican opponents, the "necessity" here referred to is merely a necessity, an accidental necessity, of *position*—the relative position, that is, between the Church of Rome and surrounding churches. It is difficult to decide what is exactly intended by this expression *position*. I take it for granted that mere location cannot be meant, for in that case the phrase would appear to be utterly without signification. I cannot conceive how the churches, say, of Damascus or Antioch should by reason of their *location* be under a necessity of going to Rome for instruction. If they were under that necessity at all the reason must surely be sought for elsewhere. The Anglican Grabe imagined that the churches were constantly under the necessity of sending embassies to the Roman emperors ; but this absurdity is demolished by the Benedictine Massuet, who hints that the imperial throne was the last place where Christians could hope for right or justice. The only explanation that I have been able to think of is this: that, on account of their relative position to Rome as the capital of the empire, these churches were under the necessity of going there as the headquarters of news and gossip. But what is the outcome of this theory? It simply amounts to this: that if the expression *necesse est* implies an *unavoidable necessity*, and the dictionaries tell

us that it does; and if the churches in all parts of the world were under this *unavoidable necessity* of having recourse to Rome to learn the apostolic tradition, which was necessary to their spiritual life, and St. Irenæus says they were, then that position—that relative position which imposed this necessity upon them of having recourse to Rome, *unavoidable*, because without it they could not learn the truth—must have been imposed by divine ordination. For it is inconceivable that that without which the churches could not live should be a mere accident of human origin.

And yet when they are brought to Rome under this *unavoidable necessity*, what, according to this precious hypothesis, is it from which they are to learn the apostolic tradition? The infallible voice of Peter's successor, speaking from Peter's chair? Not at all. The religious gossip, the pious babble, the Exeter-Hall spouting of the city of Rome!—all fallible, all human, all just as likely to be wrong as these unfortunates themselves. What a frightful "position"! What an awful burlesque of the light shining in darkness! What a horrible piece of bathos! Bound down by the iron chains of *unavoidable necessity* to receive as God's truth the gossip of a crowd of erring men, oppressed all the time with the sense of their own fallibility and with the cruel consciousness that, while *obliged* to believe, they *may* be wrong!

I thank my God that I have been delivered from a system which forces us to turn the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost" into a tragedy like this!

Nor can it be said that the churches only resorted to Rome because it was the metropolis, but that they could, if they took the trouble, obtain the information elsewhere. *Necesse est* does not, as we have seen, imply a mere moral, or relative, or partial obligation, but an absolute, unavoidable necessity. There was no getting out of it: *they had to go!* Their unfortunate "position" left them no other means of obtaining (I will not say the truth, but) those doctrines which they were *bound* to believe, albeit they might have no more substantial basis than the fertile imaginings of Mrs. Sairey Gamp!

If Anglicans, instead of racking their brains to find out objections and excuses, would adopt the simple course of applying to the writings of St. Irenæus, they would find that he himself directly contradicts this idea. It was *not*, he tells us, by reason of the "position" of the churches that they were obliged to

agree with Rome, but *propter potentiorem principalitatem*—on account of the pre-eminent authority of the Church of Rome itself. Were this *potentior principalitas* something simply accidental, by reason of its happening to be the church of that great city to and from which multitudes were constantly going backwards and forwards from all parts of the empire, the expression *necesse est* could not properly have been used at all. Here again Anglicans have fallen into an error simply from the want of carefully noting the saint's words. He does not (I have already called attention to this fact) state that it is unavoidably necessary for individuals to go with the multitude to Rome, and there ascertain in the crowd the apostolic tradition. It is manifest that had he said so he would have committed himself to an absurdity, because no such necessity existed or was recognized or put in practice. Those Christians who did go to Rome probably went there on business of their own, and not with any idea that they were *obliged* to do so, or that unless they did so they could not attain to a knowledge of the apostolic tradition. Is it not remarkable that one should have to state such a platitude as this? St. Irenæus, I repeat, does not say individuals, but that the churches, *as churches* (in the persons of their bishops, if you please, but that is the same thing), *must* have recourse to or agree with Rome. There is not necessarily any idea of *locomotion* here at all. It is simply an affair of concord and agreement in doctrine, and of applying to Rome—not to the gossiping, gadding multitude, but to the *Church of Rome*, for the keynote of apostolic doctrine. What I maintain, therefore, is—and I submit that I have logically proved it—that the *principalitas* of the Roman Church, which was the cause of the unavoidable necessity laid upon all other churches of agreeing with it, could not have been the principality of imperial Rome, for that was essentially pagan; nor any civil or social pre-eminence of the church there, for, as Barrow justly observes, none existed; and inasmuch as it was a principality which *constrained* all other churches to agree with the Church of Rome, it could not have been a mere accident, whether of position or otherwise, for in matters of faith (and of such St. Irenæus is treating) such absolute, unavoidable necessity can only exist by divine institution, and as such forms part (and that the very root and basis) of the essential and integral constitution of Christ's church as it came forth from the hand of its divine Creator, and which consequently cannot be repudiated or denied without heresy.

But, in spite of the apparent clearness of the holy bishop's

words, the subterfuges of Anglican ingenuity are by no means exhausted. Perhaps, they will tell you, the words *ad hanc enim ecclesiam—to or with this church*, etc.—do not refer in particular to the Roman Church, but to any church in which as a fact the apostolic tradition is preserved. One cannot help feeling that the enemies of the Holy See must be hard pressed indeed when they are driven to take refuge in such a piece of sophistry as this. For if, St. Irenæus having said, as he does, *Leaving aside all other churches*, we point them to the Church of Rome, because with this church all churches must agree—if by *this church* he does not intend to signify the Roman Church *alone*, then words have no meaning whatever and grammar is a lost art. To offer an example familiar to Anglicans, there is preserved, I believe, in the Tower of London a volume called the *Sealed Prayer-Book*, which is the identical and original Book of Common Prayer set forth by authority at the last revision in the reign of King Charles II., with which all copies, in order to be authentic, must agree, just as, St. Irenæus tells us, all other churches must agree with Rome.

Now, suppose that any one were to say, "I refer you to the *Sealed Prayer-Book*, for with this prayer-book, on account of its superior authenticity, all other prayer-books must accord," and should then proceed to argue that the words "this prayer-book" did not refer to the *Sealed Prayer-Book*, but to all prayer-books which contain the wording set forth at the last revision. What would one naturally reply? I think the answer would be that, in the first place, the grammatical construction of the sentence would not bear any such interpretation, and, secondly, that the whole question turns upon the point as to *which books did preserve the original wording*, and that the *Sealed Prayer-Book* was the only criterion in this matter—the final court of appeal, so to speak. Apply this same argument to the words of St. Irenæus, and the inference is surely irresistible.

I can scarcely imagine it to be necessary to enter upon a prolonged refutation of the argument of Barrow, that the "more powerful principality" refers not to that of the Roman Church, but to that of the pagan city of Rome. That the mere position of a *heathen* city as the head of the civilized world should be any reason why all churches should be bound to agree in doctrine with the church located there, apart from any attributes of that church in itself, is absurd. One cannot help suspecting that Barrow could only have intended this remark as what Locke calls an *argumentum ad ignorantiam*. Indeed, he contradicts him-

self in another place by stating that St. Irenæus does not speak of the judicial power of the Church of Rome, but of its credible testimony; therefore (as an *argumentum ad hominem*) it was *not* the pagan city of Rome that is referred to.

I have now, I think, met all the principal objections against the Roman interpretation of this passage—an interpretation which simply amounts to this: that the Roman See is, as theologians say, *the organ of infallibility to the church*. Let us return for a moment to the simile of the *Sealed Prayer-Book*. A student of liturgiology is, we will suppose, about to write a work upon the Book of Common Prayer, and is naturally desirous that the sources of his information shall be as authentic and trustworthy as possible. He is told that the best way to secure this is not to depend upon any copy which he may pick up at the nearest bookseller's, but to investigate certain ancient editions, famous for the correctness of their type, which are to be found in such and such libraries. But, says his adviser, it will save you much trouble if you go to the fountain-head at once and obtain permission from the proper authorities to examine the *Sealed Prayer-Book*; for with this book, on account of its pre-eminent authenticity, all other copies of the Book of Common Prayer, in order to be correct, must agree. By strict analogy, according to Beaven, Palmer, *et id genus omne*, this person is not to be regarded as asserting that the true version is, as a last and final resort, to be found in the *Sealed Prayer-Book*, but in the scattered copies in the libraries!

It may, however, be contended that the analogy is incomplete, because the church *in extenso* is really infallible by divine institution. That, of course, is perfectly true, but I do not think it breaks the analogy, for, in the first place, the infallibility of the whole church *in extenso* does not constitute the apostolic churches *per se* individually infallible; and, further, we may also say that all correct copies of the Book of Common Prayer have a meta-physical accuracy of their own, not, indeed, proper to them as prayer-books, but merely accidental, and this is all that could be said as to the purity of doctrine in the apostolic churches other than Rome in the time of St. Irenæus. For the correctness of these prayer-books is not an essentially infallible correctness; that belongs only to the *Sealed Prayer-Book*, just as essential infallibility in doctrine belongs only to the See of Rome. The correctness of these other books is *real* but *reflected*; and just as the only test as to whether each separate copy forms one of the collection of authentic editions is to prove that it exactly

agrees with the *Sealed Prayer-Book*, so, according to the axiom laid down by St. Irenæus, the only proof that any given church possesses the true apostolic tradition is by showing that it in all things agrees with the Apostolic See of Rome.

There is, therefore, nothing singular in the reference which St. Irenæus makes to the apostolic churches. He does indeed say that, in his time, to consult the tradition and teaching of these churches was *a* way to ascertain the truth, on account of their acknowledged orthodoxy; but he immediately proceeds to state most distinctly that it was not the *best* way, nor the final way, nor the way to get an answer absolutely and in every age infallible. The apostolic churches, Rome excepted, might err from the faith, and subsequently did err in the persons of many of their bishops, and consequently, being individually fallible, it is impossible that there should be a perpetual obligation laid upon all other churches of agreeing with either or all of them. One church only, according to St. Irenæus, possesses this high privilege, because it is the see of Peter, upon whom, as upon a rock, the Lord built the church, "to whom he commended his sheep as to another self," * and to whom he gave the supreme commission, "But thou, when thou art converted, confirm thy brethren."

Since writing the above I have carefully reread the passage from St. Irenæus, and it has occurred to me that one other objection may possibly be raised. I have never seen or heard it made, nevertheless it may be as well to take it in advance. I foresee that it may be objected that St. Irenæus refers to the Roman See, not because it is the see of Peter and therefore infallible, but simply to save the trouble of consulting all other sees. Now, I think that any Anglican who did advance this objection would be handling a very dangerous weapon, one which would turn upon him and utterly shatter his most cherished theories; whereas, on the contrary, it makes nothing as against us. When I say any Anglican I mean, of course, one who belongs to that particular section of the High-Church party which professes, as its rule of faith, to hold all those doctrines, and those only, upon which all the so-called "branches" of the Catholic Church are agreed. For if the words of the holy bishop really mean what the above objection asserts, it will be observed that St. Irenæus gives no countenance to the agreement of churches at all *per se*; all that he seems, upon that hypothesis, to say is that the various apostolic churches have, as an historical fact, preserved the teach-

* St. Augustine, tom. v. serm. xlii. No. 30.

ing of the apostles intact, just as the Dominican Order claims to have kept the philosophical doctrines of St. Thomas Aquinas in their purest form. But this must be an exceedingly uncomfortable doctrine for the branch-theory Anglican. For it either forces him to admit that the only agreement of churches recognized in the second century *was their common agreement with Rome*, or else it destroys the idea of an infallible church altogether and throws him back upon the baldest Protestantism. Fortunately, the words of St. Irenæus, taken as a whole, will not bear any such interpretation. The subsequent statement that all churches *must* agree with the see of Rome, on account of an inherent authority vested in her, entirely destroys the idea of a merely accidental preservation of the traditionary teaching of the apostles in certain churches. Our divine Lord pledged himself to be with the church *all days*, and he promised the abiding presence of the Paraclete to guide and preserve her in the truth. If the whole church were to fall into error and teach false doctrine Christ's promise would have failed, and the criterion of certainty in matters of faith necessary to salvation would have passed away. But if—it being necessary for all churches to agree with the Roman See—that apostolic throne could itself fall away and teach error, the calamity above referred to would actually take place: the whole church would necessarily, from the very nature of its constitution, avert from the truth. To take a familiar example, imagine a flock of sheep; it is well known that in many flocks there is one sheep called the *bellwether*, which all the rest of the flock by natural instinct follow. Suppose, for the nonce, that a divine promise had been given to the rest of these sheep that in following the bellwether they should never fall over the cliff. Does not this *imply* that by divine interference the bellwether itself should never go over? Now, it appears to me that, by the strictest logical necessity, this is precisely the office which St. Irenæus accords to the Roman See, whose practical infallibility he thus asserts. The passage which we have been considering, so far from being adverse to that infallibility, is in itself only another way of asserting that the see of Rome is, as I have remarked above, the organ of infallibility to the whole church. The Catholic Church *in extenso*, as the body of Christ, rejoicing in the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost, possesses, of course, a *passive infallibility*, and the Catholic episcopate an active infallibility; but that infallibility must have some mouthpiece, and a supreme and central authority in the church is absolutely necessary for the following rea-

sons: first, as a centre of unity, through means of which it may be manifest to all what are the limits of the church—who comprise the church and who do not; and, secondly, inasmuch as the whole church cannot speak at once, and general councils must necessarily be of rare occurrence, as the ordinary organ of the church's infallible utterances. It was in order thus to facilitate and perfect the teaching office of the church, as well as to secure a means of unity, that the Petrine primacy was instituted, and it appears to me that it is simply this luminous and unimpeachable fact which St. Irenæus is here alluding to. Indeed, I cannot understand how the whole of his words (including the reference to the Roman See) can be assumed to have any other meaning, consistently with the supposition that they have any meaning at all.

A DESCENDANT OF THE PURITANS.

I.

PRISCILLA ARDEN lived in Buttersville, Mo., a city of some eight thousand inhabitants on the line of the M. K. and T. R. R. Its products are railroad men, barrels, and, of late, "culture," by which term the members of the best society designate art.

Priscilla was the daughter of the editor of the *Bazoo*—the Buttersville *Bazoo*—which had a marked success among its "esteemed contemporaries" as a humorous "exchange" until the funny man degenerated into pathos and in despair took to rail-roading. Priscilla's father was also the postmaster. Her grandfather had come West from Massachusetts. She was descended from Priscilla Mullins through her grandmother, who was a Pay-body. Over the parlor organ in the front room there hung a genealogical tree, carefully framed in oak, between a testimonial from his brother Knights of Pythias to Mr. Arden and a stuffed eagle on a bracket, presented to the editor of the *Bazoo* by a subscriber in liquidation of three years' subscription in arrears. Principally on account of this genealogical tree—for the expatriated New England element was small but strongly respectable in Buttersville—and also in consideration of the political influence of the *Bazoo*, Priscilla's father had managed to hold his post since Lincoln's first term. His faltering in allegiance

once in deference to the prejudices of the railroad men had done him no harm with the next administration. He was thin, wiry, with a white beard close cropped. His face was of that conformation which may almost be said to be a face of this decade, it is so common. It was like General Grant's before he became fat. And when the editor of the *Bazoo* offered his photograph, very artistically reproduced by the photo-engraving process, as a premium, many economical souls were induced to put their names on the list on the understanding that it would do for either Grant or Garfield.

All that was left of Priscilla's mother was her photograph, which had the place of honor over the hair-cloth sofa in the "front room." It represented a mild-looking woman with her hair puffed out at the sides, a wide lace collar, and an expensive silk gown evidently inflated by hoops. Priscilla did not remember her mother very well; her father rarely spoke of her, though he had written a two-column obituary notice, beginning:

"There is a reaper whose name is Death."

Priscilla tenderly preserved it in a scrap-book. She had little on which to nourish the memory of this mother, and, in her desire to keep it green and to get nearer to the dead, she prayed every night and morning for the soul of the sweet, mysterious being, with whom her soul longed to be in communion. The Congregational minister shook his head over this. But Priscilla, who could repeat all the International Sunday-school lessons for years back, floored him with a text. Several old neighbors bore testimony to the great qualities of the deceased wife and mother: "She wasn't stuck up," and "she did her own work; nobody ever saw anything slack about *Mis* Arden." So Priscilla took to her prayers.

The Congregationalists were not numerous in Butterville, but they were intensely respectable. Several large bond-holders of M. K. and T. stock—old inhabitants who had come West so far back as '59—were Congregationalists. Lately the Baptist minister, who had baptized Jesse James, had rather thinned the Congregationalist audience by preaching terrific sermons, assisted by a magic-lantern and a blackboard, and with the Ford brothers for several Sundays, during their engagement at the Academy of Music in Butterville, in a front pew.

Priscilla's religious views were peculiar. Her father was rather inclined to be an Ingersollian, but, as he wrote a religious

column—"Lay Sermons by Whitehead"—in the *Bazoo* every Saturday, he felt the necessity of conforming to that Congregational mode of worship, wherein the belief in eternal punishment was considerably softened down. The editor of the *Bazoo*, being very advanced, dreaded eternal punishment, which he often alluded to in learned editorials as an "invention of the Inquisition."

Priscilla's religious views had of late become seriously modified. When she was fifteen she had been a "hard-shell" Baptist; at nineteen, having read a course of Miss Yonge's novels, she was inclined to Ritualism, and longed to have an old English abbey or priory which she could restore to the Established Church. So scrupulous did she become that she broached the subject of turning over the deed of the house that her mother had bequeathed her to the descendant of the original Indian who had owned the plot of ground, if he could be found. The editor of the *Bazoo* was of the opinion that he could not be found, and coldly declined to advertise for him. Then Priscilla took to reading mild, soft, quietistic poems and essays about sitting with folded hands and waiting among lilies, and full of speculations about heaven. At twenty-two she had a religion of her own, as most of the girls around her who thought on serious subjects had. She read all the sermons in the *New York Herald*, the Monday edition of which reached Butterville on Wednesday, and she was rather inclined towards ethical culture; but she still sat under the Congregational minister. As Bessie Hartwicke, the new "help," had shown a talent for housekeeping when she was left to manage the house alone, Priscilla concluded to relinquish the domestic arts and cultivate Art. She took lessons in vocal music, and sang with much applause at a broom-drill given for the benefit of the Congregationalists, but repeated with even more success by the energetic Baptists, who offered a barrel of flour to the prettiest girl in the room on the night of the festival.

Priscilla had dark, serious, blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, rather heavy eyebrows for a girl, a straight nose a little long, a soft, creamy complexion, oval, rounded cheeks which flushed easily. This habit of blushing at unexpected times without reason was a source of embarrassment to Priscilla. There was one thing that caused her some embarrassment; this was a slight shade on her upper lip. Priscilla was almost a brunette. She attired herself very simply, eschewed "bangs" and bangles, and, in her plain, neat hat and tight blue suit, there was a Puritan

simplicity not unworthy of a descendant of that Priscilla who had said,

"If I am not worth the wooing, I am surely not worth the winning."

She had a neat, trim figure, but the Butterville people thought she lacked "style." However, the Baptists did not vote the barrel of flour to her, and therefore they found the notice in the next morning's *Bazoo* very much less grandiloquent than the notice of the Congregationalists had been.

Priscilla, with her improved views, had set down the whole proceeding as vulgar.

II.

The sun, setting majestically into the level land which was an endless vista of prairie, cast a soft color on Priscilla's face as she sat one afternoon, paint-brush in hand, toning up the background of a panel of sunflowers and golden-rod. Tea was almost ready. There came a pleasant jingling from the kitchen. Casting a glance out of the bay-window, that was disproportionately large in comparison with the square, white house, Priscilla saw the editor of the *Bazoo* quickly approaching. She ran out into the kitchen to see that everything was right, and got back to the parlor in time to pick up the pile of "exchanges" which he had drawn out of his alpaca coat and thrown upon the floor. He fanned himself with his hat and pinched Priscilla's cheek as she kissed him.

"Hem!" he said, critically examining the panel, "those squashes are too yellow, and I don't understand that black splash in the centre—is it black or brown?"

"Father!" she cried reproachfully, "they are sunflowers."

"Oh!" he said apologetically, "I thought they couldn't be squashes. Have you dropped your music for art, Pris?"

"I feel that I haven't the intensity—that is, the power of expression, the soulfulness—that music imperatively requires. I think that I am more drawn to art. I had a lovely letter from Miss Allison, who used to teach mental philosophy at the Academy, you know; she said—the letter is up-stairs—'Let it be your sole *cult* to draw out soulfulness, to encourage the better part.'"

"So?" returned her father, abstractedly stooping for one of his papers. "Oh! I forgot. Priest Riordan was in the office to-day correcting an error we made about morning Vespers, or

evening Mass, or something. He is an honest man, pays his debts, and looks a great deal after the poor, though he's the very devil in controversy. He brought me a letter about kissing the pope's toe, written in answer to Rev. Isaiah Tomkins. It took the hair off, I *tell* you. He intends to have some extra music next Sunday, and his leading singer is sick. I told him you'd sing."

The editor of the *Bazoo* said this half-hesitatingly, as members of the male sex do when they announce that they have made social arrangements unauthorized.

"Just like you, father. But I haven't any more soul in my music."

"It seems to me you sing as well as the other girls." He noticed a slight contraction of the young lady's brow. "Much better than most of them. Have you any conscientious scruples about singing for the Romanists?"

"Oh! no," returned Priscilla. "I believe in universal brotherhood. And if I can help the culture of these poor people I am willing to do it."

"All right," said the father, as he drew on his slippers. "But I don't think they hanker after culture."

"They ought to be taught that it's the most precious thing in life." Priscilla, in her imagination, saw herself as a second Hypatia teaching the consummateness of inanimate things to the Romanists who worshipped at St. Mark's.

"I guess they know what they want by this time. I've been inside of a Catholic church only once or twice myself, but seems to me, as somebody said the other day, 'they worship God as if he were a king.' 'Polly, put the kettle on!'"

Tea was well served. Priscilla made some remarks on the harmony of the form of the radish and its foliage.

"Didn't know radishes had 'foliage.' By the way, Phil Carlisle was married to Mary Reilly on last Sunday."

"No!" cried Priscilla, blushing with interest. "To the little Irish girl! Well, really, I shouldn't think Phil's folk would like that. The Irish are so ignorant, and I suppose she is no better than the rest. His family will think it a great come-down. She's a Catholic, too."

"Don't be so particular, young lady," said Mr. Arden, cutting the end off a cigar. "Marriage is a serious consideration, an anxious consideration, when a girl reaches *your* age." He laughed.

"Marriage," said Priscilla, solemnly turning her tea-cup up-

side down to read what fate had in store for her in the grounds, "is nothing to a woman with a mission. Miss Allison said that 'Art is the—'"

"Miss Allison's an old maid. Phil Carlisle may congratulate himself. Old Reilly isn't exactly a swell, but his daughter is a good girl, and she'll keep Phil straight. They were married at St. Mark's."

Mr. Arden lost himself in his papers, concealed by a veil of smoke, and Priscilla went to help Bessie with the dishes.

"I hear Phil Carlisle's throwed himself away on one of them Irish," said Bessie, who was of old Connecticut stock, "and gone and joined the Papishes. His folks must feel it awful."

Priscilla shook her head sympathetically; she kept to her sunflowers until the twilight was gone.

III.

When the room had become so dim that the gilt frame on her mother's photograph no longer shone, a weight of desolation fell on Priscilla's heart. The soft May breeze, chilling a little, bore in to her the scent of the lilac in the front garden. And the scent awoke in her a longing, an unrest; the moon arose out of the flat earth and silvered the network of railroad tracks that were visible from the slight elevation on which the Arden house stood.

All common things looked unreal; yet Priscilla had never been so heavily oppressed by the reality of life. The vain pretences of hollow and sham culture seemed so worthless! Could she ever paint that moonlight? Could any earthly being sing the inexpressible thought that the glorious shield hung in the heavens inspired?

That moon had looked upon the Crucifixion.

The thought, filling her mind so suddenly, made her shiver. The moon had perhaps shone through the massed clouds that hung over Calvary, and dropped a silver ray upon the thorn-crowned head borne down by the load of the sins of the world. She looked at the moon awestruck. *This moon had seen it.* The sacrifice that her ministers had of late vaguely alluded to as the atonement became at that instant very real to her. There was no more half-doubt, half-vagueness for her. Here, suddenly among her little pretensions and frivolity, the grace of God had touched her.

Her father was enjoying his last cigar on the front step. He rose, and his voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Come in," he was saying. "Yes, this is Mr. Arden's house, and Miss Arden is at home. Bessie, light the gas! Priscilla, here is a gentleman to see you."

Another voice said something.

"Mr. O'Donnell, organist at St. Mark's? Glad to see you. Walk right in."

Bessie was standing on tip-toe, struggling unsteadily to light the gas, when the visitor entered and relieved her of an effort that seemed likely to elongate her considerably.

Priscilla held out her hand, after the rule set down in Butterville's unwritten books of etiquette—where sociability was the one great requirement—while her father read from the visitor's card, "Mr. Felix O'Donnell," and then said, "My daughter."

Bessie, also following the Butterville etiquette, seized his hat, as a savage seizes a scalp, and disappeared with it. Priscilla pulled down the shades, and Mr. Arden, after saying it was a fine night, remarked, also following the Butterville usage, that "two's company and three's a crowd," and took himself off to the office.

The Butterville axiom was that old people were always in the way when there were young ones "around." It was an axiom accepted without pangs and as a matter of course by the Butterville parents. Young people of opposite sexes were always constrained in "old company."

He came back in a few minutes, having forgotten his bundle of papers, and, putting his head into the door of the parlor, said:

"Don't go out, Pris. John Lowe said he would drop in to-night."

"Very well, father," Priscilla answered. "Don't you be long!"

"Oh! I guess neither of you will hanker after me," he said, with a slight wink at the visitor.

Felix O'Donnell looked at the bright-looking yet serious maiden who stood under the gas-jet, seeming so sweet and simple, and wondered why there was always a John Lowe or John Somebody Else dangling after every nice girl. He had never met this particular nice girl before, because she was not in his set. Society in Butterville was cut up by the churches into patches; the Catholics, who had multiplied and increased from a small nucleus of railroad laborers, were numerous. The

Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, a knot of Second-Adventists, and a smaller knot of Spiritualists occupied various degrees in the social scale; but the Catholics—that is, the Irish—were cut off by an imaginary and impassable gulf. St. Bonifacius was the patron of a small chapel of the German congregation, which kept very much to itself.

Felix O'Donnell gazed at Priscilla with a little sarcasm in his mind. He was prepared to be on the defensive, and to laugh a little if Miss Arden should assume any airs.

Felix was a tall, well-built young fellow, more nervous-looking and with hollow cheeks than his father, who had come over from Cahirciveen, with bright, well-opened blue eyes, a complexion much reddened by the sun, which had left his broad forehead very white, and a frank, slightly humorous expression.

He wore a black sack-coat and gray trousers, and carried a wide-brimmed straw hat. Priscilla concluded that he was not at all "stylish." Priscilla's ideal young man was "stylish"—the hero of *The Bride of Lammermoor* in a frock-coat and straw-colored kid gloves.

Felix remarked that it was a pleasant evening, and said he had called to ask Miss Arden if she would sing on Sunday in Mozart's "Twelfth."

"Miss Donovan, the soprano, is sick," he continued. "Sunday will be a great feast in our church, you know—or rather you don't know—and Herr Stroebing, from Kansas City, is to come and play. I shall do the bass."

"But I thought you were the organist."

"I do very well for ordinary occasions," he said, with a pleasant laugh, "but Herr Stroebing is a good organist. It's a great thing to have him come."

Priscilla hesitated.

"I have sung parts of the 'Twelfth,'" she said, "adapted to English words, at various times; but you, in your church, you sing it in"—Priscilla paused. She felt sure it was in some dread and superstitious language; she had heard so.

"In Latin," said Felix.

"But I can't speak Latin."

"I can't either," said Felix. "I can pronounce it. That is all that's needed. A few lessons, and you will do very well."

"If you think I can succeed I will try."

In reply Felix drew from his pocket a roll of music and sat down at the organ. Priscilla, without any apology or affecta-

tion, began the "Kyrie Eleison." She sang in tune, but stumbled over the words.

The lesson lasted an hour. It was serious work.

"A nice girl—no airs," thought Felix.

"What a soft voice!" thought Priscilla. "He is not at all 'Irish.'"

"Now, what have I been singing?" asked Priscilla when she had learned the "Gloria" tolerably well and Bessie had brought in a pitcher of ice-water.

Felix translated the words.

"What!" cried Priscilla, her reverent mind shocked, "have I been singing those beautiful words so carelessly and thoughtlessly?"

Felix was startled. *He* had sung them carelessly a hundred times. It was a lesson.

"I shall be glad to sing," said Priscilla, offering Felix the plate of apples which Bessie brought in with the solemnity of one serving baked meats at a funeral. "It is a great thing for a young man like you to raise your people up to your level, and to devote your time to elevating the standard of taste among the poor Roman Catholics. Your choir must have a hard time."

Felix was not accustomed to this point of view. He smiled when he understood her.

"We do have a hard time reaching the level of the people's devotion. *That* is very much above us."

"He is very modest," Priscilla thought. "You are a Catholic, too, of course."

"Oh! yes," answered Felix. Priscilla, following the Butterville etiquette, gave him the album of photographs.

"I am not prejudiced," she said. "I have known some very pleasant Catholics—educated ones. I met a girl in Sedalia when I was there with father. I found her very nice. You would never have guessed—"

"No?" said Felix, smiling, his politeness restraining him from finishing her sentence with a touch of sarcasm. "Will you play?"

Priscilla drummed through the overture to "Zampa" in that dismal succession of notes which only a parlor organ is capable of producing. When she ceased the croaking of the frogs in the pond in the next lot was delightfully refreshing. Then Felix played a voluntary out of his music-book, and took his leave, promising to escort Priscilla to the choir rehearsal on the following night.

Priscilla sat with her hands folded, looking at the moon. She thought that she had never met anybody like this Mr. O'Donnell before. He was good-humored and agreeable, but there was something in his eyes that made her think he was laughing at her. Priscilla flushed at the thought. Laughing at *her*! The idea!

Mr. Arden returned with a stout, pompous-looking man having a bald head and an expression of entire satisfaction with himself. He formed an appropriate background to a huge locket attached to a gold watch-chain.

He apologized to Priscilla for not having "spent the evening" with her. He had been kept busy at the store. John Lowe was *the* prominent dry-goods merchant in Butterville. He was a celebrity; he was the pioneer of the ninety-nine-cent "inducement" which had revolutionized trade in the great West. He was not proud, but he felt his importance. His advertisement occupied, on Saturdays, a whole page in the *Bazoo*; and if he had run for mayor that journal would have supported him valiantly, though he was a Democrat.

He finished his cigar, sitting on the lower step with Mr. Arden, while Priscilla stood in the doorway looking at the shadow of the lilac-bushes on the path. It was a time for sentiment. The editor of the *Bazoo* felt that himself. He tried to find an appropriate quotation.

"On such a night Leander swam the Hellespont."

"Byron?" asked Mr. Lowe.

"No, the immortal Will. No, old boy, twelve cents a line won't do for five insertions of that criss-cross ad., with the reading-notices changed every week. Composition's going up to forty cents a thousand, and—"

A long altercation followed, during which the editor of the *Bazoo* yielded a point or two with seeming reluctance.

"Well, well," he said good-humoredly at last, "I'll go to bed. Bring me up a pitcher of ice-water, Pris, when you come. I'll leave you young people to do your courting. Good-night."

Lowe laughed. Priscilla still stood in the doorway, smiling a little at her father's joke. The other "young person" was over forty. The clock struck eleven. Lowe cast admiring glances at the serene, virginal figure on the sill of the doorway. The lilac-scent, enriched with dew, mingled with the heliotrope hidden in the dark. The trees were outlined against the silver haze in the horizon. The croak of the frogs was fitful, like a tremulous bass undertone. Lowe arose, threw away his cigar, and yawned.

Priscilla was wrapped in a half-mournful reverie, oppressed by a delicious sadness.

"You had some music to-night? Hopkins said he heard the organ as he came back to the store after supper. Who was here?"

Priscilla felt unreasonably irritated by this not extraordinary question.

"A gentleman called."

Lowe played with his watch-chain.

"Oh!" he said with a laugh, "you can't make *me* jealous."

Priscilla flushed. What did he mean? It was well enough for her father to joke—

"It was a Mr. O'Donnell, the organist at St. Mark's."

"Catholic church? Yes, I know O'Donnell. He manages the express-office. Honest fellow; family awfully ignorant and Irish—regular 'Micks,' you know."

"I don't know," answered Priscilla, with a sense of offence. "He is a gentleman."

Lowe glanced at her quickly. Her face looked very pure and sweet in the moonlight. He drew nearer to her. The door was slammed suddenly, and there was a sharp report.

If Priscilla had not been a girl devoted to culture there might have been grounds for a suspicion that she had slapped Mr. Lowe. He picked up his hat and whistled. He was not accustomed to that sort of thing. He remembered that he was the pioneer of the ninety-nine-cent "inducement" in the West, and walked homeward in a calmer frame of mind.

IV.

Felix O'Donnell called at the Arden house and gravely practised the musical parts with Priscilla. And on Sunday, which was Pentecost, Priscilla sang very well. She felt that she was not doing herself justice, since she did not understand what she was singing, and once or twice a fear—the remnants of the teaching she had known before she became a disciple of culture—entered her mind that she was engaging in idolatrous worship.

The silence, the devotion, the decorum of the crowd of assistants surprised her. There was Teddy O'Brien, the foreman of her father's printing-office—a careless, devil-may-care individual, and a commonplace one, on week-days. Yet to-day, kneeling, touched by the glory of some great mystery, he looked

transfigured. To Priscilla it seemed that he saw God or his angels on the altar. There was Mrs. Malley, their next-door neighbor, a hard-working woman who had "put away" a snug sum of money during the war by selling pies to the defenders of the Union. A good-hearted but very vulgar woman was Mrs. Malley, who never forgot that she was "independent rich," and who was at constant warfare with Bessie—a person, in fact, without interest to the cultured mind. Here was she, evidently forgetting her many-hued and well-kept cashmere shawl, and the fruit-orchard on her bonnet, in dumb, ecstatic devotion before this mystery. Looking around, Priscilla saw many that she knew. They were persons whom she considered to be in the lower walks of life—persons whom she was accustomed to look down upon. Caste in Butterville was almost as well defined, though not so openly acknowledged, as in an English town.

To-day Priscilla seemed to have changed places with these people. They were somehow beyond her. They possessed something she did not possess. They saw something she did not see. A vague yearning filled her mind, and a slight impatience, too. Why was she left out?

Could that be Father Riordan, whom she had seen every day since she was a child—that figure, majestic, awful, raising the chalice in his hands? He had taken a new character, in her eyes, with his gold-embroidered robes. She could never look at his rotund form and pleasant face again with the feeling that he was much like other men, only, of course, a Romish priest. It was not the fact that his decent suit of broadcloth had been replaced by these strange, solemn vestments—which reminded her of the description of the garments of the Levites in the Old Testament—that made the difference. It was something else, indefinable, mysterious.

Priscilla did her best not to give the organist unnecessary trouble. In fact, she was the only person in the choir who did not insist on loping when the organist trotted. But nobody seemed to mind that. The sermon rather wearied Priscilla. It was an old one of Father Riordan's on his favorite theme, the Trinity. She was thirsting for some explanation of this mystery. Even her new acquaintance, Mr. O'Donnell, who seemed to be a young man like other young men, had lost himself in a strange rapture. What did it mean? What was it that transfigured these people?

When Mass was over Felix O'Donnell descended the stairs from the gallery with Priscilla.

"It is not often," he said, "that we hear a voice like yours in our church. I wish we could hear it every Sunday."

"I haven't much voice," she answered very truthfully, "but I am careful. Your service is—is strange, weird; no, those are not the words! If I was sure it was right to say so I should call it heavenly."

"It is heavenly."

There was a pause. They worked their way through the crowd to the opposite sidewalk.

"I will sing again, if Father Riordan would like me to. But I feel uneasy because I don't know what I am singing. I am sure it must be all right, since the priest pays so much respect to the Bible on the altar, but"—Priscilla laughed—"I am a conscientious heretic, you know."

Felix laughed, too.

"Would you like a translation?"

"Yes, if you will bring me one."

At this moment Mr. Arden approached, having elbowed his way through the throng on the sidewalk.

"You did well, Pris," he said, offering Felix a cigar. "The music was tip-top; reminded me of the Cincinnati festival, when you all came in together with a scream and a roar—*tout ensemble*, you know. I must say, Mr. O'Donnell, you Catholics know how to treat the Lord. You go about your service reverently. You don't try to slap him on the back, as our people do."

Mr. Arden was in great good-humor. He invited Felix to dinner. Felix declined.

"My old mother would be lonely," he said.

"Good boy!" said the editor of the *Bazoo*. "Drop in when you like."

"And," added Priscilla, with a smile, "bring me the translation."

The editor of the *Bazoo* was much impressed with the ceremonies of the Mass. He believed, with Byron,

"Surely they are sincerest
Who are most impressed
With that which lies nearest."

And, through his quality of taking instantaneous and dissolving impressions, he had been enabled to make the *Bazoo* a lively paper. After dinner he read a little in Hallam's *History of the Middle Ages*, Maria Monk's *Daughter*, *Ivanhoe*, and Burton's *Ana-*

tomy of Melancholy (for Latin quotations), and produced a two-column article, headed :

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC BRETHREN.

What They Do and How They Do It.

Pagan Pomp Eclipsed by Papal Magnificence.

A Display That Throws the Eleusinian Mysteries in the Shade.

Eloquent and Soul-Stirring Discourse by Father Riordan, etc., etc.

The next day after this article had appeared Father Riordan entered the *Bazoo* office with ten close-written pages of foolscap, beginning :

"MESSRS. EDITORS: The feelings of the Catholics in this community have been shocked by a lengthy article—"

After some discussion the editor of the *Bazoo* agreed to admit the letter, provided it were cut down.

"I thought I'd please you," he said, slightly irritated. "What's wrong about the Eleusinian mysteries? They look well in print. A fellow never knows when he is treading on the corns of you Catholics."

V.

Felix escorted Priscilla to the choir rehearsals regularly. Generally, on returning, he found her father and John Lowe, who had entirely forgotten Priscilla's insult to his dignity, finishing their cigars on the front steps. Priscilla's study of the translation of the Ordinary of the Mass had satisfied her half-awakened doubts. She had found a new interest in life.

She and Felix talked little during their short walks. He spoke seldom, but he was a pleasant companion for all that. He seemed to understand her, and, if he made a half-satirical comment when her cultured raptures were overflowing, it was always good-humored. She confessed to herself that a primrose by the river's brim *was* a simple primrose to him. He had read Tom Moore, and *Evangeline*, and the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*. He read a daily and a weekly paper. He had collected several books on rose-culture. His culture stopped short there. Withal Priscilla found it hard to patronize him. It was true he lived in the quarter of the town in which the Irish had settled. It was true that he was only slightly acquainted with the leading inhabitants. He had spent a few years at Father Riordan's school, and acquired that amazing facility in addition, subtraction, and multiplication that gave such a great superiority at the express-

office. Priscilla soon discovered all this, and also that he lived with his mother, who was old. As a descendant of Priscilla Mullins, as the daughter of the editor of the *Bazoo*, as a girl who for her accomplishments and social position was much "looked up" to in Buttersville, she had felt somewhat like a Queen Cophetua extending her hand in graceful politeness to an interesting beggar-man. For Felix O'Donnell was Irish, and, though very nice, still not quite—not quite, you know. "Of course one does not like to seem bigoted against the Catholics, but they are really not nice. The crowd at St. Mark's is awful."

This is what Faith Evans, Priscilla's bosom-friend, said one afternoon as they were walking through the plaza, planted with infant trees, which in time was to be the Buttersville Public Park. Faith Evans had been delivering a remonstrance: On the preceding evening Felix, following the usage of Buttersville society, had on the way from the rehearsal invited Priscilla to have ice-cream at Barker's.

"Barker's" was a two-story frame house at the corner of Lincoln and Liberty Streets. A huge white awning stretched before it, on which was printed in black letters "Ice-Cream." It was filled with the *jeunesse dorée* of Buttersville, of both sexes. The Willis boys, clerks in the shoe-factory, scions of an old family dating back to '52, were there with Faith Evans and several other young girls of the best society. It was hard to find room at the marble-topped tables. Faith obligingly made space for her friend and Felix; but the Willis boys, who knew the value of "family," stared, and several of the *jeunesse dorée* wondered who that "red-headed Irishman" was, though they knew very well.

Priscilla was conscious of a slight blush; she felt the atmosphere. She was defiantly attentive to Felix. She even insisted on transferring a portion of her strawberry-ice to his vanilla—a delicate attention which caused the *jeunesse dorée* to conclude, as one woman, that the couple were engaged. Hence the remonstrance from Faith Evans, a thin, tall, freckled girl wearing turbulent "bangs."

"You must remember that you are very different from *him*. His associations are no doubt of a kind repelling to refined tastes. Even a flirtation—"

"I won't hear any more of this," Priscilla interrupted. "I don't know what you mean, Faith. I am sure he is as good as Jim Willis."

Faith laughed; and her revenge came to her.

It was at twilight. Crossing the street just in front of them was an old woman, bent and shrivelled. She wore a small three-cornered shawl and a white frilled cap. She was clean, neat, and very pleasant to look upon ; but, as Faith at once remarked, "So awfully Irish! Suppose *she* were some relative of your O'Donnell."

The old woman had a basket on one arm. Just as she reached the express-office Felix O'Donnell came out and kissed her. Then he took the basket and said :

"So you've come at last, mother! I've been waiting for half an hour in the doorway here. We'll have a long ride in the moonlight. But what's the basket for?"

"Sure I thought you'd be after wanting something to eat, as you wouldn't lose time coming to supper."

Felix caught sight of the girls and nodded pleasantly. Faith laughed, as the son helped his mother to mount the omnibus which carried passengers through a stretch of pleasant country out to a park much resorted to by the inhabitants of Buttrville in summer.

Faith had had her revenge. She admitted to herself that Felix looked almost handsome in his gray business suit.

"He is a good son, no doubt," she added aloud. "Imagine, though, a mother-in-law in *that* cap!"

Faith laughed again.

Priscilla was shocked. His family must be very low people. Had the thing that Faith had warned her against ever entered her mind? She dared not answer. Had he meant anything? Had she encouraged him? Perhaps she had. Well, there should be an end of it now. A girl must respect her position in life. *She* would not be laughed at and looked down upon by anybody.

All this may seem absurd to people whose horizon is wider than Priscilla's was; it may also seem absurd that a young woman who could seriously think in this manner could at the same time have reasoned so deeply and prayed so earnestly as to have come to the conclusion that she ought not to be isolated from the devout group that had filled her soul with awe on the morning of Pentecost.

She had told Father Riordan she could not sing the "O Salutaris Hostia" at the offertory, though she had no difficulty about the "Ave Maria." He had spoken to her of that august Sacrifice in the presence of which every knee and heart bowed. She went home, saying to herself that she could not sing again unless she believed. The following Sunday she did not go to

the choir. On the next Sunday she appeared, a little quieter, perhaps, but it was noticed that her voice was unusually expressive. On Monday she went to the Benedictine father who served the chapel of St. Bonifacius.

She would have gone to Father Riordan had not pride prevented her. Faith Evans' words awakened a sentiment of resentment in her mind. If people were thinking what they had no right to think, if Felix O'Donnell was presuming what he had no right to presume, the news that she had entered the church would only confirm the opinions of one and encourage those of the other; so she stole to St. Bonifacius' early in the mornings, and one morning she was received into the Fold.

Her father had made no objection. "I don't want any fuss made about it," he had said. "I don't want paragraphs to get into the papers about it, and have that *Cleveland Leader* fellow call me a slave of Rome. You ought to follow your conscience, of course. I was once almost a Mormon myself. I won't interfere. Besides, what with Beecherism and the dearth of ministers, there will soon be no Congregationalism left. Then you'll be left, my dear. And Romanism would be very decent, if it wasn't for the Irish. Go your way, Pris." And he kissed her.

VI.

In the meantime Felix O'Donnell had to admit, in moments when he paused in his work to look into the busy street, that he was becoming interested in Priscilla.

The social gulf that was so wide to her eyes did not appear to his at all. But the difference in religion was to him an insuperable barrier.

"If I had committed myself," he thought, "if she had a right to expect me to speak out, I should speak out at once." He almost wished he had. As it was, he felt that he had better nip his growing regard for Priscilla in the bud. He had great confidence in himself.

He was as polite as ever. He helped Priscilla with her music of evenings after the rehearsals, but Mr. Arden and John Lowe were always on the front step within hearing of every word.

Priscilla had determined that her religion should not interfere with her duty to her position. She talked seldom of culture, and this made her more charming in the eyes of Felix.

These evenings were very pleasant to both of them. But Felix was so sure of his own secret and of himself that he enjoyed them with a clear conscience. As to Priscilla, she felt a glow of virtue. Here was a young man rushing to his doom in spite of all her danger-signals. She was cold, reserved. She might have flirted with him, then have declared herself fancy-free and sent him off lamenting. Confidentially she told Faith Evans of her noble attitude. The astute Faith laughed incredulously. Priscilla expected a declaration every time she met Felix. She had done her best to ward it off; yet she was beginning to be slightly anxious about it.

Another proposal did come, however, or at least the prelude to it was made. The editor of the *Bazoo* announced one evening, after he had read all his exchanges, that John Lowe was a bashful man, and that he was "a long time coming to the point."

"I tell you, Pris, he's dead gone on you; but you're so hifaluting, with your culture and that sort of thing, that he doesn't dare to say a word to you."

Priscilla smiled as she thought of the scene at the door.

"I told him all about your being a Romanist, and he said he thought one religion was as good as another. If you could stand it he could. He wants a stylish wife, a woman he can look up to; and by Jove, Pris! you're that woman."

The editor of the *Bazoo* paused. Priscilla was still smiling. Half the girls in Butterville would have jumped at an offer from the creator of the ninety-nine-cent "inducement" by which much old stock in the dry-goods line had, through the weakness of the feminine head for bargains, been turned into cash.

"Besides," continued the editor of the *Bazoo* solemnly, "I am awfully in debt. That Owl Club Mine failure was a bad thing for me. The *Bazoo* is mortgaged over head and ears to John Lowe; and now, Pris, I expect you to get me out of this hole by marrying him."

Mr. Arden spoke bluntly, yet hesitatingly. He felt that Priscilla was doing him a favor by allowing him to mention the subject. Marriage was so entirely a matter to be arranged by Priscilla herself that he considered he was interfering with an inalienable right guaranteed to every American citizen—"the pursuit of happiness."

Priscilla patted him on the cheek and kissed him. "I'll think of it, father," she said.

He looked grateful and relieved.

"Lowe will be here to-morrow night. I'm glad you're not a

girl out of a story-book, hating to listen to reason. Lowe will make a good husband, and you can cultivate your taste in bric-a-brac with his money as much as you please." Then, seeing that the smile had faded from her lips and that she looked thoughtful, he selected a paper from his bundle of "exchanges" and said, with fatherly kindness: "There's the *Detroit Free Press*—not much cut out of it. Brighten yourself up a little. There are worse things in the world than marriage."

Priscilla took the *Free Press* to her room. She did not find it as enlivening as her father had expected.

Should she say yes to John Lowe?

Priscilla, being a frugal American girl, knew exactly what money would buy. She neither underrated nor overrated its power. She imagined various pleasant advantages, and, by way of compensation for giving way to self-indulgence, drew a rapid sketch of a new chapel which she would persuade John Lowe to build in honor of St. Bonifacius.

But John Lowe himself?

He was an honest man, somewhat vulgar and overbearing; not—not Felix O'Donnell—

Priscilla covered her face with her hands. She was humiliated, crushed to the earth. She knew that there could be no man on earth who would be to her like Felix O'Donnell. She remembered Faith Evans' incredulous laugh. Her face became hot; tears of wounded pride filled her eyes. The people had been right; even now the Congregationalists and Baptists, missing her from church, were saying that she was coquetting with Rome for Felix O'Donnell's sake. It was very bitter, very bitter.

And her father? She was not at all afraid of what her father would say. She knew that in the matter of marriage all rights and prerogatives were a daughter's. All Buttrickville would despise any girl who let her father interfere in a matrimonial question.

She stayed up late. She heard her father and John Lowe talking down on the steps. She closed the window. What vile cigars John Lowe smoked! What a hateful voice he had, with his talk of per cents. Felix never—but what was he to her? "Felix" indeed! "Mrs. Felix O'Donnell!" she repeated in scorn. "That name might belong to a washerwoman!"

She awoke in the morning with a headache. She thought it all over again. The *Bazoo* mortgaged and her father in trouble. No help from anybody but John Lowe. By ten o'clock she came

to the conclusion that she would sacrifice herself on the altar of filial love. At twelve she remembered that the house was her own and that she had hands wherewith to work. At seven o'clock, when she seated herself in the parlor with her best black gown on, indicative of sacrifice, and a spray of bleeding-hearts in her hair, she said to herself that she did not know what she would do. But in her heart she knew well enough.

She refused John Lowe. It was all over in half an hour. He took it most philosophically. He wished her joy and hoped she would be happy with the other fellow.

"I'd better take myself off," he said, with an attempt at sarcasm. "It's rehearsal night, and you may be waiting for him."

Priscilla's expression was not visible in the twilight. She made no answer. So Felix O'Donnell's intentions were plain even to this stupid John Lowe!

It was rehearsal night. Would he never come? Her heart beat at every step in the street. He had only to speak now, and she would answer as he deserved. What did she care for the world of Buttrville? Faith Evans and the others might cut her, if they chose. A garret, a desert island with him, and she would be happy!

It was he at last! Bessie came in to light the gas; he unrolled his music. He looked as frank and manly as any woman could desire the man of her heart to look. He took his place at the organ. They ran through an "Ave Maria," arranged on the duet of Azucena with her son in "Trovatore," several times. After that they went to the church. Priscilla was in a dream—a delightful dream. The rose of a lifetime was blooming for her, and she had only to put out her hand to take it. This exquisite rehearsal, like a prelude to sure happiness, was all too short.

They stood under the elm at her father's gate. He paused there and remarked how lovely the night was.

It was coming! She must delay it a moment, as one delays to open a letter containing joyful news. She gave him the flowers she wore in her hair.

"I have never given you a flower before, Mr. O'Donnell. Dear me! how fragile they are. They have fallen from their stem. No, there are two!"

"Bleeding-hearts? Thank you," he said gravely. "Only two. It's a bad omen."

Priscilla laughed.

"I shall not be in the choir next Sunday, Miss Arden," he said, in a tone that had a singular constraint in it. "Mr. Stroebling will take my place. My doctor"—he hesitated—"forbids me to sing any more. My throat is slightly affected. I hope that, though we shall not rehearse together, you will not forget me."

He stopped.

Nothing more. A long pause.

"Of course not, Mr. O'Donnell."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

He walked slowly away, thrusting the flowers away from him. He was angry with her, with himself. After such a comfortable time, such an enjoyable acquaintance, she might have said something more. Coquette! Did she think to draw him on with her flowers? "Bleeding-hearts" indeed! Some women have no hearts!

But Priscilla? Poor Priscilla, who had heroically determined to step down from her social pedestal for love's sweet sake, who had rejected the most eminent citizen of Butterville, who had offered herself, after much preparation, to the sacrificial knife and been refused—her fate was hard! She rushed up the steps, where John Lowe no longer sat, into her room, and wept aloud.

It did not end here. In truth, the story only began. Father Riordan shortly afterwards alluded to Priscilla's conversion, of which many people in Butterville had heard. Felix could not believe it. He had been heart-sick, angry, disgusted since he had said good-night to Priscilla. The world satisfied him not. He was as hard to please as Hamlet must have been when he rejected the wedding-hash made of the funeral baked meats. His mother—what do not mothers discover?—divined the cause, but she was silent.

Felix plied Father Riordan with questions until the good priest told him to go to the rector of St. Bonifacius'.

To make a long story short, Priscilla got her proposal.

"Well," said the editor of the *Bazoo*, after having received both congratulations and condolences, "Pris has a right to choose for herself. I've made an assignment, and I'll be pretty well off after I pay fifty cents on the dollar. O'Donnell's an honest chap—no vices. I'm going to run for the Legislature, if I have to change my politics. There's a big Irish vote in this place—don't you forget it; and Felix is a popular man!"

A MÆDIEVAL CULTURKAMPF.*

IN some points of view the lives of the saints are the most pertinent of proofs of that mysterious and invisible centre of gravitation towards which every human mind is tending. We carry about with us the traveller's unrest as a proof that we are not in our true country, and seek to still the cry *excelsior* in earth's half-way houses. The saints are they who tarry for a moment, never put off their pilgrim's garb, are weary and blood-stained and foot-sore, yet give a cheerful and peaceful testimony to the far-off land whose beacon their eyes can descry in the darkness. As they bear witness to eternity, so will eternity bear witness to them, for there is no immortality like that of sanctity. Holiness which may have bloomed ages ago seems to have received a double share of the Creator-Spirit's gift of life, and the saint through the long ages is ever more present to us than the poet, the artist, or the musician. The living stone is built up into the edifice, whereas human genius gives out the divine spark which it has received, kindling a temporary fire; the one *is*, the other *does*. Human intellect is the nearest approach to this immortality of sanctity, and its efforts are bequeathed to whole nations and countries either in the form of laws, or statesmanship, or scientific discovery. The confessor dies with more than the halo of ordinary holiness, if we may so speak. He, too, leaves his inheritance to the Christian people—the liberties of our Lord's kingdom on earth for which he has fought or, if needs be, given his life-blood.

Even at the distance of eight centuries St. Anselm's figure comes before us as that of a man we know and love well, with his triple crown of philosopher, champion, and saint. That career begun in the unrivalled mountain valley of his Italian home, carried on by Le Bec's murmuring stream amidst the rough Normans whom the church was fashioning for herself, and ended under the shadow of a great Christian cathedral, Anselm being himself its chief pastor, belongs, indeed, most truly to the lives which are immortal amongst the immortal.

The light and purity of the mountain ranges of Aosta are reflected in Anselm's childhood and early manhood. There he

* *The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains.* By Martin Rule, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

was born between April 21, 1033, and April 21, 1034, the only child for many long years of Gundulf, who was not improbably a son or grandson of Manfred I., Marquis of Susa. His mother was Ermenberg, and she, as first cousin to the Emperor Henry II., was related more or less distantly to every considerable prince in Christendom. It can well be imagined that to live amidst perpetual snowy peaks acts upon the mind of a young and noble child as a natural incentive to goodness. Few anecdotes are told us of Anselm's childhood, but the few are replete with significance. As the man, so the boy; and the boy, as he gazed at the mountains, saw in their physical ascent a means of bridging across the dreary road which leads from earth to heaven. Of all Aosta's heights the Becca di Nona (Noontide Peak) inspired the boy with greatest awe and desire, and one night he dreamt that, having reached the summit, he was received into the eternal kingdom, and that God gave him a delicious bread to eat which took away his weariness. The memory of his dream is perpetuated in the *panis nitidissimus* of one of his prayers, just as the dizzy bridge over the Cogne, the Pont d'Aël, supplies a forcible image of human life.

Through the dimness, half shrouded in mystical legend, of Anselm's childhood we see the typical abbot and archbishop in the far-off future. Not in vain had his bodily vision drunk in the glorious light of the mountains, whose heights had suggested to him the invisible, eternal hills. He belonged to the race of mountain-bred souls who live with the things of God and give only a cursory glance to those of this world. The story of his vocation is as full of poetry as his early life in general, though that which constitutes poetry in the retrospect means struggle at the time. A soft light in a landscape may represent hours of toil on the painter's part and still breathe forth repose. It was not romance but sharp earnest to Anselm to be refused the religious life in his native place because a certain abbot feared the potent wrath of Gundulf, and no less a barrier than the Mont Cenis stood between his old and his new life. That perilous ascent was in some wise the realization of his childish dream. He bent his steps across fair France to the secluded spot in Normandy where the far-famed Lanfranc was forming the intellects of the rude Norman youth, whose "manners were barbarous, though their hearts were set on heaven." When Lanfranc was called to wear the primatial mitre of Britain, Anselm succeeded him at Le Bec, as he was afterwards to succeed him at Canterbury. Fifteen years as prior and fifteen years as abbot

of Herlwin's* monastery gave Anselm that wonderful insight into the hearts of men which was to supply the place of diplomatic education in his future dealings with king and people of England. The children of light have less human prudence in their generation, but their wisdom takes higher aim and looks beyond the narrow path of an earthly course. The beacon of Anselm's lamp has, indeed, never ceased shining. Its clear radiance falls over the picture which the hand of God is ever tracing on human canvas; men shall pass away, but not a jot or tittle of His word until all shall be consummated. Le Bec had for him higher mountains than Aosta's peak—the heights of contemplation and of the speculative intellect. Of those peaceful years little is recorded beyond his characteristic way of living down human jealousy. On his election as prior he was looked upon with unkindness by the older monks in general, and by one Osbern in particular. With the heart of a saint Prior Anselm heeded not his wounded feelings, provided he might gain those who so wounded him to Christ; and Osbern he won to himself, and thus to God, by a chain which death could not part asunder.

William Rufus ascended the throne of England in 1087, and in 1089 Archbishop Lanfranc had gone to his rest. In the spring of 1093, the fourth year of Canterbury's widowhood, the Red King was enjoying the pleasures of the chase in the west of England. One of his courtiers incidentally mentioned the abbot of Bec as a man eminently suited to put an end to Canterbury's long mourning. "By the Holy Face of Lucca!" swore the angry king, "neither he nor any other man shall be archbishop of Canterbury but myself." A sudden illness fell upon the rash speaker, and he was borne in all haste to Gloucester. In sickness is truth. William's conscience, oppressed with confiscated church lands and revenues, would not be quieted till Anselm came to relieve it of its burden, and the abbot of Bec was consequently summoned to reconcile him to God before he departed. There was not found one fitter than he to succeed Lanfranc, and at the king's bedside he was acclaimed archbishop by popular voice and royal election. The solemnity of the hour and of the circumstances did not dim Anselm's clear sight as to what was involved in the terrible burden of becoming primate with a

* This Herlwin, Herluin, or Harlowen, also called Serlo, and surnamed "of Bourcq," or in the Latinized form "de Burgo," from the name of his birthplace, was a descendant of Pepin and Charlemagne, through the Dukes of Lower Lorraine, and by his wife, the celebrated Arlette—the mother of William the Conqueror also—was the ancestor of the Irish De Burgos, or Bourkes. Late in life he became a monk, and then abbot, of the religious establishment he founded at Bec.—ED. OF THE C. W.

sovereign of William's kind. His words were prophetic: "You are for yoking to the plough a poor, weak old ewe by the side of an untamed bull. And what will come of it? Not only untamed but untamable, the savage bull will drag the poor sheep right and left over thorns and briers, and, unless the poor thing disengage itself, will drag it to pieces. Where, then, will be her wool, her milk, her young?" His fingers would not grasp the crosier which the nobles of England thrust into his hands. What is the value of a repentance which is only prompted by fear of death and becomes an empty word as soon as that fear is removed? It is undoubtedly true that the king's choice of himself was an accident of his illness. William did not want a lord and father in God, a man who would give to Cæsar only those things which are Cæsar's. In his usual health he would have suffered Canterbury to be vacant as long as his crown was not endangered by so doing, and then he would probably have appointed a mere tool or creature for the carrying out of his greedy—we will not say royal—behests. Anselm measured the battle-field as he stood trembling by that sick-bed, and, with the intuitive knowledge of sanctity, foretold his recovery to the royal penitent whom he had just absolved. William was restored to health of the body, and with it ceased to care for the health of his soul.

In the following August Anselm suffered himself to be enthroned in Canterbury cathedral. He was renouncing peace for the sword. We who live in the broad daylight of Catholic usages and traditions do not stop to consider what these blessed rights may have cost our fathers in the faith. The martyrs fought a battle which was apparent to the world at large; and though their contemporaries may have despised those bloody combats, posterity has glorified them. The liberty of the church, too, has had, and is having, its bloodless martyrs in the men who have either to establish Catholic traditions or to maintain them in the face of the powers of this world and of darkness. St. Anselm fought the battle of the Norman *consuetudines* and of investiture, and that precedent built up by his life-struggle lasted until another English sovereign consummated what William Rufus had angrily purposed.

Jealousy of the Roman primacy is the original sin of crowned heads, for if it is not born in the purple it is most certainly bred by the ambition of kings. A *consuetudo* to a Norman sovereign might be likened to what an act of Parliament is to us, and did not in the least imply antiquity. Before a pretension obtained the force of a *consuetudo* it would have been in the position of a

pending bill. William the Conqueror bequeathed four similar *consuetudines* to his son, and it will be seen that their consequences involved nothing short of the Anglican schism—that is, in place of the Church catholic and universal, a state religion pure and simple. These pretensions were: 1. That no man in the English king's dominions should acknowledge a duly-appointed Bishop of Rome as pope except at his bidding; 2. That no one should receive a letter from the Roman pontiff unless it had first been shown to him; 3. That the primate, when holding a general council of the bishops, should bid and forbid nothing but in pursuance of the royal initiation; 4. That no bishop might prosecute a tenant-in-chief or a servant of the crown for incest, adultery, or other *capitale crimen*, without authorization from the sovereign.

These *consuetudines* of the Conqueror imply rather a love of power than greed of money, but the *consuetudo* nearest to the heart of the Conqueror's son was the traffic of holy things. Gold was his cry, and he would have it by fair means or by foul. Thus, although he was intolerant of Anselm's spiritual supremacy and jealous of the Holy See's claims, he was more eager for money than for domination. He would have sold his soul or his lesser pretensions for a good round sum, and he would have done worse. In virtue of *consuetudo* he would have transmitted to his successors on the English throne the custom of traffic in the high places of the church. In choosing Anselm to be primate he expected to receive some gratification for his royal pains.* The archbishop raised with great difficulty the sum of five hundred marks, which he offered as a free gift to his master. But William's greed was fostered by an evil counsellor than whom there can be no worse—a courtier-bishop. He whispered in the king's ear: "Dare he offer you five hundred marks? Let him make it a thousand." Anselm was inflexible. He resisted coarse taunts and threats, and made over his rejected gift to the poor tenants on his estates with the significant words, "Blessed be Almighty God, whose mercy has kept me free from the stain of an evil report!"

It was the custom for a new archbishop, within three months after consecration, to approach the Sovereign Pontiff and ask for the pallium. If he delayed twelve months he forfeited the archiepiscopate. The particular relations between church and state made the sovereign's leave a necessary formality, but William absolutely refused to grant it on the ground that he had not acknowledged Urban II. as pope. Of what profit, might

Anselm have said, is a fettered archbishop who may neither use his eyes to see, his ears to hear, nor his feet to walk? He looked abroad upon the land and saw everywhere a terrible licentiousness and immorality; but if he might not go to Rome without the king's consent, neither might he call a council for the correction of abuses without the royal co-operation, for so the Conqueror's *consuetudo* had ruled it. Anselm's gentle invitation to William was answered by the angry words, "When I see fit I shall act—not to please you, but to please myself." Seeing with the Red King meant much what "hearing" did. In other words, all rights and principles were made subservient to money. The movement of reformation should have begun in the monks and clergy, to be carried out in the hearts of the people; yet was not the position of things entirely vicious when the king left not a few abbeys in England without pastors, in order to dispose of their revenues? His pretensions aimed at no less than treating church lands as if they had been entirely his own. Impossible as it seemed to be to come to terms, Anselm felt the extreme urgency for England of his being at one with the king. His very first acts as primate had raised a storm. How, then, should he bear the thick of the battle? He besought his episcopal brethren to interpose, but their answer was a new perplexity: "If you want to have the king's peace," it ran, "you must help him handsomely out of your money; you really must. Give him five hundred pounds down and promise him as much, and we make no doubt he will restore you to his friendship. We see no other way of getting out of the scrape; we have no other way of getting out of ours." Suggestions of this kind were worse than useless. They were a fearful revelation, and a further proof to Anselm that he would have to fight his battle single-handed.

At the lapse of the twelvemonth which succeeded his consecration it behooved him to make another attempt with the king in the matter of the pallium. Like a wayfarer over a dangerous mountain-pass, every step revealed a new difficulty or a vital peril. William now demanded of Anselm to renounce all obedience and subjection to Pope Urban, declaring that the primate of England could not possibly reconcile devotion to the king with obedience to the pope, except at the will and pleasure of his sovereign. This was the momentous question which the archbishop laid before the nation at the Council of Rockingham in 1095. The episcopal bench neither "barked nor bit," and the *consilium* for which the primate had in his humility

asked them was that of courtiers, not of princes of the church. They advised entire submission to their lord the king in this as in all future differences. A pause fell on the assembly after they had offered their contemptible advice, and then Anselm spoke the burning words which are in themselves the best explanation for the need of turning to Rome's neutrality: "Since you, who are called the shepherds of the flock of Christ and the princes of the people, will not give counsel to me, your chief, save according to the behest of a mortal man, I will resort to the Chief Shepherd and the Prince of all. Know, therefore, all of you without exception, that in the things which appertain to God I will yield obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, and in those which by law concern the territorial rank of my lord the king I will give faithful counsel and help to the utmost of my power."

One of the noblest rights of St. Peter's see is to guard the things of God against the encroachments of earthly rulers, and, in virtue of its independent supremacy, to prevent the formation of national churches. Had St. Anselm lent himself to the Red King's demands, and consented, like his episcopal brethren, to buy a fleeting peace, it is easy to see what would have been the consequences. England would have been given over body and soul to a coarse despot with neither fear of God nor love of man, and its political annihilation would have been consummated. So the instinct of the lords temporal told them, as one of them bent the knee before the deserted primate in Rockingham church and bid him not to be disquieted, for that the true heart of England was with him. Fear of the barons often supplied the place of a higher sentiment in the Norman annals. If courtier-bishops would consent to any degradation in order to please the king, account had to be taken of those whose liberty was grounded on the free and independent action of the church. If William agreed to what was in truth a flimsy truce with Anselm, it was because his barons showed uncomfortable signs of being unruly. He was meditating other artifices with which to circumvent the archbishop and to make him yield to bribery. In the spring of 1095 a papal legate arrived in England, bearing, at William's secret instigation, Anselm's pallium. As he had received the archbishopric of Canterbury gratis, he would at least be willing to pay for this new favor—a truly delicate attention on the king's part. So, at least, argued Anselm's suffragans, as they openly propounded what the royal bounty expected of him. For a moment Anselm was lost in amazement, for it might have ap-

peared to him as if even Rome was siding against him. But his line of conduct soon became clear. Not only did he absolutely refuse to buy the king's favor even for the much-desired pallium; he also maintained that he could not receive this emblem of spiritual office from the royal hands. And once more William was foiled. The cardinal placed the pallium on the high altar of Canterbury cathedral, and the archbishop took it himself, *quasi de manu beati Petri*.

It is not always the soldiers who enjoy the fruits of their victory. How often the gentle archbishop sighed after his happy days at Le Bec, when he could serve God in his own way! As he gained a greater knowledge of William he arrived at the painful conclusion that he should achieve no lasting good during the king's lifetime. It was, however, just one of those battles which wound but do not kill, where it is as glorious to be maimed for life as to die in armor; and what agony it is to possess the intellect and heart of sanctity without the proper instruments of action! When, in the spring of 1097, William returned victorious from his Welsh campaign, Anselm was watching the moment to bring once again before him the deplorable spiritual state of England. In the autumn of the same year things had come to so bad a pass, and there seemed so little prospect of reformation, that the archbishop announced his definite intention of seeking counsel of the Holy See, with or without the king's permission. The bishops he had found weak reeds, and as time went on they grew in servility and abjectness. "My lord and father in God," they said to their primate, "we know you to be a religious and holy man; we know that your conversation is in heaven. We, on the other hand, are hampered by kinsmen who depend on us for subsistence, and by a multitude of secular interests which, to say truth, we love. We cannot, therefore, rise to your heights; we cannot afford to despise the world as you do. But if you will deign to come down to our poor level, and go with us along the way which we have chosen, we will advise you as if you were one of ourselves, and, whatever be the business which concerns you, will, if need be, forward it as if it were our own. If, however, you simply choose to hold to your God as you have hitherto done, you will be alone in the future, as you have been alone in the past, so far at least as we are concerned."

"Betake you, then, to your lord; I will hold to my God," was Anselm's rejoinder. He would defy the Conqueror's *consuetudo* and seek to loosen his chains before they grew too heavy.

At their parting interview William did not refuse Anselm's blessing. He, however, sent a rude message commanding the archbishop not to take any of his property out of the kingdom. But he did worse. At Dover a royal clerk, William of Veraval, joined the archbishop's party and subjected the primate to the indignity of having his luggage searched in quest of forbidden treasure. On their arrival in France a loose plank was discovered in the ship, and it was no fault of the miscreant who had been tampering with it, bent on evil, if the archbishop was not buried in a watery grave. Anselm, then, arrived at his weary journey's end, and leaving England, in spite of himself, to the men whose "conversation was not in heaven," he laid his wrongs before the great Pope Urban II. They were summed up under four heads: 1. The personal conduct of the king; 2. His confiscation of vacant churches and abbeys; 3. His oppression of the church of Canterbury by giving away its lands to whom he pleased; 4. His trampling under foot the law of God by the imposition of arbitrary *consuetudines*. These grievances, persisted in without the intervention of an independent power, would have enslaved the church and debased it into a mere national institution. The conduct of St. Anselm proves it to have been an entirely intolerable state of things for a Catholic archbishop. The close connection between church and state rendered the co-operation of the king almost necessary for the well-being of the spiritual power; but Rome was coming to an important decision, which, once taken, would greatly facilitate the action of ecclesiastical rulers by loosening some of the cords of tight state bondage. In 1099 the Council of the Vatican, by the mouth of Urban II., pronounced anathema on the man who should become the vassal (*homo*) of a layman for ecclesiastical preferment. In those days, as now, crowned heads attached more importance to the vassalship of spiritual than of temporal lords. "They throw me the carcass" has been the indignant though unwarrantable cry of sovereigns since Charlemagne's time, and to bring souls under their sceptre has been their ceaseless aim. The feudal system in particular lent a powerful arm to state encroachments. Homage was of two kinds, simple and liege. All that remained lawful to churchmen after Pope Urban's decision was the former—that is, the doing homage for the temporalities of a see or church preferment. Anselm, therefore, who had refused investiture from the Red King on his consecration, but who had become his "man" in virtue of the existing state of things, would be unable to give a similar homage to

William's successor. "Over and over again has his life been a subject of complaint to the Apostolic See," was Urban II.'s comment on Anselm's report of William's conduct. Yet the sword of excommunication was averted by the primate's intercession. Anselm had no doubt reason to fear the very worst if the most formidable spiritual weapon should be used under actual circumstances. With his courtier suffragans in his mind's eye he may have foreseen the apostasy of the whole kingdom.

Whilst a dire widowhood had fallen on Canterbury in the lifetime of its pastor, and the estates of the see were confiscated and oppressed by the Red King, the persecutor was overtaken midway on his course. Forlorn ignominy covered that royal corpse which was found in a pool of blood in the New Forest one August evening during the first year of a new century (1100). Anselm was on his way back from Rome, though not to Canterbury. The question of investiture had been settled by earth's highest authority, simplifying the dispute for Catholic posterity, but involving much persecution for the time on those who held responsible posts and were engaged in the strife. St. Anselm, then, did but exchange his warfare. If he had fought with one of the most corrupt monarchs of the day, and seen him descend unhonored and unloved into a premature grave, he was now called upon to contend with different artifices: a polished scholar of fair exterior and real convictions, who still had the same pretensions over the spiritual power as his father and brother—such was William Rufus' successor. If men turn to God when they are in sorrow, so do sovereigns call in the church to the rescue of their tottering crowns.

By the extraordinary promptitude and energy which Henry Beauclerc displayed on his brother's death he succeeded in having himself hastily crowned, but there were many turbulent elements which made the presence and weight of the primate necessary to establish him in his regal power. Duke Robert of Normandy, and the evil produced by the feudal system—subjects who were too independent of their master—were formidable enemies. Henry, therefore, penned an eager letter to Anselm, calling him "dearest father," and beseeching him to return with all speed for the good of his own royal person. If, indeed, the wrongs which Anselm had exposed to the Holy See were most grievous, their light side was the fact that they belonged rather to a person than a dynasty. When the Red King died Anselm might well trust the fair words of his successor, who promised to put an end to the iniquitous traffic of the preceding reign in

holy things. It was not so with the question of investiture—that is, of the sovereign conferring the insignia of spiritual dignity. Anselm had returned to Canterbury, when fear entered his heart that his struggle might be only beginning. He had become the Red King's man for the temporalities of the archiepiscopate, but Peter had now spoken, and the act could not be repeated for his successor.

When Anselm's anointed hand had steadied England's crown on Beauclerc's head, and the primate's authority had appeased the troubled elements, Henry unlocked from his bosom the designs which he had been waiting for the right moment to reveal. Two traditions had been handed down to the English sovereign, the one from the Conqueror, the other from the Saxon kings. These were homage and investiture; and in 1102, at a favorable time, Henry requested Anselm to become his man, plainly announcing to the Holy See that he meant to relinquish none of the Conqueror's *consuetudines* or of the ancient usages. At a great meeting of bishops and peers in Westminster Hall Henry openly asserted his claims, and, as at Rockingham, Anselm once more stood alone to defend the rights and liberties of the church. Then, as before, his suffragans played him false, choosing Cæsar rather than our Lord at the price of a lie. Nothing could have been more definite than Pope Urban's words at the Council of the Vatican; but the courtier-bishops—the names of three are given—explained them away by saying special reservations had been made for their royal master, and, emboldened by their abject servility, Henry summoned Anselm to do him homage there and then. They who would look upon this ceremony as a mere formality would have been the very ones to urge the Christians to make a pretence of sacrificing to the gods with a mental reservation. Certainly the giving of homage involved the whole question of the independence of the church, and if Anselm had yielded the point the Anglican schism and heresy would have been hastened by four hundred years. As the primate was inflexible, the king proceeded to invest three bishops-elect with ring and crosier. But remorse overtook them. One died suddenly, sending a message to Anselm from his death-bed. Reinelm, Bishop-elect of Hereford, returned his crosier before schismatical consecration, and was deprived of the royal favor; whilst the third, William Giffard, refused at the very last moment to suffer the imposition of the archbishop of York's hands. Another embassy to Rome was proposed by Anselm and joyfully acquiesced in by Henry. He would thus gain time;

but in maturing the plan he came to wish for the archbishop's departure, and soon he alleged as a plea that Anselm should go himself to Rome and bend the law of the church to his *regiæ consuetudines*. "What have I to do with the pope on my own concerns? What my predecessors had in this realm is mine," was the independent feeling which rankled in his breast. And so, pressing the archbishop to come to terms with the Holy See, but wishing in his secret mind to be rid of Anselm at all costs, he succeeded in gaining time and in imposing a second exile upon the primate. Whilst he was ruthlessly bent on exposing the frail old man to the fatigues of a journey to Rome, he meanwhile despatched a special messenger of his own—that same William of Veraval whom William Rufus had employed on a similar errand—and this wily diplomatist was to leave no stone unturned, no means untried, to secure the right of investiture for his royal master. Pope Urban II. had gone to his rest, and Paschal II. had succeeded him in the chair of Peter. Once more the king of England's claims were exposed to the Holy Father, and the king of England's envoy, flushed and elated with his own powers of oratory, went so far as to state that "not for the forfeit of his kingdom will my lord the king of the English suffer himself to lose church investiture." Then Pope Paschal replied in a voice of thunder: "If, as you say, your king for the forfeit of his kingdom will not suffer himself to relinquish church donations, know this—and I say it before God—that not for the ransom of his life will Pope Paschal ever let him have them." Anselm, before starting, had fully known the mind of the Holy See; and Henry, who was equally acquainted with it, was only concerned to treat it as *non avenu*, to make a show of deference, but to countenance as much underhand dealing as suited his aims. Compromises, episcopal servility and deceit, the interception of letters to and from Rome—these were the means to which he stooped and which he encouraged. Pope Paschal's words had denounced investiture. "Wipe off the shame of such an aloofment from yourself and from your royalty," was his vigorous expression in a letter to Henry dated November 23, 1103. Anselm had then resumed his way of sorrows, taking up his temporary abode with the archbishop of Lyons. In his loyalty to Rome and to the king he, pressed down by his seventy years, had accomplished that toilsome journey. But he had been deceived. He was fighting with want of knowledge when the real obstacle was a moral one and lay in the king's will. The full truth burst upon him when he was requested to become Henry's man and

to adopt all the Norman *consuetudines*, or to keep out of the kingdom. In pressing him to go to Rome Beauclerc had in fact imposed exile, though he had not set about it with the loyalty of an honest man. Nor was Anselm allowed to enjoy the relative peace of absence from his archiepiscopal cares. The king seized his revenues, and the archbishop's tenants were playing fast and loose with such privileges on his lands as had escaped the royal despoiler. Anselm was in the position of an absent Irish landlord whose moneys are plundered, while he can get no rent. Even the prior of Christchurch reproached him in stinging words for his absence. But if the close connection between church and state involved suffering on the part of the spiritual rulers in that age of formation, a sovereign had then to count with Christendom, and where there is a Christendom the threat of excommunication is by no means insignificant. The teaching of St. Thomas has embodied the mediæval theory of withdrawing obedience from a prince under sentence of spiritual deprivation. A two-edged sword was suspended over Henry in the spring of 1105. To persist in his demand for the right of investiture and in disposing of the lands of the primate's see would draw down upon himself the excommunication of the archbishop and of the Holy See. He would then have to contend with insurrection and unruly barons at home, and the ducal crown of fair Normandy would elude his grasp. There was no time to be lost, and he must choose between two evils. Anselm had once steadied the crown on his head; reconciliation with the primate, then, was a necessary step towards retaining it. The king reasoned in this wise, as, in the summer of 1105, at the Castle of Laigle, he once more encountered the man whom he had so deeply wronged. The sight of Anselm contributed much towards that reconciliation. The monarch was overcome; he fell upon the primate's true heart and wept. A rumor spread abroad that king and archbishop were friends, consequently that the strife concerning investiture and royal *consuetudines* was at an end. Henry's renunciation of both was the price required at his hands to obtain the peace of the church.

But one more arrow from the royal bow. The game was so desperate that Henry had been forced to give up the principal points at issue, lest excommunication should overtake him. His subsequent conduct proves that he only yielded to dire necessity; for instead of bidding Anselm return with all speed to his widowed see, the king, under pretence of settling points with the pope, sought to gain time, and it was not till the spring of

1106 that Henry formally invited the primate to return. St. Anselm's thirteen years' struggle was at an end; his evening star rose in a peaceful sky. He had put from off the church the trammels of state investiture, and founded a precedent which was to secure the free action and independence of spiritual rulers until such time as the sovereign of England should resume the chains and the servitude of state supremacy and renounce that blessed obedience to St. Peter's see which Lanfranc and St. Anselm, St. Thomas and Stephen Langton, had made synonymous with giving to God the things which are God's.

The results of Henry's *Culturkampf* had been disastrous to the faith and morals of the people of England. Since his accession in 1100 there had not been one single episcopal consecration. The dioceses of Winchester, Salisbury, and Hereford had been vacant for eight, seven, and six years respectively, Exeter for three, whilst the bishop of London was in a very precarious state. The parochial clergy generally were violating the most sacred canons; the abbatial chairs were vacant throughout the land, and the monastic rule was sinking into disorder. Lawlessness and immorality are the inevitable consequences of withdrawing from the church the ways and means of rendering obedience to the rightful spiritual authority.

In every struggle for spiritual independence there comes a moment when the angel bids the protector and guardian of the Holy Family to rise and return to the land of Israel, for that those who sought the life of the Child are dead. Plots and conspiracies may be aimed against that divine existence, but the Holy Innocents are there to shed their infant blood for him. That massacre was typical of what the confessor's strife would be through the ages to come. It is for him to ward off deadly wounds from the Bride of Christ, and to adopt as a keynote of his earthly course St. Anselm's words: *Nihil magis diligit Deus quam libertatem ecclesiæ suæ.*

"DRAWING THE LINE."*

"WE really must draw the line," have said the majority of the English people, "at the admission of atheists into Parliament." "And suppose you do so," rejoin the advocates for affirmation; "you will only substitute hypocrisy for blatancy. For on which side of your 'line' do you propose to place those members who have already taken the oath with their lips, but who have taken it as a mere formula without a meaning? Surely it is better," argue the advocates for affirmation, "to do away with the irreverence of formal oaths than to let members kiss a Testament or say formally, 'So help me God,' while in their hearts they are callous sceptics, if not infidels."

Does this objection go to the root of the matter? Is the question a question of the good faith of *particular* members or of the good faith of the *whole* of the British Parliament? "The Constitution is Christian," so say England's greatest lawyers—such men as Coke, Blackstone, and Holt. It is so essentially Christian, add such weighty authorities, that any statute which should be opposed to the Christian faith would be null and void by the very necessity of the case, as being in mockery of the basis of the Constitution. "We will admit this," rejoin the advocates for affirmation; "we will admit that, at one time, this was the case; yet you cannot deny the fact that Jews now sit in Parliament, and even Socinians, who are more obnoxious than are Jews." Perfectly true. But there arises the question: Does it follow in common sense, or as a corollary which any Christian can approve, that because we have already done what is equivocal we should therefore proceed to do what is worse?

* Since Mr. Marshall sent this article from England the bill for the relief of Mr. Bradlaugh has been beaten in the British Parliament. A London Catholic paper (the *Tablet*, May 12), not usually friendly to the Irish party or its claims, in describing the scene in the House of Commons when a division was had on the bill, says: "But, after all, it is the Irish members to whom the laurels are due, and English Catholics may well be gratefully reminded that it was Irish voices and Irish votes which chiefly prevented atheism from having share in English law-making. As the long line of the representatives of Ireland filed slowly by into the hostile lobby to vote down the ministry, there must have been many who were mindful of another time when the representatives of that same Catholic Ireland cast party allegiance to the winds in their single resolve to vote as they thought best for what they prized the most—the interests of religion and morality. . . . Out of all the Irish members only three were found on Friday morning in the ministerial lobby, and of these we may record the names of two Catholics, Mr. O'Shaughnessy and The O'Donoghue." Reminders of this sort are frequently necessary.—ED. OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Are we to admit atheists because we have admitted Jews, any more than we are to admit lunatics from Bedlam because we have admitted fools from the boroughs? Is it not requisite, in a country which is still Christian, to "draw the line" at that very critical point where affirmation must imply that the basis of the English laws is no more essentially theistical than it is atheistical?

"But the legislature is *not* essentially theistical," is the ordinary rejoinder of the affirmationists; "it is parliamentary, representative, constituent, and it means simply the 'vox populi' in action." This is true and it is not true. So long as the sovereign takes a religious oath at the coronation, so long as prayers are said daily in the House of Commons, so long as the national church is state-endowed, state-protected, and its head is also the head of the English legislature, how is it possible to say that the legislature of the country is not essentially, is not primarily, theistical? It is more—it is essentially Christian; for the sovereign takes an oath to defend that (Protestant) religion of which she is in two senses the head, being the head of the legislature which appoints all the bishops, and receiving homage from those bishops as their pontiff. It does seem idle to say that the legislature is not Christian because it has conceded special privileges to a special few. It seems still more idle to argue from such concessions that the legislature has ceased to be theistical. Let us remember that great concessions were due to the Jews in reparation for long centuries of wrong; just as great concessions were due to English Catholics, as well as to Irish and to Scotch Catholics, though Catholicism is not the religion of the legislature. Special instances of favor shown to such respectable Hebrews as a Rothschild, a Goldsmith, a De Worms, cannot be regarded as regrettable, except in the broad sense that "a Christian legislature *ought* to be Christian." "But," say the advocates for affirmation, "you see that you admit that there have been exceptions; and one exception is sufficient to destroy a principle." Very well; if you insist on it we admit it, for it is useless to contend against proved facts. But what has this to do with a *new* principle? What conceivable justice or logical corollary can be urged in regard to the new atheism from the fact that the concessions which have hitherto been made did *not* include concessions to atheists? You might as well argue that, if some eccentric constituency were to return some zoölogical curiosity, bipedal, quadrupedal, or "prehensile," it would be the duty of Parliament to bring in a relief

bill, so as to seat the strange expositor of local views. Is the whole country to be insulted by the reconsideration of "disabilities" every time that an eccentric constituency chooses to return some eccentric representative? We all know that there are certain classes of persons who are disabled from sitting in Parliament—persons who, either morally or intellectually, are esteemed to be unfit to govern. Here, then, we have the *principle* of disabilities. No one would dream of introducing a relief bill for the seating of a maniac or of a murderer; even persons who have been proved guilty of a felony are thereby disqualified from being "returned"; why, then, argue that, because the constituents of Northampton have eccentrically elected a blatant atheist, there ought, in their special case, to be a relief bill? Nothing could have been simpler than to politely inform Northampton that it had misapprehended its voting powers, and that if it would kindly return some member who could sit no objection would be made to his sitting. Instead of this the prime minister assures the House of Commons that Mr. Bradlaugh is "a good man of business," and that, being so, he is entitled to demand a new act to remove all existing disabilities. What a principle for the author of *Vaticanism*! The prime minister who has just nominated an archbishop of Canterbury, and who reads the lessons in his parish church at Hawarden, sees no objection to altering the law to seat an atheist, and considers that the legislature ought no longer to be theistical, because a majority of Northamptonites have returned an atheist!

It is difficult to imagine a more humiliating position than that in which Mr. Gladstone has placed the country. The degradation of the country, like the degradation of the ministry, seems complete under the dictation of Mr. Bradlaugh and of his few illiterate followers at Northampton. Not one Englishman of education or of position has demanded this revolution in the laws, though a very few have thought it "expedient under the circumstances"—that is, because one constituency has demanded it. There are three senses in chief in which the national degradation is involved in this proposed revolution. First, there is the yielding to a mob outcry in regard to the most radical of all changes and in despite of the expressed disgust of the nation. Next, there is the lowering of the English legislature in the eyes of its own Christian subjects, as well as in the eyes of the Christian world, from the high repute of being a champion of the Christian faith which it has enjoyed, and perhaps merited, for twelve centuries. And, thirdly, there is the making England

to set the example of irreligion, or at the least to encourage other countries in irreligion, and so to swell the torrent of unbelief and of modern paganism which is deluging half the nations of the earth. The immediate consequence of "banishing God from the House of Commons," as a writer has forcibly expressed it, "will be that God will be banished from the army and the navy, from courts of justice, from social compacts, from all honor." It is idle to reply that one or more professing atheists will have no influence on the faith of the nation. That is not true, nor is it the point. The point is that the oath, as it at present stands, is a national tribute to God's honor; but the doing away with the oath is a national attestation to the non-importance of caring for God's honor. It is the preference of the individual before the Creator. If you say, "God is; but I allow a man to affirm that he is not," you say that God necessarily has his honor, but that his creatures may affirm that he has none. There is no question here of believing in particular doctrines, nor even of believing in dispensations. The question is: Does God exist? If he does you blaspheme him in denying him, and you blaspheme him in legislating that he may be denied. Now, the House of Commons believes that God exists. How, then, can that house affirm that his honor is compatible with the legislating that his existence may be denied? Let us bring the case home to each individual member, and thus see how it stands in regard to conscience.

Every member of the house has taken the oath, "so help me God," presumably in earnest and in good faith. Every member of the house, therefore, believes in God. But if a man believe in God his first instinct is reverence, with an infinite *preference* for God's honor before all honor. If, being in that state of mind, he passes a law that a professing atheist may "sit" with him on equal terms as a legislator, he is guilty of this impiety—more properly of this insanity—that he profoundly honors and profoundly dishonors the same God. If a man should say, sitting in the House of Commons, "Queen Victoria is my sovereign, and I honor her; but I am prepared to admit members to this house who shall deny that Queen Victoria is Queen of England—nay, who shall deny that Queen Victoria exists at all," he would not only be thought disloyal, but so wanting in common sense that even the most radical of the members of Parliament would ridicule him. How much more shall a member of Parliament be worthy of contempt who can say, "I adore the honor of God, but I adore it in such spirit that they who dishonor it

most are as much entitled to my respect as are the best Christians ; and I will sit, as an equal, with the arch-fiend himself, if a constituency should elect him by a majority, because a majority of electors is worthy of *more* honor than He who is alone worthy of *infinite* honor."

"Drawing the line" at the making senators of atheists is a principle of which no Christian need be proud, seeing that the old pagans, both the Greeks and the Romans, "drew the line" much more tightly than we do. It is not necessary to quote Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Socrates, any more than Cicero, Quintilian, Juvenal, on the point that an oath in the name of the gods was the most binding attestation in man's power. It is enough that these worthies attributed to an oath, whether made by a good man or by a bad man, a sacredness which gave to society a security which no mere promise or affirmation could give. Neither Greeks nor Romans would have courteously said to an atheist, "Sir, would you prefer to affirm?" because the value of an oath was not the value which a Bradlaugh but the value which society put upon it. Is there not a shallowness in the reasoning of those objectors who talk of an oath *not* being binding on an atheist—as though any individual, even in the natural order, had the right to proclaim his insolence in such fashion? Imagine a man saying to a judge in a court of justice: "Sir, I do not recognize the authority of judges ; I do not even recognize their existence ; therefore pass your sentence on somebody else." Or imagine a man saying that, in regard to any compact in which faithfulness was the basis, the whole soul, he had his own ideas on the subject of faithfulness, and no promise, no known principle, could bind him. The answer would be: "I do not care a pin what your eccentric conceits may account wisdom ; I expect you to promise in the way other men promise, and if you do not I account you a rogue." Sheer impudence is no title to our respect, though the affirmationists would seem to imply this. Mr. Bradlaugh has stated that he cannot swear by God, because he does not believe that God is. He knows of no being who is higher than himself, and can consequently swear by no one who is higher. Now, as has been said, the old pagans, however deluded they might be, were not deluded into affirming by Bradlaughs. They "drew the line" at such idiocy or imbecility. They confessed to the existence of the immortals, even though sometimes they worshipped mortals after their death. They confessed that the human intellect, the best as the worst, was responsible to the uncreated, divine Wis-

dom. Had some intelligent shoemaker, in some suburb of Athens, or in some by-street of Rome in its most depraved days, proclaimed himself worthy to be a senator on the ground of his having a contempt for the public sacrifices, it is doubtful whether even the lowest Greek or Roman mob would have asked him to make shoes for them any more. Still less would Demosthenes or Cicero have created a precedent for Mr. Gladstone, and have stood up in a forum to plead the cause of the said shoemaker as a man for whom the laws ought to be changed. Cicero's fine sense of moral rectitude, coupled with his superb disdain for shuffling cowardice, would have saved him from being Gladstonian in policy. "But he would have been wrong," is the opinion of the prime minister. What he ought to have done, to be a first-rate Liberal minister, was to have addressed a Roman audience in this way: "This man is a good man of business, who despises the gods and offers insult to all sacrifice, to all religion. *Therefore* must the laws be changed on his behalf. And if, next year, the electors of Pompeii should elect a man who should say that he is himself Jupiter, it will be our duty to bring in an affirmation bill to enable that man to affirm that he is Jupiter."

There is one grave point, however, in this controversy which the advocates for affirmation totally ignore. It is that the House of Commons is, in fact as well as theory, *custos morum* of both the church and the state. At one time it was the province of the bishops' courts—and at another time of the Star Chamber and of the High Commission—to give judgment in (more or less) religious controversies, ecclesiastical, doctrinal, or moral. The Queen's Bench and the common law have now included within their spheres most of the offences which were at one time judged "spiritually." But the House of Commons is the very root of the Common Law. Indeed, all laws, ecclesiastical or civil, are the sovereign *fiat* of that assembly which rules the country. Now, the common law pronounces blasphemy to be criminal; and if an overt and blatant atheist be not a blasphemmer it would be difficult to say who can possibly be one. Yet the House of Commons, which is *custos morum* of church and state, is now considering whether the legalizing of blasphemy be not a consistent concession to modern thought. The house knows that there is a statute of William III. which punishes both written and spoken blasphemy; yet since it has rather patronized than reproved the scholarly pleaders for rank materialism, and has accepted infidel magazines as an institution, it is in this difficulty, that it cannot

well resent coarseness when it has made peace with graceful scepticism or refined wickedness. Yet this difficulty—which is of its own making—is no apology. As a matter of fact, to legislate to permit a crime which is pronounced atrocious by the common law of England is revolutionary as much as it is apostate, and renders the statutes in regard to blasphemy quite nugatory. We know the answer which is given by the affirmationists—that "to affirm is not necessarily to deny God"; and on this point one word may be added. Dr. Benson, the new archbishop of Canterbury, has just replied to a deputation of some thirteen thousand Anglican clergymen that he thinks that affirmation involves no principle. He thinks that if Anglican clergymen are allowed to "affirm" that they consent to the teaching of the Thirty-nine Articles and of the Prayer-Book, members of the House of Commons ought to be allowed to affirm without an inference being drawn that they are atheists. But, in the first place, it is *because* Mr. Bradlaugh is an atheist that the new Affirmation Bill is proposed. And, in the next place, to draw a parallel between affirming a private consent to all the contradictory propositions of the Articles (many of which contradict one another, or are contradicted most absurdly by themselves), and the refusing to affirm in the name of God, on the ground that it is doubtful whether there be a God, is one of those efforts at "trimming" for which Anglican primates have been always equivocally famous. There is no question before the house of swearing to (human) Articles; the question is, Can a member, when he is giving assurance of his good faith, be allowed to omit the words, "so help me God," on the ground that God is, to him, a nullity? Not if the *present* statutes are to remain in force. Not if the House of Commons is to be *custos morum*. Not if the House of Commons is to make laws for the Established Church (which it always has done and always claims that it will do), and to define the limits of the spiritual teaching of the clergy, or to create the courts which are to give judgments on such limits. Not if the queen is to remain "Defender of the Faith" and to continue to govern "by the grace of God." Either sweep away all religion out of the whole realm or do let us make a stand at "belief in God." If we cannot make a stand at this point, at what point shall we ever make a stand? And there is all the more reason why we should make our stand here, because half the Continent of Europe is now looking to England for either a rebuke to, or an apology for, apostasy. Now that all the ancient, hereditary landmarks and strongholds

of the Christian religion are being removed, one by one, in Southern Europe, is it a time for dragging in the dirt the honored name of the British Parliament, which has at least been always credited with a certain vigor of independence and with a contempt for bowing the knee to a vulgar faction? Have the Liberals—who would vote any way with Mr. Gladstone for the sake of keeping their party together—considered what must be the consequences which must follow on the new principle "that M.P.'s *may* be all atheists or blasphemers"? At the present moment it is not permitted to an atheist to rise up on a public platform and preach atheism. But if a man may preach atheism from the bar of the House of Commons, it is obvious that he may preach it not only on public platforms but (consistently) in the pulpits of the Established Church. If the supreme law-court of the kingdom permit atheism—permit it to be an optional "creed" for a law-maker—how is it possible that a law-breaker can be tried in a court of justice for an offence which is purely optional in a law-maker? And, further, consider the moral influence of such precedent upon all society, upon universities, upon youth. At Oxford and Cambridge there are now no religious tests; but this is because Dissenters, who are believers in God, do not believe in the Thirty-nine Articles. Or, as a Dissenter somewhat humorously put it, "I do not believe in the Thirty-nine Articles because I most firmly believe in God." But the moral effect of making atheism to be respectable by making it a robe of fitness for a legislator would be to make it to be respectable for undergraduates as well as graduates, and for candidates for Holy Orders and for all professors. It is no answer to say that every one is aware that there is an immense amount of scepticism at the universities. Scepticism as to particular evidences for revelation may be not (necessarily) an unbelieving frame of mind; but the public refusal to confess to a belief in God, on the part of persons who make laws for church and state, is not only a public scandal, but *would be* a national apostasy, if the nation suffered the scandal to become law. The kind of argument which would pass through the youthful mind, as well as through the minds of the masses, should the affirmationists succeed in their designs, would certainly be something of this kind: "The nation returns atheists to Parliament; Parliament makes laws for church and state; Parliament is also *custos morum* of the kingdom; ergo church and state, *plus* the national morality, may be, optionally, theistic or atheistic. But since atheism is the exact opposite of theism,

therefore church and state, *plus* the national morality, may be, optionally, profoundly wicked or profoundly virtuous. I give it up."

And at this point let us briefly, and for the sake of clearness, run over the ground which we have travelled. First, the question of religion is for the whole Parliament—it is not for eccentric or bad members; second, the past admission of Jews is no argument, because it leaves the Parliament what it was, theistic; third, the Constitution and the throne being theistic, Parliament must necessarily be so also; fourth, no person of any established reputation has demanded what is proposed to be conceded, still less have the Anglican clergy done so; fifth, all members of Parliament who have taken the oath have committed themselves to the confession, "God is," and therefore to the protection of God's honor; sixth, all civilized nations, before the birth of modern Liberalism, insisted on the importance of an oath, not only for the honor of the Deity, but as essential to the security of society; seventh, the English Parliament, being *custos morum* of the nation, as making all the laws which govern society and as dictating the tenure of power of the Established Church, must be necessarily "religious" in its apprehension; eighth, the change of character which would be involved by ignoring religion would be a departure from twelve centuries of precedent; ninth, the result of such example would be most injurious to "foreign" nations, who naturally respect the oldest Parliament in the world; tenth, the result of such example would be most injurious to English society, and especially to the universities and to all youth.

"Abyssus abyssum invocat" may be the normal course of doing wrong, but it is no more a Christian than a logical obligation. Up to the present time England has never ignored God. France once set up the goddess Reason on a Catholic altar, but England has not gone further than to multiply heresies or to indulge in frantic Puritanism or in "No-Popery." Nor has Parliament ever suffered that a member should say (in Parliament) what has been said in recent times in the French Parliament, that "religion is a worn-out superstition." A French senator cried out recently during a debate, "There is no such thing as morality"; nor do we see how there should be in the apprehension of a senator who had previously said, "There is no God." England has not come to this at present. But it may come to it in punishment for irreligion. A national callousness as to the honor of God is a sure forerunner of the denial of his name.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a part of Armine's daily order of existence, when not otherwise occupied, to take a walk with Madelon. Besides the chief end of exercise, there were many objective points for these walks—the markets and shops where necessary business was to be transacted, the churches where of late the girl had liked more and more to go—but among them all there was no more favorite point than the tall house on the Quai Voltaire. Thither she always turned her face with a sense of pleasure; and Madelon never objected to that destination, for it chanced that the wife of the concierge was an old friend with whom she liked to enjoy a comfortable gossip while Armine mounted to the apartment of her friends.

One morning, therefore, as was often the case, they were to be seen leaving the Rue de Rivoli, with its tide of eager life, passing under the massive archway which leads into the Place du Carrousel, crossing that magnificent court which was surrounded and overlooked by the united palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries until the hand of barbarism fell upon the latter and the destruction which the Commune began the Republic fitly finished, emerging on the beautiful Quai du Louvre, passing over the Pont du Carrousel, and entering the familiar house on the left bank of the river. There, leaving Madelon in the cabinet of the concierge, Armine passed upward and met Mlle. d'Antignac just issuing from her apartment.

"My dear Armine," she exclaimed, "I am glad that you were not two minutes later! You would have found me absent; and the doctor is with Raoul, so you could not have seen *him*. But now I shall take you in"—she opened the door from which she had emerged—"and settle you comfortably in the *salon*."

"But you are going out," said Armine. "You must not let me keep you—"

"I shall not let you keep me," said the other, with her frank smile. "But I shall keep *you* until I return. You will not mind? I shall not be long—I am only going on a little matter of business—and there is a great deal that I want to say to you, so I should like for you to wait, if you can."

"I can wait, if you will not be too long," Armine answered. "And perhaps when the doctor goes I may see M. d'Antignac for a few minutes?"

"Perhaps," said Hélène doubtfully. "He is suffering very much this morning; but after the doctor goes you can send CESCO to inquire. If he can see any one he will see you."

She unclosed the *salon* door as she spoke, and ushered Armine into that pleasant room, full of the fragrance of flowers, and with windows open to the brightness of the soft spring day. A table in the middle of the floor was covered with French and English publications, and toward this Mlle. d'Antignac wheeled a deep chair.

"Sit down here," she said, "and amuse yourself for half an hour. I am sure you will not find it difficult to do so."

"I could not find it difficult for much longer than half an hour," Armine replied. "The danger is that I might forget the lapse of time entirely."

"Oh! I shall be back before long," Mlle. d'Antignac answered, "so you need have no fear of that. Make yourself easy in mind and body, and send CESCO to inquire if Raoul can see you, when the doctor leaves."

She went out, closing the door behind her, and a moment later Armine heard the outer door of the apartment also close. All was then quiet. Through the open windows the sounds of the great city came in a softened murmur, suggestive of the fullness of life near at hand, but not loud enough to disturb. The girl sat down in the chair which her friend had drawn forward, and in which her slender figure was almost lost, and leaned back with a pleasant sense of repose. She was warm from her walk, and the coolness and tranquillity were delightful. After a little while she lifted off her hat and pushed back the loose rings of hair from her brow, round which, however, they curled again in damp, picturesque confusion. Then she put out her hand and took a book from the table. It was an English review, and she had just begun to look over the contents when a ring of the door-bell broke the stillness.

The sound startled her for an instant. But a second thought reassured her. No one would be admitted, she felt certain, so she returned to the consideration of the review just as the Italian servant—who had remained with his master ever since the Roman days of the Pontifical Zouave—opened the door of the apartment and confronted a tall, dark gentleman, who said:

"Ah! Cesco, can I see your master this morning?"

"I am sorry, M. le Vicomte, but the doctor is with him now," the man answered. "If you can wait a little, however, no doubt he will see you."

"I will go into the *salon* for a few minutes, then. Is Mlle. d'Antignac at home?"

"No, M. le Vicomte, she has gone out."

"Well, no matter. I will wait, nevertheless. Let M. d'Antignac know, as soon as the doctor leaves, that I am here."

And so it came to pass that, to Armine's surprise and dismay, the door opened and closed behind her, and a step crossed the floor before she conquered her reluctance to rise from the large chair in which she was concealed. But it became necessary to do so when the step approached and paused at the table. She rose, therefore, and, turning, lifted her eyes to the surprised face of the Vicomte de Marigny.

"Mlle. Duchesne!" he exclaimed in a tone of amazement.

"I am sorry that Mlle. d'Antignac has gone out, M. le Vicomte," said Armine with apparent composure, though inwardly she was much discomposed. "And—it is only by an accident that I am here."

The vicomte smiled. "I was aware that my cousin was out," he said, with the exquisite courtesy of manner which had struck the girl before, "but I was not prepared for the pleasure of finding that she had left a substitute. I should beg your pardon for not observing you sooner, mademoiselle, but I really do not think"—with a glance at the high back of the chair from which she had risen—"that I was to blame."

"I am sure that you were not," said Armine, smiling also. "Mlle. d'Antignac asked me to wait for her," she added, "and I was the more willing to do so because I hoped to see M. d'Antignac, perhaps. You are probably aware that the doctor is with him now."

"It is for that reason I have intruded upon you," M. de Marigny answered. "I am waiting until the doctor leaves. But because I have intruded I beg that you will not suffer me to disturb you." He looked at the book in her hand. "You were reading when I entered."

"No," she answered. "I had just opened this to see if there was anything in it which I cared to read."

"It is the *Contemporary Review*, I perceive," he said. "You are familiar with English, then?"

"Sufficiently so to read it easily," she replied; "but I do not

like to speak it. Indeed, I am not fond of speaking any language except my native tongues—French and Italian.”

“They certainly spoil one for all others,” said the vicomte. “But you are fortunate in possessing *two* native tongues. Most of us are forced to be content with one, and to undergo the labor of learning whatever other language we acquire.”

“I should be at a loss to tell whether French or Italian is my native language,” said Armine, “for as long as I can remember I have been as familiar with one as with the other. My mother was an Italian, and I have lived in Italy as much as in France.”

“I fear, then, that France must occupy only a secondary place in your regard,” said M. de Marigny; “for I have myself lived in Italy long enough to appreciate the spell which it exercises, even when one has a country that one places before all others.”

“Yes, I like Italy best,” she said. Then she paused and looked at him with the shadow of a thought in her eyes, which she seemed in doubt whether or not to utter. The absolute unconsciousness of the look struck him exceedingly. He recognized the beauty of the clear, golden eyes, but, moreover, he recognized that gaze as far down in their depths as he would, there was not the faintest trace of coquetry to be perceived. And a Frenchman so naturally expects this trace that its absence always surprises him.

“What is it, mademoiselle?” he asked, answering the look with a smile. “Are you wondering over the fact that even a Frenchman could place France before Italy?”

“No,” she answered. “I was wondering which is best—in its results on the world, I mean—the spirit of patriotism which you express, or the spirit which ignores geographical boundaries and race distinctions to embrace all mankind as brothers.”

This unexpected reply made the vicomte remember what D’Antignac had said of his surprise when he found this girl pondering upon the deep problems of life. She was so young in appearance, and there was so much childlike simplicity in her manner, that he was the more surprised, though there was certainly nothing childlike in the regard of those grave, beautiful eyes.

“That is a question,” he said, “upon which the world is very much divided—though modern opinion leans more to solidarity than to national feeling—but I believe that patriotism is an essential principle in the social order. All mankind are indeed

brothers ; but there are few who will deny that those of our own household have the first claim upon us."

"There are many who deny even that," she said.

"There are unfortunately many who deny everything which human experience proves," he answered. "But," he added, with a remembrance of her father and a desire to avoid wounding her, "no error can maintain any lasting influence unless it holds some fragment of truth ; and the solidarity of mankind, which Socialism teaches, is but an echo of the fraternity of the Christian and the catholicity of the church."

She was silent for a moment, looking down and turning over absently the leaves of the review ; then, glancing up, she said : "So you think there is some good in such teaching?"

"Nay," he said, "you must not misunderstand me. A teaching may be none the less evil in its effects for containing a fragment of truth. To attempt to work out by natural means an ideal which requires a supernatural basis is not only an attempt foredoomed to failure, but also certain to produce unlivable conditions. It is to me," he went on after an instant's pause, "one of the saddest features of our time that so many spirits, full of self-denying ardor and noble zeal for what they believe to be a great end, should waste time, life, energy in pursuit of these vain ideals of human progress, which ultimately can only retard that progress instead of helping it."

Her eyes were now full of quick moisture and grateful light.

"You are right," she said in a low tone ; "it is sad, but I can answer for some of them that they are blind to any other light than that which they follow, and that they are indeed full of self-denying ardor."

As she spoke a slight stir was audible in the antechamber—evidently the doctor going out—and a moment later Cesco opened the door communicating between the *salon* and his master's room.

"M. d'Antignac will see you now, M. le Vicomte," he said, after a slight pause expressive of astonishment at the *tête-à-tête* which he found in progress.

M. de Marigny turned to Armine with an air of deference.

"You will come also, mademoiselle, will you not?" he said.

"For a moment only," she answered.

And so, to D'Antignac's surprise, it was Armine who entered, followed by the vicomte.

"You did not expect to see *me*," she said with a smile, advancing to the side of his couch. "But Mlle. d'Antignac, whom

I met as she was going out, told me that I might beg to see you for a minute after the doctor left. So here I am—just for a minute—to bid you good-day and ask how you are."

"Not very well," he said—and, indeed, the wan languor of his appearance answered for him—"but able to see my friends for more than 'just a minute.' Ah! Gaston, how goes it with you?"

He held out one hand to the vicomte, while still detaining Armine with the other; and when she made a motion to draw back he said:

"No, I cannot let you run away at once. It has been too long since I have seen you. Sit down for a short while, at least, and tell me something of yourself."

Armine shook her head. "I should be wasting M. de Marigny's time as well as your strength," she said; "and, indeed, I have not anything to tell of myself. Nothing ever happens to me."

"You can tell me, then, if you have seen again the inquirer after knowledge whom you sent to me, and if any change has come over the spirit of his views."

"The inquirer after knowledge whom I sent to you?" she repeated with surprise. Then, with a sudden flash of recollection, she added, smiling, "Oh! I remember—you mean the American gentleman, M. Egerton. I had not the presumption to send him to you; but since he spoke of knowing you, I asked him if he had ever heard your opinions on the questions which were interesting him. I am glad if what I said induced him to come to you, and I judge that what *you* said had some effect on him, since I met him in Notre Dame last Sunday afternoon."

"He went by my recommendation, but I think from intellectual curiosity," said D'Antignac; "and in the pleasure which he expressed afterwards I heard no echo of anything save intellectual gratification."

"Intellectual gratification may lead to mental conviction," said M. de Marigny. "It is quite true that faith is not of the intellect, but the steps toward it must be mental processes."

"*Credo, quia impossibile est*," said D'Antignac.

"Yes, I have always thought that the sublimest expression of faith," said the other. "But a mind must first be led to believe in the possible before it can bow down before that which is impossible—save to God."

"Egerton is very reasonable," said D'Antignac. "He is quite willing to acknowledge the possible, but I fear that he will halt long before the impossible. The most careless Catholic has

this great advantage over those whose lot has been cast outside the church: he is able to realize the supernatural, which modern thought grows more and more arrogant in denying."

"And by the aid of that knowledge," said the vicomte, "he is able to understand many things which are a mystery and a stumbling-block to the modern philosopher. You see, mademoiselle," he turned to Armine, "I have reached again the point where our conversation ended."

"And it must be the end for me a second time," she answered with a smile. "Yes, I must indeed go," she said in reply to a look from D'Antignac. "But I am sorry—oh! more than sorry—to leave you suffering so much."

"Do not be sorry," he said quietly. "*'Cette vie crucifiée est la vie bienheureuse.'* It was one who suffered as much as I who said that."

"I know well that there are many more unhappy lives than yours," she replied. "Yet one cannot help wishing that you might suffer less."

"Then I might merit less," he said. "Only pray for me that I may be patient."

She murmured a few words in reply, then turned toward the door, which M. de Marigny moved forward to open. It seemed to Armine that he could have done so no more courteously if she had been the daughter of a duke. She thanked him with a glance from her soft eyes as she passed out, returning his salutation with a low "*Bon jour, M. le Vicomte.*"

He closed the door after her and went back to the couch of his friend with rather an abstracted look on his face. It was not a handsome face, but one that had the power to attract attention by its distinction and to hold it by its charm. This charm dwelt chiefly in the dark, deeply-set eyes and in the smile (when it came) of the usually grave lips. It was a thoughtful countenance, with many traces of that ardent and earnest soul which the Breton possesses, and which enables him to preserve a noble type of manhood among the rapidly-degenerating French people.

After a moment D'Antignac spoke:

"*Eh bien, Gaston,*" he said. "Of what are you thinking?"

"I was thinking," replied the other, with a slight smile, "that I begin to understand the personal magnetism which Duchesne is said to possess. And I was also thinking that it is a singular chance which has brought me in contact with his daughter this morning, for I came to tell you that I have decided to stand for

Lafour's seat, and I understand that Duchesne is to be sent down to rouse opposition and elect a Republican, if possible."

"But it will hardly be possible?"

"There is no telling. Socialism is a very attractive doctrine, as well as the logical outcome of republicanism, and this man has great powers. Besides, he has reasons for special animosity, and therefore special exertions, against me."

"Against *you*?" said the other with surprise.

"Well, not against me personally, perhaps, but certainly against me as the representative of my family. De Marigny is likely to be an odious name to him, because it is a name which he cannot bear."

"Ah!" said D'Antignac. "How often it is the case that the most passionate advocates of social revolt are those who are under that particular social ban! This fact explains many things about him—the refinement, the mystery, the reputation of gentle or noble blood." He paused a moment, then added: "It is not strange that you have regarded Armine with peculiar interest."

"I think I should have felt that in any case," replied the vicomte. "I never saw a more exquisite face. And either there is something very pathetic in it or my knowledge of her life and its surroundings has made me fancy the expression."

"It exists," said D'Antignac. "No exercise of fancy is needed to imagine it. Poor Armine! she has known none of the sunshine of youth. Her father, I judge, is kind to her, but absolutely absorbed in his work. She has never had any social life; and two things have been always before her—one the weight of hopeless misery which oppresses the vast mass of mankind, the other the spectre of revolution. It is quite possible that she might have become a prophetess of the latter herself but for the light of faith."

"And for the hand which guided her toward that light," said the vicomte.

D'Antignac shook his head. "It is not well to think too much of that," he said. "But tell me your plans for the campaign which is before you."

"I came to talk them over with you," said the other, "since I must leave Paris to-night. But I see that you are suffering very much, and I think it would be better not to trouble you."

"Do you know so little of me as to believe that you could trouble me?" D'Antignac asked. "Ah! no. Go on, tell me everything! One can only rise above pain by abstracting the thoughts from it."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Armine reached home on the day of the visit just recorded she found her father, whom she had supposed far away, seated quietly at work in his *cabinet de travail*. This unexpected appearance did not surprise the girl, who was accustomed to his sudden movements; but she was surprised by the animation of his appearance and manner. Though always an amiable, he was not generally a genial, man; but there was about him now the indefinable expression of one whose spirits are elated, and, after returning her affectionate greeting, he began to observe at once that she looked a little pale.

"You need change, *petite*," he said kindly. "I must take you with me when I go away again. Should you not like to go down into Brittany for a few weeks? The country is charming at this season."

"I should like it of all things," she replied quickly, pleased as much by his thought for her as by the prospect thus opened.

"And can you be ready by to-morrow?" he asked—"for I can delay no longer."

"Oh! that is not difficult," she answered. "I have made too many sudden journeys not to know how to be ready in less time than that. And I have always wished to see Brittany. Have I not heard you say that it is your native country?"

"Only in a certain sense," he answered. "I was born in Marseilles—the fiery cradle of revolution—but I am of Breton race."

"And shall we go to the home of your race?" she asked with eager interest.

He did not answer for an instant. Then he said: "What does it matter? Why should we care for the home of a race when all mankind are our brothers? The noblest spirits are those that forget name and race and social ties for the sake of acknowledging their brotherhood with the poor and the oppressed. I saw such a man the other day—one born to princely rank, but now the friend and companion of *ouvriers*, working not for an order or a family, but for the advancement of humanity."

"Yet," said Armine hesitatingly—for she always dreaded to take issue with her father on this subject—"it seems to me that a man need not disown his ancestors because he devotes his life to what he considers nobler aims than theirs. None the less he owes them gratitude for whatever is illustrious in his name."

"It is a narrow sentiment," said her father, "and we wish to banish whatever is narrow from human life. But I see that, like most women, you have aristocratic proclivities, my little Armine. You would like to belong to what is called an old and noble family, would you not?"

"I do not feel as if I should care very much about it," she answered; "but if I *did* belong to such a family I should be proud of it—of that I am sure."

"And so am I," said her father, smiling. "But now you must run away, for I have much to do."

"Can I not help you?" she asked after an instant's almost imperceptible hesitation.

"Not to-day," he answered. "This is work which I alone can do." Then, as she was withdrawing, he looked up and added: "I had almost forgotten: you must be prepared for a guest this evening. I met the young American who was here with Leroux—you remember him, do you not?—on the boulevard this morning, and asked him to dine with me, since it is my only evening in Paris."

"Why need you have asked him for that reason?" said Armine, whose countenance fell a little.

"Because I wish to see him," answered her father. "He is in a state when a word may decide him; and he would be an accession of value to our ranks. He has enthusiasm, position, and wealth, I am told. It is worth while to go a little out of one's way to gain such a man."

Armine did not answer, but her face wore a disappointed look as she left the room. She had hoped that, being set in the way he should go by D'Antignac and the Père Monsabré, Egerton would dally no more with the fascinations of Socialism; but it seemed, if her father was right, that he was still in a state of mind when "a word might decide him," and that word would certainly be spoken with emphasis by the eloquent voice which had already made so strong an impression upon him. Why her interest should have been great enough for her to be sorry for this may be easily explained. She had, in the first place, inherited from her father the philanthropic spirit, which was none the less strong with her because directed in an opposite channel from his; she had, in the second place, been interested in Egerton because he was a compatriot and friend of the D'Antignacs; and, in the third place, having extended her hand to draw the rash moth from the flame, she was not pleased to see it rush back. Whether she would have been reassured if she had

known how much it was the wish to meet herself which made Egerton seek her father is doubtful. She was entirely devoid of vanity, and she would have been sorry to prove an attraction to draw him under an influence the power of which no one appreciated better than herself.

Egerton, meanwhile, was congratulating himself upon that chance encounter with Duchesne which resulted in the invitation he had eagerly accepted. His interest in Socialism had been revived by contact with the man whose belief in it was so ardent, whose advocacy of it so impassioned; but more than his interest in Socialism was his interest in the daughter with the poetic face who disavowed belief in all that made the aim of her father's life. His wish to see her again was stronger than his desire to hear the creed of revolution expounded, though both existed and agreeably harmonized together. For in calling this gentleman an intellectual sybarite Winter had embodied a juster estimate of his mental character than is often contained in a descriptive phrase. He certainly liked a variety of stimulating and intellectual impressions; but the earnestness to seize, to make his own, to act upon any one, had so far been lacking in him, and there were many persons who believed that it would always be lacking. It was on this ground that the scorn of Sibyl Bertram was in a measure justified, although it remained an open question why she should have manifested such scorn.

What he lacked in definite earnestness, however, Egerton made up in the eagerness with which he received and entertained new impressions. There was something of the imaginative temperament in him, and those only who possess that temperament are aware of the great attraction which intellectual novelty has for it. That this element of novelty made the chief attraction both of Duchesne and Armine to him there can be little doubt, and it was with a sense of interest pleasantly excited that he presented himself at the door of their apartment a few minutes before seven o'clock—the hour designated for dinner.

He found the father and daughter in the *salon*, into which he was shown by Madelon; and the marked distinction of their appearance had never struck him so much as when he entered and saw them thus together, their faces of the same high-bred type, and the easy grace of their manners framed, as it were, by the air of elegance which pervaded the pretty room, notwithstanding the simplicity of its appointments. With all the manner of a man of the world Duchesne received his guest, and Armine, on her part, was not lacking in cordiality. They talked of indif-

ferent subjects for a few moments, when dinner was announced and they went into the adjoining room to such a simple yet perfectly-served repast as one only sees in France. For great dinners, with great expenditure and many courses, are given elsewhere, but here only is the exquisite science of *petits diners* thoroughly understood. At table, also, conversation was for some time altogether commonplace; but a chance remark from Duchesne with regard to his departure the next day made Egerton turn to Armine and say:

"You must see very little of your father, mademoiselle. He arrived only this morning, and he leaves to-morrow, he tells me!"

"I do see very little of him," she answered; "but this time he is going to be very good—he is going to take me with him when he leaves."

"Indeed!" said Egerton. The genuineness of her pleasure was evident, but he felt a little blank, as if a source of interest was about to pass out of his reach. "I hope," he said after an instant's pause, "that you do not go very far or intend to remain away very long."

Armine glanced at her father, conscious that she herself knew very little on those points, and also that he seldom liked his movements to be inquired into; but on the present occasion he answered without hesitation:

"We shall neither go very far nor be gone very long. An election is to take place in Brittany soon to fill a vacant seat in the Chamber. The man who lately filled it belonged to the Right—was a moderate Legitimist and clerical. But the man who offers himself now as a candidate for the seat is an intense Legitimist and a clerical of clericals. He is well known as a leader in his party. No doubt you have heard of him—the Vicomte de Marigny."

Egerton replied that he had heard of him, and he did not notice Armine's sudden start of surprise and attention. Meanwhile her father went on speaking:

"He is a man to be defeated, if by any possible means it can be accomplished. But he has a strong hold upon the people of his district; and although even in Brittany the leaven of new ideas has begun to work, as yet it works slowly."

"And are you going to stand against him?" asked Egerton.

"No," answered the other, with a slight smile. "The part which I have to play in the great onward movement of humanity does not lie within the walls of a legislative assembly. I am one

of those who mould the public opinion which acts on the men who are there."

"Then you go down into Brittany in order to mould this opinion?"

"Exactly. I am sent to aid in bringing about, if possible, the election of the Republican candidate."

"May I ask what kind of a Republican he is?" said Egerton. "I have been long enough in France to discover that there are many kinds."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "*Ma foi*, yes—many kinds indeed. He is, I believe, a moderate Republican of the *bourgeois* type; but there is a fierce logic working behind these men of which they know little. In the end they must do our will or be swept away. It is so with their chief and leader, Gambetta. Oh! yes, revolution was very fine; the rights of the people were noble and great so long as the tide was lifting him toward power; but when he has seized power he would like for the revolution to subside and be quiet. But the revolution has other ends in view than to make M. Gambetta dictator of France—ay, or to make the fortune of any other man." He lifted his head; a flash of fire was in his dark eyes. "The day for such men has passed," he said; "the day for the people has dawned."

"Has it?" said Egerton a little sceptically. Yet as he spoke he felt himself stirred by the magnetic influence of this man's strong conviction, and he forgot to look at Armine, who sat quite silent with downcast eyes. "Yet the ends for which you and those who feel with you are working seem as far off as ever."

"As far off as ever!" repeated Duchesne. He smiled with a mingling of amusement and scorn. "Forgive me, *mon ami*, but how little you and those like you know of anything save the surface of affairs! Why, the triumph of *all* our ends is merely a question of time—and, it may be, of very short time. Because you see the old tyrannies standing, the old abuses in progress, do you think the friends of humanity are idle? Nay, we work without ceasing; nor is our work in vain. From end to end of Europe our organizations extend, and when the signal strikes, when the moment for uprising comes, it will not be France alone which will renew the days of '93. *That* was but a prelude of the great drama of revolution finally accomplishing its results which we shall see when the Volga answers to the Seine, and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean an emancipated Europe will rise and shake off its fetters for ever."

Unconsciously Egerton felt himself shudder a little. The man's voice, with its intense earnestness, its ring of positive prophecy, conjured before him those days of '93 of which the self-believing prophet spoke, and he seemed to see the blood-red cloud of revolution rising which was to overwhelm the civilization of more than a thousand years.

"I know," he said after a moment's pause, "that Europe is honeycombed with your societies, but surely a century of revolution has proved that, after all, it is no easy thing to overturn an established government."

"So far from that, it has proved just the reverse—it has proved that nothing is easier than to overturn any government, if the people are but united in what they desire. To secure this union of purpose is the work to which we give our lives, and wherever there is a chance for an opening wedge there we enter it. Such a chance is this for which I am now going down into Brittany. The people there have long pinned their faith to the nobles and the *curés*, but it is time to let them hear the sound of the new gospels—the dignity and rights of man, of the necessity of revolt instead of the duty of submission."

"But," said Egerton, "I confess that I fail to see what you will gain if you elect a man with whom you have little more in common than you have with the Vicomte de Marigny."

"Do you know so little of fundamental principles and the life that is in them as to think that?" said Duchesne. "Why, the most timid and opportune Republican has, in common with us, belief in the equality of men's rights and the supremacy of the popular will. That is the basis of all republicanism, whether marred by halting and compromise, or carried out logically to its inevitable conclusion that it is a crime to withhold from man any one of his rights. From that basis the Vicomte de Marigny totally dissents. He does not acknowledge the rights of man and he does not recognize the supreme authority of the people. An absolutist in politics and a bigot in religion, there can be no quarter between him and us. We may respect such an opponent, but we cannot spare him."

"Do you think it possible to defeat him?" asked Egerton. "He is a man of power and influence, and in his own hereditary home—"

"The triumph will be to defeat him there," said the other, with a quick light in his face—the light of animation and elation which had puzzled Armine. "They begin to realize that the middle ages have passed, these nobles, when their personal

prestige wanes even under the walls of their châteaux, and the descendants of their vassals rise up against them."

"And so, mademoiselle," said Egerton, turning to Armine, "you are going to take part in a political battle?"

As she looked at him he saw that all the pleasure which had been in her eyes when she spoke of leaving Paris with her father had died out of them, and instead there was the pained and wistful expression which he had seen more than once before.

"No, monsieur," she answered quietly. "It does not follow that I shall take part in the battle because I go with my father."

"I fear that Armine has but a half-heart for the cause," said her father. "A man's foes are of his own household, it is said; but thou, *petite*," he added kindly, seeing that his daughter looked distressed, "thou art only, like a child and a woman, fond of clinging to the dreams of the past."

"The question is," said Egerton, "what are dreams and what are realities? It is rather hard to determine. *Your* hopes, for example—are they not dreams to the majority of the world?"

"That is a question yet to be answered," said Duchesne. "But however much of dreams they may seem to those who are only able to recognize accomplished facts, be sure they will yet prove realities of the most stern and undeniable character."

Egerton had himself little doubt of it, so he did not challenge the assertion. And in this vein the conversation continued until they rose from table. Coffee was served in the *salon*, and it was then that Duchesne apologized to his guest for the necessity of attending a revolutionary meeting in the Salle Rivoli. "Knowing that I must attend it," he said, "I should not have asked you to dine with us this evening had it not been my only evening in Paris."

"Pray do not let any consideration of me trouble you," said Egerton. "I am very happy to have had the pleasure of dining with you, even though I must resign your society for the evening to the patriots of the Salle Rivoli." He paused a moment, tempted to say that he would spend half an hour longer with Mlle. Duchesne, if he might be permitted. But in French society such a request would be inadmissible, and the air of this *salon* was too much that of French society for him to venture on it. So he asked instead if he might be allowed to accompany Duchesne to the meeting.

The latter hesitated a little before replying. Then he said: "If you will you may do so; but I am bound to warn you that

you will hear a great deal of tumultuous nonsense. A meeting like this, full of unfledged and unpractical enthusiasts, is very different from the grave councils in which the real business of the revolution is transacted."

"Yet what is that but government, and a very irresponsible government, too?" said Egerton. "As far as I can understand your councils demand implicit obedience, yet are accountable to no one. Could a king of the most absolute type do more?"

It was quite evident that this home-thrust from so promising a disciple disconcerted Duchesne for an instant. Then he said:

"If we demand obedience it is only from those who willingly give it for the sake of the end which we have in view; and if our councils sit in secret and render an account to no one, it is only until our end—the great end of freedom for all—is gained. But," he added, glancing at the *pendule* on the mantel, "I see that I am nearly due in the Salle Rivoli, so we have no time to discuss the subject now. But if you care to accompany me, and if I may detain you until I change my coat—"

Egerton professed, sincerely enough, his readiness to be detained for any length of time, and while Duchesne disappeared he turned to Armine.

"I hope, mademoiselle," he said quickly, "that you did not misunderstand my question at dinner; that you did not think I imagined you were about to take part in the political battle of which your father spoke, or that I could have meant to bring forward the points of difference between you? I spoke, as one too often does, lightly, heedlessly."

"It was very natural. Believe me I did not misunderstand you," Armine answered, regarding him quietly with her deep, soft eyes. "You did not mean to bring forward the difference, but it is always there, and my father feels it as well as I. But he is kind, he says little. Ah! monsieur," she broke off abruptly, "it seems to you, perhaps, interesting and exciting to hear of plots and plans and revolutions, of preparations for the whirlwind which is to destroy everything; but do you ever think what that whirlwind will be when it comes? And can you conceive what it is to live ever with the sound of its terror in one's ears?" She extended her hand suddenly with one of the dramatic gestures which are so natural to the southern races. "You play, you palter with it now," she said, "but God have mercy on you when it breaks!"

Her tone, her look were like a grasp of passionate earnestness laid upon one who is trifling with momentous issues; and while

Egerton was still silent with surprise Duchesne entered, saying :

“ Pardon, *mon ami*, but I am ready now.”

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH that deep note of warning still ringing in his ears, Egerton, however, felt less inclined for the meeting of the Salle Rivoli. His impressionable nature had been thrown out of accord with it, and when he found himself in the street, instead of listening to the utterances of Duchesne, he was bringing again before his mental vision Armine's voice and glance and gesture. What recollection was it that had been roused in that moment? Of what had she reminded him as she stood for an instant, her hand extended with that majestic motion, while her eyes were full of solemn light?

It was characteristic of the man that the answering of this question seemed to him just then of paramount importance, and that he felt Duchesne's conversation rather distracting than interesting. Consequently they had not proceeded very far when he suddenly paused, pleaded a forgotten engagement, and begged to be excused from attending the meeting.

Duchesne was probably not sorry, for it is notorious that the scenes which the Salle Rivoli witnesses do not incline one to hope for much in the matter of order from these vociferous and turbulent reformers of the world. It is quite certain that if the revolutionary army was altogether, or even chiefly, composed of such material society would have little to fear from it. But behind these noisy recruits is the trained and tremendous power of the secret organizations before which governments stand paralyzed and helpless. Yet these governments learn no wisdom. Everywhere the cry of persecution is raised against the only power which is able to cope with the evils that afflict the world; everywhere the church is confronted with the pagan idea of state supremacy, and everywhere souls are wrested from her, to become victims of the shallow theories of the materialist in religion and the anarchist in politics. Surely it is true as of old, “ Whom the gods would destroy they first deprive of reason.” Is the society which has revolted against God, and which replies to the solemn warnings of his vicar with scoffing jeers, indeed doomed to utter destruction? It may be so, for the movement which began by denying the authority of the church has long since culminated in denying Him who said: “ And whosoever

shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

It must not be supposed that thoughts like these were in Egerton's mind as he parted from his companion and walked down the long avenue. It was an artistic, not a moral, impression which he was striving to grasp, and suddenly it came to him; suddenly he almost cried aloud, "Eureka!" In the church of San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome hangs a picture famous throughout the world—Guercino's beautiful St. Margaret. No one who has seen it can ever forget the majestic air of inspired fearlessness and command with which the saint—

"Mild Margarete that was God's maide,
Maide Margarete, that was so meeke and milde"—

lifts the crucifix in one hand, while with the other extended she seems to awe back the dragon, whose hideous head and fearful jaws are powerless to daunt her. It was of this exquisite picture that Armine's attitude and expression reminded Egerton, though in hers there had been warning rather than command. But the general resemblance of face and gesture was striking, and he said to himself that, "meeke and milde" as this girl appeared, he had seen a flash in her which proved that she, too, might face danger and death with the same lofty courage as the maiden of Antioch who has been so long enrolled on the list of God's saints.

"But if she should ever be forced to put herself into an attitude of antagonism to her father it will go hard with her," Egerton thought, with a sense of painful pity. At that moment he felt that D'Antignac had done ill to shatter her belief in her father's ideals. Surely it would have been better for her to go through life dreaming of a glorified humanity than to have ever before her eyes the red spectre of revolution, and to hear constantly the enunciation of a faith which she could not share. It was hard on both sides—for Duchesne was evidently aware that his daughter's sympathy was withheld from him—and might become much harder as events developed. Even now it was plain that Armine shrank from accompanying her father on the errand which was taking him into Brittany. Egerton could not forget how the pleasure had died out of her eyes when she heard what that errand was. "Poor girl! how she must long for peace," he thought. And then he remembered—it was not the first time the association had arisen in his mind—another girl who chafed against the peace which encompassed her, and who would have

asked nothing better than to be able to fling herself into such a life as that which surrounded Armine. "And she would make a very fine priestess of revolt, too!" he said to himself, with a laugh which would not have pleased Miss Bertram had she heard it.

It was natural enough that after all this he should have dreamed of Armine that night—dreamed of her more than once as St. Margaret holding aloft her crucifix before the dragon—or that his first thought in waking should have been of her; for whatever idea has colored our dreams in sleep is quite certain to be with us when we wake. And as it chanced to be one of the mornings of the flower-market of the Madeleine, the perfumes which filled his chamber presently suggested the thought of sending some flowers to her. He was by no means sure how far French custom permitted such an attention from a mere acquaintance; but he said to himself that it did not very much matter, since any infraction of custom on his part would be regarded merely as the pardonable ignorance of a foreigner. And it would be a graceful acknowledgment of hospitality, a graceful mode of saying farewell. Having thus decided that there was no reason why he should not give himself the pleasure he desired, he rose, made his toilet, and went out.

It is a charming sight which the broad esplanade of the Madeleine presents on these spring mornings, when Paris is so fresh, so radiant, so like a city swept and garnished, and for a short space the country seems to have brought all its floral treasures and poured them out here in lavish wealth. The sunshine falls on great heaps of blossoms, the air is full of fragrance and the hum of cheerful voices, as people gather like bees around the flowers, then go away laden with them.

As Egerton crossed the street toward this animated scene his glance was attracted by a slender figure pausing just in front of him, and which, before he could reach it, moved on with hands filled with lilies-of-the-valley. With a somewhat crest-fallen sense of being, as it were, anticipated, he recognized Armine, and for a moment looked after her, uncertain whether or not to execute the intention which had brought him out. She was, as usual, attended by her maid; and while he looked they turned into the enclosure surrounding the Madeleine and ascended the great steps of its portico.

Egerton at once decided to follow. A church was free to every one, and he might exchange a few words with Armine as she came out. What particular words he wished to exchange, or

why he should have wished to exchange any at all, he did not ask himself. It was not his custom to inquire the end of any fancy which occurred to him, nor, indeed, to trouble himself whether it had an end at all or not. Just now it was sufficient that his interest was excited by Armine, that she was a new type of character, which he liked to study; beyond that he saw no necessity for going. He turned, therefore, as she had done, through the open iron gates, mounted the steps of the portico, and entered the church.

The first impression which it made upon him was of a size which he had never realized before, having always heretofore seen it when crowded at High Mass and Vespers. Now it was comparatively empty—vast, cool, and dim. A priest was saying Mass in one of the chapels, and before it a number of figures were kneeling. Egerton drew near and sat down on a chair behind these figures. For some time he did not remember or look for Armine. It was the first time he had ever seen a Low Mass, and he was absorbed in watching.

Strange to say, it impressed him more than High Mass had ever done. Then the number of ceremonies, the music, the lights, the crowd, had distracted his attention from the great central fact. But now he seemed to realize what it meant—for those who believed. The slow, majestic movements of the priest, the reverence of the server, and the silence of the worshippers, all seemed in harmony with the idea of offering to God a supreme act of worship. Unlike many of those who are brought up outside the church, Egerton was at least able to conceive this idea, to understand that what he saw before him was that which the whole world, for more than a thousand years, had revered as the stupendous Sacrifice of the New Law. So much, at least, culture had done for him. It had emancipated him from the narrow ignorance which is the parent of narrower prejudice in those who are the unhappy inheritors of error.

It was not until the Mass was half over that he perceived Armine, who was kneeling at one side, somewhat in shadow. But as soon as he saw her he was struck by the expression of her face. The pathetic look of sadness which had been on the brow and in the eyes whenever he had seen it before was now replaced by a spiritual peace which changed the whole aspect of the countenance. Her hands were clasped, her eyes were fastened on the altar, the lilies he had seen were lying with her prayer-book on the chair in front of her—it was an exquisite picture that she made in the soft shadow out of which her sensitive

face looked, with beautiful, clear eyes full of repose. Egerton could not but think that it was a strange revelation after all that he had been thinking of her since they parted the night before. Waking and sleeping he had seen her before him in an attitude of combat, resistance, warning; and now what cloistered nun could have worn a face of greater serenity?

In the midst of these reflections he suddenly waked to a consciousness that the Mass had ended, the priest was leaving the altar, and some of the congregation were rising. He rose also and left the church, having decided to waylay Armine in the portico. He had time, before she appeared, to admire the picture at his feet—the Rue Royale leading to the Place de la Concorde with its fountains flashing in the morning sunlight, the soft mist rising from the river, the front of the Palais du Corps Legislatif in the distance across the Seine: a famous space, a space which has witnessed some of the most terrible events of history, yet giving as little sign of it now as the sea gives of the wrecks over which it has closed!

The soft swing of the closing church-door made him turn as Armine emerged, the lilies in her hand, the same look of repose on her face. But the look changed and she gave a slight start of surprise as she saw who it was that came toward her with easy assurance, uncovering as he came.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle," he said. "I am happy to have another glimpse of you before you leave Paris."

"Good-morning, M. Egerton," answered Armine, pausing and regarding him with her grave, gentle eyes. "You are very good, but this is not a place or a time when I should have expected to see *you*."

"I imagine not," he said. "But you know—or rather you do not know—that I live in this neighborhood, and therefore it is very natural that I should be here. I confess"—as she still regarded him somewhat incredulously—"that I am not in the habit of frequenting the Madeleine so early in the day; but the force of example is accountable for my presence this morning. I saw you going to church, and I followed."

"You can do nothing better than go to church, monsieur," she said a little coldly, "but I fail to understand why my example should have had sufficient force to draw you there."

"I see that I must make an entire confession," he replied, smiling. "I was waked by the odors from the flower-market, and it occurred to me that I might take the liberty of sending you some flowers. With that intention I came out, to find you

engaged in anticipating me"—he glanced at the lilies in her hand. "So then it was that your example led me into the church."

"Where I hope that you found something to repay you for your kind intentions with regard to the flowers," she said, now smiling also.

"Yes, I was repaid," he answered. He hesitated an instant, then went on: "A face of which I had been thinking all night with almost painful sympathy rose on me like the morning-star, full of peace," he said.

He saw that she understood him at once, and, though she looked a little surprised, she was plainly not offended. There was an instant's pause, then in a low tone she said: "Why should you have thought of it with painful sympathy?"

"Because it gave me a revelation of how issues which I have treated lightly enough mean pain and perplexity to others," he answered; "and because I realized the hardship that a young and gracious life should be robbed of its natural sunshine by the dark shadow of misery and revolt—"

She interrupted him with a slight gesture. "There was no need of pity for *that*," she said. "Those, I think, are happiest who do not try to ignore the misery which leads to revolt, but who are able to do something—however little, so that it be in the right way—to lessen it."

"Ah! in the right way," he said. "But that is the point, that makes the sadness—that people with the same end in view are so hopelessly disagreed about the means of reaching that end."

Something of shadow crept again into her eyes as she answered: "Yes, it is sad, but there is a thought which can give comfort, if we only dwell upon it often enough and long enough. God knows all, and God orders all. Out of the wildest tumult he can bring peace, if it be his will. Why, then, should we disquiet ourselves? *All* issues are in his hand."

"You have faith like that?" said Egerton, struck more by the penetrating tone of her voice, by the light which came into her face, than by the words.

"Sometimes I have," she answered. "It is a light which comes and goes—that is my own fault, no doubt—but this morning it was with me when I woke. I had gone to sleep almost overpowered by the sense of hopeless weight; but when I woke a voice seemed to say, 'What do you know of the end? Be patient and trust God.' Was not that a morning-star of peace, monsieur? And all things are easy when we can trust God."

It was a simple message, yet at that moment Egerton seemed to realize the deep wisdom which was contained in it. Surely, yes, all things must be easy to those who can trust with faith like this. It was no wonder that so great a change had come over the face which he had seen filled with pain and foreboding the night before. It was the difference between night and morning.

But at this point Armine remembered herself and made a movement to go. "You are very kind to have thought of me—in that way," she said. "Believe me, I am grateful. And now I must bid you adieu. We leave Paris this afternoon."

"I know, and I am sorry," he said. "But I shall hope to see you when you return. I trust that may be soon."

"So do I," she answered, but from her tone he knew that she was thinking of nothing less than of seeing him on that return.

She moved on as she spoke, and Egerton crossed the portico and descended the steps by her side, saying as he did so: "I hope you will permit me to fulfil the original intention for which I came out, and send you some flowers? It is true that you have already provided yourself, but if you are a lover of them you must feel that one can never have too many."

"You are very kind," she answered, "but because I am a lover of them I think one can have too many, if one must leave them to fade. And that is what I should be forced to do to-day. These lilies I got for M. d'Antignac. He likes them, and I am going to see him this morning, to bid him adieu. It is a word I must repeat to you," she added, pausing as they emerged from the gate and holding out her hand.

Egerton, understanding that it was dismissal as well as farewell, accepted it at once, made his best wishes for her journey, and stepped back while she walked away with Madelon. For a moment he stood still, watching the slender, graceful figure. Then, conscious that this attitude was likely to attract attention, he turned quickly, to meet the half-surprised, half-amused face of Mr. Talford.

"Good-morning, my dear Egerton," said that gentleman suavely. "Let me congratulate you upon having discovered the virtue and excellence of early rising. It is true that to the world in general the morning is pretty well advanced; but I believe that you are seldom seen abroad before noon."

"That depends entirely upon circumstances," replied Egerton. "But I was not aware that, as a general rule, *you* were inclined to the virtue and excellence of early rising."

"I may echo your words and reply that my habits in that respect entirely depend upon circumstances," answered the other. "But the circumstances are not usually of a devout nature, nor am I often rewarded by such a pair of eyes as those which were smiling on you a moment ago."

"Those eyes," said Egerton a little stiffly, "belong to a young lady for whom I have the highest esteem and most profound respect. It was by the merest accident I met her in the Madeleine; but since she is leaving Paris with her father to-day, I embraced the opportunity to make my adieux."

"Ah!" said Talford, elevating his eyebrows a little. He did not, however, permit himself to make any further remark, but merely inquired, after an instant's pause, if Egerton had breakfasted.

The latter replied in the negative. "I came out in haste," he said. "I did not stop, but my coffee is waiting for me, I am sure. And uncommonly good coffee Marcel makes. Come and join me, will you not?"

"I have taken mine," replied Talford. "I did not come out in haste, but very much at my leisure; owing, probably, to the fact that the eyes which were the cause of my coming are behind and not before me. Though, indeed," he added reflectively, "I hardly think that I could be excited by the most beautiful eyes to the point of going out on an empty stomach. Such enthusiasm is part of the happy privilege of youth."

"It is certainly," said Egerton with a laugh, "part of *my* happy privilege not to think much of my stomach."

"Ah! you will change all that as you grow older," said the other. "Then you will begin to understand that the stomach is a much more important organ than the heart—though of course at twenty-five one does not think so. One can get on very well—in fact, with great advantage in point of comfort—without a heart. But a good stomach is a first essential for enjoying life. So I advise you, my dear fellow, not to take liberties with yours."

"You are very good," said Egerton, "but I think that you had better come and give me the benefit of your advice over a cup of Marcel's coffee, when I can apologize at my leisure for not keeping my engagement with you last night."

"You owe me an apology," said Talford tranquilly, "since I should not need to be here this morning if you had kept your appointment. I was on my way to your apartment, when to my surprise I saw you descending the steps of the Madeleine. My

object was—nay, is—to inquire if you are inclined to join me in accompanying my cousin Laura Dorrance and Miss Bertram to the Bois this morning.”

“On horseback, I presume?”

“Of course. They have been anxious to ride for some time, and I believe that all preliminaries with regard to habits and horses are now happily settled. I was directed by Laura to ask you to join the party, and I thought I should have an opportunity of doing so last night. But since you failed to enter an appearance I was obliged to come forth in search of you or else run the risk of disappointing the ladies.”

“I am sorry you have had the trouble,” said Egerton. “I should not have broken the engagement last night, only, if you remember, it was not positive. I shall be very happy to go. And now you will come in while I send for my horse?”

“No, thanks. I must return to my own apartment, where I shall expect you in the course of an hour.” He nodded and turned away, then looked back to add, “We shall take our *déjeuner* with Miss Bertram.”

TO BE CONTINUED.

SANTA FÉ IN THE PAST.

IT is customary for a class of men to assert, at all times and places, that this continent is indebted entirely to the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon for its population, its civilization and progress. These men forget that this is an injustice of the gravest nature. Many others, who do not think for themselves, follow them, ascribing to the Anglo-Saxon people the honor of winning for civilization, and the glorious destiny being worked out here, a continent which is the inspiration and spur of both. The world forgets too often that it was a child of the Latin race, a stanch Catholic, a pious hero, who conceived the idea of the western continent; and that it was a Spanish sovereign, a stout Catholic, Isabella, surnamed *the Catholic*, who placed at his disposal the means necessary to pursue his researches in the pathless and unknown western oceans.

Later the Spanish people won, through the gallantry of Cortez, the Mexico of to-day, and the splendid territory of New Mexico is but the hopeful progeny of the civilization he planted

there. Consult, if you please, Solis, Torquemada, Tanico, and the more recent Prescott, Castañeda, Ternaux Campans, Conde y Oguendo, Davis,* and other historians of the conquest of Mexico, and you will find the hero Cortez, after burning his vessels—for he must conquer or die—marching at the head of his five hundred warriors, preceded by a banner on which was wrought in gold a beautiful cross on a black field, and beneath the cross these memorable words: "Amici, sequamur crucem—Friends, let us follow the cross." Horror-struck at beholding the human sacrifices offered everywhere by the natives, he destroyed their idols satiated with human blood, and in their stead planted the cross, built churches, where devoted priests sacrificed themselves to the welfare of the Indians. I would not say that no violence was ever committed, for it would be impossible among such a troop of venturesome men, but I say that Cortez made Mexico what it is.

Soon after the death of Montezuma—or rather Moctezuma—the last of the Incas, who was, so the tradition says, descended from the pueblo of Cicuyé, now Pecos, near the river of that name, the Spaniards were attracted towards what is now New Mexico by the wonderful tales they heard from the Indians of its great riches in gold and silver. When Cortez conquered Mexico in 1521 he came across traditions among the Aztecs, who had founded the city of Mexico in 1325—traditions which still exist among the pueblos of New Mexico†—that they came originally from Salt Lakes (Lagunas Saladas) far to the north, and that Moctezuma, mounted upon an eagle, subsequently led them from Pecos pueblo to the city of Mexico. They called what is now New Mexico the place of the *Seven Cities*, relating in glowing terms the wealth and greatness as well as the beauty of the *Seven Cities*.

*W. W. H. Davis, *The Spanish Conquest of New Mexico*. I attach particular importance to the opinions of Mr. Davis. He visited New Mexico at a time when it was still "undeveloped," and his writings on the country show a thorough knowledge and much documentary information. It is to be regretted that he fails absolutely to mention his sources of information in any satisfactory manner. He refers, of course, to his sources in the archives of Santa Fé, which are even now, as they were when he wrote his *Spanish Conquest*, under the special care of Mr. Samuel Ellison. I have the same chances as he had, for Mr. Ellison is a particular friend and always ready to help in such a work. But the difficulties of comparing authors and translating are not easily met. But there is no doubt that Mr. Davis is so painstaking and honest that one is very much inclined to forgive him his lack of citations. His book, no doubt, is the standard history of New Mexico, and I follow most of his opinions.

This is the opinion of all who have had the pleasure of reading his book, and in particular of A. F. Bandelier, the learned historian of the pueblo of Pecos.

†*Chronological Annals of New Mexico*, by Hon. W. G. Rich, Secretary of the Territory, p. 13.

Among these *Seven Cities* was one, pre-eminent even in those remote times, called Tiguex, or Tegua, now Santa Fé. That it was renowned at the time of the founding of the Aztec confederacy in 1426 is very plain from the taxes it had to pay towards the general government. It belonged to the province of the Tarnos (or Tanos), which contained forty thousand inhabitants. Tiguex played a prominent part at the time of the expedition of Coronado in 1540, as we shall see as we proceed in this narrative.*

It has been customary with many writers to ascribe the earliest information concerning the land of the *Seven Cities* to Cabeza de Vaca, who traversed it with three companions—all that remained of the ill-fated expedition of Narvaez in Florida. This is an error. It is true Cabeza de Vaca, after untold hardships, privations, and dangers without number, succeeded on foot, without guide, in an unfriendly country, in reaching the Pacific Ocean, crossing the whole of New Mexico from east to west, but years before him the Spaniards had been aware of the riches in gold and silver of the *Seven Cities*, and had started explorations to that country.

The first attempt to explore it was made about the year 1530 by Nuño de Guzman, who was president of New Spain and resided in the city of Mexico. He had in his employ an Indian who was said to be a native of the valley of Oxitipar, which the Spaniard called Tejas, who represented himself as the son of a merchant in the habit of travelling through the interior of the country for the purpose of selling fine bird-feathers to be manufactured into plumes, for which he obtained in exchange large quantities of gold and silver, which everywhere abounded. He said that he had made two trips with his father and had seen the cities he spoke about; that they were seven in number, and so extensive and beautiful they could be compared to the city of Mexico, and that entire streets were occupied by those who worked in the precious metal; that that country should be pene-

* I am aware that the villages of the province of Tiguex have been located by Davis and some others on the banks of the Rio Puerco, which empties into the Rio Grande, but all they have for it are some nameless ruins seen on the banks of that river. Bandelier also says that there are no proofs of the existence of Tiguex being on the site of Santa Fé. But this is merely a negative assertion. As to the remnants of the pueblo near the church of San Miguel, the obstacle in Mr. Bandelier's mind is the number of doors and windows in that building; but if he examines carefully he will see that these doors and windows are of recent date, probably opened after the establishment of Santa Fé as a city, as we see it called in Juan de Oñate—*Discurso de las jornadas que hizo el Capitan de su Magestad desde la Nueva España a la provincia de la Nueva Mexico, September 9, 1598*—"la Cíudad de San Francisco de los Españoles que al presente se Edifican."

trated in a northern direction, crossing a desert of forty days' journey.*

Guzman and others, to whom these relations were made, placed implicit confidence in the narrative of the Indian. An expedition was immediately set on foot, to be commanded by the president in person, and composed of four hundred Spaniards, principally men of wealth, adventurous and gold-loving; with them went twenty thousand Indian allies. They believed that the land of the *Seven Cities*, otherwise called *Cibola*, could be reached in a distance of about two hundred leagues.

The army took up its march from Mexico with high hopes of success, directing its course towards what was then called the North Sea. It crossed the province of Tobasco, and in good order reached that of Culiacan, where the government of Nuño de Guzman terminated. Here Guzman encountered many difficulties and obstructions in his march; dissatisfaction sprang up in his army, and many became anxious to return. In the meantime Hernando Cortez had returned to Mexico, and therefore Nuño de Guzman, who had been his personal enemy, could not return. This induced Guzman to remain and to found a colony, and, with the Spaniards who clung to him, he established himself at Xalisco and Tolona, which two provinces formed afterwards the kingdom of New Galicia. The Tejas Indian died and all thought of visiting Cibola was abandoned.

Nuño de Guzman remained, after the termination of this expedition, eight years in authority, when he was deposed and thrown into prison, and the government was held by a resident judge, called the *licenciado de la Torre*. After the death of the latter the viceroy of New Spain, Don Antonio de Mendoza, appointed Francisco Vasquez Coronado to succeed him in the government of New Galicia. Coronado was a gentleman of Salamanca, in Spain, but had been established some time at Mexico, where he married the daughter of the treasurer, Alonzo de Estrada.

At that time, by the means of Cabeza de Vaca, the viceroy received further information concerning the country of the *Seven Cities*. Cabeza de Vaca declared to Mendoza that he and his companions had made inquiries about the country through which they passed, and had been told, by the inhabitants, of great

*These *Seven Cities* were also called *Cibola*, a word whose origin is not known. It was known under that name by the Spaniards ten years before the expedition of Coronado. In Spanish it means "the buffalo," but I find it translated in Spanish lexicons "a quadruped called the Mexican bull." New Mexico was then known as the country of the buffaloes (Davis, *Conquest*, p. 110).

cities where the houses were four stories high; that the country was populous, and that the people cultivated and lived upon maize, pumpkins, and other vegetables, and that it abounded in cattle, which roamed about in great herds. The viceroy and the Spaniards listened with deep interest to these recitals. He communicated the information to Coronado, who immediately repaired to Culiacan with three friars and Stephen, the Barbary negro who had accompanied Vaca in his wanderings. There he induced two of the friars and the negro to undertake an exploration in that direction. They made immediate preparations for the journey.

This expedition, the first which reached Cibola, or the Country of the Seven Cities, was placed by Mendoza under the direction of a Franciscan friar named Marcos de Niza, or Nizza. As his name indicates, he was an Italian by birth, of the city of Nice. He was a man full of zeal and well fitted for the journey by his former experience, having served under Alvarado in Peru, and was inured to hardship and danger. He was accompanied by Friar Onorato, and by Stephen, the Barbary negro before mentioned, and by a number of Indians. They set out from the town of San Miguel, in the province of Culiacan, Friday, the 7th of March, 1539. They travelled in a northwesterly direction some little distance from the Gulf of California, and in a few days arrived at the town of Petatlan. The inhabitants of the country through which they passed treated them with great kindness and hospitality. They made entertainments for them on the roadside, furnished them with provisions, and gave them presents of robes, flowers, and many other articles. At Petatlan Father Onorato fell sick, which detained the expedition three days, when, leaving him behind, Father Marcos set out alone with Stephen and the Indians.

This route of Marcos, mentioned by Davis in his *History of the Conquest of New Mexico*, p. 115, is opposed by Lieutenant Whipple, of the United States Engineers, and by Mr. Bartlett. But let us follow Davis. Marcos passed a town called Vacupa—a town, as he says in his journal, of *reasonable largeness*. This is supposed to have been identical with Magdalena, on the river San Miguel. Davis himself, in a foot-note of the same page, 115, corrects his statement by saying that Niza must have followed up the Rio San Francisco, or Salt River, travelling some distance up the Gila valley, but not crossing the Mogollon Mountains, of which no mention is made.

Be that as it may, Marcos de Niza continued his march, fol-

lowed by a multitude of Indians from all the places he visited ; he suffered greatly from scarcity of provisions, the earth being burnt for want of rain, until, having crossed the desert, he reached another people, who were much astonished at the sight of white men, as they had no knowledge of the Spaniards, nor did they hold traffic or intercourse of any kind with the people who lived on the other side of the desert. They treated Father Marcos with the greatest kindness. They sought to touch his garments, and called him *Hayota*, which meant in their language *a man from heaven*.

Before he had set out from San Miguel Father Marcos had received written instructions from Mendoza, in which he was told to observe the country, climate, soil, and productions, rivers, animals, the number of the inhabitants and precious metals, and, if possible, to obtain samples of everything he saw ; but above all to remember that the expedition was undertaken for the honor and glory of the Holy Trinity and for the propagation of our holy Catholic faith. Ternaux Campans, in his *Appendice*, p. 249, says that Father Marcos de Niza received these instructions on the 29th of November, 1538.

Acting upon his instructions, the good friar taught, as well as opportunity would allow, the people the knowledge of God. As he traversed the country he made diligent inquiry of the natives concerning all things of interest. He listened to all they had to say about the riches in gold of the plain Indians, and of the "great, round green stones they hung to their nostrils and their ears."

After this he went on again three days and arrived at that town, which he says was of "reasonable largeness," called Wacupa, where he was well received by the inhabitants and was furnished with an abundance of provisions. The town was situated about forty leagues from the sea. He reached Wacupa two days before Passion Week, and stayed there until Easter, sending three expeditions into the country about, and directing the negro Stephen to proceed to the north with a body of men, and, if things should turn out prosperous, to send him back a man with a cross, the size of the cross to be an indication of his prosperity. As for himself, he would follow more leisurely. As Stephen proceeded he sent back cross after cross of great dimensions, which encouraged Father Marcos greatly ; for he was rather a simple man and believed all that was told him. But poor Stephen, being of an overbearing disposition, alienating his men and displeasing the nations he passed through, was put in prison

at Cibola, his followers scattering in all directions, and finally was shot with arrows as he tried to escape from his prison.*

Niza, having left Wacupa, marched by slow journeys up the country to the north, planting crosses as he went along and taking possession of the country in the name of the king, as he had been directed. He travelled five days through a well-settled country abounding in villages, being everywhere well received and hospitably entertained by the natives. He received from them presents of turquoises and "ox-hides," which no doubt were tanned buffalo-skins. Thus he went, now coming across populous towns and villages, then traversing deserts where he had to suffer greatly for want of water and provisions. On his way he met an Indian who was a native of Cibola. This man confirmed all that the friars had heard about the people he was going to visit. He was told of large kingdoms or provinces called Marata, Acus, and Totontea.† By this time the father's retinue was very large, as many had joined his troops in the hopes of returning loaded with riches from Cibola; so that his passage was quite a burden on the villages he passed through. Still, he was everywhere well treated.

In due time Father Marcos presented himself before Cibola; but, hearing of the death of Stephen and the hostility of the Indians, he grew alarmed. He threatened the inhabitants of Cibola with the anger of the viceroy, but they laughed at his threats. The poor friar did not know what course to pursue. Besides, hearing threats in his own camp, he divided among his followers what remained of the presents given him; but no one would go to Cibola to learn more about the death of Stephen and his followers.

Upon the refusal of his men and the Indians he declared to them he would see the town at all hazards and in spite of all dangers. Observing his determination, a few chiefs and interpreters expressed their willingness to accompany him. Marcos' journal says that the town is situated upon a plain at the foot of a round hill, and that in order to obtain a better view he ascended a neighboring mountain. The houses were built of stone several stories high, with flat roofs, and were arranged in good order. The inhabitants were of light complexion and dressed in cotton goods and skins. They slept in beds. Their offensive

* There is a difference of opinion among chroniclers as to what befell the followers of Stephen. Castañeda says they were let go, others that they were made slaves; the probability is that some escaped and reached Spanish settlements, whereas others were held captives.

† Old records write this name Totontea.

weapons were the bow and arrow. They possessed emeralds and other precious stones. They had vessels of gold and silver, which were obtained from the province of Pintado in exchange for turquoises.

He went no further, deterred as he was by the dangers surrounding him; he planted a cross and took formal possession of the country in the name of "the most honorable Lord Antonio de Mendoza, Viceroy and Captain-General of New Spain for his Majesty the Emperor." He named the province of Cibola *El Nueva Reyno de San Francisco*.^{*} By this same act he took also formal possession of the provinces of Totonteal, Acus, and Marata. He set out upon his return journey, his journal says, "with more fear than victuals." Everywhere he found the Indians mourning the loss of those who had perished with Stephen. He made haste and arrived at San Miguel, whence he had started, and there finding that the governor of New Galicia was in Compostella, thither he proceeded to give to Coronado an account of his journey.

Friar Marcos' journal takes no account of distances, except by days' journeys; as to days, he does not mention them. It is estimated, however, that from Culiacan to Cibola the distance is three hundred leagues.[†] Coronado, who was anxiously awaiting his return, had made in the meantime an expedition to the north into the province of Topeza. He took with him some Spaniards and Indians, but he found things far different from what had been represented. The mountains were high and rugged; they could be crossed with the greatest difficulty only, and the appearance of the country was uninviting in the extreme. He immediately returned to Culiacan, and there Marcos met him.

The friar gave Coronado a rather exaggerated account of what he had seen and been told by the Indians. Coronado grew excited. Both set out for Mexico, and there the viceroy lent a willing ear to the stories related. Soon the land resounded with the narratives made by Marcos. In a few days an army of four hundred Spaniards and eight hundred Indians was raised for the conquest of Cibola. The viceroy appointed Don Francisco Vasquez Coronado, governor of New Galicia, as captain-general of the expedition. Coronado is represented by authors as "a good gentleman and a wise, prudent, and able man"; but Castañeda,

^{*} The new kingdom of San Francisco.

[†] Query: Does Father Defouri mean French leagues or American leagues? The French league is two and a half of our miles; our league has three miles.—ED. C. W.

the historian of the expedition, intimates that he thought more of the riches and of the lovely wife he left behind in New Spain than of the honor to be had in leading a numerous company of gallant gentlemen. A majority of the Spaniards who took part in the enterprise were of good families, and Castañeda says in his journal: "I doubt whether there has ever been collected in the Indias so brilliant a troop, particularly for the small number of four hundred men."

Little is known of Castañeda, the historian. His name is not found among the list of officers, and he is therefore supposed to have been a common soldier. He was evidently a man of education and accustomed to writing, and his narrative is superior to most of the narratives composed at that period. His book, which was written at Culiacan after the return of the expedition, from notes taken during the expedition, he left behind him in the shape of a manuscript of one hundred and forty-seven pages, written on paper and covered with parchment. It was preserved in the collection of D'Uguina of Paris, and was translated into French by Ternaux Campans in 1838. I have never seen the original, but only some portions of Campans' translation.

The viceroy, having caused Coronado to be proclaimed captain-general, proceeded to appoint the captains and other chief officers. Castañeda says that he chose for standard-bearer of the army Don Pedro de Tobar. He gave the place of colonel to Lope de Samaniego. The captains were Don Tristan de Arelano, Don Pedro de Quevara, Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, Don Rodrigo Maldonado, Diego Lopez, and Diego Gutierrez. Besides these were many others of the highest rank in all Spain, who were placed upon the staff of Coronado.

The army had orders to assemble at Compostella, a town of small importance, situated in the State of Xalisco, then capital of New Galicia, one hundred leagues from Mexico. Owing to the difficulty of obtaining subsistence, it marched to the place of rendezvous in separate columns, the detachment to which Castañeda was attached arriving there in good order on Shrove Tuesday, 1540. Two vessels were to carry the baggage as far as Xalisco. When the whole army was assembled at Compostella the governor came from Mexico to the place of rendezvous. He gave many instructions to the troops, had the officers again acknowledged by the soldiers, and passed the army in review. The expedition set out in two columns early in the month of January, 1541. The troops, as they marched out of the city, with colors flying and trumpets sounding, the bright beams of the

morning sun flashing upon the burnished armor of the proud cavaliers, presented a martial and brilliant appearance. The viceroy accompanied the army for two days, then turning back and retracing his steps towards Mexico.

It may not be amiss here to glance a moment at the customs of the inhabitants of the province or kingdom of New Galicia, as they are the customs of almost all the other provinces. The town of Culiacan, which gave its name to the province, was the first founded but least inhabited town of New Galicia. It was founded by Nuño de Guzman two hundred and ten leagues from the city of Mexico. The natives of the province spoke three principal languages, besides numerous dialects of which no mention is made. The first tribe enumerated was called the *Tahus*, which was the most civilized and had made some progress in the knowledge of the Catholic religion. Before coming under the influence of Christianity they had not been cannibals, but had been sunk low in superstition and savage fierceness. They worshipped the devil, to whom they made offerings of their worldly goods, and they held in veneration a great serpent which they reared and preserved with care. But they did not sacrifice human victims. It was customary for some women among them to devote themselves to a life of celibacy, in honor of which great and indecent festivals were held.

The second language of the province was that spoken by the *Pacasas*, a tribe less civilized and intelligent than the *Tahus*. They ate human flesh and worshipped stones. Polygamy prevailed among them; they occupied the country between the plain and the mountains. The third and last language was that spoken by the *Acaxas*, who differed but little from the *Pacasas*. They also were cannibals and hunted men to eat, in the same manner as wild animals. They adorned their houses with the skulls and bones of their victims, and those who could show the greatest number of such trophies were most feared and respected. They had frequent wars among themselves, when they devoured each other in great numbers. They built their villages in places difficult of access and separated by impassable ravines. Such was the civilization of that country at those remote times.

The troops, having left Compostella in high spirits, soon felt discouraged. The soldiers did not know how to pack horses; the most refined gentlemen were obliged to be their own muleteers, and necessity obliged the noble and the low-born to perform the same menial service. After a fatiguing march the army reached the village of Chiametla, where the provisions began to fail, and

it was obliged to halt there to procure new supplies. While at that place the colonel, Lope de Samaniego, was killed by the Indians of another village whither he went. His loss was deeply felt by the army. The arrow went through his head. They also wounded five or six men. His body was recovered and buried with the honors of war. All the inhabitants of the village who had taken part in the murder were put to the sword.

Here great dissatisfaction arose among the troops, many of whom desired to return to Mexico. This desire was increased by meeting two officers, Melchor Dias and Juan de Saldibar, whom Coronado had sent beforehand to reconnoitre the country, and who were on their way back with the most discouraging accounts of what they had seen and heard. But Father Marcos, who desired the expedition to proceed at any cost, undertook to contradict their statements, and thus somewhat reassured the soldiers. Resuming their march, they arrived at Culiacan on Easter eve; but the inhabitants, coming to pay him their respects, begged of him not to enter their city until after the feast. He accordingly encamped outside.

The army entered Culiacan the next day after Easter. Great ceremonies took place; a sham fight was organized, the citizens falling back upon the city and the army entering in triumph. The inhabitants, whom Castañeda calls "honorable gentlemen," offered a grand hospitality to both officers and soldiers. There they left all, or the greatest part, of their baggage, and the chronicler relates that the prospect of spoil had something to do with the hospitality. The army rested there for a month; provisions were plenty, and the inhabitants supplied them liberally.

The general, impatient to penetrate the unknown country of the *Seven Cities*, determined to go in advance with a few chosen men, leaving the army to follow more at leisure. Under the order of the viceroy he appointed his lieutenant, Hernandarias Saavedra, to take his place in the government of the province during his absence, and Don Tristan de Arellano was named to Saavedra's place in the command of the army. He set out fifteen days after his arrival in Culiacan, taking with him fifty cavaliers, a few foot-soldiers, his most intimate friends, and all the friars, as none wished to remain behind. The army was to follow fifteen days later. The party took their departure in high spirits. An accident which happened to a priest named Antonio Victorio retarded a little their march; but the priest was sent back to Culiacan and the army went onward, meeting everywhere friendly Indians who had seen Father Marcos before.

They passed through the whole extent of the inhabited country and arrived in good order at Chichilticale, where the desert begins.

We can trace the march of Coronado through New Mexico without much fear of mistake. Leaving Culiacan, he marched to the northwest nearly parallel to the coast of the Gulf of California. It is not certain where he crossed the Gila River, but it is supposed near the place where the Casas Grandes are located. The ruins called Chichilticale are located upon that river. The river itself is not mentioned, but, strange to say, Castañeda in his whole journal mentions but a very few rivers. The origin of the Casas Grandes has caused considerable speculation among antiquarians. In a paper addressed to the American Ethnological Society Albert Gallatin gives the following accounts of the ruins:

"The ruins of ancient buildings known by the name of Casas Grandes, ascribed to the Aztecs, . . . are evidently of the same character as the ancient buildings of Cibola, probably the remains of some of them. We have no description of the most southern of these Casas Grandes. Father Pedro Pont has given the description of the great house situated near the river Gila, considered as the second station of the Aztecs, and which he visited in the year 1775. The ruins of the houses which formed the town extended more than a league toward the east, and the ground was covered with broken vases and painted pottery. The house itself is a parallelogram, facing precisely the four cardinal points, east, west, north, and south, extending seventy feet long from north to south, and fifty wide from east to west. It consists of five halls, three intervals, thirty-eight feet by twelve, and they are eleven feet high. The edifice has been three stories, and probably four, containing one underground. There was no trace of stairs, which probably were wooden and burnt when the Apaches set the building on fire. The whole building is made of earth, the interior walls being four feet thick and well constructed, and the external six feet thick and shelving outside. The timber-work consisted partly of mesquit, principally of pine, though the nearest pine forest was twenty-five leagues distant. . . ."

General Emory, of the United States army, in his reconnoissance along the Gila on his march to California, makes the following note of the ruins upon that stream:

"The ruins of the Gila were first seen in longitude about one hundred and nine degrees twenty minutes. Thence to the Pijmos village, distant about one hundred and sixty miles in a straight line, the ruins were seen in great abundance. They are sufficient to indicate a very great former population.

"The implement for grinding corn, and the broken pottery, are the only vestiges of mechanical arts among the ruins, with the exception of a few ornaments, principally large, well-turned beads the size of a hen's egg.

The same corn-grinder and pottery are now in use among the Pijmos. The first consists of two large stones, slightly concave and convex, fitting each other, and intended to crush the corn by the pressure of the hand."

Castañeda himself says :

"The name Chichilticale was formerly given to this place because the friars found in the vicinity a house which had long been inhabited by a tribe that came from Cibola. The house was large and seemed to have served as a fortress. It appears that it was anciently destroyed by the inhabitants, who compose the most barbarous nation yet found in these regions."

Don Antonio de Otermin tells us that Chichilticale means *red house*, and that it is the very location of the Casas Grandes. He wrote in 1681.

The army pursued the same route as Father Marcos had traversed, and, in a little more than fifteen days after crossing the desert, reached Cibola. But here again he was doomed to disappointment, for it was not at all the sort of place described by Marcos, and the description which Castañeda gives shows plainly that they had reached the town or pueblo of Zuñi. For he relates that the Indians all fled from the fields at the approach of Coronado, and retired to the city, of which the only approach was up the narrow and steep pathway that led from the valley to the top of the rock, which the Indians prepared to defend. As the Spaniards, at the cry of "Santiago!" advanced up the ascent to the assault, they were received with showers of arrows and large stones hurled down upon them. Coronado was felled to the earth, but he recovered, and the Indians, unable to withstand the attack, were beaten and the pueblo taken. The town was found well stored with provisions, which were taken up for the use of the army. They made terms, and soon the whole province was at peace.

Coronado and his army, while in quarters at Cibola, were visited by Indians of various provinces, among others from the towns of Tiguex and Cicuyé. They spoke of the riches of their country and in particular of cows covered with frizzled hair which resembled wool, which no doubt was the buffalo. He chose twenty men, under the command of Hernando Alvarado, who were to accompany the Indians on their return. After five days' march they reached Acuco, now Acoma. The Indians forbade him to approach, but when they saw he was ready to attack them they begged for quarter. Their manner of making peace, as related by Castañeda, was "to approach the horses, to take their perspiration and rub their whole body with it, and then to

make a cross with the fingers." They also crossed their hands, which act they held inviolable. They made great presents to the Spaniards.

Alvarado continued on, and in three days arrived at a province called Tiguex. Here he was received with pacific demonstrations. This is most probably the site of old Santa Fé.* Alvarado was much pleased with the country and sent word to Coronado to come and spend the winter there. He himself started further with the Indians, and in five days arrived at Cicuyé, a large and strongly fortified village, which by all antiquarians, and in particular by the learned A. F. Bandelier in his *Études parmi les Indiens sédentaires*, is proved conclusively to have been Pecos, a most beautiful location on the river of that name.†

In Cicuyé Alvarado was also well received. When the inhabitants saw the approach of his troops they marched out to receive them and escorted them into the town to the music of their drums and flutes. After a short rest he went still further east until he came in sight of vast herds of buffaloes, when he returned. In the meanwhile Coronado, having received Alvarado's message, resolved to make his winter quarters at Tiguex. He sent before him Garcia Lopez de Cardenas to prepare winter quarters. When this man reached Tiguex he turned all the inhabitants of the village out of their houses to make room for the soldiers. Nor were they allowed to carry anything away with them but their clothing, and they were obliged to seek shelter in the neighboring provinces. At this cruel treatment the Indians were much incensed, and they turned from their homes filled with hostility towards the strangers. All the disasters which afterwards followed Coronado, and his inability to discover anything or to make at that time a permanent settlement in the country, were due, I doubt not, to that cruel act of Cardenas. Thence arose seditions, wars, bloodshed, which cut short the life of many a brave Spaniard and destroyed whole villages of well-disposed Indians, when a milder course might have made friends of the Indians for ever.

I will not follow Coronado or his lieutenants in the besieging and destruction of Tiguex at the end of the year 1541, and of that of Cicuyé in the month of May, 1542, nor will I delay with his visit to Quivira and afterwards to the plains, where he went in search of gold and silver, and to the river "covered with

* It would be impossible to imagine that the Tehuas, only three miles to the north, and the San Cristobal, just south, of the Galisteo, would have left the site of Santa Fé, the most delightful of all New Mexico, without taking hold of it and inhabiting it.

† Davis locates Cicuyé on the Rio del Norte.

canoes, which was seven leagues wide," as he had been told by the Indians. It is the common belief that he went as far as the Missouri River, to the point where now stands Fort Leavenworth, and, disheartened and disgusted, he returned by the same way amid innumerable herds of buffaloes, and, footsore and eaten up with vermin, he finally reached Cicuyé, and thence Tiguex, where he passed the winter. Early in the spring he met with a serious accident, being thrown senseless from his horse, and was confined to bed for a long time with his life in great danger. When, recovering, he heard of the revolt of some Indians, this affected him seriously and caused a relapse. As anxious as his officers to return to Mexico, he caused them to petition him to lead them back to New Spain. But the soldiers regretted this petition and begged of him to revoke it; but he sternly refused and shut himself up, not wishing to see any one. They resolved to steal the petition they had given by writing, but he kept it about his person day and night. Many soldiers, and even officers, deserted the service, and, remaining at Tiguex, formed the first white settlement in that renowned place. These events happened at the beginning of April, 1543—a date to which we can well assign the foundation of Santa Fé, although the three hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the city is celebrated this year, 1883. Coronado left behind him Fathers Juan de Padilla and Juan de la Cruz; a Portuguese named Andres de Campo was left with them. Father Padilla remained some time in Tiguex, but, hearing of the good dispositions of the Indians of Quivira, he went to visit them, but was killed by them while on his knees at prayer. Father de la Cruz, having gone on a mission to Cibola, was also put to death; and for a while the Spanish deserters and new settlers were without the means of practising their religion.

Desertions were frequent on the return march; all discipline was at an end, and when he reached Mexico Coronado had no more than a hundred men with him. The viceroy was much displeased with the manner in which he had conducted the expedition, and received him coldly. He was soon afterwards deprived of his province and fell into disgrace.

The expedition of Coronado having resulted so disastrously for the Spanish arms, all desire of visiting New Mexico was dampened for years. The bright anticipations of the gallant cavaliers of his army were dashed to the ground, and for forty years no effort was made to penetrate into and explore the country, except by priests, here and there, who went in search of lost Spaniards and to convert the Indians. Among others are named

Fathers Augustin Ruiz, Francisco Lopez, and Juan de Santa Maria. They were accompanied by twelve soldiers with a captain; but these soldiers, when they had reached the pueblo of Sandia, near Bernalillo, abandoned the fathers and returned home. Father Juan de Santa Maria came to the pueblo of Tiguex, of which some houses are still extant and inhabited. He attended to the wants of the settlers, and then set out to give an account of his mission; but he was killed by the Teguas Indians near a pueblo called San Pablo, in the neighborhood of El Paso. Father Lopez also was killed whilst at his devotions outside of the pueblo of Paruay, on the Rio Grande, and Father Ruiz remained alone, mourning the loss of his companion. Still, he was not discouraged, and resolved to continue his mission. The governor of Paruay was much affected by the death of Lopez, and resolved to save Ruiz by removing him to the pueblo of Santiago, a league and a half up the river; but his death had been resolved, and it was impossible to save him. He was killed a few days afterwards and his body thrown into the river, then in flood, as food for the fishes. Thus the Teguas Indians completed their bloody and unholy work, putting to death three men of God who had come only with the strength of their charity and their zeal for the salvation of souls.

Nevertheless the work of saving souls was progressing everywhere, and priest succeeded priest in this arduous work. Old chroniclers tell us that by the year 1629 there were baptized thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty Indians, and many others were in a state of conversion, and at that time there were already forty-three churches in New Mexico, all built by the Indians. Among these are still standing to-day San Miguel, in the city of Santa Fé, built some time about 1560 by the deserters of Coronado's army; and the church of Guadalupe, also in Santa Fé, built about 1590. In February, 1614, the body of Lopez was disinterred and solemnly deposited in the church of the pueblo of Sandia with great ceremonies, a number of priests having come from Santa Fé and other pueblos, all marching on foot and dressed in full vestments.

The Franciscan Order, alarmed at the return of the soldiers to Mexico, knowing well that their priests were without help in a heathen country, immediately appealed to men of good-will to go and rescue them. A cavalier at the mines of Santa Barbara, of the name of Antonio de Espejo, a native of Cordova, a man of wealth, courage, and faith, offered his services to the Franciscans; they accepted them, and, with the royal permission, an army was

fitted out, which left Saint Bartholomew, in old Mexico, on the 10th of December, 1582, and directed their course to the north.

Espejo was, as I have said, a man of faith. Everywhere he pacified the Indians; everywhere the fathers who accompanied him made conversions. He destroyed no property, and everywhere persuaded the Indians to stay in their houses and be friendly with the Spaniards. Everywhere he passed he built churches, erected crosses, and formed settlements of white people alongside of the Indian settlements. Espejo did much for the pacification of the Indians. He, having learned the death of the friars, could do nothing. Lopez was buried by Ruiz, while the body of the latter was thrown into the Rio Grande del Norte. An old chronicler quoted by Davis (p. 249) says that "Espejo found at Paruay the body of the two friars, to which he gave Christian burial." Evidently this is an error. Espejo, having fulfilled his engagement with the Franciscans, still remained in New Mexico, visiting many provinces, making stanch friends of the Indians, and establishing priests and forming settlements. He went as far as Taos, but the Indians refused to help him; and with his handful of men, fearing some treachery, he resolved to return to Mexico, and in the beginning of July, 1584, he took the line of march homeward. What I say here is taken from his own relation of his expedition, written afterward in *Guardiana*, a town of Mexico, for the Conde de Coruña, who forwarded the same to the king of Spain and the lords of the Council for the Indians.

In quick succession followed one Humana; but he was cruel to his men, and had great difficulty with the Indians, particularly those of Quivira, who set the grass on fire and almost annihilated his army. But the year following the return of Espejo, Don Juan de Oñate, a native of Zacatecas and a gentleman of importance, conceived the idea of forming permanent settlements in New Mexico—instead of leaving, as had been done before, a few soldiers, generally deserters, to couple with Indian women, to form semi-barbarian families—and of taking with himself whole families, men, women, and children. Having obtained the authorization of Don Luis de Velasco, the viceroy, he set about raising colonists for New Mexico. A great discrepancy is shown among authors as to the time of that petition for authorization and the setting out of Oñate for New Mexico. Many give this date as the 21st of September, 1595; but this must be an error, as records in Mexico state that he left for New Mexico on his expedition of colonization in the year 1591. Padre Frejes, in his

history of the conquest of New Mexico, published in Mexico in 1830, says that Oñate set out in 1595; Mariana gives the date as 1598, while De la Renaudière, in his history of Mexico, published in Barcelona in 1844, says that he took possession of the country in the last year of the sixteenth century, 1599. For my part I believe 1591 and 1595 to be right dates. Oñate petitioned the viceroy in 1591, and, receiving the necessary permission from the viceroy, started at once; whereas the papers sent to Spain for the king to sign were not signed until 1595, or even later, for we find an agreement with Philip III., King of Spain, signed at San Lorenzo on the 8th of July, 1602. In this agreement Oñate offers to furnish two hundred soldiers, horses, cattle, merchandise, agricultural implements. As a remuneration he asks for large grants of land, that his family should be ennobled, the loan of a considerable sum of money, a fat salary, and to be furnished with arms and ammunition. He also asks permission to reduce the *natives to a state of obedience*, which in his mind meant *a state of slavery*; he also petitions for six priests, a full complement of books, ornaments, and church accoutrements.

After many difficulties Oñate raised seven hundred soldiers, and one hundred and thirty married men, with their wives and children, who came into the country as permanent settlers. He went north as far as the neighborhood of Santa Fé, and there began the work of settling his people. Oñate remained several years in New Mexico, engaged in subduing the natives and making settlements. While the soldiers were occupied in subduing the Indians, and the settlers were cultivating the soil and digging for precious metals, the priests were occupied in preaching and baptizing, and a great number of Indians were received into the church. Padre Geronimo de Jarate Salmaron, a Franciscan, who passed eight years in New Mexico, having his residence in the pueblo of Jemez, travelled all over the territory, visited all the pueblos, and went personally to Mexico to lay in writing before his superiors the result of his missions. In it he gives the number of Indians converted, locates the various pueblos, gives the location of the principal mines, with such general information as might be of service to those who might succeed him. In the year 1629 Father Francisco de Apodaca, superior-general of the Franciscans in New Spain, had a friar, Francisco de Velasco, to examine Salmaron's *Journal*, and he approved it in a letter dated from the convent of San Francisco in the city of Mexico, August 18, 1629. But I regret to say

I have not been able to see Salmaron's *Journal*; it is not in the archives of Santa Fé. I take this narration from Davis.

It seems that thus the Indians, being all, or nearly all, Christians, as well as their rulers, the Spaniards, things should have gone on smoothly. The simple-minded natives were generally of an amiable disposition, helping the Spaniards in the cultivation of their fields and performing other menial duties. But in a few years the Spaniards began to assume the prerogatives of masters; a rule of tyranny and slavery was established. Instead of letting the priests alone to see to the conversion of the Indians, fanatic Spaniards tried to convert them with the sword; the *estufas* were filled up, their idols thrown down, their favorite dance, the *cachina*—a piece of their religious worship, but indecent in its bearings—was strictly forbidden. The Indians murmured; they were forced to work the mines for their conquerors, and became intensely hostile to the Christians. They grew to look upon the Spaniards as intruders, and finally the cry of revolt was heard over every *mesa* of New Mexico. This was in 1640; but the then governor of New Mexico, General Arguello, defeated them with the loss of only one man, and he cast a number of them into prison. In 1650, under the administration of General Concha, all the pueblos of the Teguas nation—that is, Isleta, Alameda, San Felipe, Cochiti, and Jemez—entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the intention of destroying the Spaniards with their priests; they were to rush on the Spaniards on the Thursday of Holy Week, when all the Christians would be defenceless at their devotions, and massacre them all. But the plot was discovered; nine of the ringleaders were hanged and many others were sold into slavery for ten years. These energetic measures overawed the Indians and for the time kept them quiet.

For some years the Indians bore their grievances in silence and sadness; but during the administration of General Villanueva the Indians of the pueblo of Piros conspired with the Apaches, and, fleeing from their village, took refuge with the latter in the Magdalena Mountains. From this mountainous refuge they sallied forth and killed a few settlers, but they were soon overcome; six of them were hanged and many others were sold into slavery. Soon after Estevan Clemente, governor of the Salt Lake pueblos, an Indian of much influence, took the lead of a new plot for a general massacre, also on Holy Thursday; but the plot was discovered, Clemente was arrested and hanged, and his followers made terms with the Spaniards. In

the year 1675, while General Juan Francisco Frecenio was governor, some Indians of the Teguas nation were arrested, whipped, and sold into slavery for practising witchcraft. This proceeding increased the hostility of the Indians towards the Spaniards, and they resolved to kill the governor. Seventy Indians under the command of Popé, a distinguished San Juan Indian, repaired to the quarters of the governor in Santa Fé early one morning, and demanded the release of their brethren who were yet in prison. They laid presents before him for their ransom. The governor, much alarmed, promised to deliver them if they promised to renounce their superstition, when they quietly retired. And thus it went for a period of nearly a half-century and during the administration of fourteen governors. These repeated failures, however, did not dampen the love of the Indians for liberty.

In 1680 Popé, mentioned above, a man of decided ability, visited all the pueblos and with an eloquent tongue pictured to the Indians the wrongs they were suffering, and roused them to a desire to throw off the yoke. Absolute secrecy was enjoined on all; all the pueblos were invited except that of Piros. Helping Popé in his endeavors were Catité, a half-breed Queres Indian, Tacu of San Juan, Jaca of Taos, and Francisco of San Ildefonso. San Juan, however, remained faithful to the Spaniards, and was on that account called *San Juan de los Caballeros*—the *gentlemanly San-Juaners*. Nicholas Bua, governor of San Juan, Popé's son-in-law, was put to death by the hand of Popé himself for fear he would betray them to the Spaniards. The time fixed for the rebellion was the 10th of August; all preparations were made to massacre every Spaniard in the country. But the Indians of Tesuque, three miles from Santa Fé, came to the governor two days before and divulged the whole. The Indians, being apprised of this, resolved to work without delay, and all Christians, priests or seculars, women and children, fell under their blows, except a few of the handsomest maidens, whom the warriors reserved for wives. General Otermin, the governor, was unprepared and paralyzed with fear; the capital was besieged by an army, and Otermin with a few followers, unable to defend Santa Fé, resolved to leave it to its fate, and with all the Spaniards fled, and never rested until he reached El Paso, where the priests supported him and his followers for a whole winter.

In the meanwhile Santa Fé was given up to pillage. The churches were desecrated and pulled down. The Indians, putting on priestly vestments, were seen riding about the city, drinking

from sacred vessels which could not be carried away. In other pueblos and villages the priests and Spaniards, unaware of the rising, remained quiet in their houses, and were all massacred with great cruelty and wantonness; then the churches were razed to the ground; the worship of the serpent, with its dances, was prescribed anew to all good Indians, and they were ordered even to abandon the name of their baptism and take new ones. It was decreed in solemn council that "*God the Father, and Mary the Mother, of the Spaniards were dead*, and that the Indian gods alone remained"; they made offerings of flour, feathers, corn, tobacco, and other articles to propitiate their heathen deities. After this all these grim warriors repaired to the little Santa Fé river, and there, divesting themselves of their scant clothing, washed their whole body with soap-weed to "wash off their baptism."

More than one hundred Spaniards, among whom were eighteen priests, besides civilized Indians, fell during the rebellion and the withdrawing of Otermin. The loss to the Indians was much more considerable. In Santa Fé alone more than four hundred were killed and many more were wounded.

In September of the following year, 1581, Otermin, after suffering untold privations at San Lorenzo, near El Paso, amidst hostile Indians and the want of provisions, as well as sickness, resolved to return to Santa Fé and drive out the Indian Popé, who had assumed supreme power among the Indians. He received permission from the viceroy, Conde de Paredes, to fit out an expedition for that purpose. He immediately began to equip forces, and in this he was more than ever helped by the Franciscan fathers of El Paso. They supplied him with corn, beef, cattle, ammunition, wagons for transportation, and many other articles the soldiers stood in need of. There was great difficulty in arming the soldiers, and, for want of anything else, he manufactured new armor of ox-hides. All the old inhabitants of Santa Fé, burning with the desire of retaking their old home, joined the expedition, begging the permission of bringing their families along; Otermin granted their petition.

All preparations being completed, the general, having under him Francisco Xavier as secretary, unfurled the royal banner on the morning of November 5, and, amid the sound of trumpets and the shouts of the people, took up his march for New Mexico. They travelled along the Rio Grande, but suffered much in crossing the barren region of country known as La Jornada del Muerto, where for a distance of ninety miles water is not to be

found, except what collects in holes after a rain. The only vegetation is a small grass and some tall weeds. La Jornada is properly a table-land between mountains, and shaped like a canoe. Its width varies from five to thirty miles; a high range of mountains in the west shuts up all approach to the river, which makes a very long bend to the west. It has been named the Journey of Death on account of the number of persons killed, either by Mescalero Apache Indians, or by want of water, or by storms while crossing it.

Otermin and his army crossed safely La Jornada del Muerto, and kept along the banks of the river. Everywhere they saw villages deserted, farms destroyed, churches in ruin; but although they saw Indians at a distance, they found every Indian village deserted. On the 5th of December Otermin took the pueblo of Isleta after a slight resistance; being assured of their lives, the Indians laid down their arms and submitted. Otermin found the church destroyed and turned into a corral in which cattle were confined, the convent burnt, and all crosses overturned. He caused the whole population, men, women, and children, to be assembled upon the plaza, and reprimanded them in severe terms. They denied being guilty of the destruction of the buildings, and put it on the Taos, Picuris, and Teguas Indians. They were ordered to restore all that had belonged to the church and the citizens, which was done. Father Ayeta, of El Paso, who had set out with the expedition, received back the goods in the name of his order, and preached to the Indians through an interpreter. The same was done at Sandia; Father Ayeta said Mass on a portable altar and preached to the Indians. Many children were baptized under the name of Charles in honor of Charles II. of Spain; then, with the shout of "Long live Charles II.!" and the *vivas* of the Indians, they set out for the north. This happened on the 11th of December. But cold weather and terrible snow-storms set in and caused great sufferings to the army. Still, on the 16th they started and went on to San Felipe and Cochiti. Everywhere church and convent were demolished and crosses thrown down; marks of the inhuman worship of the Indians were seen everywhere. The houses were searched, and many articles of church property were recovered.

At Cochiti the Indians tried to surround the Spaniards, and a battle was on the point of beginning; but a parley was sounded in the Queres language, and after much discussion the Indians made peace "with God, Mary, the saints, and the Spaniards"; the chief kissed the foot of the priest, and peace was in fact pro-

claimed. This, however, was only a ruse, because being a wet day, and their bows being unstrung, the Indians found themselves in the power of the Spaniards. Catité, the chief who had shed tears of tenderness at the idea of peace with the Spaniards, now went sowing strife everywhere and hatred against them. The army was to be cut off at the pueblo of Cienegilla, near Santa Fé, and a plot, well kept, was to destroy the Spaniards; but Juan, a Tesuque Indian, advised them of the affair, and, being on their guard, the plot failed.

It was now question either of advancing or returning to San Lorenzo. Father Ayeta wrote advising the latter course on account of having only a small body of men, and because the Indians were not yet disposed to make peace. And thus it was done; the troops passed Isleta on the 2d of January, 1682, and arrived at El Paso on the 11th of February, after many losses and much suffering.

Otermin having failed to reconquer New Mexico, many years elapsed before other efforts were made. Still, after Otermin, in 1685 an expedition was started under the governor, Domingo Jeronza Petrez de Cruzate, who made two successive attempts. Only fragments of Cruzate's journal remain in the archives of Santa Fé, but the records declare that he was captain-general in the years 1684, 1685, 1688, 1689. If other efforts have been made anterior to Cruzate no records remain.

In 1692 a new expedition was entrusted to Don Diego de Vargas Zapate Lujan, by the viceroy, Count Galvas, with the title of governor and captain-general. At once relinquishing the pleasures of home, he started for El Paso del Norte, rapidly formed an army, and, accompanied by several priests, set out for the north on the 31st of August, 1692. Impressed as he was with the small number of his troop, he made rapid marches of which no record can be found, and reached Santa Fé on the 12th of September. On the 13th a great battle was fought with the garrison of the town, reinforced by the neighboring pueblos. The battle raged with great ardor on both sides from four in the morning to nightfall, when the Indians gave way, and the soldiers, Vargas at their head, entered the city, and, after the fatigues of the march and of a hard-fought battle, found excellent quarters in the antique dwellings of the Indians. Santa Fé having fallen, twelve pueblos surrounding submitted, and were taken possession of in the name of the king of Spain. The priests baptized in Santa Fé seven hundred and sixty-nine persons.

Having reduced Santa Fé and constituted officers over its in-

habitants, Vargas set out to bring other tribes under the rule of Spain. He moved against Taos, seventy-five miles north of Santa Fé, for the Indians of that place remained very hostile to the Spaniards. He began his march on the 5th of October for his expedition to Taos, and reached San Juan the same afternoon; the Indians, who formed a large body of warriors under the command of Don Lorenzo, their war-captain, received him with military honors. Vargas explained that his visit was in order to re-establish the power of Spain, and that the priests would absolve the rebels of the great crime of having abandoned the Christian religion. During the day Father Francisco Corvera baptized eighty-six persons, the captain-general standing as godfather for the daughter of Don Lorenzo and for several other children. The Indians made professions of peace and appeared entirely friendly.

The next morning, amid a storm of rain and snow, the Spaniards resumed their march. The third day they descended the valley of Taos and approached the pueblo, Father Corvera giving absolution to the command. The pueblo was assaulted and taken without resistance, for the Indians had abandoned it and retired into the gorge of a mountain to the east. Louis, a Picuri Indian, sent out to ascertain the meaning of smoke seen on the mountain-side, reported that the Taos were encamped there in a strong place. Vargas advanced at once towards the mountain, when the Indians sent one of theirs to parley. He was told to go back and tell his people that the Spaniards were there on a mission of peace, and that the priest was with them to reconcile the Indians with God and the church. Thus they returned in great numbers, having their chief, Francisco Pacheco, at their head; and then, all assembled on the plaza, he spoke to them more fully of his plans, and over ninety persons were baptized. Having then heard through two young men who had returned from Jemez that there was a great plot on foot to destroy the Spaniards, he told the Indians that he was going among them, and he invited any of them who wished to place themselves under his command. They promised to be in Santa Fé in eight days. He then returned to his capital, passing through the Picuris and San Ildefonso, where he was well received. He reached Santa Fé on the 13th of October.

Having pacified the northern Indians, Vargas had now on hand the Pecos, Queres, and Jemez Indians, who showed hostility. On the 17th of October he despatched two squadrons of mounted men, with two pieces of artillery and pack-animals, with friendly

Indians to San Domingo, to await his return from Pecos, and himself set out with Fathers Corvera and Barros for Pecos. Vargas crossed the mountains, and at two o'clock on the same afternoon reached Pecos. The Pecos received him with honor, having erected a large cross and arches at the entrance of the pueblo. The whole population submitted and were absolved of their offence, and two hundred and forty-eight were baptized. The next day Vargas appointed officers for them, and soon after left for San Domingo; at nine o'clock in the evening he reached the Galisteo River amid a storm of rain and hail. The pueblo of Galisteo was in ruin and deserted. The next day, being Sunday Mass was celebrated, and after Mass the troops resumed their march. Soon they reached the pueblo of San Marcos, also deserted except the church and convent. That evening they reached San Domingo, where they found the cavalry, as well as some messengers of the Queres who were sent out to announce the coming of the Spaniards, receiving crosses and rosaries around their necks.

On the 21st of October the Spaniards marched from San Domingo, first to Cochiti, then entering the country of the Queres, at the entrance of which they found a tall cross set up. Vargas dismounted and took possession of the country in the name of the king of Spain. The priests then proceeded to absolve the Indians, and one hundred and three persons were baptized. That night Vargas encamped at Cochiti, and the next morning, with a part of his troops, started for Cia and Jemez. The day after he entered Cia, which he found destroyed, just as it had been found destroyed a few years before by Cruzate and not rebuilt. It was situated on a *mesa* called Cerro Colorado, and its approach was by a steep and rocky road. Nothing was found there, the Indians having rebuilt a pueblo a little distance off. All came to meet Vargas, carrying crosses in their hands, and the chiefs marching at their head. In this manner they accompanied Vargas to the plaza, where they had erected arches and crosses, and had provided quarters for them. The same was done at Jemez, where the people at first tried to resist him; but he ordered them to lay down their arms, and commanded them in the name of the king of Spain to be faithful children, and the whole population was baptized. From thence Vargas visited the provinces of Zufi and Moqui. On the 3d of November he was in the presence of Zufi. Vargas, seeing these Indians assembled in great number, sounded a parley, and, satisfied that all was right, he was directed by them to come up by

the other side of the steep rock with his command; but they did not come to meet the Spaniards, and declined to hold any intercourse with them. The messengers sent up to parley were held captives; this conduct greatly provoked Vargas, but all he could do was to encamp in the plain below. The next day the negotiations were renewed and with success; this pueblo was large, and is still large, with two plazas, and the church was in good repair.

After pacifying the province of Zúñi Vargas went to the Moquis, which he pacified, and then marched for El Paso, where he arrived on the 12th of December. During the expedition Vargas rescued seventy-four Spanish women and children who had been made captive, and the priests baptized two thousand two hundred and fourteen Indians.

While Vargas was absent the Santa Fé Indians had recaptured the city, and those of Taos, Cochiti, Jemez, and others had all risen against the Spaniards. Therefore the next year the government of Mexico sent out another expedition under the command of Vargas, who succeeded, after as much labor as the preceding year, in recapturing Santa Fé and all the other towns of Mexico. But Vargas became avaricious, and, while he had plenty of corn brought to him, he saw the inhabitants of Santa Fé dying from want of provisions, and he did not help them. In the year 1695 the corporation of Santa Fé and the regiment in garrison there presented charges to the viceroy against Vargas for peculation. Vargas was accused of using public money for his private purposes; grievous charges were made against him for appropriating public moneys. For these causes he was removed from office in 1697, and Don Pedro Rodriguez Cubero appointed in his place. How long Cubero remained in office records do not say; neither can there anything be found concerning his administration. In 1703, however, Vargas was again sent to New Mexico as military commandant of the province, showing thus that, after all, he enjoyed the confidence of the viceroy. We may well say that the conquest of New Mexico terminated there, and that the power of the Indian nations was completely broken. At that epoch the authority of the Spaniard, both civil and ecclesiastical, was acknowledged in all the pueblos.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORIGINAL SHORT AND PRACTICAL CONFERENCES FOR MARRIED MEN AND YOUNG MEN, MARRIED WOMEN AND YOUNG MAIDENS. By F. X. Weninger, D.D., Missionary of the Society of Jesus. 2 vols. 8vo. Cincinnati, 1883.

These *Conferences* are intended by Father Weninger to be the supplement to the *Sermons* published by him last year. The preceding volumes contained a three years' course of sermons at High Mass for every Sunday and festival; the volumes now issued are intended to perform a similar service for the Sunday Vespers. The author's aim has been to give more detailed and definite instruction than was desirable in sermons prepared for the High-Mass congregation. He has consequently divided them into four series—for married men, young men, married women, young women—and, the better to secure his object, he suggests the desirability of setting apart the afternoon of one Sunday in each month for each of these classes. If this is impossible the *Conferences* will nevertheless be found useful for confraternity instructions, and even, with a little modification, for the sermon at High Mass. They are all formed on a certain definite plan, which is faithfully carried out in each and every conference. This may perhaps detract from the interest and freshness of treatment of each subject, but it secures that completeness and thoroughness which the author has had in view. They are exceedingly practical, and go in great detail into the duties of each class. The style, while simple and unaffected, is earnest and forcible. It is not for us, however, to criticise the work of one who has for so long a time, so earnestly, and so successfully devoted himself to the missionary life. His long experience renders it impossible that he should not know the wants of the faithful, and his success renders it certain that he has been able to supply those wants. Of course, on a subject which covers so wide a field, there will necessarily be some differences of opinion, and somewhat of doubt as to the wisdom or importance of this or that direction; yet there is no one who will not derive assistance from these volumes, and who will not thank Father Weninger for having placed at his disposal the results of his lifelong experience.

In the choice of subjects there are two things we think specially praiseworthy. For young men the inculcation of the moral duties is made to depend on, and is interwoven with, the contemplation of the life and example of our Lord. This is, we are persuaded, the right way. He alone it is who is able to win the hearts, to realize the ideal of the young; to make virtue attractive to them, to make them willing to fight that fierce battle with their passions which they are called upon to fight. If the knowledge and love of our Lord can be implanted deep in their hearts their salvation is secure; not merely their salvation, but they will be induced to lead a noble, generous, Christian life which, while glorifying God and benefiting the church, will fill their own souls with happiness. Secondly, in the conferences for married women Father Weninger has drawn upon those treasures of Old-Testament history which, it has often struck us, are far too

little known and valued. Every one of the thirty-six conferences for this class has for its subject some one or other of the holy women of whom notices are contained in the Old Testament. We hope that this example of Father Weninger will lead others to a more frequent use of that best source of all spiritual knowledge—the Sacred Scriptures.

GOLDEN SANDS: A Collection of Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life. Illustrated by C. E. Wentworth. Translated from the French by Ella McMahon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

Golden Sands, and several other similar books by the same author, have had a wide circulation and become very popular. Each one of the series has been noticed, as it came out, in this magazine, and we have now only to praise the typographical beauty of Mr. Putnam's new edition of *Golden Sands*. The illustrations are remarkably fine, and the artist, who has been hitherto unknown to fame, deserves, in our opinion, to become a favorite.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. III., containing the philosophical writings on Religion. Detroit: Thorndike Nourse. 1883.

This third volume of Dr. Brownson's works is one of more general interest than the preceding ones. No one can read the productions of Dr. Brownson's pen without admiring his zeal for the faith, his earnestness, and his logic. Logic may not give to a man who has wrong convictions right ones, but logic will help to unsettle wrong ones and put a man far on the way of getting right ones. He was always fearless in the expression of his opinions; and, in our opinion, it is better that a sincere and earnest man should speak out in matters on which he is competent to form an opinion, at the risk of blunders from over-boldness, than that the truth should suffer imprisonment from over-timidity. There are those who consider Dr. Brownson is the greatest Catholic writer on religious polemics that this country has produced, and we are one of those. No clergyman's library can be considered complete without a copy of his works. No scholarly Catholic can afford not to know something about their contents. No student of the dominant tendencies of the age in religion, in philosophy and social questions, can do better than study their pages. We thank Henry F. Brownson for furnishing the public with the writings of his father in so convenient a form.

A BOOK ABOUT ROSES: How to Grow and Show Them. By S. Reynolds Hole. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1883.

The matter of this book first appeared in contributions to an English horticultural periodical. Its author, an Anglican clergyman, is refreshingly enthusiastic on his beautiful subject, and as well informed and instructive as he is enthusiastic. His enthusiasm, in fact, is so contagious that it is safe to say nearly everybody who reads his book, and has a spot of ground, will at once make earnest resolves to engage in rose-culture. Speaking of the cultivation of flowers generally, he relates the experience of a Scotch clergyman, who, in his visitations from house to house, had never failed to be well received wherever he saw plants in the window. Mr. Hole goes over the subject exhaustively, both as to the varieties to choose from and the best methods of cultivating them, so that his readers, with a little perseverance, ought to have no excuse for want of success in their efforts with what he calls the "flower of flowers."

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SOME REMARKS ON MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

IN the course of Mr. Matthew Arnold's most valuable work upon *Popular Education in France* he speaks of the particular danger which besets the American people. He says it has been educated without ideals. We think there could not be a truer description of our own day. Everywhere outside the Catholic Church, in art and music and literature, there is a want of ideals. Writers and statesmen court the smile of the present hour and worship the goods which they see. For them posterity is no more, because they have ceased to think of immortality, and even the men who would have aspirations, if they were not so cruelly jostled in the crowd of ambition, raise a stone now where formerly they would have built a temple. Here is the difference between worldly and Christian endeavor. The one puts forth all its blossom in one night, fades and dies; the least of seeds, the mustard-seed, after a season of patient travail in the bosom of the earth, becomes a great and enduring tree. The genius, then, of the present time is to found a fashion rather than a tradition, to be more sparkling than solid, and to produce *pièces de circonstance* in preference to works of intrinsic value; and this is precisely the result which may be expected from an education which unduly cultivates the intellectual part and leaves the moral man to run wild. Its high aims will be good pay and a lavish pandering to the tastes of the hour, with a parenthesis for

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the "immortal gods," if there be any. Works thus conceived are ephemeral, because they are not based upon the principle of life; their brief share of human glory is their whole immortality. Certain wines have a delightful sparkle when fresh from the vintage, but they are not worth the bottle and the cork.

Whilst the lack of ideals is the tendency of modern cultivation, there will ever be a class of men who honestly believe in what we may call pure human aspirations based on good principles without dogma. Fame, duty, honor, cultivation of mind, hospitality, and liberality may be, and often are, the respectable human virtues with which they fill their existence, for which they write their books, paint their pictures, compose their music, and chisel their marble. Like M. Cousin, they would have been warm in their admiration of the primary schools of Holland, where Catholics and Protestants sat side by side, "penetrated with the spirit of Christianity, though not with the spirit of sect." * We believe that the good principles without dogma may sustain one generation; then the outcome of the Broad theory degenerates into agnosticism, positivism, pantheism, or any other of the pagan forms in which modern free thought delights. This is fully borne out by the consequences to the state of the "want of the spirit of sect." Only the spiritual-minded—and what is their proportion?—will have any religion at all, and it will be the kind of religion which has not sufficient of the vital principle to be handed down, for it rests rather in the organs of sense than in the intellect, and has consequently more to do with the bodily than the mental state.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, as the son of a man who may be looked upon as one of the most prominent of Broad-Churchmen, is a remarkable example of what the combined force of education, intellect, and traditional piety of the sort we have specified is able to effect. He is a typical man, portraying the double tendency of our times, which glorify intellect and decry dogma. In him, then, and in his writings, we are able to judge the sound, uncertain as to the future, but too definite as to the present, which the *Zeitgeist* is giving forth. He is at ease and at home in any department of letters; he has the highest quality for criticism—a mind unbiassed by prejudice and strictly upright in its measure of praise and blame. If he has thoroughly grasped the spirit of old Homer, he can also speak with deep appreciation of Eugénie de Guérin when she makes her confession to an unsympathetic priest.† His pictures of nature teem over with Celtic

* See *Popular Education in France*, p. 210.

† *Essays*.

brightness—"magic," he has called it—yet when he comes to treat of the highest questions of human life he is wanting in the "grand manner." * Genius makes the human, and faith the supernatural, "grand manner." The painter without ideals may be stupendous, and still never strike a chord—the chord—in the hearts of his admirers. We believe the criterion of real excellence is, after all, a very simple one, and that the true chord can never be struck in unbelieving hearts, and possibly never created except by a believing spirit. Mr. Matthew Arnold has eminently the virtues and defects of his time. It would be impossible for fine and polished and thorough criticism, but a criticism which has a visible, not an invisible, centre of gravitation, to surpass the pages which he has written on the elements in the English character; and, again, his introduction to *Popular Education in France* contains pages worthy of Pascal.

We could wish, indeed, that these two works had not been *pièces de circonstance*; but whatever they may be, they prove the author capable of the highest efforts of thought. The introduction to *Popular Education in France* is an apology for democracy, and speaks of equality as having bettered the condition of the French lower classes. Mr. Matthew Arnold and those who have looked at the world with his perspicacious eyes say to us, "Aristocracy has had its day; now it is the turn of democracy," and we are forced to own that society proves them to be right; but they do not tell us how the question affects the spiritual part of man, and whether, on the whole, the principle of authority maintained in social life does not tend to make him fitter for the next. He says: † "Can it be denied that to live in a society of equals tends in general to make a man's spirits expand and his faculties work easily and actively, while to live in a society of superiors, although it may occasionally be a very good discipline, yet in general tends to tame the spirits and to make the play of the faculties less secure and active? Can it be denied that to be heavily overshadowed, to be profoundly insignificant, has, on the whole, a depressing and benumbing effect on the character?"

There is great reason in all this, only, if we are not mistaken, it covers an insidious moral universal suffrage. The result produced by education of mind, as distinct from the training of soul, in the lower orders is the oft-quoted "nothing menial"; and if all social barriers be levelled and the world become a dead flat, this will be the appalling motto of society, *Non cuius contigit adire Corinthum*. Legislation may be seized with a

* See his Lectures on Homer.

† *Popular Education in France*, introduction, xix.

sudden fit of misdirected compassion for the lower orders, and may insist on giving political weight with the same profusion as it scatters knowledge broadcast; but the fear is that if we accustom our laboring hands to delicate kid gloves they may certainly refuse to work, and the pent-up energy which expended itself on tilling the ground will overflow in a less salubrious form to the detriment of society. With all respect to Mr. Matthew Arnold's judgment, we have heard a very different account of the French lower orders. Instead of that "self-respect, enlargement of spirit, and consciousness of counting for something in their country's action which has raised them in the scale of humanity,"* we are told of a lower rate of morality and of a notable falling off in dogmatic as well as practising religion. We are inclined to think that the wrongs endured by the French peasant before the Revolution—and they were indeed crying—were equalled by the false standard set up by the first Napoleon. He taught France—and vanity is one of the dominant failings of the French nation—to make glory their life's *credo*; but the man who lives for fame cannot live for the cross, and France, in striving after a false liberty, equality, and fraternity, has lost her birthright of the faith. The book does not deal with this side of the question, which to us, as Catholics, greatly diminishes its worth. Its power lies in statistics, practical observations of the working of both English and French systems of primary education, and in genuine thought. He points out in a very suggestive manner the radical difference between French and English. Our force lies in our individuality, that of our neighbors across the Channel in their collectiveness. We are under, they are over, governed; and, without making himself the apologist of either, Mr. Matthew Arnold endeavors to show what each might gain from the other. "I believe," he says, "as every Englishman believes, that *over-government* is pernicious and dangerous; that the state cannot safely be trusted to undertake everything, to superintend everywhere. But, having once made this profession of faith, I shall proceed to point out as may be necessary, without perpetually repeating it, some inconveniences of *under-government*; to call attention to certain important particulars in which, within the domains of a single great question, that of public education, the direct action of the state has produced salutary and enviable results."†

Again, with the pen of a master he describes the Swiss democracy as the "elimination of superiorities," and he notes

* *Popular Education in France*, p. xxi.

† *Ibid.*, p. 11.

the decay of vital aspirations in the Dutch people. At the time of the publication of this book (1861) Mr. Matthew Arnold was able to describe the French system of education as "religious." He could not now persevere in the statement, and this is one of the evils of a *pièce de circonstance*. It is made for the moment, and its future depends on the degree of real thought which is, as it were, evolved by the subject-matter. Whatever oblivion may in consequence of this circumstance fall upon *Popular Education in France*, we may safely predict a long life to the introduction; but though we readily acknowledge the immortality of the intellect, we take objection to this eloquent closing sentence; "Human thought, which made all institutions, inevitably saps them, resting only in that which is absolute and eternal." Here we have, as in a kernel, the heresy of Mr. Matthew Arnold: that glorification of man who moves and is not moved, and so comes to be a first principle of the universe. We are often called upon to admire the education which can make men profoundly religious without the spirit of sect, but dogma is to the life of the soul what bread is to the human body. A distaste for bread is one of the symptoms of anæmia, or want of blood. A turning away from dogmatic belief generates spiritual consumption, want of blood and power, and all the class of maladies known as nervous or hypochondriacal. But if the natural food of life be foregone it is evident that there must be excess in some other department. There will be unwholesome fancies, a craving for another food which may supply the place of bread. The breadless Christians found a school which produces consumptive or nervous patients in the religious order. They are interesting, wayward, refined, highly bred, but they are not sound. Dr. Arnold, the late headmaster of Rugby, emulated the Dutch manner in his education of youth. He wanted to propagate Christian sentiment rather than Christian dogma, and he deliberately asserted not only that the church was entirely corrupt, but that if it did exist it must be an impediment in the way of knowing our Lord. The result of this system is becoming every day clearer; it produces high intellectual excellence and moral goodness when it happens to be exercised on a noble nature, but, as it does not feed the soul on the bread of life, the spiritual nature of a man so trained lacks the first properties of well-being. It is not his temptation to say, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The cry of modern intellect is rather, "Let us taste of the tree of forbidden fruit, and we shall become like to the First Cause of all things."

An extraordinary interest, so it seems to us, is attached to the luminous pages in which Mr. Matthew Arnold sets forth the character of the English, Celt, and Germanic genius.* We fail to apprehend ourselves and to be apprehended, because we do not take into sufficient account the many sources of our national life. The English spirit is characterized by "energy with honesty," the Germanic by "steadiness with honesty." The first of these substantives indicates that radical divergence between us which is not always freely admitted. Our Norman and Celt element gives us sentiment, and sometimes magic brightness, in place of the German commonplaceness.

"Steadiness with honesty—the danger for a national spirit thus composed is the humdrum, the plain and ugly, the ignoble; in a word, *das Gemeine, die Gemeinheit*, that curse of Germany against which Goethe was all his life fighting. The excellence of a national spirit thus composed is freedom from whim, flightiness, perverseness; patient fidelity to nature—in a word, *science*—leading it at last, though slowly, and not by the most brilliant road, out of the bondage of the humdrum and common into the better life. The universal dead-level of plainness and homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere, pressing at last like a weight on the spirits of the traveller in northern Germany, and making him impatient to be gone—this is the weak side; the industry, the well-doing, the patient, steady elaboration of things, the idea of science governing all departments of human activity—this is the strong side."†

Venerable Bede could find it in his heart to record Celtic sloth in his grave history.‡ We, in return, have been always reproached for our slowness. "*For dulness the creeping Saxons,*" said an old Irish poem. The coarseness, thoroughness, and snobbery of the British character come probably from our Saxon forefathers. We should be unbearable without those lighter touches of the Celt and Norman natures. To quote our author:

"*Sentiment* is the word which marks where the Celtic races really touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by a single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow—this is the main point. . . . The essence of the Celtic temperament is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion, to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay*, it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from *gaudium*, but from the Celtic *gair*, to laugh. . . . The Celt loves bright colors; he easily becomes audacious, overcrowing, full of fanfaronade. The German, says the physiologist, has the larger

* *On the Study of Celtic Literature.*

† *Popular Education in France*, p. 97.

‡ *Historia Ecclesie Gentis Anglorum*, cap. iv. lib. iv.

volume of intestines (and who that has ever seen a German at a *table d'hôte* will not readily believe this?); the Frenchman has the more developed organs of respiration. That is just the expansive, eager Celtic nature: the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a *proud look and a high stomach*, as the Psalmist says. . . . For good and for bad the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement: he is truly sentimental."*

English Philistinism is essentially Germanic in its results, which are not fully reached in England on account of our Celtic element. Philistinism in England, according to our author, produces "doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave"; whereas in Germany it may lead to science as the habit of "steadiness with honesty." In speaking of our Norman element Mr. Matthew Arnold goes on to prove that the French are civilized Celts. The "stronger civilization" with which they came in contact built up a Latin house on a Celtic structure.

The well-defined and clear statement of the three elements in our national character may cause Englishmen to take a new view of themselves. Curiously enough, Mr. Matthew Arnold alleges these elements as an explanation of that feature in our very exterior which our neighbors, the French, are so quick to note. "Nearly every Englishman," says George Sand, whom he quotes, "however good-looking he may be, has always something singular about him which easily comes to seem comic—a sort of typical awkwardness (*gaucherie typique*) in his looks or appearance which hardly ever wears out." We are not "all of a piece," and so we are *bizarres*. Our nature gains thereby, but our appearance suffers.

Again, the Celtic element is predominant in our poetry. It is in poetry that the Celt chiefly excels, for it requires less struggle with the rigidity of facts, less labor, and less patience. He does well that which nature has given him. These lectures are a bit of special pleading against the *terre-à-terre* Philistinism in England. Before we become too commonplace in our German habit of going near the ground Mr. Matthew Arnold would have us found a chair of Celtic at Oxford. But much that he attributes to the emotional Celtic nature was due to the influences of religion. Never did a system so completely forego the softening dews of Christian idealism as Puritanism, which he describes as

* *Popular Education in France*, p. 100.

the characteristic feature of English piety. Luther, he says, was a Philister of genius, and what can be expected from a Philister in religion? Not high ideals, or wide horizons, or breezy moors, or snow-covered mountains, but only as much piety as is compatible with the perfect thoroughgoingness of every-day life. Subtracting the genius in the father, the sons will become *gemein* in the extreme, with absolutely no end of capacity for dull platitudes. We think whilst Mr. Matthew Arnold has admirably painted the Celtic handling of nature as forming a special gift for poetry, he has not sufficiently taken into account an obvious source of German commonplaceness: the soul of the nation lacks spiritual ideals. Dante and Shakspeare and Milton were brought up in an atmosphere of Christianity, which they inhaled. It is just this temperature which the German poets lack, for the Christendom of Germany has been destroyed before the intellectual mind of the country was formed. Goethe and Schiller are its poetical representatives; but besides the want of style, which is a purely literary failing of their country, they have not the advantage of breathing Christian air; their masterpieces will have the long life of genius, not the immortality of the highest ideal.

The defect of Goethe and Schiller seems to be reproduced in Mr. Matthew Arnold's own poems. They have in them too much of nature, bright, sparkling, and tender though that nature may be, and too little of grace. Our social atmosphere is teeming with materialism, not Christianity; and unless our poets seek an immortal nectar apart from the crowd, we shall have to make the sad confession that the age of poetry is beginning to decline. That which formerly was in the very air men breathed must now be supplied by individual conviction. Let not the poet forget that the wings of the "grand manner" are high ideals—ideals which are based on faith in things invisible.

Generalities are more freely conceded to poetry than prose. We should, indeed, say that they are the tendency not only of second-rate poetry—and this does not apply to Mr. Matthew Arnold—but of what has now come to be considered, such is our weakness, as an elegance, second-rate Christianity. The sure instinct of the lark bears him upwards. Not so our modern poet: he hovers about in mid-air, leaving his readers uncertain as to his ultimate destination.

Notwithstanding the sweeping assertion as to "human souls," the following lines, which the bard Neckan accompanies on his golden harp, contain a touch of real feeling:

"He wept: 'The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles:
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above—
But, ah! not human souls.'"

On the other hand, there is a false sentimentality in this verse, taken from his lyric poem, "Absence," an unconscious tribute against a power than which there is none greater on earth—our free will:

"But each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will."

What, again, can more truly represent the dreary waste which the spirit of unbelief is opening upon us than the following picture, taken from "Dover Beach"?

"The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

In the next verse, too, it is the earth as it might have been without revelation, not as faith makes it:

"Ah! love, let us be true
To one another; for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

In those remarkable lectures from which we have largely quoted, *On the Study of Celtic Literature*, Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of four ways of handling nature—the conventional way, the faithful way, the Greek way, and the magical way. He credits the Celt with excelling in the latter way, and attributes to our Celtic element the power shown by English poets in this particular. In his narrative-poems he himself gives proof of Celtic magic in his delicate pictures from nature. The story of Tristram and Iseult is unworthy of the poet's ardor, yet if poetry is not based upon divine love we must often be contented to

accept its feeble shadow, the overweening love which human hearts wrongfully give each other. Iseult is telling her children the tale of Merlin and the lovely fay "under the hollies one bright winter's day":

"They came to where the brushwood ceased, and day
Peer'd 'twixt the stems; and the ground broke away
In a sloped sward down to a brawling brook.
And up as high as where they stood to look
On the brook's farther side was clear; but then
The underwood and trees began again.
This open glen was studded thick with thorns,
Then white with blossom; and you saw the horns,
Through last year's fern, of the shy fallow-deer
Who come at noon down to the water here.
You saw the bright-eyed squirrels dart along
Under the thorns on the green sward, and strong
The blackbird whistled from the dingles near,
And the weird chipping of the woodpecker
Rang lonelily and sharp; the sky was fair,
And a fresh breath of spring stirr'd everywhere,"

Were it not, indeed, for an occasional chord of speaking melody, we should say that Mr. Matthew Arnold's genius as a poet lay in his sylvan descriptions of nature. Sohrab's dying words to his father, for instance, contain a great truth poetically expressed:

"For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die."

In the poem "Rugby Chapel," which he has dedicated to his father's memory, a very strong breath of pantheism is blowing. The natural instinct of man to doubt the soul's immortality is in this nineteenth century of the Christian era what it was in Cicero's time. There is a forcible similarity between Sulpicius' letter to Cicero on the death of his beloved Tullia—a masterpiece of pagan sentiment—and these lines. A "*si quis etiam inferis sensus est*" is running all through them; for it is hard to classify in any of the regions known to faith the vague sphere allotted by Mr. Matthew Arnold to his father's spirit:

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

" Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here !
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad !
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
"Twixt vice and virtue ; reviv'st,
Succorest !—this was thy work,
This was thy life, upon earth."

After this decided bit of modern paganism the poem goes on to take a view of human doings scarcely encouraging when the dim hereafter which he allows them be considered. However, he deals more satisfactorily with life than with death, although, to our mind, in the following lines there is a serious lack of the "grand manner." The ideas are clothed in the every-day dress of humdrum life, not in poetical raiment :

" What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth ?
Most men eddy about
Here and there, eat and drink,
Chatter, and love, and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurled in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing ; and then they die—
Perish—and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost ocean, have swelled,
Foamed for a moment, and gone."

" And there are some whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent,
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah ! yes, some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave !"

We may, however, point out two poems in which our craving for ideal is more fully satisfied, and which breathe a more definite faith. They are "Stagirius" and "Monica's Last Prayer." The concluding lines of the latter are in telling contrast to the dark, November gloom of "Rugby Chapel":

" Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole ;
Yet we her memory, as she prayed, will keep—
Keep by this : *Life in God, and union there.*"

"Stagirius" has upon it the bloom of faith, though it may be faith rather in Jehovah than the God of the Incarnation. The eloquence of our day is apt to clothe all questions of the soul in a veil of mist. Throughout the poem the effort is sustained. We quote the first and last verses as a sample :

" Thou, who dost dwell alone,
Thou, who dost know thine own,
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh ! save.
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep
Heavy as death, cold as the grave,
Save, oh ! save."

" Oh ! let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually !
Oh ! where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb,
Let all words be mild,
All strifes be reconciled,
All pains beguiled !
Light bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing !
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh ! save."

We do not pretend to give a general survey of Mr. Matthew Arnold's works. They bear upon them so largely the character of wide and solid culture that they can only be well apprehended by those literary tourists who carry out in letters the British zeal for exploring territory in the physical world. He is no

smatterer, yet, if we are not deceived, his works will not succeed in feeding hungry hearts. They offer great pleasures of mind, but practically do not recognize the requirements of that which is higher than mind—the soul. As it is the tendency of modern education and aim to make the human intellect monarch of every other human aspiration, so, in a writer who vividly portrays its excellences and shortcomings, will the reader be enabled to weigh the system in the balance, and, we fervently hope, to find it wanting. Learning has taken a great step out of the true way; when once more it leads up to God, then the mind's flights will have surer wings, and those who are borne aloft a safer resting-place.

With faith as his basis Mr. Matthew Arnold might have written for eternity, whereas his pen belongs to time, and, as in the case of worn-out human mortality, the earth will close over its tomb.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

LITERATURE is generally a gainer when a man who has been a prominent actor in important events, after a lapse of time has cleared his judgment and mellowed the events into memories, undertakes the duty of writing their history; more especially if the man be well fitted in special particulars for such a task. History thus written has its drawbacks. If among the attributes of the writer be observation and sympathy, the narrative will, of course, possess a freshness and warmth and human interest which must be wanting in all except the rare few of histories written by men generations removed from their subject. But such a book is always open to the danger of being colored by the views which the writer held when he took a partisan's share in the events he sets himself to chronicle; to be tainted even by a partisan's not unnatural endeavor to vindicate his own case at the expense of an imperfect statement of the cases of those who differed from him. Still, this danger does not always befall; there have been bright exceptions to this as to every other rule; and if ever there was reason to look for an impartial and truly valuable contribution to contemporaneous history, it surely was

* *Four Years of Irish History—1845–1849.* A sequel to *Young Ireland.* By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 1883.

when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy retired from public life at the close of a long career to write the story of Young Ireland.

Sir Charles is an aged man : the frosts of full seventy winters have writ their story on his brow ; but his is one of those intellects which age seems but to ripen. Almost half a century of time stretches away between him and the Irish movements in which he took a part. All of the contemporaries with whom he held contention are laid beneath the much-condoning clay ; the pathos of the grave sheds its softening halo round their memory. The life of the exile in the colony of his adoption was one of prosperity and distinction, in which everything that happened was calculated to leaven whatever bitterness might have entered into his life before. As a writer, for grace, power, and clearness of style, Gavan Duffy was always without a compeer among a galaxy of brilliant writers. The subject of his book was one which might inspire a duller pen than that of the once editor of the *Dublin Nation*—a subject which for lovers of freedom everywhere possesses a fascination, and which to the student of the strange Irish problem is one of the most interesting in history. Nothing was wanting, to all seeming, to the ex-Young-Irelander and ex-prime-minister of Victoria to fit him for the task he had undertaken and to enable him to make the work in his hand a great one.

It is a pitiful thing, therefore, to have to say, after mature and full consideration of this second volume of Sir Charles Duffy's book, that it is a disappointment in all the best particulars in regard to which the circumstances seemed to warrant expectation. The book has its literary charm, 'tis true, for it is written with a vigor, movement, polished ease, and artistic effect which make it readable with the ease and pleasure of a novel. True, also, it has its historical value, as it could not help having where such a writer conscientiously set down what he recollected of such men and such events as his narrative treats of. But this *Four Years of Irish History* comes into the period where patriotism was brought down from poetry and oratory to the grim necessity of action, where the friction of men and parties really began, where bitternesses were engendered, where men were put through the crucible of desperate alternatives. And it reveals Gavan Duffy, after this great stretch of time, as possessed as strongly by the same animosities and jealousies as when his paper was banned by Conciliation Hall, or when he chafed at the Mitchelite secession, or when, a disgusted politician, he left his country "a corpse on the dissecting table." To all who are

in a position to read between the lines the *motif* of this book is painfully evident. It is not the great opportunity to write unbiassed history that is availed of; it is the opportunity for which a politician about whose record there was a difference of opinion waited to depreciate his antagonists, after his antagonists were all dead, and to glorify himself when there was none left to dim his manufactured lustre. Instead of being a narrative of very great and remarkable events, in which the writer's part was by no means the most important, this book is nothing more nor less than an apotheosis and vindication of the writer's self at the expense of almost every individual the prominent placing of whom might interfere with the intended effect. It is a glowing picture, in which Charles Gavan Duffy is the central figure, round whom all other persons and things are grouped as subordinate elements. History there is, to be sure, but the history is subservient to the ruling purpose; it is just the fine historical background necessary to the portrait of so great a statesman. All whom it may concern are now presented with an elaborated announcement, delivered by himself at the end of his days, that Charles Gavan Duffy, alone out of all who took part in these troublous Irish events of thirty-five years ago, was the one human being without fault or blemish morally or intellectually; that he alone knew what was right to do for Ireland, that he alone did what was right, that he alone never faltered or made mistakes. O'Connell, it is dinned with anxious iteration, was from the year of his imprisonment a victim to softening of the brain and the slave of his favorite son, John, and when famine fell upon the land all the dilapidated tribune could do was to sell himself to the Whigs, in order that he might have patronage to distribute to his family and his *valetaille*; O'Connell's favorite son, John, was a venal, mischievous, miserable creature, the author's abhorrence and contempt for whom all the pages in the book are scarce sufficient to contain; Mitchel was a truculent and unscrupulous Jacobin, whose head was turned with vanity; Smith O'Brien was too scrupulous, too punctilious, too slow; Fintan Lalor was a Marat whose mind, brooding in a deformed body, begat a being by whom wise and constitutional patriots like Duffy expected to be sent to the scaffold in case of an Irish *jacquerie*; Devin Reilly was a mad young fool, who taught "revolting" methods of street-fighting in Mitchel's paper; Father Kenyon grovelled to his bishop and betrayed the cause; John Martin was an amiable old child, who had no business in a revolution. So on through the list of those who are dead, and

who differed from him in action or said harsh things of him afterwards—even the memory of Pigot is not left unaspersed—goes Sir Charles Duffy, showing, not without a fair parade of plausibility, that of the whole lot the author of the fascinating book before us was alone the perfect man. For it is to be remarked that all this is done with very subtle skill. One does not see the drift at first. One has to think and think, and read between the lines; and it is quite possible that people not more familiar with the events Sir Charles treats of than Sir Charles' book can make them, and bearing in mind the author's unquestionably beautiful and generous tribute to his friends of the sunny pre-famine period contained in his first volume, might rise from the perusal of this *Four Years* with the conviction that, for the patriot who was the guiding light and spirit of his time, and who was crossed in so many ways by unworthy and headstrong rivals, the writer was a singularly magnanimous and modest man. "The one aim of this book," the author assures us, "is to negative long-received opinions and to disturb rooted prepossessions." That may very well be, if one of the rooted prepossessions is that the Famine was the historical fact of most magnitude and import in the Ireland of 1846-47, and not John O'Connell's treachery or Gavan Duffy's perfections; and if the chief long-received opinion in the author's eye relates to the belief that C. G. Duffy was a fine patriot as long as patriotism kept in smooth water and the *Nation* was making thousands a year, but a rather knock-kneed revolutionist when the rôle demanded commercial sacrifice and physical suffering, and the stake was life or death. It is, indeed, a painful spectacle—this old man, with the ability to write history, with a sacred trust in his hands, using that trust to exact vengeance at the end of his days for every injury that was done him, every slight that was put upon him, every hard thing that was said about him in his early career; devoting all the powers of his skilful pen to vilipend a leader beside whom he was a political pigmy, and comrades who are not alive to answer him when he strives to cloud their memory in the incense which he burns round himself.

The chapter of Irish history which opened with the Repeal agitation and ended on the common of Boulah is one of the most instructive in all the checkered story. At the present day Ireland has the benefit of the experience and fruits of three separate national movements of widely differing characters—not counting the Land League agitation or the movement on foot at present—one of them a moral-force agitation, one an attempt at insurrec-

tion, and one a rather formidable conspiracy. When O'Connell first appeared upon an Irish platform a very different state of things existed. His thunder-voice was the first tocsin for two centuries that appealed to the Irish Catholic masses, as distinguished from the Protestant colony, summoning them to a striving for religious and national freedom. It was a summons, when they first heard it, they could not comprehend. The eighteenth century, after the broken treaty of Limerick, and the penal laws, was a time during which the Irish Celts had lain prostrate under a sort of nightmare in which famines, priest-hunts, tenant-exterminations were the spectres that moved across the frightened retina. The patriotism of Swift and Molyneux addressed itself only to the Protestant Anglo-Irish, excluding dissenting Presbyterians as well as native Papists. The revolution of the Volunteers was the movement of the same caste. The Catholics who had worked with Wolfe Tone, and who had taken part in the premature insurrection which the government fomented and trampled out in blood and fire in 1798, were either hanged or otherwise dead in 1829; and the generation succeeding them were reared in utter ignorance, and had no national memories save hopeless ones of insurrection associated with floggings at the cart's tail and stranglings on the gallows. It was such a population O'Connell addressed when he first dreamed of Irish freedom. It was among such a people he essayed to enkindle the divine flame of patriotism; it was such a race he hoped to inspire to mighty deeds and lead into a proud place among the nations. He who wants to judge O'Connell rightly, it is this fact he must before all and above all study and appraise. The attempt is without parallel in history. The Deáks, the Kossuths, the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, and all the other European patriots and sham patriots of that and subsequent eras could nor would never have moved without their public opinion already formed; without their national parties prepared to leave a foreign parliament in a body, like the Hungarians, and their drilled battalions eager for the clang of battle, like the levies of Italia Irridenta. No one would have dreamed of galvanizing into passionate national life a huge chain-gang of cowed and ignorant slaves but O'Connell. No one could have done it but O'Connell. He was the man of his time. He did the work appointed to him, and he did it alone. When he went down to Clare and appeared on the hustings against Vesey Fitzgerald the people could not believe their eyes, and the farmers who returned him triumphantly to the amaze of the world, and who defied the scowls of their

landlords, which to them meant sentences of death, were themselves more amazed than any at the miracle. It was altogether alone, and despite the entreaty of every friend, he took the sublimely daring resolution of bearding the Beresford in his fortress; and when at the Waterford election he smote down the strongest champion of the ascendancy, and trampled on his pride in the place where the house of Beresford reigned almost as a house of kings, people said a portent had appeared in the Irish sky. Step after step he had to move alone; teaching, exhorting, inspiring friends and fighting enemies, he had to fulfil his mission alone and solitary. His difficulties were as colossal as his achievements. Any other man but the giant he was would have fallen down beneath them. This Titan, with the voice of thunder and of murmuring brook-music, and kingly heart and statesman's mind, and power to sway a people's passions as Jove compelled the clouds, this great figure filled up—was, in short, himself the embodiment of—Ireland's history for a quarter of a century. The people loved him with a wondrous love; for he could touch the subtlest chords of the Irish heart, and all his attributes—his fancy, his humor, his power of passionate hate and tenderest love—were the attributes of the Irish genius intensified. His faults were the faults of all great movers of men, and they were dwarfed by the bigness of his virtues. Critics like Duffy, endeavoring to magnify them, are like Gulliver contemplating the freckles of the giants of Brobdingnag. He was one of the great men not alone of Ireland but of his time. Balzac thought that the three men whom the century had produced who towered high above all the rest were Napoleon, Cuvier, and "the incarnation of a people, O'Connell." When he died the capitals of France and Italy mourned him as one of their own illustrious dead.

When O'Connell had aroused a national spirit into buoyant life over the land; when his monster meetings, at which his nation used to marshal by the quarter-million with the order and discipline of mighty armies, were the cynosure of the age; when his power and prestige had reached their perihelion, he began for the first time to feel a force beside him other than himself in national propagandism. In 1843—the "Repeal Year"—a young Protestant lawyer, who had gained a reputation among the colleges and learned societies as a scholar and archæologist, himself inspired by O'Connell's movement, gathered round him a party of talented young men similarly inspired, and silently, earnestly, devotedly, disinterestedly, nobly set to work. He was "an honest man armed with a newspaper," and much more. Of Davis it is

true enough to say that with him "a soul came into Ireland." O'Connell, who had to rouse from deadly apathy, to drill, to organize, to create from slave-material his army of erect men thirsting for freedom, had but scant time left to carry out the education of them as well. Davis undertook to teach what O'Connell had called into being. He and his *Nation* party enlightened and ennobled the patriotism of which O'Connell had supplied the bone and sinew. By glowing ballad and spirited essay they taught that Ireland was no mere province or colony, but an ancient kingdom that had heroes who fought for her, martyrs who died for her, saints who gained her sanctity, and kings and scholars who won her renown. They spread before the youths and men in the Repeal reading-rooms, in accurate historic dissertations instinct with life and sympathy, the glorious story of Ireland's past. They painted the high state of culture and civilization which existed in Ireland when other nations of western Europe had not emerged from barbarism; they clothed the crumbling ruins in the country parishes with associations of the Island of Saints and Doctors, to whose courts and universities the princes of Europe used to come for education; they followed St. Columbkille in his apostleship across the Continent; they pictured the English Alfred sending to Ireland for professors when he wanted to found the first of English universities in Oxford; they expounded the wisdom and enlightenment of the Brehon laws; they explained the art which could work a Tara brooch, design an Ardagh chalice, or illuminate a Book of Kells; above all, they dwelt upon every battle-field where an Irish soldier fought for freedom: their brightest colors, their most ardent praise, were reserved for the military patriots who summoned the clans in arms against the foreign enemy: their best study and energies were devoted to the cloudy-and-lightening period of Irish history since the first English conquest—to bringing into prominence and setting before the masses of their countrymen the deeds of valor and prowess which ignorance had so long hidden from their ken. Their mission was to create the pabulum of an exalted Irish nationality; and that mission they brilliantly fulfilled.

Much controversy has been expended on the relations which existed between O'Connell and these young men. Sir Charles Duffy in his first volume laid the utmost stress upon O'Connell's jealousy of his fellow-workers; and in the present volume he spreads the subject out from beginning to end of the book. But Duffy, for his own purposes, has exploited but the flimsiest out-

ward seemings of this question. There were some points of friction, it is true, and passages in which poor human nature was not altogether perfect. But Davis' was too pure and imperial a soul to harbor paltry feelings, and he loved O'Connell with a strong affection, while O'Connell's great heart held Davis in its inmost core. The young men who surrounded Davis, too, O'Connell loved, and felt their party to be a noble power and ally; and this he proved on more than one occasion. Davis, notwithstanding all the genius of his *Nation* phalanx, despaired of Repeal without O'Connell. O'Connell, when Davis died, was nearly paralyzed with grief; his letter from Derrynane to the Repeal Association was brief that week, and was nothing but a passionate lament for the dead. "As I stand alone," he cried, "in the solitude of my mountains, many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. . . . I can write no more—my tears blind me—and—after all,

'Fungar inani munere.'

The saddest thing in all the world for any one who has sympathy in them is to read the story of the shattering of these bounding hopes. From the imprisonment of O'Connell to the first year of the famine was an interval of decline. The Repeal movement had never recovered from the disillusioning of Clontarf; it had been the simulacrum of a "force" from that day, and England felt she might appoint her Devon commission to discover the best methods for removing the multitudinous "Celts" who used to furnish its imposing *materiel*. Davis died in 1845, and the Young Ireland party was left without its head and heart. O'Connell's health began to fail him in 1846, and Conciliation Hall was passing into the hands of his favorite son John. While the two practically leaderless parties were embroiled in dissensions over questions of ethics and theology, a calamity fell upon the land which almost in a night bouleversed the entire Irish situation.

The famine came. It was a dread phenomenon of such tremendous import that all questions which had hitherto affected the Irish people faded out of significance beside it. It struck at the very existence of the people. In a year the tens of thousands who made the might and glory of the monster meetings were dead of hunger and the plague. This new foe was slaughtering the Irish race faster than the whole English army, with artillery and musketry and steel working night and day, could

slaughter them. And this slaughtering was done by such means and with such accompaniments that a traveller through the land might fancy himself walking in the Purgatory painted by Dante. Men who realized the full import of this phenomenon were appalled. To think of it and witness it was an experience which might shake reason from her firmest thrones. Of the very few who then really understood its nature, one was O'Connell, and another was a member of the Young Ireland party—John Mitchel. It broke O'Connell's great heart, and, for a while, perhaps the strength of Mitchel's intellect was not proof against its presence. Charles Gavan Duffy assuredly was not one of the few. His own book proves it. Where its pages, if it purports to be a history of the four years, should be occupied with the causes and effects of the famine and the true necessities of the new situation as they appeared to his judgment after thirty-five years' reflection, they are taken up with endless twaddle about the squabbles between the young men and John O'Connell, and Duffy's own perfect plan for attaining Repeal in thirty years' time by his great "Parliamentary Party" programme—as if that were what was in men's minds while they lay in *articulo mortis* by the ditch-side.

The famine was a thing to be met by a national government putting forth all its energies and employing all its resources. One of the most awful anomalies in history existed then: while millions of the Irish population were dying for want of food, sufficient food, notwithstanding the potato-blight, to feed twice the whole Irish population was being gathered off Irish farms and shipped away to England! It has been computed that in every one of the years 1846, 1847, and 1848 Ireland was exporting to England corn, cattle, bacon, butter, and eggs to the amount of fifteen million pounds sterling. A national government would have stopped this drain and kept the food in the country to feed the people at any cost. But what Ireland wanted was a national government; and it was by no means the desire of the British statesmen who ruled her destinies to give her back her plundered property in order to keep alive her multitudinous and troublesome Celts. After delaying, to try how effectual delay would prove, they proposed measures of "relief" which added the only new horror which could intensify the horror of the famine itself. To complete the ghastly travesty they appealed to the world for "charity" for the people they were striving to destroy.

In the midst of this direful crisis O'Connell died. He was journeying towards Italy to seek in a warm climate the restora-

tion of his shattered health. At Genoa the summons reached him, and he died—"heart-broken," as Mitchel says, "not by a mean vexation at seeing his powers departing from him—the man was too great for that—but by the sight of his people sinking every day into death under their inevitable, inexorable doom." Thus was Ireland struck a double blow; thus in the hour of her supreme need was she deprived of the only leader whose force would have been equal to the crisis.

A situation of the most terrible character had to be met, and substantially the only men who were to meet it were the young men who constituted the party known as Young Ireland. The government had not only abandoned its duty but was conniving at the disaster. The Liberator was dead. These young men, without sufficient influence to be sure of a mass-meeting assembling at their call, were alone with the mighty duty. Posterity is now sufficiently assured of one thing—the Young-Irelanders conscientiously and fearlessly did their best all through this crisis. But they were nearly all of them young, and scarce more than one of them realized the true character of the calamity they stood in presence of. That calamity changed everything vitally; yet they continued to feed upon heroic and sublime dreams of ideal nationhood. Meagher in the depth of the famine never made a speech relating to Irish politics without abundant allusions to the histories of Rome and Sparta, as if he saw an affinity between the circumstances of skeleton peasants eating grass and shaking in famine-typhus and the iron warriors who made their slaves drunk that they might learn lessons of self-denial from contemplating the spectacle of debased humanity. Nevertheless they met in council to devise a plan. Duffy, who always posed as the wise man of the party, especially in the matter of policies and plans, submitted his scheme. As a plan of campaign one of his contemporaries said afterwards "it was as perfect as Grant's against Richmond." But as a method for averting the particular crisis it was just as grotesque and foreign to the necessity as it would have been to Grant in his campaign against Richmond. It showed an utter inability to comprehend the situation. It was simply an elaborated and perfect scheme for obtaining, as Mitchel put it, the constitution of 1782 by the time they had reached 1882, and it included among its cardinal points the return of popular candidates to Parliament and the reform of the magistracy and the grand-jury system; all this plan required was "patience," and it would free Ireland. The curse of Irish politics, exclaims Gavan Duffy, is "impatience." The

people who were dropping dead in the ditches while the harvest was being carried off their fields needed only grand-jury reform and popular candidates, and these they would obtain provided only they were not "impatient." James Fintan Lalor, from the Queen's County, sent up the only plan which had in it the elements of opportunism; but it was marred by its visionary spirit. It proposed a kind of peasant war carried out by method. The people were to seize upon the harvest their own industry had raised, were to refuse the payment of rents, provide themselves with what arms they could, retreat to mountain positions, adopt the tactics of guerrillas, and let the government say what it was going to do about it. The people would be saved from famine-graves and a real crisis would be brought about in the relations between England and Ireland. Would this scheme have been justifiable? Undoubtedly it would. More people were being killed every week by the government-exploited famine than the English slew at Waterloo. If a man is starving he is justified in seizing the nearest loaf—much more so if the loaf be by moral right his own. Landlords were neglecting their duty, and the rents which they then exacted have been proved by Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1880 to have been shameless plunder. Anything would have been justifiable that would have stayed the carnage which was transforming the whole country into a fetid charnel-house.* Was it practicable? Duffy, in disparagement, is fond of saying in his book that the man who will not prove staunch at the polling-booth is not likely to prove a hero in the field at a call to arms. The analogy is entirely specious. A man who is dying with grass in his mouth will find it very difficult to see what he is to gain by trying to walk to town to register his vote for a parliamentary orator; the same man will understand the logic at once when he is told to seize that bullock on the hill and kill it, and eat it and share it with his famished wife and children, and to gather up the wheat that grows upon his farm, and bear it away with him to the mountains instead of yielding it to a greedy landlord as an instalment of the rent. Smith O'Brien, the noble, the pure-hearted, but the man of quixotic punctilio, totally dissented from this. Besides his scruples he had a not unnatural leaning towards his own caste, and cherished a vain hope that

* But the best collateral evidence in this regard is furnished by Duffy, who relates that Dr. Maginn, Bishop of Derry, in overtures with O'Brien and himself, assured them that "if the insurrectionary movement were postponed for three months till the harvest would be stored he would join it himself with twenty officers in black uniforms."

the miracle was possible of transforming the alien landlords, the "English garrison," of the country, from the enemies to the friends of the Celtic people. Mitchel alone adopted Lalor's idea; with John Martin and Devin Reilly he broke away from the *Nation* and the Confederation, and started a new paper, the *United Irishman*, for the express purpose of preaching the new policy.

Mitchel was the man of that party who was most impressed by the famine. He was possessed, too, by that sacred confidence which causes men to feel they have "missions," and which impels them to follow out their object with indomitable will in spite of all obstacles and sacrifices. Such men, if there are enough of them, are the makers of revolutions. There were not enough of them in the Young Ireland party, and one came to grief where a dozen might have made a triumph. Mitchel decided on his policy because he saw the people dying, and inevitably bound to die, in frightful hecatombs, while the English government was left uninterrupted to superintend the sacrifice. His soul grew black with hate of the tyranny which played its game with such diabolism. Better, he said, at the worst, the people die of bayonet-thrusts, like men resisting this, than like Swift's poisoned rat in a hole. The flaw in Mitchel's policy was want of method and calculation. He had an idea that the people would rise in spontaneous rebellion when the right opportunity came, and that the leader of the successful revolution would then be forthcoming, too—"the man who would lead Ireland to freedom and glory," he said, "might be found walking the silent streets, his elbows out of his coat and without his dinner." Had he adopted Lalor's plan as well as Lalor's idea it would have been, as we have hinted, more methodic. Mitchel began to preach this policy in his paper in a manner singularly trenchant and vigorous. Duffy, in his *Nation*, remained constitutional and safe. O'Brien, Dillon, Meagher, and the rest wavered in anxious doubt. Just then an event occurred which swept the whole party off their legs. News came that Louis Philippe had fled from his throne, and that France, by the will of her sovereign people, was again a republic! This success of a popular rising intoxicated every member of Young Ireland from Mitchel even to the staid O'Brien. It is needless now to dwell on the madness which saw a parallel between moribund Ireland's case and that of rich France, inured to revolution; or between a famished people wrestling with a foreign enemy and a free country changing one form of national government for another.

All the Young-Irelanders went in for revolution now. Duffy was carried along with the tide and had to sound the tocsin of war. Mitchel wrote stark treason in the frankest vein. Had they waited till the harvest was gathered in, made quiet and cautious preparations in the meanwhile for a campaign of guerrilla warfare, the insurrection of a people in despair might have had elements of success. But this talking only served to inspire the government to strive and force their hand, which it set about doing without delay. The editors were promptly served with summonses for sedition. To suit Mitchel's case a Treason Felony Act was passed through Parliament. Mitchel was brought to trial before an extra-well-packed jury in Green Street; he was found guilty of treason-felony and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He was carried from Dublin that night on the *Shearwater* man-o'-war, the people looking on and making no sign. After Mitchel's arrest John Martin started the *Irish Felon*, and a band of students, the most distinguished of whom were D'Alton Williams, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and John Savage, established another revolutionary organ in the *Irish Tribune*. But the government followed up their *coup*. Warrants were presently issued for the arrest of all the prominent Young-Irelanders.

There was positively no other alternative for the men unarrested but to take to the country and summon the people to rise then and there. It was the only chance of putting their policy to the test, and of proving their sincerity in their professions to the extent of staking their own lives upon the issue. They did go to the country, and their attempted rising failed, chiefly because the people were almost totally unprepared for it, and partly because of O'Brien's scruples, which would not permit the insurgents to seize provisions and pay for them by the *assignats* of the provisional government. But it ended not ingloriously. That very "cabbage-garden" of the Widow McCormack on the common of Boulah, parish of Ballingarry, in the action of O'Brien that day with his half-dozen followers, witnessed as sublime and pathetic a scene of heroism as stands on the records of any nation, free or subjugate.

At this cool and secure distance of time it is easy to criticise the action of these men. But placed in the immediate midst of the circumstances which surrounded them, put face to face with the enormity of the famine horrors, with the iniquity of a government using the famine as a lever for the destruction of the people, with the death of the only leader who could inspire uni-

versal popular confidence—put, in short, in a position where every man with a heart to feel was all but plunged in utter despair, and surrounded by the dazzling examples which the new-born nationalities of the Continent were supplying—we would like to see the men who would have acted a better part than did these men of 1848. The worst that can be said of them was that they were young and unequal to the situation. We would like to hear who else was at that time equal to the situation. In any event, no one disputes that they were as nobly disinterested, heroic, brilliant a band of patriots as any nation of the earth can boast of. Ballingarry may have been a sad mistake. But the present generation of Irishmen are the wiser for the experience of that mistake; and all generations of Irishmen will be the prouder and better for the example of men who proved that Irish patriotism is so sacred a passion that they who are possessed by it are ready to vindicate their principles in their blood.

To return to Sir Charles Duffy. No human party has all its members perfect. Charles Gavan Duffy was not the perfect member of the Young Ireland party. We have shown what his plan was for meeting a famine and a truculent government. There are those who have described that plan as the outcome of poltroonery and an ardent anxiety for the safety of one's own skin. We do not go this far. But let us take Sir Charles' case at his own stating—and we may be sure he states it to the best advantage—and what do we find? On his trial, on account of the nature of the charge brought against him, he had an opportunity, which was denied his fellow-prisoners, of throttling before the world's gaze the infamous system of jury-packing which is the palladium of British misrule in Ireland. To do this successfully had been one of Mitchel's chiefest aims. It would render trial by jury for political offences impossible in Ireland, and would prove Ireland's case more strikingly than cataracts of rhetoric. By very skilful and very creditable tactics on the part of himself and his counsel Duffy succeeded in preventing the jury being completely packed on five different occasions, and on five different trials the jury disagreed. The victory was almost within his hand, and what did Mr. Duffy do? He was on trial for having sought the freedom of his country from foreign tyranny, and, instead of seeking to prove that that was no crime, he produces—*evidence of character!* This is literally true, and he does not even crush it out of his own book. Father Mathew was produced to prove that Mr. Duffy's writings helped the cause of

temperance; Bishop Blake to show that he was a God-fearing man; William Carleton to testify what he had done for literature; and Dr. Manusell "came," to use Sir Charles' own language, "from the office of the *Evening Mail* [!] to say what a loyal Protestant thought of the Young-Irelanders." What the loyal Protestant Orangeman thought of the Young-Irelanders we find stated on page 632 of Sir C. G. Duffy's present volume in the following terms: "The *Evening Mail*, which had been flirting with nationality for two or three years, exhorted the government to put aside the form of law and put them down peremptorily by force." This was the sort of evidence (according to his own showing) by which Gavan Duffy sought to prove his character. Worse than this, Mr. Duffy sought to evade responsibility of some of the prosecuted articles by proving that it was not he who wrote them. Worse than all, however, while the government were in the dilemma of having to try him a sixth time or to set him free, confessing he had beaten them, he permitted a petition to be hawked about Dublin, signed extensively by loyal Protestant Orangemen, and presented to the lord-lieutenant, praying that as he was of such a good moral character, as his health was delicate, as his property was injured, and as he was betrayed into his revolutionary transgressions only during a period of great excitement, the power he had assailed would refrain from prosecuting him again. Thus, in addition to this abject abasing of himself and yielding up of all his proud nationalist position, he did the very thing which freed the government from their dilemma. They could now let him free as an act of mercy, and not as an act of defeat. By and by, when Mr. Duffy was released and set his new *Nation* going he could hardly find words for his disgust, his contempt, "his utter loathing" of the men who would say *now* that Ireland could win her rights by force. The London *Times* said in reference to that *Nation* that it was "a symptom of returning sense in Ireland." The truth is, Gavan Duffy never was a rebel in his heart, never was sincere in his bellicose professions, even when he was writing up insurrection in his paper. He always dreaded things coming to the final issue which he pretends to have longed for so ardently. In a matter which really involved decisive and critical action—in an article advising the people to resist the disarming proclamation—his heart fails him; he tells people whom he has advised to take the ultimate step of revolution that if they only establish clubs quickly enough they may "still succeed by negotiation."* This was

* *Four Years of Irish History*, p. 633.

when he and the others were in Newgate prison, and when there was nothing for it but fight or dishonor—they might “still succeed by negotiation”! The Sir Charles of the present day has left us a curious confession as to the true inwardness of the war-like editor of those days. Some time after the passage of Mr. Gladstone’s last land act, at a time when another set of Irish patriots were in prison, Sir Charles, fearing that his latter-day fellow-countrymen did not appreciate the gifts of England sufficiently, poured out his soul in a wonderful effusion to the Very Rev. Canon Tom Doyle, of Ramsgrange, County Wexford, in which he stated that when he was an Irish politician, had such a measure as that been granted to Ireland, he—Charles Gavan Duffy—would have “gone forth and beaten a drum upon the highway” to call the people together, that they might admire the noble boon and testify their gratitude to the generous government that bestowed it! Sir Charles has probably learned by this that it is not by “beating” drums upon the highways in gratitude for English generosity Irish politicians nowadays hope to do their country service.

It was some of Mitchel’s comments on these transactions which provoked the animus that obtrudes through Sir Charles’ present book. Wrote Mitchel in his *Jail Journal*, referring to the resuscitated *Nation* :

“Young Ireland calls upon his countrymen to accept the defeat of Ballingarry. Ireland’s strength, he thinks, was tested at Ballingarry. If the country (says Young Ireland) could have been saved by human prowess, *hâc dextrâ fuisset* at Ballingarry. Therefore Mr. Duffy is for the system of Irishmen growing individually independent, energetic, and truthful men (under British rule); and when they shall feel, after stern self-examination, that they are fit to manage their own affairs, *then* dissolve the union with England. Thus blasphemes this traitor; thus snivels rather this most pitiable sinner.”

Again, discussing the Duffy petition and evidence as to character :

“Yet we cannot be angry with Duffy, who need not have been expected to get himself hulked for any principle, object, or cause whatsoever. Duffy never could sustain life without puffing; the breath of his nostrils was *puff*; and these teak timbers are no flatterers. . . . You cannot get out of a man what is not in him; but yet this miserable grovelling of Duffy’s is a disappointment to me. He had a grander opportunity than any one amongst us, and now he will let the ‘government’ march off the field with some semblance of having still a rag of law and constitution to cover them, when he might have torn off every shred and shown them *as they are*—an armed garrison ruling a hostile country at the bayonet’s point. . . . And so the proprietor of the *Nation* for his part begs pardon—meant no

harm by all these loud words of his, but was as constitutional as a Quaker all the time, and will never do the like again."

Finally Mr. Duffy, when he would not be believed in at home, hied him for the antipodes, leaving his country "a corpse on the dissecting-table," utterly hopeless. He tries to explain this phrase by a foot-note; but the explanation is anything but an improvement on the phrase. Against Sir C. G. Duffy's career in Australia intrinsically we have nothing to say. For a British loyalist it was both a highly creditable and highly distinguished career. But for a man who insists on posing as an Irish rebel we confess it does strike us as incongruous to see him end by accepting a pension and a title from the government against which he has been in rebellion.

This book of his is full of the "puffing" that Mitchel speaks of. It goes so far in its pretensions as to say that this is the "first time" the subject he treats of was approached. No less than four authors have written of this period—P. J. Smyth, D'Arcy McGee, J. C. Luby, and John Mitchel—and all of them more truthfully and conscientiously than Sir Charles Duffy. Mitchel's *Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps)*, which is a book of real historical value, presents a marked contrast to this *Four Years of Irish History*. It is taken up entirely with the exposition of the famine and the methods of English misgovernment, where the latter treats only of Gavan Duffy. One illustration will be characteristic. Mitchel thus deals with the alleged alliance of O'Connell with the Whigs and with the little controversy between the Liberator and Young Ireland: "All this famous controversy seems to me now of marvellously small moment; but I find a very concise narrative of it in Mr. O'Brien's words, which will be enough"; and he forthwith dismisses the subject in an extract of less than half a page. This is the controversy to which Sir Charles Duffy devotes fully three times the amount of space that he does to the famine; and of which he writes as if it were the most important circumstance of his history and the whole purpose of Conciliation Hall. "Thus," he cries in one place, "the great work contemplated from the beginning was at length consummated, the *Nation* [Duffy's *Nation*] was put on the Index Expurgatorius of Conciliation Hall." Duffy says more than once that Mitchel was ill-natured to his contemporaries in his books. We have not seen that ill-nature exhibited to any, except it may be to Gavan Duffy. Mitchel's estimate of O'Connell was always generous and large-minded. In one place he says: "I warn the reader that whoso adventures to measure

O'Connell must use a long rule, must apply a mighty standard, and raise himself up, by ladder or otherwise, much above his own natural stature." On the other hand, some of Duffy's insinuations approach the limits of meanness. He devotes chapters to the alliance with the Whigs, and in several places we come across passages like this: "He [the Liberator] was credited by the world not only with the prodigious work that he actually performed, but with much that was done by others. He was living in the midst of his private friends; his nearest relatives were his agents and associates. He received an income from the people far beyond the official salary of the President of the American Republic or the prime minister of any constitutional kingdom in Europe; and he controlled an expenditure which approximated to the civil list of some European sovereigns. In his youth he had tasted the supreme joy of self-sacrifice for the cause he loved, but he had long been an uncrowned king in authority and inviolability, and he had come to regard the interest of his dynasty and the interest of the nation as necessarily identical and to treat dissent as treason."

Hear Mitchel on this money question:

"None of us ever suspected that O'Connell used one farthing of the money for any other purpose than furthering the Repeal cause according to his best judgment. The man did not care for money, save as a political engine; and I have no doubt, for my own part, that when he died Ireland was in his debt."

As we began by saying, Sir C. G. Duffy requires much reading between the lines. He has a method of disparagement peculiarly his own. It is never so unskilful as to be direct, except where he assumes the rôle of the impartial judge discharging a duty that pains him. In one place he praises a man for possessing a quality the lack of which he desires to emphasize in another. By and by the man who was praised is shown to be himself wanting in some other quality, and that will be sure to be the point in which his cardinal sin is to be exposed. In the end those who are to be are disparaged thoroughly, and the impression is ingeniously left on the mind that, on the whole, they have not only been fairly but kindly and delicately treated by a loyal friend.

That this *Four Years of Irish History* is a very entertaining drawing-room volume, containing much pleasant personal gossip and a story told in the author's best style, we do not for a moment question. But it is no more an honest history than it is the *Iliad*. And we have been thus emphatic in our treatment of

it, and in pointing out what manner of politician the writer was who sits in superior judgment upon O'Connell and his other contemporaries, in order to enter a protest on behalf of men who are no longer living and to guard their memories from insidious slander.

There is sometimes the slyest of poetic justice in the irony of fate. Duffy was the only one of all O'Connell's fellow-prisoners to give out the story to the world that the tribune's brain was being softened by the passion of love, which took possession of him for a beautiful young girl, in his old age. The printer's ink was scarcely dry on Sir Charles' first volume when he himself, a patriarchal septuagenarian, took to his bosom, for the third time, a fair and lovely wife—this time, too, a lady who, to use his own phrase in regard to the object of O'Connell's love, is young enough to be his granddaughter.

AT CAUGHNAWAGA, P. Q.

THOSE of our readers who have travelled from Toronto to Montreal by water will remember that, before attempting the perilous descent of the Sault St. Louis rapids, the boat stops at the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga to take on board an Indian pilot. This veteran, by name Jean Baptiste, is a well-known figure to Canadian eyes. His stately form has been handed down to posterity on the four-dollar notes of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and one of Notman's best photographs shows him guiding the *Corinthian* through the seething waters of the fall, with the dangers of which he is so familiar. It is chiefly owing to his name and fame that the travelling public know anything of Caughnawaga, and yet it has a past, a present, and a future all its own, far removed from the commonplace history of river-side hamlets. The village gives its name to the whole Indian reserve, which lies in the county of La Prairie, on the southern side of the St. Lawrence, opposite to Lachine on the island of Montreal. The reserve has a river frontage of nine miles and extends four and a half miles back into the country. It is chiefly farmed by Iroquois, though there is a sprinkling of other nations, and even among the Iroquois there is a pretty general admixture of French and Scotch blood.

As viewed from the Lachine pier, Caughnawaga has the ap-

pearance of a large and flourishing village; but in this, as in many other cases, "distance lends enchantment to the view." If you happen to take an interest in Indian education it would be well to visit the place on the day of the annual examination of the government school. There is a ponderous ferry-boat plying between Lachine and Caughnawaga, that at stated hours will convey you from the railway wharf at Lachine to a rather rickety pier on the Caughnawaga side; but by far the pleasantest mode of crossing is in a canoe paddled by two brawny red men, who smile loftily at your fears and guarantee safety. The current here is fearfully swift, and, let the braves pull never so strongly, you are pretty sure to be carried quite a distance down the river, to be paddled up again at the opposite bank until a convenient spot is seen for hauling up the canoe and helping you over the stones to dry land.

Once landed you look about for the imposing little town you saw from Lachine. Can this collection of straggling gray houses be Caughnawaga?—warm-looking (indeed, far too warm on this sultry summer day), but for the most part uncleanly and most irregular in situation and in architectural design. The soil is dry, white, and sandy, the atmosphere close and none of the pleasantest. One is struck by the absence of whitewash, paint, flowers, and the small prettinesses that give such a charm to the French villages. The houses are open to the public gaze, and within can be seen bead-work and bark-work, and other evidences of the chief trade of the place—work laid down for the time, for the workers have betaken themselves to the school-house to see, or perchance to receive, the reward of merit.

The building now used as a school-house is about two hundred years old. It was originally the residence of the military commander; for the place was once well fortified, and troops stationed here to guard the early converts. Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, known to the Indians as the great *Onontio*, or governor, has rested within its precincts; Mantet, Courtemanche, and La Noue probably sojourned here while collecting their Indian army to subdue the Mohawk foes; and the old walls doubtless have seen many a doughty deed and sheltered many a gallant soldier of France. Now they echo the sound of the pedagogue's voice as he leads his flock through the mysteries of Lindley Murray, soars with them to the planetary system, conducts them along the green pastures of history and geography, and aids them over the stumbling-blocks of arithmetic. There are one hundred and nine children on the roll of this school, but

the average attendance is only forty-five. Indian boys can earn two dollars and a half by piloting a raft down the rapids, and the money as well as the excitement is naturally a great inducement to them to play truant. The girls are enticed away by large payments for bead-work, so that it seems almost impossible to secure a regular attendance at school. On the occasion of an examination there is, however, a goodly number present.

The lady patroness of the school, the parish priest, the grand chief of the tribe, and some other invited guests are provided with books and enter heartily into the questioning of the pupils and the awarding of prizes to the most deserving. Class after class of sturdy Iroquois children come forward to answer the questions put to them in English and in Iroquois, while the standing-room is filled to overflowing with interested spectators. Some women wear the "*tête couverte*"—that is, a black shawl wrapped over the head, and the hair hanging in glossy braids; others are more modernly attired, some few even fashionably. The feminine nature betrays its curiosity by an expression of lively interest in the proceedings; the men, on the contrary, appear haughtily indifferent. Not so the small boys, who literally swarm, perched on the window-ledges, on the tops of posts, on the backs of benches—anywhere to get a peep. The room is gaily decorated with spruce and bead-work, and the pupils all have an air of neatness and cleanliness that reflects great credit on the training of their teacher. Their answers show a great amount of painstaking and perseverance on the part of instructor and instructed, and prove that the Indian mind can be led in the paths of knowledge and rectitude. Now and then there is a slight hitch, owing, perhaps, to the confusion of tongues, or perhaps to the minds of the pupils having wandered to the tempting pile of prizes. For instance, to the question, "What was Christopher Columbus?" the answer, "Round like an orange and slightly flattened at both ends," was rather disconcerting. It reminded the writer of what once happened in a school in Edinburgh, where the boys were in the habit of counting up and each learning his own answer. They went on successfully until one unlucky day when the government inspector came round. "Who made you?" said he to the head boy. No answer. The question was repeated, and the boy addressed replied: "Please, sir, the boy that God made is not here to-day; I'm the laddie that Christ redeemed"! However, at Caughnawaga catechism is a strong point, so much so that three boys are ties for the prize—a handsome prayer-book bound in velvet and silver and given

by the lady patroness. It takes nearly a quarter of an hour's dodging among the most lengthy and difficult answers before the winner can be determined upon. At the close of the examination speeches are made in English and French by most of the visitors, and in Iroquois by the curé and by the grand chief, Mr. Joseph Williams, called in his native tongue *Skatsentie*. Then the well-pleased children troop out into the village street, and the guests from Montreal, the parish priest, his assistant, the grand chief and his daughter, adjourn to another part of the time-honored mansion, where a most tempting dinner has been provided.

The burning sun, so unpleasant in Caughnawaga streets, has a most beneficial effect on Caughnawaga gardens. The beans and peas trained under the shelter of the massive walls of the old régime cannot be surpassed; the cucumbers and tomatoes spreading over the ruins of Count Frontenac's masonry are unrivalled; fruit, too, and flowers, plump birds, lordly beef, the very nuttiest of cream and butter; and, though it is early in the season, there is a watermelon, the gift of Chief Williams, who has just returned from visiting his branch business in the United States and brought with him some of the delicacies of New York markets. After dinner it is decided to visit the village, and while strolling through its streets a good many chapters of its history are told.

The mission of the Jesuit fathers to the Iroquois was originally established at La Prairie de la Madeleine, some miles lower down the river, and dates back as far as 1666. In spite of all obstacles, war, murder, and martyrdom, these holy missionaries persevered, and all through the checkered pages of Canadian history we read of the mission of the Sault St. Louis as a stronghold of Christian Indians. Early in the eighteenth century the mission was removed to its present site and the Jesuits built their house and church. The latter was enlarged by a secular priest named Marcoux, but the house remains as it was in the days of its founders, the last of whom died in 1783. Since 1855 the mission has been served by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; before that time it was attended by secular priests. Great care has always been taken of its precious relics of the past. There is the room used by Père Charlevoix; the bedstead on which he slept—a narrow deal frame with four slender, unpainted posts—the quaint wooden chairs; the old cupboard in the wall that served the historian for a bookcase, and that contains still the very books he handled and read, and the primitive desk at which he sat to write his interesting letters to the Duchesse de Lesguières

in 1720—all look as though the intervening years were but a dream. On the walls hang the portraits of Père Charlevoix and those of Père Lafitte, of M. Marcoux, and of Bishops Plessis, Panet, and Turgeon. The latticed window reveals the old-fashioned garden with its sweet-smelling flowers and venerable trees planted by those dear, dead hands that first brought the Gospel to the Indians. Shade is a rare luxury in Caughnawaga, but there is shade as well as sunshine in the Jesuits' garden.

Father Burtin and his assistant priests are most hospitable, and are delighted to do the honors of their historic abode. The church is a large stone building of somewhat rough architectural design. It possesses a very quaint pulpit and a bell of sonorous tone given by King George III. of England. Over the high altar is a picture of the titular saint of the place, St. Louis of France, sent to the mission by Charles X. There are few other pictures, but there is considerable attempt at decoration, now all faded and gray with age. The sacristy holds treasures indeed. A cope of cloth of gold given by Napoleon is shown with pride, likewise an ostensorium of massive gilt that for two centuries has flashed the divine Benediction over the believing children of the forest primeval. It bears the inscription: "Claude Prevost ancien echevin de Paris, Elizabeth Legendre sa femme, m'on donné aux R.R. Pères Jésuites pour honnorer Dieu en leur première Église des Iroquois, 1668." There is also a silver-gilt chalice given by the Empress Eugénie. Over a prie-dieu at the far end of the sacristy a curious painting attracts attention. It is that of a young Indian girl dressed in the bright-colored trappings of her race. She is standing by a river, on the bank of which is a mission cross. We were told that this was a likeness of an Indian saint called Catherine Tegakouita, who had lived and died in this mission. Her history has been written by Père Charlevoix, and her memory is venerated in Canada.

Catherine Tegakouita, known as "La Vierge Iroquoise," was born in 1656 at Gandahouagué, a bourgade of the Agnier tribe. Her father was a pagan Iroquois, her mother a Christian Algonquin. She was early left an orphan, her mother, who had been unable to have her baptized, having given her in charge to an aunt and uncle who were the principal people of the village. In infancy Catherine suffered from small-pox, which left her blind for some years. Owing to this affliction she contracted a taste for solitude and preserved her innocence in the midst of the utmost lawlessness. When very young she showed a preference

for housekeeping in place of roaming in the forest. Her first knowledge of Christianity was derived from the teaching of some missionaries who passed through the village. Some time later Père Jacques de Lamberville arrived at Gandahouagué and received orders to establish a mission. Tegakouita felt a strong desire to become a Christian, but did not make it known, being afraid of her uncle. In the autumn it was customary for the men and women to go out and gather in the harvest of maize. That year a wounded foot kept Tegakouita at home. The father, interrupted in his instructions by the general exodus to the fields, took this season for visiting the wigwams, in one of which he found Tegakouita. He instructed her, and, after seeing her overcome many trials, baptized her on Easter day, 1676. She suffered untold persecutions, until an adopted sister, who was married and settled in La Prairie de la Madeleine, sent her husband, a zealous Christian Indian, to conduct Catherine to that haven, where, after a toilsome journey, she arrived in October, 1677. Catherine had always shown a most determined aversion to the marriage state, and had resisted all attempts to induce her to accept a husband; and her confessor, becoming convinced that she knew her own mind, permitted her to consecrate herself to God by a vow.*

After visiting scenes hallowed by the traces of the Jesuit missionaries, and dwelling on the simplicity and poverty of their early converts, it gives one rather a revulsion of feeling to enter the luxurious home of Grand Chief Williams—a house giving evidence of the wealth and good taste of its owner. Here we were shown a photograph of the band who went to Windsor Castle to play lacrosse before Queen Victoria, and also another group of Iroquois photographed in Germany, in which country Chief Williams' father did considerable business in selling Indian curiosities. The chief's daughter, a pretty child of about fourteen years, is a very fair musician, and entertained us at her handsome piano. This young lady is a small princess in the village, and, being an only child, holds very decided sway over her indulgent father.

On the roadside, as we stroll to the end of the village street, is a curious-looking old tomb, an erection of earth, stone, and wood, almost as large as a small cabin. It is grass-grown and shaded by a tree that has sprung from its foundations. On a stone let in the front of this doorless dwelling we read:

* Rev. J. A. Cuoq, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, has written a life of Catherine Tegakouita in Iroquois for the benefit of her tribe. The same zealous missionary has compiled a valuable and comprehensive work entitled *Lexique de la Langue Iroquoise, avec notes et appendices*.

“ Here sleeps sound,
And will never hear
This world no more,
Thomas de Gaspé, 27 Mai, 1824.”

Strange to say, nobody in the place seems to have any knowledge of this tomb nor of its occupant; in fact, many say they have “ never noticed it.”

The population of Caughnawaga numbers seventeen thousand; of these there are very few pure Indians, and descent from European races is plainly discernible in feature and complexion. There is one man, bearing the Scottish name of McCumber, who rejoices in a family of thirty-six children. The French who marry Indian women and get possession of a portion of the Indian reserve clearly usurp the birthright of those for whom the land was set apart. The toleration of this by the government agent, as well as his offensively reminding the chiefs of their being as minors and unable to vote, etc., caused a commotion at Caughnawaga not long ago, but the new arrangement suggested by Sir John A. MacDonald, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, has given intense satisfaction. It was announced to the council of chiefs that the Department of Indian Affairs proposed at an early date to have the reserve subdivided into lots and to issue titles to each location, and that the department hoped soon that the whole band, or such members of it as may be deemed fit for the change, would be enfranchised. This promise has been in part fulfilled, and the grand chief is very sanguine as to its working well and benefiting his “ braves.”

Once a month the grand chief summons the minor chiefs to meet in the council-house. The position of grand chief is not hereditary, but is accorded by the votes of the tribe; the chiefship of the subdivisions, however, descends from father to son.

When a marriage is arranged it is etiquette for the respective chiefs of the tribes to which the contracting parties belong to inform the council of the arrangement; word is then given to the priest, and the banns called on Sunday. On Monday the marriage ceremonies begin.

The altar-rails are decorated, usually by being covered with carpet. Wedding presents are tied or hung on a long pole, which is carried in front of the bridegroom and bride, who are escorted to the house of the bride's father, with whom it is customary for the young people to live two years. The festivities are kept up for three days. In some cases everything is decided by the parents, and the bride and groom know nothing about it.

until they hear their names called in church! When a widower marries a widow he leaves his own children in his own house and goes to live in hers. The *Fête Dieu*, or Corpus Christi, procession is a grand occasion of rejoicing to the Indians; so also is midnight Mass at Christmas, when the village is crowded with people, who come in sleighs from near and far to hear the Christmas chants sung in the Iroquois tongue.

In the old histories of Canada there is usually reference made to Caughnawaga, or Sault St. Louis. Lambert, in his *North America*, 1806 to 1808, says:

"Here I observed one of their little girls, about seven years old, with something in her arms which she seemed to be nursing, and was going to look at it when she ran away and hid it under her blanket, as if ashamed; upon which I ran after her, and found it was a doll placed upon a little cradle-board and bandaged up with little pieces of colored cotton in exact imitation of the manner in which the Indian women nurse their children. I call it the cradle-board because it serves that purpose when the child is restless far better than the English cradle, it being the practice to suspend it by a string from the branch of a tree or the top of their wigwam, and swing it backwards and forwards till the child falls asleep.

"In the course of our walk through the village we met the Chevalier Lorimier, an old French gentleman, who resides here as an interpreter for the government, who allows him one hundred pounds per annum. He was an officer in the French army at the conquest of the country, and in the American war commanded a detachment of Indians, with whom he assimilated himself so closely in manners that he gained their affections and married one of their women. At her death he married a French lady of Lachine, who died a few years after, when such was his partiality for the Indians that he married another of their women, with whom he still lives. Sault St. Louis was granted, May 29, 1680, to the Order of Jesuits."

Père Charlevoix devotes many pages to the record of this mission, with which he probably made acquaintance in the early days of his service in the Society of Jesus, for he was sent to the Canadian mission when only twenty-three years old. He spent four years in America, returning to France in 1709, where for some time he taught philosophy in the colleges of his order. Eleven years later the king sent him to make a tour of the French settlements of the New World, an account of which is published in his *Journal d'un Voyage à l'Amérique du Nord*. He says:

"What has been the preservation, or at least the safety, of Montreal and all the country round it is two villages of Iroquois Christians and the fort of Chambly. The first of these villages is that of Sault St. Louis, situated on the continent on the south side of the river, and three leagues above Montreal. It is very populous and has ever been looked upon as one of our strongest barriers against the idolatrous Iroquois and the Eng-

lish of New York. It has already changed its situation within the space of two leagues. Its second station, when I saw it in 1708, was near a rapid stream called Sault St. Louis, which name it still retains, though at a considerable distance from it. It appears to have been entirely fixed at last, for the church which they are just about to finish and the missionaries' house are, each in their own way, two of the finest edifices in all Canada; the situation of them is charming. The river, which is broad in this place, is embellished with several islands, which have a very pleasant aspect. The island of Montreal, well stocked with inhabitants, forms the view on one hand, and the sight has no bounds on the other side, except Lake St. Louis, which begins a little above this."

His letter to the Duchesse de Lesguières, dated Sault St. Louis, May 1, 1721, runs as follows :

"MADAM: I came hither to spend a part of the Easter holidays. This is a time of devotion, and in this village everything inspires one with sentiments of piety. All the exercises of religion are carried on in a very edifying manner, and we still feel the impressions which the fervor of the first inhabitants has left behind it; for it is certain that this for a long time was the only place in Canada where you could perceive the great example of those heroic virtues with which God has been used to enrich his churches when in their infancy, and the manner in which it has been erected is something very extraordinary.

"The missionaries, after having for a long time watered the Iroquois cantons with the sweat of their brow, and some of them even with their blood, were at last sensible that it was impracticable to establish the Christian religion amongst them upon a solid foundation; but they still had hopes of reducing a considerable number of these Indians under the yoke of the faith. They perceived that God had an elect few among these barbarians, as in every nation; but they were persuaded that to make *their calling and election sure* they must separate from their brethren, and therefore came to a resolve to settle all who were disposed to embrace Christianity in a colony by themselves. They made known their design to the governor-general and intendant, who, carrying their views still further, highly approved it, being sensible that this settlement would be greatly advantageous to New France, as it has indeed been, as well as another similar to it which has since been set on foot in the island of Montreal under the name of 'La Montagne,' of which the superiors of the Seminary of St. Sulpice have always had the direction.

"To return to this, which has served as a model for the other. One of the Iroquois missionaries communicated his design to some Agniers; they relished his proposal, and this settlement was formed chiefly out of that canton, which had at all times been the most averse to the ministers of the Gospel, and had even treated them most cruelly. Thus, to the great astonishment of the French and Indians, those formidable enemies to God and our nation were touched with that victorious grace which takes delight in triumphing over the hardest and most rebellious hearts, abandoning everything that was dear to them that they might have no impediment in serving the Lord with all liberty—a sacrifice still more glorious for

Indians than for any other nation, because there are none so much attached as they are to their families and their native country. Their numbers increased greatly in a short time ; this was in a great measure owing to the zeal of the first converts of the flock, who in the height of war, even at the hazard of their lives, travelled over cantons to make proselytes, and when fallen into the hands of enemies, who were often their nearest relatives, have reckoned themselves happy when dying in the midst of torments, having exposed themselves to them solely for the glory of God and the salvation of their brethren. It was commonly left to their choice to renounce Jesus Christ and return to their canton, or to suffer cruel death ; and there is not an example of one who accepted life on that condition. Some have even perished, worn out with miseries, in the prisons of New York, when they could have liberty on changing their belief or engaging not to live among the French, which they imagined they could not do without losing their faith. Those converts who displayed so much fidelity and greatness of soul must have been prepared for it by the purest virtue. We cannot call in question certain facts which have been notorious over the whole colony, and which render those things credible for which we have the evidence not merely of Indians and their pastors. M. de St. Valier, who is head of this church to this day, wrote as follows in 1688 :

“ ‘The lives of all the Christians of this mission are very extraordinary, and the whole village would be taken for a monastery. As they have quitted the allurements of their native country entirely, to make sure of their salvation, they are all led to practise the most perfect resignation, and to preserve among them such excellent rules for their sanctification that nothing can add to them.’ ”

Caughnawaga has long since lost its monastic aspect, but reminiscences of the old voyageur-historians fill our minds as we saunter through the irregular streets and watch the little Indian children at play. Here and there a cradle of the old back-board pattern shows a lingering fondness for the old custom. On the wharf a bevy of Indian women sit motionless, waiting the arrival of the ferry-boat that is to convey them and their beaded wares to market. On the water—or, more truly, in it—some small boys are constructing a miniature raft. Up and down the platform pace two Oblate novices telling their beads. All is picturesque, even the stoical disregard of time. At length, wearied with waiting, we take advantage of a passing steamer, the *Beauharnois*, and, with our hands full of beaded treasures and of sweet-smelling roses from the Jesuits' garden, we bid farewell to our kind entertainers and leave the dreamy world of Caughnawaga well pleased with the effect of Christian civilization as exemplified in the once ferocious Iroquois of Sault St. Louis.

TALE OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN early years—I do not care to say how long—I had the reputation of telling a story better than most of my acquaintances. I was regarded as a born *raconteur* and could portray character and narrate incident with a force and vivacity, a picturesque and startling effect, which never failed to rivet attention, which quickened the pulses of my hearers, stirred them with rage, convulsed them with laughter, or paled their faces with alarm—certainly chased away their heedlessness and rendered them breathlessly attentive. I could at that time make my *dramatis personæ* live and move before the mind's eye, bound with passion or languish with exhaustion, and invest the creations of the brain with such an aspect of reality and truth as to render indifference on the part of my hearers wholly impossible. Nay, I was even assured that I should one day acquire a fortune as a writer of fiction. I certainly then possessed a power which has since vanished—of seizing on attention and keeping it spell-bound by an indescribable earnestness and forgetfulness of self, an absorption of my being into my subject, which was almost magical in effect. It was no merit of mine. I told a story as the bird of the poet

“Trilled its thick-warbled notes the summer long,”

without any art, forethought, or consciousness of how it was done. I regret to say that this power of word-painting, this pictorial faculty, has faded and died away, as I fancy, from want of practice, grown faint and feeble from lapse of time, and I no longer possess the knack of embodying with the energy that was once at my command “the Cynthia of the minute.” I believe that the mind which confines itself to truth and scruples to exaggerate, that fails to give the rein to fancy from conscientious motives, and thus checks the exuberance of imagination, will disqualify itself by degrees as an acolyte in the temple of the Muses. Thus, it is alleged, by Sir Egerton Brydges at least, that the poet Gray, by addicting himself to historic study, clipped the wings of his genius and chained himself to earth when he might have soared into the cerulean. But to my story.

When I was a student in Trinity College, Dublin, I resided in a square of lofty and well-worn houses, built of brick, which

tower in a distant quarter of the great parallelogram, far away to your right as you enter the principal gateway. It was by no means an aristocratic quarter in its living occupants or outward aspect, being vulgarly known by the dishonoring *sobriquet* sometimes of Botany Bay and sometimes of Connemara. It was not free choice, it was stern necessity, that lodged me in this square. For then, as now, that most incurable of human maladies, consumption in the purse, afflicted me in utter defiance of remedial appliances, not intermittently as in other men, but as a chronic complaint—entirely and hopelessly incurable.

From Botany Bay, as it was termed, I gladly migrated to a house in Ely Place, near the medical schools in that district.

This house was erected long before the Union by a noble lord, who, on the consummation of that disastrous measure, migrated to London, and abandoned his mansion to a caretaker, who took little care of it. Though mouldering with ruin, slowly lapsing to decay in calm, solitary, and stately desolation, the mansion of his lordship was a magnificent ruin, worthy of those stirring times when the pavement of College Green was torn with the wheels of coroneted equipages, when Stephen's Green resounded with the exultation of festive opulence, and Patrick's Church was filled with the glittering pageantry of knightly splendor. It contained an infinite number of naked apartments, all wainscoted or lined with oak. There was an Italian air in its arrangements which spoke of proud Genoa or gorgeous Venice. A massive solidity sheathed with beauty characterized the architecture. The staircases were wide and ample, the steps extremely low, and the balustrades mathematically regular. It was evident that the artisans who built it and the architect who superintended their labor (Gannon I believe his name was) were masters in their several departments, who prided in the perfection of their work, labored slowly and conscientiously, and produced a result which, in spite of desertion, decay, and ruin, inspired respect by its dignified desolation, suggesting that in its day, when resounding with life and echoing with courtly festivity, it was fit not only for a lord—it was fit for a king. On the whole there was something in the air of this deserted house which alternately saddened and excited your mind. You could not contemplate it long without a certain depression of spirits, which crept over the most thoughtless and made the boisterous folly of youth assume the silent gravity of age. I often fancied that the architect in planning it had not quite made up his mind whether he should construct a calm abode for domestic peace,

consecrated to connubial happiness, or a fortress which should bristle with deadly weapons and be garrisoned with mail-clad men. One thing was certain: fragments of faded tapestry clinging here and there in tatters to the wainscot showed that gentle scenes of pastoral felicity had formerly adorned the rooms. Shepherds playing on pandean pipes, shepherdesses armed with pastoral crooks, and sheep grazing upon verdure that was no longer verdant could be deciphered, with some assistance from imagination, on these *disjecta membra*; while (in the bed-rooms at least) the naked rafters rested on a gigantic beam, which in its turn rested on massive walls capable of resisting the artillery of the period. No language of which I am master is capable of conveying the weird feelings with which at times I contemplated those wainscoted panels, especially where they were bare of tapestry and sheathed with dust. They seemed to my mind to be curtained with horror, draped with repulsiveness, and I should never have taken up my abode within their precincts if not urged by the *res angustæ domi*—the strength and power of poverty—and if a fellow-student who was wholly incapable of fear, the incarnation of audacity, had not consented to occupy a room in juxtaposition with mine. We are informed by Shakspeare that poverty introduces us to the acquaintance of strange bed-fellows, but he has forgotten to add that we are occasionally compelled by poverty to occupy strange bed-rooms. This was my case, at least.

I never concealed from my friend the superstitious apprehensions which goaded my mind, and he never failed to laugh at them. "Granted for a moment what is by no means proved," said my fellow-student, who delighted in an antithesis, "that the place is infested by ghostly visitors at night, yet you must admit that it is free from the visits of a landlord by day." He looked at me with an air of triumph in his eye and a smile on his lips, as much as to say, Is not that unanswerable? It certainly was.

The first night passed without an incident. I have nothing to record concerning it. Its history is a dull blank, and so it must have been happy. My friend, at our breakfast-table, bantered me on my previous apprehensions, and I blushingly admitted his superior sagacity and my own ineptitude. The second night passed in the same way. But on the third night my horrors began. I was suddenly awaked in the dead of night—I could not tell how—by a dream I could not tell of what. The incidents were wiped, as it were, out of my memory. I

could not recall an iota of the incidents. But I was deeply convinced, profoundly conscious, that I had been dreaming of a great huddle of events, a confused medley of clouded and conflicting circumstances. But, like the Babylonian monarch in the Bible, I had no memory of my vision. One thing was certain: it chased away slumber completely. I remained during the rest of the night wide awake. I could not win Morpheus to revisit my weary eyelids any more than Shakspeare's Henry IV.,

"So full of ghastly terror was the time."

Now, this was the more remarkable as my soporific abilities had never been called in question. My enemies might say I was a bad man, but neither friend nor enemy could say I was a bad sleeper. I even fancied that I could have challenged competition as the champion sleeper of the Irish university. In other respects I might be outdone, but in this I was unapproachable. I sincerely sympathized with Nabuchodonosor, who "called on the sorcerers and the Chaldeans for to show the king his dreams." This was precisely what I wanted—sorcerers and Chaldeans; "my spirit was troubled to know my dream," but I had no Daniel to recall it to my recollection.

Gradually, however, my visions began of themselves to dawn on my waking memory. They came wildering over my brain in a manner which strangely reminded me of the dawn of day. The mists and clouds which mantled and mixed them up and kept me in oblivious ignorance cleared slowly away. I began to make out what they were. The period of darkness gave way to a period of light, and glimpses of dreamland were vividly revealed to me. Order assumed the place of chaos, and lucidity, of darkness. What had I seen? What had I been dreaming about? In the first place, I saw the room in which I slept as distinctly, as vividly as if I were wide awake, though there was no taper, and gas was unknown in those days. There could be no human light in the apartment. All was buried in darkness. Yet the chairs, the walls, the accidental disarrangements and arrangements of the furniture, were presented to my mind's eye—not the eye of the body—with a lucidity that was perfectly painful. The place seemed to be bathed in light. Now, as every one knows, this is one of the characteristics of clairvoyance and gives origin to its name. It seemed as if the invisible tenants who had possession of this house were lighting up the theatre of their subsequent performances with the view of making me experience before my time the sufferings of the damned. This,

however, is an after-thought. I had at that time, as I lay on my bed, an agonizing anticipation that something inconceivably dreadful, involving my destruction, was about to take place; that a tragedy was to be performed, as soon as the theatre was ready, of which I should be the helpless, hopeless, voiceless victim. This was the most dreadful feature in my agony. It was not any bodily suffering. It was a foreboding of coming evil which made me miserable and bathed my face in perspiration. I should have bellowed forth my agony had I had the power; but I was dumb. Though my eyes seemed perfect, my tongue was paralyzed. The nerves of volition refused to obey my will. My ~~voice~~ clove to the roof of my mouth, and in my efforts to roar I seemed to be well-nigh choked. I was something like the sheep, conscious that the wolf is prowling round the fold, sniffing at every crevice and thirsting for the blood of the woolly inmates, and making them quake but mute with fear.

On the sixth night I awoke, as usual, "in the dead waist and middle of the night," to find my room brilliantly lighted up with a calm, mild, pearly light making all the furniture visible. But what was my horror and astonishment to see a form, apparently human, standing in the middle of the apartment with its back to the bed. It seemed to be a female, judging from its dress, which was evidently antique. It was a long sack or dressing-gown, which reached the floor, which in color was light, in fashion shapeless—*pedes vestis defluxit ad imos*. At this sight I made a desperate effort to give voice to my speechless agony, and possibly uttered a faint cry, for the figure wheeled round and looked sternly and indignantly at the bed. No language can convey the horrors of that infernal countenance, in which every evil passion was visibly depicted. It was the face of an elderly lady, a person apparently of aristocratic dignity, gray, worn, faded, and wrinkled, the face of a death's-head covered with dusky parchment, but fraught with infernal malice and more than mortal cruelty—the face of a female fiend.

Though my limbs were heavier than lead, chained apparently to my couch, I contrived by a desperate effort to sit up; at which the old lady, agile as a monkey, bounded into the bed and seated herself near the foot, grinning in my face and mocking me with a hideous leer that was indescribably diabolical—an expression that excited my horror to an inexpressible degree and seemed worthy of the bottomless pit. In doing this she occasionally exhibited the interior of her toothless mouth, which gave out a pestiferous exhalation that was utterly insupportable. Mean-

time she sat precisely as I did, in fiendish mockery of my speechless misery. She made no attempt to injure me; content, apparently, to exhibit the infernal horrors of her diabolical countenance, which assuredly was more than enough. She seemed to imitate my position while grinning in my face with an expression of unutterable hate. Human nature could not long endure this, and I became insensible. The voice of chanticleer, echoing in an adjacent dairy-yard, put my visitor very possibly to flight, and I arose the following morning nervous and harassed and scarcely able to crawl.

The next morning I felt an inexpressible reluctance to open my mind to my friend and tell him what I had experienced. I feared his cruel jibes, his mocking sarcasms, dreaded the lash of a tongue which cut like the *skelp* of a whip. But he could see only too distinctly that my sufferings had been terrible. The story which I shrank from communicating was painted graphically in my countenance as if delineated by the pencil of an artist. My haggard visage betrayed in every line the agonizing ordeal I had passed through, and spoke clearly, though my tongue was silent. He could discern distinctly in my wan features that my jaded spirits had not been refreshed by "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." He was too keen an observer to be deceived by my affected gayety and swaggering *nonchalance*, and after many inquiries I finally unbosomed myself and confessed, in a general way, that I had not slept well, but was distressed by harassing dreams. Being a medical student, he was unconsciously a thorough materialist. He made no account of the spirit-world. It went for nothing in his philosophy. All spiritual phenomena were attributable, in his esteem, to the state of the stomach, which affected the nerves of vision, and in this way gave rise to those optical illusions which I regarded as realities and ascribed to an awful external agency, but which he laughed at.

I was utterly opposed to this view. "It is very true," I said, "that if a bell rings the cause is to be found in the wires or cords. The movement of the wires or cords unquestionably occasions the tintinnabulation. But what occasions the movement of the wires or cords? The ringing of the bell is not to be attributed exclusively to the wires, but to the hand that pulls them." This seemed to make him mute for a moment, but only for a moment. He soon launched out into the vagaries of hypochondria—the strange hallucinations of men, otherwise sane, who were persuaded that they were teapots or glass windows:

the Frenchman, for instance, who in the first Revolution had been guillotined; and when the Neuf Thermidor restored affairs to something like their former footing, and there was, as he believed, a general restoration of heads, he had got a wrong one—the head of another man—which sat uneasily on his shoulders, which made him miserable and should be removed at any expense.

“Are we to suppose that the hallucinations of a drunkard,” he asked triumphantly, “are to be ascribed to an external agency? No; they are to be ascribed to drink—to the disorder of the stomach occasioned by its distention with alcoholic substances. In the same way the visions of an opium-eater are to be traced to that narcotic drug, not to any external phantasm.” “You have only to push that doctrine a little farther,” I replied, “to re-establish the errors of Berkeley—to persuade us that the external world has no real existence; that nothing but sensation can be known to man, because nothing else is necessary, and the Almighty is too wise to create what is unnecessary.”

Though these arguments had evidently some slight effect on my friend, I must honestly confess that, in its turn, his reasoning was not without a certain influence on me. I began to waver in my belief and to look upon the troubles of the night as a mere fantasy of the mind—

“A false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.”

He ended by prescribing a tonic, which I took, and which I honestly confess had a most salutary effect; for the following night I slept long and tranquilly, wholly undisturbed by the ghastly phantoms which previously had made “night hideous.” But though my friend and comrade was masked and buskined as a philosopher, and played the part of Stoic with consummate ability—suppressed every indication of internal agony—it turned out that his mind was as miserable as my own, harassed by equally unaccountable visions, and he bore a passion-torn heart under the deceptive appearance of external calm. Of this I had a most convincing proof a few nights subsequently, when, to my unutterable astonishment, he broke into my room in a manner wholly unexampled. He hurled the door wide open, drove it flying to the wall by dashing his back against it, as if pushed by some irresistible force. With his hair on end, his face bathed in perspiration, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his mouth covered with foam, he came staggering into my apart-

ment backward while hoarsely vociferating some incoherency which I cannot recollect. In fact, my eyes were so occupied by his appearance that I had no ears for his words. After a few seconds, however, I comprehended his meaning. He was accounting for his perturbation by protesting in the most vehement manner that there was no occasion for any explanation.

"What in the name of heaven has happened you, man?" I exclaimed in a tone of distress and alarm. "You must have seen something terrible?" And I gazed at him inquiringly. "Oh! it's nothing, it's nothing," he replied; "it's not worth talking about. It was only a dream—only a dream; I saw nothing except in a dream," he repeated as he grasped me convulsively while trembling in every limb. He was completely unmanned. "Haven't you some stimulant in the room," he asked. "If I had a little alcohol it would revive me, I fancy. Not that I require it—it is scarcely necessary. It was only a dream! It was perfectly insignificant. Now don't let it disturb *you*. But I really think if I had a little whiskey it would keep me from fainting." While uttering these words the beating of his heart, his palpitation, was perfectly audible.

"Sit down, my dear fellow," I replied, "and I'll get you a little spirits in a moment. I am sure it was only a dream, as you say. Now sit down here and wrap this blanket about you, and I'll fetch the decanter. But what has become of your candle? Have you left it in your room? Shall I go for it?"

"Oh! no, no, no; don't leave me for your life," he exclaimed. "Don't leave me on any account." And he grasped me convulsively in evident fear and trembling. "I don't like to be alone. But have you got the alcohol?" Having swallowed a mouthful of whiskey, he continued: "It was nothing at all. I dreamt that a man was in my room and I jumped out of bed; but it proved a mere fantasy—nothing at all. Did you hear my cry? Oh! it's not worth mentioning. I never give heed to old wives' tales: *causas rerum cognosco*."

"This is a hateful old house!" I exclaimed. "I think we ought to quit it. What do you say?"

"Oh! yes, yes, yes," he exclaimed with the utmost eagerness; "let us leave it at once. Hire a pair of rooms somewhere—anywhere. For my part I'll go and visit my sister in the County Carlow; I'll be off to-morrow, and you can get the rooms while I'm away."

After some further conversation I threw myself on the bed, while he (assisted by the whiskey) fell asleep in the arm-chair.

Buried in profound repose, I awoke the following morning to find my friend gone—not merely out of the house, but, as I found on inquiry, out of the city. He had gone to Carlow for a few days. Having breakfasted in solitude, I sallied out in quest of rooms, but, owing to a series of disappointments and unforeseen *contretemps*, a whole week elapsed before I could accomplish my purpose and get apartments which suited at once the exility of my finances and the boundlessness of my requirements.

Meantime I was obliged to undergo the somewhat dreadful ordeal of passing my nights in the haunted house. During the first night, however, when my apprehensions were greatest, the disturbances were insignificant. I slept tranquilly, and arose the following morning refreshed and jocund, and made the roof ring with snatches of old songs which blended lyrical excellence with philosophic truth—such as,

“When we’ve money we are merry.
When we’ve none we’re very sad,” etc.

During the third night, however, when my spirits were entirely restored and I was myself again, I heard, or fancied I heard, while seated in my room, a footstep in the dead of night descending the stairs. I had never before heard such a footfall. It was slow, heavy, flabby—coming, coming, with strange regularity and the measured deliberation of age, as slow as if it would never arrive. Judging from the dull, moist sound, the *thud* with which it struck the boards, my fellow-lodger was barefooted—unprovided with shoes. From the weight with which it pounded the stairs you might fancy it was a bear learning with difficulty and great pains to come down in human fashion. It was evidently desirous of making the most of the journey—in no haste whatever to reach the bottom. I listened with a pale face and an intense straining of the auricular nerve, a breathless attention, my eyes starting from their sockets, while the stranger was coming with appalling tardiness nearer and nearer to my door. Seizing the poker, I suddenly started from my chair—for I could stand it no longer—and, throwing open the door, I shouted, “Who goes there?” There was no reply, but judge of my affright and consternation when I saw, or fancied I saw, standing with its back to the wall, directly opposite to my apartment, the outline of a human figure which gradually became more and more distinct. The body seemed draped in a lawyer’s gown, while the head was covered with a judge’s coif. There was a haughty arrogance in the air of the head, while the face

expressed a lust of dominion, a passion for supremacy, that would say, with Milton's Satan,

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

It was the face of a born tyrant, the glance disdainful and the expression despotical,

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye."

One could read in his pale cheek, his cruel gaze and fiendish physiognomy, that the occupation of his mind was the "study of revenge, immortal hate." He seemed to combine with the form of a man the sanguinary disposition of a tiger. It was, or seemed to be, a hellish countenance. The words of the poet were apparently applicable to my visitor:

"For where his frown of hatred darkly fell
Hope withering fled and Mercy sighed farewell."

The gaze of that diabolical visage was fixed on me as if he would fain peruse my inmost soul, and mine returned his glance with the inexplicable fascination of a nightmare. As well as I could discern, the main body of the figure presented an amorphous haziness of outline, as if its principal constituent were vapor. It seemed a cloudy mass which in its interior was gently working itself up into a variety of shapes, undergoing a slow and secret mutation or metamorphosis which, I apprehended, was preparatory to some deadly and destructive attack on me. Yet I could discern no arms and no limbs—a circumstance in which I felt a slight reassurance. The solidity—if solidity it could be called—was confined to the face, as if the materialization of the rest were of no importance, and nothing was necessary but the dreadful and diabolical physiognomy, dimmed as it was with every evil passion—"pale ire, envy, and despair."

In after-times I could never be persuaded—as my sceptical friends were good enough to tell me—that I was the victim of my imagination, the dupe of fancy, and that my mysterious visitor was a mere hallucination which my brain gave birth to as the brain of Jupiter to Minerva. If this were the case, as I often argued, why was this cerebral fecundity confined to a single parturition? Why should not the *pia mater* be prolific a second time? Why was my brain condemned to perpetual barrenness in all anterior time? I could never elicit a satisfactory answer to these interrogatories, and am still persuaded that I was *not* deceived. But whether it were fancy or reality, hallucination or experience, the spectre, to my unspeakable horror, seemed to advance upon me with an expression of face that augured no

friendly intentions. Uttering a horrible howl I dashed the poker at his form and rushed back into my room in a state of the most terrible fright, while closing the door with a bang that resounded and reverberated through the whole house like thunder. No language can express my consternation, as, listening with pale face, strained attention, and beads of sweat upon my brow, I heard him resume his slow, heavy, deliberate descent as if nothing had happened.

The following night was perfectly tranquil, but on the second next night, as I was sitting in my room preparing to go to bed, my ear once more caught that hideous and horrible noise which on previous occasions froze my blood. At the same witching hour I heard once more the same reiterated flop, the same weighty, deliberate thud, the same naked, flabby foot descending the same stairs. It slowly reached the lobby, where it apparently rested; then, passing noiselessly across the floor, resumed its descent at the head of the next flight.

Catching up my candle and striding across the floor, I reached the door in a second, which I dashed wide open and shouted as before, "Who goes there?" All was silent save the echo. The lobby was empty; but on glancing down the stairs I saw an object which may excite laughter in my readers, but filled me with unspeakable horror. It was not a man, but apparently a portion of a man—a something, as large as the human foot, which was descending the stairs in the same unaccountable way, with the same detestable noise. What could it be? You may smile, if you please, when I state it was, or seemed to be, a large, gray "Norway rat," which returned my gaze—looked up at me with a profoundly human expression of hate that left no doubt on my mind, convinced me profoundly, that under the form of a rat this was the very being I had seen on a previous night in the cloudy semblance of a man!

I was informed by the old chore-woman who made our beds and prepared our breakfast that a shopkeeper in a neighboring street was intimately acquainted with the whole history of this house and would willingly satisfy my inquiries on the subject. To this "recording angel" I repaired. In a corporeal sense she proved to be a really great woman. Her form had been invested by the hand of nature with all the graces of a beer-barrel. She was eminently plethoric—a kind of human porpoise, as round and complete in her external contour as a hog'shead of lard. Her motion was a graceful waddle, like that of a corpulent drake. According to Plato, a circle is the most beautiful of all geometrical figures; therefore she was geometrically beautiful,

for she was perfectly circular. Strange to say, while her disposition was penurious her waist was enormous. In fact, she was an elephantine kind of female, and, like Falstaff, "larded the lean earth as she walked along." In short, to use the emphatic language of her admirers, she was "a splendid fat woman."

Regarded in her chronological capacity, she proved an incorrigible egotist, like

"Argus with his hundred I's."

She had a partiality for monologue, which she vastly preferred to dialogue, and treated the slightest interruption as a violation of her prerogatives. After a few words explanatory of my object she exclaimed, with a triumphant laugh which revealed a hideous huddle of black and broken teeth :

"Oh! begor, you seen her ladyship! Who is she, is it? Oh! the greatest old harridan that ever stepped. Sure that's the daughter of ould Whalley, of the County Wicklow, the King of the Orangemen; and, by the same token, it's 'burn-chapel Whalley' they christened on him, and it's well he deserved the name. Many's the chapel he burnt in his day, and many's the priest he kilt; and many's the time the daughter jumped for joy to see the chapel afire, and she as bitter a pill as ould Whalley himself! It's well for you she didn't kill you. Many's the croppy * she helped to hang in her time. She tuk the mate from the fire one fine day when the father wanted a rope, and it's what she gave the father, the cord that hung the mate to hang the croppy. Why does she haunt the house, is it? She haunts that house because hell was too good for her. Bad as the divil is, she was worse, and he hunted her out of hell, they say, for fear she'd corrupt his morals. Oh! you needn't laugh; it's the thruth I'm spakin'. I'm sure you hard tell of Buck Whalley, any way? Well, she was his sister—the man that went to Jerusalem and played ball agin the wall there. He was the divil's bucko, the same Whalley, but he wasn't as bad as his sister, though they were all bad. If they were all gathered together and put in wan bag, and the divil was to shake it, the first he'd let out 'ud be a villain, no matter which it was. Was she married? Faix, then, she was. She was married to the worst man in all Ireland; Lord Chancellor Clare, the man that carried away the parliament and put it in Lunnon. Oh! that was the villain entirely; but bad as he was, his wife was worse. 'I'll make the Irish people,' sez he, 'as tame as house-cats,' sez he; and now he's a rat himself, and the divil's cure to him, and that's a warm plaister. Oh!

* An insurrectionist.

it's the just judgment on him, for takin' away the Union! Sure it was he hung the two Sheareses—the finest young men in all Ireland. The villain fell in love with Miss Swete, they say, and when she wouldn't have him, but tuk Henry Sheares, he swore by all the books that ever was shut or open he'd be the death of Henry Sheares; and so he was, and his brother too. He hung them both, the murdherin' villain! Oh! there's no use a-talkin'; if all the innocent blood he spilt was gother in wan big hole, begor he might swim in it. I couldn't tell you half his villany if I talked till my tongue fell out."

So she rattled on, recounting the horrible cruelties perpetrated on the Irish Catholics during the year '98, all of which she attributed—right or wrong—to Chancellor Fitzgibbon, who, she was persuaded, provoked the rebellion first, in order to massacre the Irish afterwards. He caused the Orangemen, of whom he was chief, to burn the chapels, kill the priests, and torture the people to such a degree that they burst into rebellion, when he "fed fat the ancient grudge" he bore the Irish by butchering them without mercy and drowning them in blood, distracting and desolating the whole country, and plunging it into chaos in order to carry the legislative Union.

She concluded by describing his funeral, which seemed to afford her unmixed satisfaction. When the coffin reached St. Peter's Church the people who crowded the cemetery seemed to be seized with sudden frenzy, lost all control over themselves, and expressed their undying wrath and abhorrence of Lord Clare by yells, shouts, execrations, and roars of exasperation. It was a frightful scene. They flung dead cats upon the richly-covered coffin in commemoration of his loudly-expressed intention to "make the people of Ireland as tame as domestic cats."

The minds of the humbler Irish are cast in an antique mould. Like the Gauls as described by Cæsar, like the Greeks as sung by Homer, like the Egyptians as depicted by Herodotus, like the Etrurians as delineated in their mural paintings, the Irish set an immense value on solemn and ceremonious funerals. They seem to fancy with the Greeks that the departed spirits must be miserable unless their bodies, attended by "love, affection, troops of friends," are publicly interred in a magnificent manner. On the other hand, the greatest possible calamity that can befall a man is to be shabbily or hurriedly buried, unattended by solemn ceremonies and processional pomp. Hence the imposing splendors with which they bury such men as O'Connell, and hence, too, the difficulty with which they were restrained from heaping stones and mud upon the coffin of Lord Clare.

JACOPO DE' BENEDETTI DA TODI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT once said that he would give all he ever wrote to have composed the *Stabat Mater*—a no mean tribute of praise from the nineteenth century to the thirteenth, from the so-called age of enlightenment to the Catholic ages of faith. But in spite of the *Stabat Mater* and its wide fame, the name of Jacopo de' Benedetti is known to few, his history perhaps understood by fewer. It is not only the lapse of six hundred years which separates him from us, he is not only the most popular Franciscan bard of the middle ages, but he has been called the great convert of the thirteenth century; and his conversion almost scandalizes us, while later on his fervor seems to have swept him into imprudence scarcely free from heresy. We see him in the world, in the cloister, in prison as the enemy of a great pope, and then, by what looks like an act of flagrant inconsistency, he is raised, probably within a century of his death, to the dignity of beatification. His strange career may be likened to a mountain torrent which, rushing wildly from its native rocks, flings itself in sparkling impetuosity over crag and precipice, but after a time is seen flowing through pleasant meadows, reflecting the blue heaven in its depths, and again, swollen into a broad, calm river, it loses itself at last in the great ocean of God.

Jacopo was born at Todi, a town at the summit of a hill on the borders of Umbria, overlooking a fertile plain and the near conjunction of the river Naja with the Tiber. It was a place of some importance in the middle ages, strongly fortified, with three walls, and boasting a cathedral and a market-place. At the time when the outer wall was built the commune counted under its banner an army of thirty thousand foot-soldiers and ten thousand cavalry, and possessed fourteen strongholds in the neighboring country, all of which prosperity is as little remembered by the present inhabitants of Todi, numbering about four thousand souls, as is the history of all the celebrities who have gone out of her. They have for the most part little knowledge at all, save of poverty, or they might justly be proud of the fact that their city has given birth to forty-three saints, to seventy-four bishops, to thirteen cardinals, to eleven senators of Rome, to a patriarch of Antioch and an archbishop of Zara. But the

first public scene in Jacopo's life opens at Bologna. A gay procession is passing through this venerable old city—ancient already in the thirteenth century. Four heralds of the university lead the way, and as the centre of the animated throng may be seen the figure of a young man on horseback, proud and erect. A scarlet mantle falls from his shoulders in graceful folds, a smile of satisfaction lights up his handsome features, and his whole bearing is expressive of native dignity and of laurels newly won. He is at the end of his university career, and he has gone through it with brilliancy, if not, alas! altogether blamelessly. He has studied rhetoric and jurisprudence with such success that the schools have this day conferred upon him the title of doctor of laws—a degree so well esteemed by princes at that time that it was almost always the stepping-stone to the highest honors in the state.

No wonder, then, if Jacopo's heart swelled with pride, and if the future he painted for himself was all too golden in the sunny light of gratified ambition.

A little later, and another gay procession is passing through the streets of his native city: Jacopo is bringing home his young bride, the loveliest, noblest, and most virtuous of her daughters.

Success attends him everywhere; his life seems to be crowned at the very outset; all his youthful dreams are realized, even to the popularity which he enjoys among his fellow-citizens. But it is a noble heart indeed that can bear unspoilt an overmeasure of earthly happiness, and Jacopo's had yet to be tried in the furnace of suffering. Step by step he must descend from the proud height he had reached, till by a great repentance he should attain to a great sanctity.

His all-absorbing care at this point of his history seems to have been how to repair the damage done to his fortune by the somewhat riotous life he had led at Bologna. If his vanity and ambition were gratified when he found himself surrounded, the moment he appeared on the market-place, by clients eager to gain the clever young lawyer for their cause, his cupidity was none the less fostered by his invariable success. It led to his becoming gradually indifferent to the highest dictates of honor and rectitude; to this succeeded the stifling of conscience altogether, and at last he gave himself up without scruple to the sole pursuit of gain. He possessed talent enough to invent an attractive side to whatever cause he pleaded, and so by degrees he became involved in all the tortuous paths and labyrinths of the sophistry to which he had committed himself. But one

single grain of salt still preserved the whole mass from corruption. This was his love and veneration for his wife. What her gentle influence could not effect was to be brought about by her prayers; but in a way little suspected by either. It was in the year 1268; Jacopo's fame was at its height, and the hour of retribution at hand.

All the inhabitants of Todi were assembled in a large open space to witness the public games, and a tribune had been erected, on which the noblest maids and matrons of the city were seated. The loveliest among them all was Jacopo's young wife, Lucia, and by universal consent the place of honor was assigned to her. Little they suspected the sorrow of her young life, as she sat there in her magnificent attire, the recognized queen of the brilliant assembly; little they knew how her eyes could rain streams of tears as she knelt, often for hours together, in some lonely corner of her palace, pleading for her husband's soul. The games began, and after each trial of strength or skill the conqueror raised his eyes to the tribune to receive a token of approval as his reward—a smile, a flower, and sometimes a crown of laurel. Then the applause of the multitude burst forth. The eyes of all present were fixed on a race which was just being run; the goal was almost reached, and every breath was held with expectation; already Lucia's hand had seized the crown which she was to place on the conqueror's head, when suddenly from among the silent crowd there arose a shriek—the tribune began to totter. It swayed to and fro for an instant; another moment, a crash of falling timber, and all the loveliness of Todi was lying amid a heap of ruins. Jacopo had witnessed the catastrophe from a short distance and was on the spot immediately, seeking with wild cries his beloved Lucia. But the uproar and confusion were so great that it was some time before one single victim could be extricated from under the heavy mass of beams and planks. Then one maimed and wounded body, one corpse after another, was borne away, and the air was rent with cries of anguish and despair. But still Lucia was not found. At length Jacopo discovered her by the shining jewels she wore, and, rushing forward, succeeded in rescuing her, but apparently dead, from among the ruins. Carrying her away from the noise and tumult, he laid her on the grass, and, bending over her, called her again and again by the most tender names. After a little while the white lids unclosed, and she seemed to struggle for breath, when, in spite of her feeble resistance, he tore open her dress in order to procure her a little relief, but with a cry of horror he

sank down on his knees by her side. Under her rich dress of brocade of gold, under her sparkling jewels, he had discovered a rough hair-shirt. Her failing eyes met his inquiring, horrified gaze, and her lips moved in a supreme effort to speak. The words "penitenza—per te!" were just audible, then with the sigh which accompanied them her soul passed away.

Italy is the land of contrasts. As night sometimes follows day without any interval of twilight, so love and hatred, indifference and zeal, a certain childlike simplicity and passionate fervor of devotion, are often to be found in the self-same natures, and apparently without any connecting link. This characteristic was even more striking in the ages when men's minds were fashioned more simply, when lights and shadows were wont to be sharp and well defined, and the more subtle blendings of piety and worldliness were yet unlearned. That men must live wholly for God or wholly to themselves is no less certain in the nineteenth century than it was in the middle ages; but then by the force of contrast the boundary line was more patent to all beholders, and perhaps more valiantly defended, than in our days of compromise and half-heartedness. The darkness almost disappears and becomes light as we look back on the vast numbers of stars of the first magnitude which illumined the Italian sky from the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century.

For some days after the death of his wife Jacopo remained in dumb, hopeless misery, shut up within himself, a prey to the extremest agony of remorse. The sudden revelation that for him she had spent herself in a life of penance, of bodily austerities—for him, so honored, so envied by all, in his high place—crushed him to the earth. He lay stunned and with the whole weight of his sins upon him.

Then a light came from heaven, piercing the darkest recesses of his soul. He rose up, went and sold all his possessions, and distributed his fortune among the poor. Hitherto the love of worldly gain and the pride of intellect had led him astray. Henceforth his life should be one not only of austerity and mortification, but of ignominy, of utter humiliation. As success had been his loss, so failure should now be his gain. Of light is born love, and the new love which burned within him taught him not only to be poor with Christ's poor, but inspired him with a longing to be despised, to be glutted with reproaches, to be treated as a fool for Christ's sake. It was a stupendous resolution, and so far we can admire; but the ignominy that he chose for him-

self was real and practical, and the details are—perhaps as he intended them to be—almost repulsive.

Through the streets of Todi a strange figure is pursued by the taunts and gibes of the children. "Jacopone!" they cry (mad Jacopo), and throw mud and stones at him. He is clothed in a few rags; his long, straggling locks hang over and nearly cover his face; his looks are wild and terrible. Sometimes he stops, and, raising his eyes to heaven, heaves a deep sigh and wrings his hands, upon which the cry is raised again: "Jacopone! Jacopone!" The people said he became mad on the death of his wife, but often in the midst of his exhibitions of folly he would suddenly stand upright in the market-place and begin to preach to the astonished crowd collected around him for idle pastime. On these occasions words of such burning eloquence would fall from his lips, he would lash them with such scathing truths, that his hearers soon forgot to laugh, or lost all desire to do so, and, slinking away out of hearing of his denunciations, they would say to each other with scared looks: "He is no fool." Once he appeared at the marriage-feast of his niece entirely covered with feathers and presenting the most ridiculous appearance. His presence disturbed and cast a shadow over the frivolous amusements of the guests, upon which his relations remonstrated with him. His answer is remarkable. "My brother," he replied, "thinks to render our name illustrious by his magnificence. I do so by my folly." On another occasion he met one of his relations coming from the market, where he had bought two fowls. The man begged him to carry them to his house and to leave them there. Instead of this Jacopo took them straight to the church of San Fortunato and laid them in the burial vault of his family. A few hours afterwards his relation came to him, complaining that he had not found the animals on his return home.

"Did you not charge me," replied Jacopo, "to take them to your dwelling-place? And what is your house but that in which you will dwell for ever?" "*Et sepulcra eorum domus illorum in æternum*" (Psalm xlviii. 12).

Jacopo continued to lead this kind of existence for ten years, preaching to his fellow-citizens by his austerities, by his sermons of burning eloquence, and by his pretended madness; and perhaps this mysterious madness, more than all else, caused men to marvel and look into their own lives as they compared the once brilliant Jacopo with the humble penitent before them. Many would retire pensive and disturbed at the sight of him, ponder-

ing at least on the mutability of earthly things in the change which had come over his destiny.

Meanwhile the thought of death left him no peace. He sought consolation in the ceaseless study of the Holy Scriptures, which he read again and again from beginning to end, dwelling particularly on the warnings and denunciations of the prophets, which he frequently imitated in his discourses. Of a less healthy nature were the researches which led him from the study of theology into the obscurities of mysticism—an error which, while it had its root in the dangerous sophistry of his past life, was not without some influence on his subsequent career.

He had become a tertiary of St. Francis, but he longed for a rule more austere, for an authority more complete; and the strength and independence of his character required both. In the year 1278 we find him knocking at the door of the Franciscan monastery, humbly asking for admittance. Day after day he was sent away, and at last it was represented to him that the disturbed state of his mind did not allow of his becoming a friar. Then for the first time Jacopo's eye lost its wild expression; he looked steadily and calmly into the venerable face of the religious, drew from the folds of his ragged garment a sheet of paper, and handed it to him with the words, "These are the thoughts of mad Jacopo," then turned away and disappeared.

It was a poem in Latin, the first he is supposed to have written, of which the following is a translation :

" Why doth the world so fierce for idle pomp contend,
Whose utmost happiness ere night must have an end ?
Not sooner than its pride is to destruction brought
The earthen vessel which the potter's hand hath wrought.

" Rather thy trust in word written in snow repose
Than on such promise as the world unto thee shows :
'Tis but deceit whate'er it bids thee look upon
As virtue's best reward ; trust in it place thou none !

" Far better 'twere to place thy trust in brittle glass
Than in earth's empty joys, which must so quickly pass
Dreams only, idle dreams, are all it gives to thee,
And all its wisdom is deceit and vanity.

" Say, where is Solomon, who once so mighty stood ?
And where is Samson, whom no enemy subdued ?
And where is Absalom, with his long, flowing hair ?
And where is Jonathan, worthy all love to share ?

" Where now is Cæsar, who o'er half the world held sway?
 Where Xerxes, he who spent in feasting every day?
 Where Cicero, who had o'er all the gift of speech?
 And Aristotle where, of intellect most rich?

" All, all that olden fame, and all that span of time,
 And all those troops of might, and all those powers sublime,
 And all that tale of wealth, of glory, and of pride,
 In one short moment lost, are dust, and naught beside.

" Ah! short is every pleasure, none without alloy,
 And like a shadow passeth every earthly joy,
 And, passing, sears each blessing God to man hath given,
 And lures him to despair, his soul with anguish riven.

" O dust and ashes thou, O banquet worms to sate,
 O vapor naught! wherefore dost thou thyself elate?
 Perchance thy debt of life ere morrow thou must pay;
 Then on the poor thy goods haste to bestow to-day.

" O mortal beauty, which itself doth so uphold,
 What is't? A blade of grass, a tale when all is told.
 Like as a fallen leaf the wind bears off in play,
 E'en so the life of man thus quickly fades away.

" *What thou must one day lose, ne'er count on it as gain:
 Whatever earth doth give earth soon takes back again.
 Be Heaven above thy goal, there let thy heart seek rest;
 Who doth the world despise alone is truly blest."*

Together with these verses was a poem written in the crude but expressive and picturesque dialect of the Umbrian peasantry—a song so ardent, so full of divine charity, that the Franciscans hesitated no longer, but threw open their doors to him immediately. "Sorrow and solitude," says Ozanam, "had transformed the lawyer into a poet." His madness was now discovered to be like the folly of St. Francis, who used to be found wandering about the country in floods of tears, weeping over the Passion of Christ. The same ardor of devotion led Jacopone to the foot of the altars, and thence out into the fields and forests, into all places where the Creator has revealed himself most fully in his works. Praying, singing, improvising psalms with rapturous tears, he would cling to the trunks of trees, weeping with a kind of despairing fervor, and when asked the reason of his sorrow his answer was always: "Ah! I weep because Love is not loved." Being pressed one day to explain by what signs the Christian may assure himself that he loves God, he answered: "If I ask a certain favor of God and receive it not,

I love him, notwithstanding, more ; and if God does just the contrary to what I ask, I love him twice as much as before."

A fruit of this divine charity in him was a fervent and apostolic love of souls. In an ecstasy of pity and tenderness for sinners he even desired, like St. Paul, to become *anathema*, that he might win all for Christ. Forgiveness of injuries was the perpetual theme and refrain of his sermons.

But in abandoning himself thus to what may almost be called the romance of the love of God he had not neglected the most sobering of all sciences—the perfect knowledge of himself. If his whole life after his conversion resembled one long act of charity, it was inspired by a calm but entire and utter hatred of self. He steadily refused the dignity of the priesthood, which he was again and again solicited to accept, preferring in his humility to remain a lay brother and to perform the meanest household duties. So great was his love of humiliation that no suffering which they brought upon him was able to check the interior joy with which he overflowed, while no transport of joy could efface his constant and abiding sorrow for sin.

Of the mortification of his senses one story is told which, if it offend our softness and delicacy, illustrates in a striking manner the indomitable energy with which he encountered temptation. Once in the midst of a strict fast he remembered the sumptuous banquets to which he used to invite his friends, and, being pursued with a temptation to break his abstinence, he took a piece of raw meat, hung it up in his cell, and kept it there until it became putrid. Then, addressing himself, he exclaimed : "Behold the food thou hast desired, and enjoy it now." Meanwhile the smell of the decayed meat had spread through the monastery and betrayed the infraction of the rule. This led to the discovery of the culprit and to his punishment. In the joy of his heart at being revenged, as it were, on himself, he composed a hymn of triumph beginning thus :

"O giubilo del core
Che fai cantar d'amore !"

We have called Jacopo the enemy of a great pope, and have said that the road to his beatification lay through a prison. The strange contradictions in his nature were not to cease when he had turned from the Codes and Pandects of Justinian, from the theories of Aristotle and Plato, to the Bible. If there was inward peace there was to be much outward strife, and from the abyss of humility to which he had descended were not to be ex-

cluded high words and intemperate zeal. Boniface VIII. had succeeded Celestine V. on the papal throne, not without opposition ; for the two Cardinals Colonna and their partisans in Italy, together with the creatures of Philippe le Bel, had united to protest against what they chose to term a usurpation of the Holy See. This was sufficient to excite the passions of a people highly impressionable, to whom the most infamous stories had already been administered in order to prejudice their minds against Boniface. The question was whether to give allegiance to a pontiff accused of having forced his predecessor to abdicate, of having even taken his life. The memory of Boniface VIII., vilely calumniated, has long since been cleared and his character shown in its true light ; but the nature of this struggle, unlike the schism of a later age, was that it attacked the person of the pontiff alone—the papacy remained still inviolate.

The Franciscans were meanwhile divided into two bodies : on the one hand they were beginning to fall away from their first fervor and to become lax in discipline, on the other hand to throw off the authority of superiors on the ground that they were the promoters of abuses. The first were called conventuals, the second spirituals on account of their greater austerity and fidelity to the rule of St. Francis. From the moment of his entering the order Jacopo had declared himself on the side of the spirituals, approved and protected by Pope Celestine. But after a troubled reign of five months Celestine laid down the burden which he had reluctantly taken upon himself, and Boniface inaugurated a new era. One of his first acts was to revoke the concessions of his predecessor and to suppress the privileges of the spirituals, putting them under obedience to the conventuals. To the irritation which this caused was now joined the prejudice which had been occasioned by the calumnies spread abroad by the enemies of the pope. When the two disaffected cardinals with their adherents cited Boniface, by a solemn act, to answer before an œcumenical council for what they called his *usurpation*, Jacopo was called upon to certify to the authenticity of the act. He thus incurred, together with the whole hostile party, the excommunication which before long fell upon him. At Palestrina, a fortified town belonging to the Colonnas, the spirituals possessed a monastery, and there, in the midst of the pope's enemies, Jacopo had decided on the question which was occupying and fermenting all minds. His error was great, but it was the error of a heart devoured by zeal for the glory of God and the consolation of the church. With a great cry he raised his voice and

deplored her sorrows in a poem full of the tenderest love and grief. At the same time, however, he poured forth a stream of detestable abuse against the Vicar of Christ, in words which can only be partly excused by his profound conviction that they were directed against a usurper and the deadly enemy of Christendom. Boniface besieged Palestrina and reduced it to obedience, and Jacopo was condemned to expiate his verses in a dungeon. The details of his five years' imprisonment are among the most wonderful events of his life. His sufferings are again the subject of his triumph, and the clanking of his chains is mingled with his songs of joy. One thing only weighed upon him: while his companions in disgrace had thrown themselves at the feet of Boniface and had obtained pardon, he still languished under the sentence of excommunication. In vain he humbled himself and prayed for absolution, even though his sufferings might be increased and prolonged to the end of his life; Boniface sent him no answer. At length with the year 1300 was proclaimed a universal jubilee to inaugurate a new century. The penitent might now surely hope for deliverance from his ban. Thousands of pilgrims flocked to Rome, dragging with them their children and their sick, to obtain pardon at the tomb of the apostles, and he could hear their footsteps and their prayers as they passed by his prison. He addressed a second letter to the pope, more humble than the first, but Boniface was inflexible. Not till he had fallen by sacrilegious hands at Anagni, and Benedict XI. was elected his successor, was Jacopo restored to the church and to St. Francis.

From his miserable dungeon have come down to us two gems of priceless value, the fruit of his long captivity; these are the *Stabat Mater dolorosa*, the hymn of the cross, and the *Stabat Mater speciosa*, that of the crib. The first is too well known to need repetition here, but we give Dr. Mason Neale's admirable translation of the second, which he regards as the earlier in date. In his preface to the translation he says of the original: "It was, indeed, known to exist, but was buried in such obscurity that Ozanam, in his work on the Franciscan poets, believes himself to have been the first to reprint it. In the German translation of that history by Julius—a great improvement on the original—further particulars are given concerning it. I cannot but wonder that it has never hitherto appeared in an English translation, nor even, so far as I know, been reprinted in this country."

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA.

- " Full of beauty stood the Mother
By the manger, blest o'er other,
Where her little One she lays :
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation,
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.
- " Oh! what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed Mother, kneeling
By the Sole-Begotten One ;
How, her heart with laughter bounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw His birth, the glorious Son !
- " Who is he that sight who beareth
Nor Christ's Mother's solace shareth,
In her bosom as He lay ?
Who is he that would not render
Tend'rest love for love so tender,
Lone with that dear Babe at play ?
- " For the trespass of her nation
She with oxen saw his station
Subjected to cold and woe :
Saw her sweetest Offspring's wailing,
Wise men him with worship hailing,
In the stable mean and low.
- " Jesus lying in the manger,
Heavenly armies sang the Stranger,
In the great joy bearing part.
Stood the Old Man with the Maiden,
No words speaking, only laden
With this wonder in their heart.
- " Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathize with thee :
Let me raise my heart's devotion
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.
- " Mother, let me win this blessing :
Let his sorrow's deep impressing
In my heart engraved remain ;
Since thy Son, from heaven descending,
Deigned to bear the manger's tending,
Oh! divide with me His pain.

- "Keep my heart, its gladness bringing,
To my Jesus ever clinging
Long as this my life shall last;
Love like that thine own love give it,
On my little Child to rivet
Till this exile shall be past.
Let me share thine own affliction;
Let me suffer no rejection
Of my purpose fixed and fast.
- "Virgin peerless of condition,
Be not wroth with my petition:
Let me clasp thy little Son;
Let me bear that Child so glorious,
Him whose birth, o'er Death victorious,
Willed that Life for man was won.
- "Let me, satiate with my pleasure,
Feel the rapture of thy Treasure
Leaping for that joy intense;
That, inflamed by such communion,
Through the marvel of that union
I may thrill in every sense.
- "All that love this stable truly,
And the shepherds, watching duly,
Tarry there the live-long night,
Pray that by thy Son's dear merit
His elected may inherit
Their own country's endless light."

And now the wild mountain torrent has reached the pleasant meadows at last. As it nears the ocean not a ripple disturbs even its surface. The Franciscan monastery at Collagone is the valley through which it next wends its quiet way. Here Jacopo spent the last uneventful years of his life, rapt in transports of divine love, all his fiery impetuosity turned into the gentlest and most loving patience.

In the friendship which united him to Brother John of Alvernia is displayed the whole wealth of tenderness of which his nature was capable, combined with a supernatural capacity for rising always from the creature to the Creator. Everything that was lovely and lovable served him as bright, strong rays by which to climb to the Origin of all light. The following present, which he once sent together with a poem to his friend ill of a fever, will serve to show the kind of intercourse which existed between them. It was composed of two Latin sentences: "I

have always considered it a great thing to know how to enjoy God. Why? Because in the time of consolation humility may be exercised with reverence. But I have considered, and I consider it the greatest gift of all to know how to remain deprived of God. Why? Because in the hour of trial faith is exercised without sight, hope without expectation of a reward, and charity without any sign of divine protection." This is perhaps the highest state of self-abandonment to which a soul may attain.

At last, bowed down with the weight of years and spent with the ardor of his devotion, Jacopo fell ill and prepared himself for death. But on being pressed to receive the last sacraments he insisted on waiting for the arrival of John of Alvernia, from whose hand he desired to receive the Holy Viaticum. His companions represented to him that Brother John could scarcely be informed of his condition in time, and renewed their entreaties. But without answering Jacopo raised himself on his couch and began to intone the hymn *Anima benedetta*. Scarcely had he finished singing when the monks saw two *frati* coming across the fields towards the monastery. One of them proved to be John of Alvernia, whom an irresistible presentiment had drawn towards the death-bed of his friend. With great peace and joy Jacopo then received his Lord. After a little while he began to sing *Jesu nostro fidanza*. Then he exhorted his companions to live a holy life, raised his hands to heaven, heaved one sigh, and died. It was Christmas eve, at midnight, and in the adjoining church the priest was intoning the *Gloria in excelsis*.

The precise date of Jacopo's beatification is uncertain, but in 1596 a bishop, Angelo Cesi, raised a monument to him in the church of San Fortunato at Todi, bearing this inscription:

"The bones of Blessed Jacopo de' Benedetti da Todi, brother minor, who, having made himself a fool for the love of Christ, deceived the world by a new artifice and gained heaven."

Rome punished by the infliction of a temporal penalty the error of his intemperate zeal; but, penetrating with calm, discerning eyes below the surface, she discovered the jewel hidden among the thorns, and saw that it was good.

HOPEFUL ASPECTS OF SCEPTICISM.*

As "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," though sometimes hard to find, the acknowledged scepticism of the age does not seem to us wholly depressing. That men should have their minds exercised about the most momentous topics which can engage human attention is assuredly far better than that stolid indifference, that careless assent of mental indolence, which cares not a straw for the whole subject. Where there is a fixed and honest desire to find the truth we may believe that, though for a time the mind be perplexed and puzzled by the labyrinth of paths that present themselves, it will yet distinguish the safe one, and that "good shall be the final goal of ill." Let a man feel that

"Fatti non foste a viver come bruti
Ma per seguir virtude e conoscenza";

let him find out by sad experience his powerlessness always to do the right or to attain his noblest ideal unaided, and he will look about him for help whereon to lean, a strength superior to his own.

We would fain believe that the scepticism of the day is not the audacious rashness of the soul anxious to emancipate itself from moral restraint. Undoubtedly a great deal may be traced to this source, which has produced sceptics in all ages. But I find in most of the respectable works of avowed sceptics a germ that yields more hope than fear. They have become mentally disquieted. That which they call Christianity is but a distorted fragment of it as presented by a sect. The thoughtful mind looks in this cracked mirror and sees everything crooked and deformed. He applies to this self-constituted creed the keen logic of argument, and finds it halt and lame. He applies to it the most solemn test of all—his own soul-cravings. He asks for bread and is offered a stone. He says practically, "Your creed, which you say is divinely taught, fails to make me conquer self or to reach any higher level of knowledge. It neither sheds light upon earth's darksome paths nor reveals any certain hope

* *The Republic of God*. An Institute of Theology. By Elisha Mulford, D.D. * *Theological Renaissance of the Nineteenth Century*." By Professor Allen, of the Cambridge Episcopal School, *Princeton Review*, November and January.

respecting the future. Then what claim has it upon my intellectual fealty?"

This is the implied if not avowed confession of the majority of sceptics. They feel all the ground shaking like a quicksand beneath their feet. The flimsy structures of heresy are being shaken to their fall by the "mighty and strong earthquake" of the needs of clamoring souls. Only the house built upon the rock will remain impregnable.

It is so generally conceded that the "old lines" of theology, the creeds of the sects, are out of date that the panacea which suggests itself is to pare away objectionable features and restore, revive, repair, reassert the majestic ancient faith. We hail the first symptom as extremely hopeful. We believe that the second will, if honestly attempted, lead any earnest mind to the full and perfect truth as taught by the Catholic Church.

The learned author whose work is before us, and his no less able reviewer, attempts to show how this can be done. Prof. Allen assumes that theology (by which he means the dictum of some sect) has become effete. Its moribund existence, having been galvanized now and again by violent shocks of public criticism, has at length succumbed. It remains only to bury it decently. The age requires a more wide-awake system, more consonant with its needs. Hence he speaks of the "*renaissance* of theology." The term is expressive. It suggests that, like any of the arts—sculpture, painting, or architecture—theology has fallen into decrepitude, long survived its golden age, and that the inherent weakness and mortality which it possessed have reasserted themselves, requiring the potent exertions of some master-mind to restore it to its pristine glory. But believing, as we do, that theology, properly so called, is the enunciation of the divine Mind, and therefore contains an inherent vitality, not only because it is truth, whose are the eternal years of God, but inspired truth, maintaining its sway by a double prestige—its essential nature and the guarantee of its Author—we protest against the very idea of its renaissance, as we should shrink from applying the same term to God himself.

It is impossible in the limited space at our command to analyze anything like exhaustively the plan suggested by Dr. Mulford or Prof. Allen for securing the "*renaissance*" of theology. We can only select such salient points as are supposed erroneously to clash loudest against the teachings of the church.

At the outset be it understood that the church has always taught that truth is one. She does not assert that before the

advent of Christ there was no knowledge of God possessed by man. On the contrary, as St. Paul asserts, mankind was groping after God in the dark, while here and there a clearer glimpse of the truth flashed upon some more gifted mind. But all the shreds of truth in the world prior to Christianity could not make up that royal vesture in which the soul needs to be clad ere it can claim its birthright as a citizen of heaven. Christianity not only revealed new truths, but gave definite form and preciseness to old truths which, as dim guesses or undefined outlines, had served to show a glimmering radiance through the long night of ages. If mankind was ever to arrive at an adequate knowledge of truth, something more than an earthly teacher was needed—some one who intimately knew the divine Mind and could impart that knowledge in appreciable form, so that there might no longer be room to doubt respecting any important doctrine. Mr. Matthew Arnold assumes that Christianity in its present form is composed of a mass of accretions which have grown round the original deposit, and which he calls *aberglaube*, or extra-belief.* It is the critic's business to detect the false from the true. But how? By the same faculty which decides everything in Protestantism—private judgment. It is assumed at the outset that reason is perfectly adequate to the task, and that at the touch of its spear the disguised fiend of error will be seen in its true shape. Let it not be supposed that we think meanly of such a thinker as Mr. Arnold or lightly value the severe ordeal through which a sincere truth-seeker must necessarily pass. Truth-seeking is sometimes a daily martyrdom. As St. Augustine says: "Let those be severe on you who know not with what labor truth is discovered, who know not with what difficulty the eye of the interior man is treated of its infirmity."

The one grand truth which has perplexed the minds of men in all ages has been, and is, the relation of the human soul to Deity. Assuming that there is a God, what do we know about him? Dr. Mulford asserts that the existence of God is incapable of demonstration. Mr. Arnold conceives the contrary. He sees "a power not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," gradually causing all the events of history to take this tendency. And as this is the case, and all human history tends "toward the achievement of righteousness and freedom," that tendency must proceed from a source in which righteousness and freedom exist. Bishop Butler, in his *Analogy*, shows that it is possible to demonstrate the existence of God from nature. But the deductions

* *Literature and Dogma.*

thus arrived at rather prove the necessity of special revelation. Man found out that God was great and terrible, and the preponderance of evil in the world inclined him to believe that this great and terrible being delighted in it and originated it; therefore he became a fruitful source of dread. No man had reached that definition of God which Christianity glories in—"God is love!" This was reserved for Him whom Theodore Parker eloquently describes as "the possibility of the race made real."

Dr. Mulford rightly insists that the divine being and the divine personality are inseparable in thought. But we take exception when he says that "it is through the deeper knowledge of himself that man comes to the knowledge of God." It is not all the truth. If we ascertain that there are innate in us certain passions and instincts which nothing earthly can satisfy, we may reason, from this point, that they were intended to be satisfied, and that, as nothing presently known can satisfy them, they must find their complete satisfaction in God.* But there is another phase of self-knowledge—that dark soul-wrestling with instincts which our better self condemns, yet which seize upon the yielding senses with almost irresistible might; that confronting of the heart with its real self, so skilfully concealed from all else; those times of horror and great darkness when a man is as

"Shut up as in a crumbling tomb,
Girt round with blackness as a solid wall."

Such self-knowledge has plunged men into madness, a reckless defiance like that felt by the Roman criminal chained to the mouldering corpse. But, unenlightened, he could not guess at the possibility of forgiveness and all the blessings of restoration. And if he could hope for this, could he intuitively discover that there is a power which, acting within and upon us, uses our very weakness as a mighty power to attain to the holiness which we naturally repel, and to make the pursuit of virtue a delight instead of irksome? Therefore we cannot admit that "the more strongly the human personality is developed the more clearly is the divine personality apprehended." As God is only truly seen "in the face of Jesus Christ," so man only truly knows himself by the aid of that "Spirit of the Lord" that "searcheth the inward parts." It is by means quite external to himself that the life of the soul is sustained: "Now the just man shall live by

* See St. Augustine's *Confessions*. This is elaborately argued by Canon Liddon, *University Sermons*, sermon on Psalm lxi. 1.

faith." * It is this which, as St. Anselm and St. Augustine both show, determines the will toward righteousness. If, as Matthew Arnold observes, conduct is three-fourths of religion, it follows that as man's natural bent is not toward good but evil, he requires some external aid to overcome or at least neutralize it, and so enable the higher self to triumph over the lower.

But though morals are inseparable from religion, it is not strictly true that "Christianity is not a religion but a life." By religion Dr. Mulford means outward service as distinct from inward belief.

We think Prof. Allen is hardly fair in making the following statement:

"It should be remembered that the spiritual force which proved stronger than the Roman Empire was not regarded by the Romans as worthy to be called a religion, nor did it claim to be so considered by the Christians. It had taken on no ritual forms, no temples, no altars, no priesthood, no images. The Christian apologists disclaimed all these as unworthy or unnecessary; in the words of Minucius Felix in the third century: 'He who cultivates justice makes offerings to God; he who abstains from fraudulent practices propitiates God; he who snatches man from danger slaughters the most acceptable victim. These are our sacrifices, these our rites of God's worship; thus amongst us [Christians] he who is most just is most religious.'"

It seems almost superfluous to remark that the first part of this statement has been so completely refuted by archæology alone that it would be impertinent to imagine a professor of Cambridge Episcopal School unacquainted with the fact. The discoveries of the basilica of St. Clement carry us back almost to apostolic times, and we find there abundant proof that at that early date a ritual differing very little from that in present use was adopted. But the arcana was kept secret from the public, and the mystery surrounding Christian worship gave rise to the monstrous charges of infanticide and other atrocities then current. What the apologists disclaimed was the sensuous rites of heathenism which a man could practise who had no care to live a moral life. With the Christian the rite was but the exponent of the inner belief which had fixed its roots in the soul and gave forth fruits of holiness in the life.

As soon, however, as disabilities were removed the ritual heretofore used in secret was openly displayed. To read Prof. Allen one would think that, from being a creed without any ceremonial, Christianity under Constantine leaped at a bound to

* Hebrews x. 38.

"splendid ritual," and "with its pantheon of saints and angels, its fasts and festivals, more than made good to the old world what it lost in the seeming extinction of the old cults." This is what Dr. Middleton tried to prove long ago, that Christianity was only another form of paganism. Like Prof. Allen, he regarded it as "a decline from the true conception of the work of Christ." In what way? The work of Christ was to save men by imparting truths which, if practised, would enable man to attain to a participation in the life of God. As the ills which he has to cope with are specific and real, the means of remedy must be also specific and real—in other words, the plan of salvation needs to be systematized, if it is to be practicable. Political axioms never attain any lasting existence until they become systematized and practical. The church was kept from error by the presence of that Paraclete who was to "guide into *all* truth," declaring himself in no dubious manner, but by an infallible living voice. It needed nothing less than this to determine through the lapse of ages what was the truth, to keep burning the lamp of faith unobscured by the dark and gathering mists of error. Like "a wise nursing mother," the church studies the very best methods of educating her children, and she has found that the universal experience of mankind goes to show that without ritual there cannot long exist any worship at all. Prof. Allen asserts that the adoption of a splendid ritual was a sign of inherent weakness and decay of the spiritual life. At the same time he asserts that the church is found unsuited to the requirements of the age. So far from being a departure from the plan of Christ for the spiritual education of mankind, ritual is strictly in accordance with that plan. We trace in the Gospels a considerate adaptation of the style of Christ's teaching to the intellectual capacity of those he addressed. No style is at once so attractive and so likely to retain its hold upon the memory as the narrative. The imagination is called in to the aid of reason, and seizes upon the idea much more quickly because of its picturesqueness. Hence the best-known parts of our Lord's discourses are the parables.

In this same spirit the worship of the church is presented. It is proved that the power to worship unaided by any external medium is given to few. It becomes ecstasy, and is the special privilege of the greatest saints. Therefore the majority of mankind need a symbolism * that preaches in a pictorial and sensible manner the great truths of faith. Nor is it "dependent on popu-

* See this elaborately argued in Möhler's *Symbolik*.

lar sentiment." No portion of the elaborate ritual of the Roman Church has thus originated, yet its suitability to the popular mind, from the most cultivated to the most illiterate, is shown by the devout attachment of the millions who find therein those aids to prayer, those suggestions of doctrine, those "gales from Paradise," that waft our earth-bound thoughts to a purer region, where all life is worship because all life is love. As language is the exponent of thought, ritual is the exponent of faith. It is necessary, as is proved in Protestant countries like Switzerland, where its absence has almost eliminated the faintest ideas of the great cardinal facts of Christianity from the popular mind. The Puritan mind never rose up to this conception. The disinterested generosity which ritual implies is repugnant to that spirit which quotes texts of Scripture to hide its parsimonious meanness.* It peeps out in our Cambridge professor, who says: "The highest credit that can be given to Roman Catholicism is that it gave birth to Protestantism and the higher spirituality and freedom which are the Protestant heritage." Truly, as the late London alderman remarked, "wonders have never done ceasing." We were quite ignorant that Roman Catholicism gave birth to Protestantism. Luther and Calvin both asserted that it was a revelation from some source superhuman, and was a complete breaking loose from all Roman tradition. They pretended to conform themselves to some primitive model, and wholly repudiated the idea that they owed anything to the church from which they apostatized.† Even the flippant Erasmus never asserted this. And where does Mr. Allen find evidence of "the higher spirituality" which is "the Protestant heritage"? Has Protestantism enabled men to live nobler and purer lives? Has it produced that long roll of illustrious men and women whose lives have ennobled their race, who labored to mitigate human ignorance and misery by a career which has extorted the admiration even of foes? As to "the freedom" begotten of Protestantism, we should think license a better

*I once saw the yearly report of a parish whose vicar was much opposed to ritual and an enthusiastic member of the Church Association. It contained these items: "Item, for white-washing parish church, £2; for putting new leg to communion-table of deal, at wish of the vicar, for cheapness, 5s." The communion-table was of old oak. This economical clergyman might be seen on the Continent every summer, spending money as lavishly as any member of the "Dodd Family Abroad."

† Archbishop Parker would fain have destroyed even the time-honored phrases of the church, such as Christmas, Candlemas, etc., as Bishop Hooper would have abolished the surplice as "a rag of popery." See also Michelet's *Memoirs of Luther*, where a coarse phrase is employed to show his desire that the Reformation should adapt nothing from Rome, but commence its career naked.

term. The rebel who throws off his allegiance to his country, the criminal who refuses to obey righteous laws, the child who kicks against parental control, all plead for freedom. The freedom begotten of Protestantism is analogous to all three. It is the usurpation of lawful authority for purposes of self-gratification. It sets up *I* against all the world, acknowledging no other arbiter for time or eternity. Though convinced times without number of the inability of its reason to define the simplest problem—as, for instance, what is life?—it sets itself up as solely competent to decide upon the most momentous mysteries. What is the consequence? Just as, in a country where lawful authority is abolished and the unrestrained will of each man is carried out, we have the most dreadful excesses, anarchy in its worst forms, so Protestantism is religious anarchy, bearing in itself the seeds of disintegration. In all communities—the American Union, for instance—the general and national weal must be the first consideration. This is secured by wise laws, judiciously administered, securing to each citizen as much of freedom and happiness as is consistent with the welfare of the whole. It is so in the church. She is, as St. Paul says, *ἐλεύθερα*,* free, but her freedom is based upon obedience. All her children are free, being only restrained from what is injurious. We all know that wise parental restraint saves the child from many evils which its own recklessness would incur. From what countless ills does the obedience of faith save the Catholic! To him the way of salvation is clear as a mathematical demonstration; it is defined so plainly that “the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein.” God is not to him the “Universum” of Strauss, nor the “Humanity” of Comte, nor the “Immensities” of Carlyle, but Father, Friend, Saviour, Guide. Christianity is to him a science for every-day life, for the workshop as well as the throne, for its vales heavy with the shadow of death as well as the glorious heights of the sunlit hills of God.

Respecting the question of revelation Dr. Mulford departs from the old fossilized idea of Protestantism that there has never been but one revelation. He thinks revelation is a continuous process—“not that its substance knows any increase, but in the progress of humanity, under the tuition of a divine Spirit, there lies the ampler knowledge of its contents.” When the “theory of development” first asserted the possibility that man had not yet unfolded all truth revealed to him, how did the orthodox “squeak and gibber” and denounce with howlings! How did

* Galatians iv. 26.

they quote *ad nauseam* the ill-comprehended text, "the faith once for all delivered to the saints"! And while admitting as a truism that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy," they assume to have gauged the profoundest depth of revealed truth, and denounce any fresh light that may be vouchsafed as an *ignis fatuus*. But probably Dr. Mulford would say: "I do not admit inspiration or revelation in the sense you do. It is not the communication of light and knowledge directly, but indirectly. It is largely dependent on the mood of the person, we might also say his taste. For if all the revelation of God which I can obtain is to come to me through the agency of a subtler sense, a keen discernment of the esoteric meaning of nature, it is obvious that a man not gifted with this subtler sense and keen discernment will be excluded from it." Dr. Mulford quotes the beautiful lines of Wordsworth as illustrating his meaning:

"I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

To distinguish this voice as uttering a message addressed to us is the privilege of the true Christian. To him it is no bewildering jargon nor leads him to pantheism, but is like the prelude of an harmonious symphony that suggests ever the guiding hand of Him who controls the music of the spheres. But if followed to its sequence, as Emerson followed it, it destroys the idea of personality in God. We cordially agree with Carlyle that "all history becomes an inarticulate Bible, and in a dim, intricate manner reveals the divine appearances to this lower world. For God did make this world and does govern it. The loud-roaring loom of time weaves the vesture thou seest him by. There is no biography of a man, much less any history or biography of a nation, but wraps in it a message out of heaven addressed to the hearing ear and the not hearing." But as so many are of the latter class, and so many more who hear fail to understand, we need an authoritative voice to tell us

what may be believed with safety, to unravel the "dim, intricate manner." If God is the educator of every people it must be in some definite and tangible way; and the Catholic Church only answers to this description.

Dr. Mulford says nowhere did Christ and his apostles present the outline of a new religion. If so, does not this imply the necessity of such a definition? Nowhere can we find from the Scriptures themselves what books are genuine and what spurious. Probably as many have been rejected by Ezra and the Nicene fathers as we now possess. But the church, guided by the Spirit, decided what was to be received as inspired. It is not difficult to trace the main truths of the Christian faith, of which the Apostles' Creed is a summary, in separate passages of the New Testament; but it needed the church to define what was of faith, and this was one of the special offices of the Holy Ghost. Prof. Allen is in error in saying that the Holy Ghost does not act upon the soul through the channel of the sacraments. He says, moreover: "His work it is, by presenting Christ to the soul, so to transform humanity that the promise of the Incarnation shall be fulfilled at last and Christ's Body and Blood become the body and the blood of Christendom." This is in the usual vague style of this school. The only promise we are aware of of this kind is that by participation of the Eucharist we realize "Christ in us, the hope of glory," * *really*, not figuratively; the source of spiritual invigoration, whereby a mystical union takes place between Christ and the believer's soul as intimate as between the assimilated food he eats and his physical body. And it is by this supernatural mean that the life of holiness is maintained. If the Holy Spirit does not manifest himself through the sacraments, making them means of grace, then they are empty and meaningless forms. It is through them that humanity is transformed by the mortification of the body of sin, and its spiritual resurrection in the likeness of Christ.

If there is one doctrine more than another which Christianity has "brought to light through the Gospel" it is our personal immortality. To show how great is the "higher spirituality and freedom which are the Protestant heritage," let us ask, What do the most cultivated of sceptics believe about it? "A future life is no longer a matter of positive knowledge, a revealed fact, but simply a matter of faith, of hope, of earnest desire, a sublime possibility, round which meditation and inquiry will collect all the

* Colossians i. 27. "For then we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us. We are one with Christ, and Christ with us" (Communion Office in *Book of Common Prayer*).

probabilities they can." * But will this suffice? Do not most men think

"Our own brief life should teach us this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth were darkness at the core
And dust and ashes all that is" ?

Upon no subject do we so much need an authoritative declaration; and but for such a declaration, taken as it is from Catholic truth and filched by every sect, the soul of man would walk in hopeless gloom. The shadow of eternal separation would brood over the heart and stalk ghost-like in to sit Banquo-like at our feasts. The air is now

"Full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead."

What if they were eternal, and the shadow of death quenched the light of love and hope for ever?

Those who, like the newly-established theists of this city,†

* *Greg's Creed of Christendom*, p. 352.

† The following is a report of the theistic creed as given in a sermon by the Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, May 20, 1883 :

"Renan truly represents the tendency of the most refined thought, and he says that the world seeks the permanent, discarding the transient. Voltaire is the most popular writer among the disciples of Zoroaster. India is adopting theism, and Christendom, too, is rapidly embracing it. A universal religion, however, presupposes universal belief. Almost every man believes certain things. And the totality of human experience may be taken as a foundation of a rational creed.

"Men believe, first, in the existence of an infinite somebody or something which feels and knows and loves. We cannot say that all believe in God, since the word God implies certain Christian ideas. The definitions of the infinite being have never been the same for two successive ages. There have been, however, certain universal conceptions of this being. They are of sensitiveness, intelligence, and affection. All recognize somebody or something that feels and knows and heeds, if not loves. Other things predicated of him or it—the person or power or force that created, or at least is responsible for, man—are transient impressions or beliefs, and therefore of secondary importance.

"*Second.* Man believes in offering homage or devotion to this person or force. This is worship, whatever the form. The how and the what of this worship is transient and of secondary importance, but worship is the act of every man who has not reverted to the brute.

"*Third.* All believe that the infinite in some way reveals itself or himself. This is revelation, in whatever form it is perceived. This, again, is recognized universally. It is true that nearly all sects declare their own revelation the only one, and style all others fables and chimeras; but these ideas, again, are transient.

"*Fourth.* There is universal belief in a self-conscious individuality in man that survives his body. Man is not his body, but a spirit.

"The fifth and final universal conviction is that any violation of one's internal sense of right and wrong must be followed sooner or later by unhappy consequences, and that conformity with one's internal sense of right and wrong is followed by happiness. This is the essence of the doctrine of rewards and punishments. Conscience is, as to the details of codes of morality, elastic and changing, but the golden rule is the essence of humanity's sense of right and wrong. This creed is the religion of the future. It is the theology of humanity, the creed of mankind back of all creeds. I have given it imperfectly, but in substance it will live for ever. It is the Alpha and the Omega."

think that they are going to replace the grand cathedral of a world's faith, the work of ages, by the lath-and-plaster structure erected in a few months, would do well to weigh some weighty words of the author of *Progress and Poverty* :

"Even the philosophic free-thinker cannot look upon that vast change in religious ideas that is now sweeping over the civilized world without feeling that this tremendous fact may have most momentous relations which only the future can develop. For what is going on is not a change in the form of religion, but the negation and destruction of the ideas from which religion springs. Christianity is not simply clearing itself of superstitions, but in the popular mind it is dying at the root, as the old paganism was dying when Christianity entered the world. And nothing arises to take its place."*

What is dying out is not Christianity but its caricatures. If the former could die out what, indeed, could arise to take its place? The present is simply a natural reaction. Men see that Calvinism was an unnatural doctrine, † that its teachers had no authority, no basis, either in reason or revelation. They throw off the yoke of self-constituted authority. The human reason is making a pronunciamiento against the despotism of religious tyrants. For a time it will run wild, as in all revolutions, but we dare to say that this very wildness is a hopeful sign. Men soon get tired of lawlessness; they seek something more solid than vociferations and the stump. Amid the increasing consciousness of the chaos of modern religions they will turn to that system which alone possesses elements of cohesion and order; from self-constituted reason, proved to be a blind leader of the blind, to that august authority over whose unshaken seat flutter the white wings of the heavenly Dove; from doubt to certainty; from the obscurity in which they grope at noonday, as in the night, to the full sunlight of the perfect truth. Already in many a land the church has struck the unshapen block of error, and the perfect form of Beauty has leapt forth. Her triumphs are but commencing, for this immense necessity of mankind is her opportunity.

* The question, "Are we yet Christians?" is argued, and replied to in the negative, with very incisive logic in Strauss' *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*, where he says *inter alia* : "If we are to seek no subterfuges; if we are not to halt between two opinions; if our yea is to be yea, and our nay, nay; if we are to speak as honorable and straightforward men, then we must recognize the fact that we are no longer Christians." He intimates elsewhere that he forms his judgment upon the Protestant model.

An article in the *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1873, a very striking monograph by Arnold, asserts the same even more forcibly.

† See Arnold's *St. Paul and Protestantism*.

GOMES AND PORTUGUESE POETRY.

FRANCISCO DIAS GOMES was born at Lisbon in 1745. The son of a petty tradesman, yet Francisco profited by the goodness of his humble parents, who took great care to secure him a sound and moral education. The boy was originally designed for the law, and passed through his preliminary studies in the schools of the Congregation of the Oratory. The royal professor, Pedro José de Fonseca, taught him rhetoric and poetry, and Francisco, even at that early age, exhibited uncommon judgment in selecting the best masters to form his style and mould his mind. Hardly, however, had he begun his legal studies at Coimbra when his uncle changed his destination. Francisco was named after this uncle, whose opinions, on account of his wealth and superior position, dominated over the whole family of Gomes. He was, most likely, really desirous to promote the welfare of his nephew, but was alarmed that Francisco should enter upon a profession which, though honorable, often profited the fortune little and the moral character less. The quiet gains of trade, he argued, afforded an easier and safer occupation for Francisco. The father, Fructuoso Dias, was as ignorant as his brother, except in the commonplace wisdom of the world. He readily listened to the advice of the elder Francisco, and so the poor boy was ordered to quit the university at once. Combining their superfluous means, father and uncle set Francisco up in business; and very soon the young fellow found himself installed in a huckster's shop, destined to pass his life and exercise his talents in the lowest branches of barter and trade.

Thus was the genius of Francisco Dias Gomes hampered. The thread of his studies was broken for ever. He did not, it is true, lose ground, but he found it nearly impossible to advance. Chained down to a totally unfitting pursuit, he could only struggle against his fetters. The tree under unwholesome shade may exist, but cannot flourish; a healthy child, feeding on the scanty food of poverty, will grow thin and pale. So with the understanding of this young man. He felt his situation, and endeavored to lead two lives, the higher and the lower, at once. He read enormously—read everything; but poetry was his favorite. Pursuing his passion, he acquired taste and extensive knowledge.

But he lost all originality in the crowd of ideas he drew from others: it is easier to remember than invent. That many men at forty are dead poets, that men of much learning are seldom poets of originality, have been constant observations since the beginning of the world. Our readers will recall the case of rare Ben Jonson, whose genius was handicapped by an immense load of knowledge. The only poet who moves easily under such a burden, and readily constrains it to his ends, is Dante. Generally it leads to mere imitation, which may be shortly described as the instinct of rational beings.

In this painful situation Gomes continued through life. A never-ending conflict between his inclinations and his business prevented his rise either in talent or in fortune. In neither did he ever attain beyond mediocrity. But what else could be expected? Writing poetry, on the one hand, from inclination, without leisure to improve his talents or an audience to applaud and stimulate his efforts, he did not have it in him to become a rich merchant. Compelled, on the other hand, from necessity to trade in petty business, it was impossible for him to become an original poet. But Francisco attended to his business conscientiously, and left the reputation of an honest man; and he polished his verses with unwearied ardor, writing and studying until death overtook him with the character of a correct writer and a judicious critic.

Gomes was little known to contemporary men of letters. The obscurity of his station, and his natural modesty and reserve, allowed him but few of them for his friends. He was proud and independent, in all difficulties preserving silence, and hiding his troubles and cares in his own breast. It was not easy for his friends to discover his distresses, and still less easy to persuade him to receive assistance. His death may, in a measure, be ascribed to this excessive and surely mistaken austerity. In the spring of 1795 an epidemic fever attacked his family. Francisco would not condescend to beg assistance, but acted himself as nurse and physician to his stricken wife and children. Infected himself, he still refused to accept medical or any other aid, and would allow none to attend him but his half-recovered family. In this strait the unhappy man was destroyed by the fever. On the 30th of September, 1795, he died, manifesting all that resignation and constancy which had accompanied him through a whole life of sorrow and suffering. The Royal Academy of Lisbon came forward on this occasion, and, having neglected him in life, prepared to celebrate him in

death. It was an act of charity to Francisco's family, as well as an act of duty to the public. The entire proceeds of the publication of his poems and other works went to his wife and three little children, the expense being borne by the Royal Academy.

The most important work of Gomes is an analysis of different Portuguese poets, showing through them the progress of his country's language and literature.* This comprises a rapid sketch of the beginnings of the literature, and a more complete exposition of its spirit and progress in the succeeding chapters on Sa de Miranda, Ferreira, Bernardes, Caminha, and Camoens.

The first epoch of Portuguese language dates from the foundation of the monarchy to the accession of Affonso V. In this period of four hundred years the process of formation was going on. The Goths and the ancient Celtic inhabitants of the peninsula were the progenitors of the Portuguese; but Camoens and P. Vieira are right when they say that the Portuguese is the eldest daughter of the Latin. The origin may thus be called Gothic-Latin, tinged with Arabic. Of the two former tongues it partakes in equal degrees. While it was always sweet and sonorous, it was not effeminated with vowels like the Italian; and though containing sufficient consonants to give it stamina, it was never clotted with guttural sounds like the northern languages. Indeed, for a long time it bade fair to be a perfect vehicle for poetry; and the developments in this direction were early. There are poems, written prior to the fifteenth century, buried in old libraries, the best known of which are those of King Diniz in the convent of the Order of Christ at Thomar. The most favorable specimens are, however, embodied in the valuable *Cancioneiro* of Resende; and in this accessible form the student may behold the primal developments of his country's poetry. The vast improvement of the language may be seen at a glance by comparing the compact and elegant verse of Camoens with these originals.

Until the end of Fernando's reign the people lay in ignorance. They were solely employed in the cultivation of their land, producing just sufficient for internal consumption and to keep up an appearance of foreign commerce;† for the latter was ren-

* *Analyse e combinações filosoficas sobre a elocução, e estilo de Sa de Miranda, Ferreira, Bernardes, Caminha, e Camoens.* Por Francisco Dias Gomes.

† It is strange that some mention of the Crusades is not made by Gomes. We frequently read of Portuguese ships and sailors being employed in those great wars, and to them as much as to anything else did Portugal, like other countries, owe it that her ships began to cover the seas and achieve those famous conquests. Consult the second and third volumes of Michaud's *History of the Crusades*.

dered impossible by the Moors, whose pirates haunted all the neighboring seas. Living thus like exiles in the solitude of their fields, they had no system of police or communication. Harsh sounds were often introduced into their naturally sweet tongue by the continual contact of the inhabitants with the outside barbarians. As a general rule the whole language was as yet rude and unshaped, full of difficult diphthongs and awkward terminations, without syntax, without order, without harmony.

The origin of all Iberian poetry was semi-Arabic. From this source came rhyme, which is recognized as of oriental family; the invariable choice of subject in the early poems is intensely oriental. Morals in the shape of maxims, and love treated with fantastic metaphors and subtly refined, form the staple of early Portuguese, as of Arabic, poetry. It is never narrative, never dramatic. Other influences were undoubtedly at work upon it. In their blunted morality and broad allusion many of these early poems too plainly indicate that they are to be classed in the Provençal family. But towards the end of the first epoch a new and a better influence began to move the Portuguese language and imagination.

The Italians were the first who in modern times recultivated poetry and raised it to a higher level. They took the metres which the Provençals and Sicilians had invented, and perfected their form and finish. Not only did Dante give poetry nobler and broader aims, and exalt the tongue he sang in, but he also introduced many important changes and improvements in the mechanism of verse. To dwell upon only one, to him we owe the accents of the hendecasyllable line, the most essential metre in the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages. This was the new influence that began to work on Spanish and Portuguese poetry. In the latter especially—and Portuguese can only be called a dialect of the genuine Castilian, scarcely separated from it more than the Catalanian tongue—concurrent with the Dantesque influence, may be placed the study of the Latin language. From this latter many terminations were derived and conferred on Gothic roots; the words thus formed, while maintaining a due amount of vigor, took on a smoother and more liquid sound. We shall presently see how too great a drawing upon this source contributed towards the degradation of the Portuguese language in the third epoch.

The revolution under João I. and the conquest of Ceuta gave birth to great projects, and Portugal suddenly appeared a nation of heroes, unexcelled by fore or after ages. With the

power of the state grew the power and beauty of the language. It is from within, not from without, that the language of a nation must draw sustenance; its growth, no matter what is grafted on it, must be organic in order to flourish. The poetry of King Diniz and of Pedro I. is in a jargon which, while smooth and liquid, is so indeterminate as to be hardly intelligible. Half a century afterwards the *Chronicles* of Fernão Lopez appeared. This, the most ancient and venerable historian of the country, wrote in a language so perspicuous and so different from his predecessors that one might take it for an entirely new idiom. Still, it was the same in root-forms, and only differed in so much as a shaping influence was at work. The middle limit was reached, but not till the end of João II.'s reign did the confused and lawless forms give way to a regular syntax and harmony.

We now arrive at the second epoch, which may be broadly marked as extending from the reign of Affonso V. to that of Sebastian. In this period arose those great Portuguese writers who are the most illustrious of their country, and who may be regarded as the true founders of Portuguese literature.

Sa de Miranda was the first who hewed his way through the tangled undergrowth of the idiom. Without models, save the example of the Italians before him, he subdued the lawless forms of the language, fixed the pronunciation, and tamed it to a combination of infinite harmonies. Many, too, were the improvements he introduced into verse. The octonary was commonly used; he adopted the hendecasyllable and seven-syllable, which with the former is the best lyric mixture because of the concordant pauses. The sonnet had been brought in by Dom Pedro de Alfarroubeira, a celebrated poet, the most enlightened prince of his time and the greatest man of his nation. Sa de Miranda perfected and raised it to the finished state in which it has since continued. Also, the structures of the *canção*, of the octave and triad stanzas, were for the first time used by him in the Portuguese tongue.

One imperfection which Gomes points out in Sa de Miranda is perhaps in harmony with the distinguishing excellence of his style. The poet frequently falls into that worse than fault—the ending of one line with an adjective and the beginning of the next with its substantive; a poor and prosaic trick, which can be best described by the phrase of Dogberry, “tolerable, and *therefore* not to be endured.” The characteristic excellence of Miranda is simplicity; his genius is governed, correct, moderate. He never kindles, never dazzles, never agitates; he enlightens,

he enlivens, he pleases, he adapts himself to the dim sight of the ignorant reader. Conciseness and perspicuity are the aims of his style; he endeavors to express his conceptions in ready, not studied, language. The spirit of his thoughts embodied itself in the first shape that presented. Golden goblet or earthen cruse, it mattered not to him: the contents were the value, not the vessel; yet was the vessel always well sized and clean and pure. Thus, as far as outward form goes, he had the making of a great poet; like Homer, like Dante, like Shakspeare, eminently sane, seeking to move the mind rather than amuse the eye. But while sanity and taste were not wanting, genius was; he lacked imagination, the faculty of projection, that power which so often redeems bad taste and positive insanity. So he appeals to the judgment alone, not the soul; and to the intellectual his poetry, free from the redundant ornaments which too often weigh down the efforts of genius, will be more pleasing than verse of genuine poetry. In short, he was calculated best for the task that fell to him—not of being a great poet, but of freeing the language of his country from barbarisms.

Antonio Ferreira followed in the steps of Sa de Miranda. He occupies in Portuguese poetry the same position towards Miranda as Gower to Chaucer in English; only the Portuguese Gower is not inferior to the Portuguese Chaucer in genius, but in many, and those the best, respects superior. As useful in his aims and as correct in his language, he developed the mechanism of poetry nearer to perfect forms. Miranda had used the elegy and the Horatian epistle; Ferreira gave them a higher finish. The latter also introduced the epigram, the ode, the epithalamium, and, more important than all, the tragedy. The Italian Trissino's *Sofonisba* was the first regular tragedy of modern times. Probably from it Ferreira derived his idea of *Castro*, the second tragedy written by a modern, and the first by a Portuguese. It still remains by far the best in the language, despite its sin against unity of place.* From Trissino, also, Ferreira drew the *verso solto*, which, with the sapphic choruses, varies his verse and relieves the monotony of a regular progress. All these innovations manifest the taste of Ferreira and the courageous temper of his genius. Ferreira flavors his writings with the spice of the ancients. Horace was his favorite author. From him and the other old poets Ferreira enriched the language. His imitations of the classics are numerous, and the

*A "sin" sanctioned by Shakspeare. Critics have by this time struck this offence from their decalogue.

correct, flowing form of conjunction he caused to displace the ruder and less intelligible connections. Also he began the free use of elegant atticisms to which Camoens gave the last finish.

Better than all, though, is another indication of greatness on the part of Ferreira. He avoided baby prettinesses and pointless digressions, devoting himself strictly to the matter in hand. What was thus lost in useless and superficial adornment was gained in a richer and deeper expression. His study is man; his art is a criticism of life. The same severity of taste made him concise, and he always attended less to harmony than to the brief embodiment of his meaning. The imagery of his poetry is grave in tone and nearly always rude in finish. Strong rather than sweet, Ferreira is animated and full of that fire which moves the heart and elevates the spirit.

Diogo Bernardes called Ferreira his master and imitated him to a certain extent. Less correct, but more harmonious and more fluent, he is at once very negligent in style, but easy, natural, and graceful. His bucolics are held to be the best Iberian pastorals; and Lope de Vega has no hesitancy in owning that from Bernardes he learnt how to write eclogues. Later the success of Camoens led Bernardes to imitate the better and more developed style. He did this successfully, but was not content with stopping there. What is totally indefensible, he proceeded so far as not only to cut his own clothes after the pattern worn by the great Portuguese, but also stole and wore the garments of Camoens. The effect was, as is always the case in such matters, demoralizing and ludicrous at once. The clothes did not fit at all.

The language of Bernardes is fuller than that of his predecessors. All through, from Miranda to Ferreira, from Ferreira to Bernardes, we observe the growth of the language; from point to point it grew more copious, more powerful, more varied. No doubt can be entertained of Bernardes' superiority of diction, whatever be thought of the matter it embodied; or, as Francisco Manoel puts it, Bernardes is the poet of the land of promise—all honey and butter. What is equally notable is the improvement in the imagery of Bernardes. In all instances it is freer, bolder, more abundant, more fanciful, more original than that of either Sa de Miranda or of Ferreira. But, like the English Shakspeare, he produces the most monstrous extravagances by the side of the greatest beauties.*

Pedro de Andrade Caminha did nothing but flatter his con-

* But Shakspeare did so for a purpose; possibly the same may be said of Bernardes.

temporaries and write worse than any of them. The faults and imperfections of the others are condensed and embodied in him. Upon him is the rust of ruder times, with a few spots of polish where he has rubbed against his brother poets. His four eclogues are at once without value in thought and poor and feeble in style—the soul of a driveller in the body of a paralytic. The epistles are better, containing occasional passages of strong and bold morality and of manly freedom. Not quite worthless are his funeral elegies; they are, at all events, inartificial. That to Sa de Miranda on the death of Prince João is not bad; the one to Antonio Ferreira on his wife's death is sufferable; while that on the death of Ferreira himself is the best of all. But they produce no effect on the reader, so clumsy is the expression, so cold, so utterly dead the style. Caminha struck the lyre with frost-bitten fingers. His amatory elegies are dull and dry whinings, without fancy, without feeling, without strength; shortness constitutes their sole merit. His best productions are his odes, either because they were not written in the customary triads or because they may have been touched up by his abler friends, Sa de Miranda and Antonio Ferreira. Nor are his epigrams to be overlooked; they are, indeed, the most excellent of his writings. His wit was just equal to the cleverness of such a task—a steel-workman only capable of putting points to needles, but withal well finished and exceeding sharp. Caminha was a bad scholar. He often contracts three or four vowels, and even as many consonants. To read such lines is to set one foot in a quagmire and hurt the other against a stumbling-stone.

To the shame of the four poets we have just spoken of, while they commended each other and lavished praise upon every rhymers of rank, they never mentioned Camoens. Noble and opulent themselves, they could find laudations only for the noble and opulent. Camoens was well born himself, but miserably poor. Yet was he richer in talent than all of them put together. Genius and poverty!—one ever the object of envy, the other the object of contempt, yet so often associated. The great dons of poetry would not degrade their high estate by condescending to notice genius in misery, and genius in misery did not deign to notice them.*

Camoens was a consummate master of the Portuguese language, not only knowing and being able to bring out the

* The reader will observe with what quick sympathy Gomes writes of Camoens' genius and poverty. Perhaps Gomes felt a prophetic instinct in regard to his own fate when he contemplated the tragic end of Camoens.

strength and beauty of its varied rich vocabulary, but sounding its gravest defects. He further smoothed Miranda's syntax, but gave the greatest part of his attention towards introducing some uniformity in spelling. To nouns plural only he gave a singular; changed the terminations of proper names for the sake of euphony; lengthened or abbreviated words, and coined them, when necessary, from the Latin. "Sometimes," says Antonio das Nevers, "he abused this liberty and made words almost macaronic." One of his best exertions, though, was the rescue of obsolete words, which, when he found them worthy of it, he revived and polished.

But these are merits which escape the eye of a foreigner. The foreigner looks at Camoens as a dim-eyed man beholds a cathedral. He catches the strong features, the general plan; but the minuter parts, the ornaments, escape him. There is the arch, but can he see the capital and frieze? The battlements are taken in at a glance, but the caryatides that form them, and their varying attitudes of beauty, are beyond his vision. Camoens had to dig in the quarry, hew out his stones, and put them in place. The result is an edifice striking as a whole, but not less so when we draw near and examine the details. In him Portuguese poetry, Portuguese style, Portuguese language reached the height from which they have since declined. The *Lusiadas* came from his hands glowing with life, not only the product of his life's labor, but also the perfect flower of his country's poetry. *

Gomes gives some curious details about Camoens, taken from a little-known work of the great bard—the *Hospital de Letras*. It is noticed that Camoens there avows that his Ennius was Barros, whose chief excellence lay in the forcible use of popular words, and the perusal of whose *Decades* first kindled his imagination. † It shows how his translators and critics, even the best-intentioned, misunderstood his aims, when we find him complaining in the same work of the manner with which they handled his poetry. One of these was the bishop, Thomé de Faria, who translated him into such Latin that "*mais parece Romance Punico que Romano*." But if one Faria lessened him another extremely magnified him. This was Manoel Severim de Faria, who wrote his life. Macedo was another translator who rather travestied than translated him. Besides these was a Castelhão and a Fran-

* Camoens is one of the great poets more spoken of than read, at least in English. The reason is that there is no masterly translation of his work into our tongue. Captain R. F. Burton's is a useful version to consult. The same author is at present engaged on a commentary upon the *Lusiadas*.

† By studying the same author Vieira acquired his power of using language.

chinoti, who, as they made him lose his very name, do not deserve to have their own set down. Of the commentators Manoel Correa was too short and Manoel de Faria too long. "But I," says Faria, "from my friendship think it short"; yet was his trouble not so, for he spent more than twenty years over this book. Then there were manuscript commentaries by João Pinto Ribeiro and by Ayres Correa, the latter corrected by Frey Francisco do Monti. To the abbot João Soares and the sacristan Manoel Pires Camoens was indebted for an apology and a defence, "for which," he gratefully remarks, "may God forgive them!"

"Are there more Camoistas?" sneeringly asks Lipsius.

AUTHOR. "One Rolim and one Galhegos."

LIPSIUS. "Both learned men, as I have heard."

BOCCALINI. "Both, like many of our time, very learned, *que sempre sabem o que não importa*." *

Besides, Camoens complains that certain booksellers have had little enough conscience to bind him up with a *Sylvia de Lizardo*!

Gomes then proceeds to lament the decline of Portuguese literature. The first cause he notices is the extravagant praises lavished upon each other by the Portuguese writers, which at once disgusted the reader and ruined the flattered. Then fashion prescribed quotation in society; the choice expressions of the best authors were aped affectedly in conversation; by this means they became trite and vulgar, worn to pieces by men who could not mount Pegasus, but could make use of his trappings. Even in his time, he bitterly adds, it was not very difficult to procure the entire original editions of the best Portuguese authors scattered through the junk-shops of Europe, because the national reading was too little to give them an honored place at home.

But deeper causes can be found in the language itself. That introduction of Latin terminology, which at first softened the Gothic forms of words, at last, when carried too far, emasculated its strength. The Latinists, blinded to all save their immediate objects, condemned superlatives, such as *bonissimo*, *malissimo*, etc., and insisted upon their Latin anomalies, *optimo*, *pesimo*, etc. They carried this mode of trying Portuguese by Latin analogy throughout the whole language. Says Antonio das Nevers: "This people are not content that the Portuguese, as daughter of the Latin, should have the flesh and bones of her

* "Who always know what has no bearing on the subject."

parent, but they would give her the skin and the complexion and the features."

Greater confusion was caused by drawing from another source more alien to the Portuguese language than Latin. In the days of Gomes and just before—in fact, throughout the eighteenth century—the French predominated intellectually in Europe, and as much so in Portugal as elsewhere. The French language is straightforward, a direct phraseology; while the syntax of the Portuguese is inverted, not perplexed with difficulties, but infinitely varied. Hence it will be seen at a glance that transplantations from one tongue to the other would be simply ruinous. Nevertheless French was the fashion; everybody had French words and phrases on his lips; and finally the foreign idioms became so great in number that they brought a multitude of vernacular words into disuse. The puppies of the day, grimly added Gomes, called the legitimate words of the old authors—the "well undefiled" of Portuguese—Gothic and rusty and obsolete. A French dictionary was more necessary than a Portuguese to enable the youth of Portugal to understand their native tongue.

NOTE.—Since the above was written, a scholar has pointed out to me that in treating of the origin of the Portuguese tongue it is a mistake to ignore the influence of the Gaelic language, as Gaelic was at one time the language of all those so-called Celtic tribes who inhabited the north of the Italian peninsula, all of the Iberian peninsula, and all of what is now France; that, in fact, wherever nasal sounds are found in a dialect spoken in the south or west of Europe the existence of these is to be interpreted as a survival from the Gaelic. Anyhow, the attention which of late scholars are giving to the study of that purest form of Gaelic, the Irish, will throw light on many obscure subjects. Portugal (Port na ghaeidheal—*i.e.*, the haven of the Gaels) ought, as it did—being the mountain refuge of the Gaels—retain the strongest traces of those people in its language. To the Gaels, too, is attributed the origin of rhyme, and a plausible series of arguments is used for this.

A DAY IN MACAO.

It was to be a great day in Macao. Few great days come to Macao ; it is a dead-and-alive sort of place, where little incident arises to break the monotony in the lives of its people, who, as the years come and go, are still at the same work, performed in the same way, with the same surroundings and among the same scenes, as it was done ages ago. But now there had come a time when they were to rise above this even tenor of their ways and do honor to a certain warrior-god—Hong Kung. Who Hong Kung really was it is hard to say ; for the Chinese are reserved in imparting information of their country and its great men to the ignoble foreigner. He lived many years ago—centuries, possibly—and seems to have been a “pirate fierce and robber bold.” He was somewhat of a socialist: he robbed the rich, that the poor might live. In this he was not much unlike some civilized great men. Chinese morality, like india-rubber, is susceptible of considerable stretching, so at his death they laid his mortal remains away in immortal marble, raised a statue to his memory in the Temple of the Five Hundred Josses at Canton, and, as Cassius says of Cæsar, “he has now become a god, and they that honor him and write his speeches in their books” march through the narrow, sinuous streets of Macao to the music of “the ear-piercing fife, the spirit-stirring dru”—no, not drum—tom-tom, every fifteen years, and have a big time generally.

One can see a Chinese procession at any time without making a special effort. Every marriage ceremony is celebrated by a parade of hired coolies, with music and banners, bearing through the streets the wedding gifts to the happy bride—bureaus, cabinets, tables, roasted pigs (done to a turn), in fine all sorts of furniture, all sorts of marriage-table meats—for popular inspection. But this of Macao was to be beyond the ordinary ; it was to be (for the Celestials) a tremendous affair, so the community of Hong Kong, both native and foreign, rose as one man and went over to the city.

A boat of the Hong Kong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Company was placed at their disposal, and the captain, a gentleman from Georgia, U. S., did everything in his power for their comfort. In a small community like Hong Kong each individual is more or less known to the other, so that these that had

come to the boat on this morning were a good-humored party of friends bent on enjoying themselves; and where they found the attendance upon their wants not so prompt as usual, or if the boat's accommodations seemed less convenient than formerly, they took into consideration their number and the occasion and were more good-humored than ever.

It was an American-built boat, and its appointments were much like those of our river steamboats, save that round the stanchions in the saloon were stacks of loaded muskets with sword-bayonets, and about the walls were grouped loaded revolvers. At a padlocked grating in the deck a man stood guard with drawn sword and a brace of pistols in his belt. These boats never leave the wharf without such precautions; for of the many Chinese they carry to and from Canton and Macao, some may be pirates come especially aboard to seize and rob them. It has been done, in unexpected moments, in spite of such precautions. Between decks the Chinamen were lounging upon bags and boxes, or stretched at full length upon a piece of matting on the deck. Some were gaudily dressed and cleanly, others were unshaved, in rags, and dirty. No man can possibly look dirtier than a dirty Chinaman. Some were engaged in cooking their breakfast of rice, salt fish, and greens; others, with half-closed, dreamy eyes, were enjoying the effects of opium, drawing the baleful smoke through a massive pipe two feet long; others, again, with a little heap of cash between them, were assiduously gambling; and gathered about a fish-tank a small group was engaged in a noisy game of forfeits—so many fingers of the hands held up for the opponent to call off the number, a miscall ending in a loud laugh and a drink all round of samshoo. As the Chinese are a seclusive race, the women on board, out of respect for this peculiarity, were in a locked and guarded room by themselves. There were about forty, of whom many were engaged in certain matters of toilet—it takes quite a while for the Chinawoman to rear her miraculous structure of hair, and the boat left at early morning. They were guarded, not so much from fear that they might rise in a body and take command of the boat, but rather to keep the men from their society.

Macao is thirty-eight miles from Hong Kong. The course, for the first half of the way, lay among many lofty, barren, though picturesque islands, and often close in to the mainland; but from the mouth of the Canton River there is, for fifteen miles, a stretch of open sea, with just enough of swell upon the water to

give the boat a gentle rock. As she ploughed her way through this open space it seemed as though she was running out to sea, but in a little while the dim outline of the land upon the other side was discernible, and shortly, high upon a bluff overhanging the water, the light-house lay white in the morning sun; below, the town, with its cathedrals and palaces, stretched in a great curve against the mountain-side. The buildings of Macao are of medium size; those that are a little more pretentious than their fellows—such as his excellency the governor's house—are called palaces. In America they would be called comfortable villas. The churches, with one exception, are of an ordinary style of architecture. The exception, as seen from the sea, is high upon the hills, showing against the blue sky bold and bleak and bare—a noble ruin. It is the oldest foreign-built structure in China, and its crumbling walls stand weird-like and blackened with age. The gable wall lifts itself up in its entirety and is surmounted by a great black cross. Many years—a century and more—this wall has stood, and about its cross has grown a romantic story. How true it is I know not, but will give it as it was told me.

Years ago, when Portugal was still in her power, one of her ships sailing to Macao was enveloped in a great storm. The vessel was knocked about and buffeted by the waves, the fearful winds tore the masts from her decks, and she was on the eve of foundering. The mariners, in their despair, made a solemn vow to the Almighty God that if their vessel was allowed to come safely into port they would give a cross to the cathedral. The vessel arrived, though a hopeless wreck, and the sailors fulfilled their vow by making the cross from her timbers.

They built better in those days than they do now, for this solitary wall of massive masonry, alone on the lonely hill-tops, withstood the great typhoon of 1874, while the buildings below it, and in a manner protected from the fearful tempest, sank in heaps before the awful wind. To the right, and below this old ruin, is a many-windowed structure of red brick and white plaster, looking cold and stiff in its newness. It is a great building for Macao, and was occupied for a short time as a convent, but is now turned into a barracks and central police station.

The boat made a straight wake across the smooth water of the bay, as though her passengers were to land at the steps before the governor's house; but soon her course was altered, and she rounded a point of land jutting into the sea and entered a broad, shallow river that flows by the back of the town. Set

high upon the rocky hills a ruined fort opens to the river—once, perhaps, the pride and stronghold of the city, alive with gaudily-apparelled soldiers, its walls echoing their martial tramp, the island hills hurling back from the sea, in sombre reverberation, the cannon's hollow roar; now gloomy, silent, falling into decay, with great stones of its masonry scattered here and there over the mountain-side.

The rivers of China are alike in that they are crowded with all sorts of native craft. Among huge junks and lorchas, some almost buried under their cargoes of wood, among sampans and hakka-boats, the steamboat wended her way. Save for a few fishing-boats, the bay fronting the opposite side of the town is deserted; but this river teems with life and was the harbor for the city when the city was at her glory. It is the harbor still, but the water is shallower than it was, and Macao has now no shipping. She has lost her pristine glory, and with it have gone her wealth and her trade. A small man-of-war rode at anchor in the roadstead to lend the city her protection and to show that Portugal still held sway over these waters and this land; but it was much like that of the Greeks which Dickens describes in his Italian notes. Riding at anchor, also, some distance out on the sea, a bark waited for a cargo of tea.

The emperor of China ceded this city to the Portuguese in 1585 as a recognition of their services in repelling the Japanese pirates that infested the coast, though many Portuguese had taken up their residence and had entered into trade here before this period, and Portugal's greatest poet, Camoens, here dwelt in banishment from 1555 to 1560. It was at one time of considerable commercial importance, but as Portugal's greatness declined little by little its commerce fell away, until the last remnants disappeared when its coolie trade was wrested from it some years ago. It is picturesquely situated on the slopes of a hill, the ridge of the hill traversing the centre of the city like a backbone. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, and their names at the intersections are probably the only signs in the Portuguese language in Macao. The houses are low, whitewashed, and occupied mostly by Chinese. The descendants of those old Portuguese that made this city their home are for the most part Eurasian and form a distinct class by themselves.

It was ten o'clock when we stepped upon the wharf and made our way as best we could amid a throng of coolies, all crying at once for a fare, and thrusting their worn and dilapidated chairs across the road, thus barring further progress, until one was

obliged to unceremoniously drive them out of the way with the free use of a cane. The day was so insufferably hot, and the streets, under the blinding sun, had such an intense and painful whiteness, that it was a pleasant relief to sit within the shade of a chair and be lifted up and carried along with a solemn, regular movement.

Even knowing that Macao's trade has gone, one is not altogether prepared to find that of all the hongs upon the water-side that once echoed the hum of business, many are silent and deserted or converted into places of traffic for the thrifty Chinaman. It is amusing to note their signs, written in pretentious English and placed in conspicuous places. One, in letters of all sizes, ran: "Firs trate Darber and Hair Dresseb," as though the artist knew about what letters to use, but not exactly where to place them; another: "A good Carpenter and Dress-maker"; yet others: "Sam Shing, No. 1 Dentist"; "Ice-cream and Bread Bakery." How a man can combine the business of "good carpenter" with that of "dress-maker" is known only to the ingenious Chinaman.

A few rods from the wharf, on the one side, the line of hongs suddenly stops and the city is continued by a great collection of huts built upon stilts over the water, of old and refuse lumber gathered from about the ship-yards and the river-bank; and where it has not been found in sufficient quantity, the want has been supplied with old pieces of straw matting, the wood of oil-can boxes, with almost anything and everything the occupants could lay their hands on. A rude bridge—in places it is but a plank—runs by the doors to these dwellings, which give shelter not only to the owners but also to all their earthly belongings, seemingly; for the harmonious gatherings of goats, fowls, and vicious-looking curs about them is something remarkable. Among these huts are ten or a dozen very fair ship-yards; and, judging by the number of junks to be seen upon the ways, ship-building—or should I say junk-building?—would seem a great industry among them. To see these great, unwieldy junks continually building—junks unpainted and with four or five masts springing from their decks at no fixed angle and from no set place, apparently, and reaching to no particular height—strikes one as a curious lack of appreciation on the part of the Chinese of western naval architecture. Even the great, staring eyes set in the bows—if such a front can be called a bow—that the huge, ungainly thing may safely pick its way through the water, do not in the least reconcile one with it.

In passing from this particularly dirty Chinese quarter to the part of the city occupied by the Macaoese or Portuguese and other foreigners, one will not fail to note the surprising number of soldiers to be seen marching in small squads through the streets or lounging at the corners. There are some fifteen hundred or two thousand of them in the city, and, from sunrise till long after dark, above the ordinary noises of the streets rise the notes of the bugle. The place is so dead to everything that it seems as if there was nothing for Macao's sons to do other than join the standing army or enter the police force, either of which vocations brings in a like monthly income.

There are few walks in Macao. For the most part it is a great Chinese town, with its streets hung with all sorts of lanterns and with every available space covered with signs in the beloved character; with fruit-stands lining the sidewalks, and with stores where dried fish and ducks—ducks boneless and flattened out to a marvellous thinness—are displayed in abundance; with restaurants with fine fittings in the interiors and exteriorly elaborately carved and gilded—restaurants where the foreigner will step in at times, through curiosity or hunger, and call for dinner; with wayside shrines, with small pagodas, and with now and then a temple or joss-house whose courtyards seem to be the home of every snarling cur in the town—in short, with everything at once for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Chinaman; but there is one street, the esplanade of the town, the Praya Grande, that for beauty few of the thoroughfares of Hong Kong can rival.

Fronting the bay, whose bold, rocky islands stretch away in the distance, the boat of the fisherman, with its bamboo sails, slowly moving among them, it sweeps in a great curve for a mile or more, where its extremities end on the one side in a fort and on the other in a rocky cliff, back of which is the fort we passed on entering the roadstead. Between these two points a wall of solid masonry rises perpendicularly from the water, extending two feet above the roadway, and broken in front of the governor's residence by an inclined plane of stone jutting into the water for his excellency's use in landing or embarking. For the community at large a similar inclined plane juts into the water a few rods away. In front of the governor's house, also, the line of the wall swells out into a small semicircle, from the centre of which rises the pole with Portugal's flag, having at its foot two or three small mounted cannon and several pyramids of balls. The governor is also consul for Siam, and a hundred yards or

so further on is another pole, from which floats the red flag with its white elephant in the centre. At regular intervals throughout the length of the esplanade small shade-trees are planted a few feet from the low wall. Upon the opposite side of the way are the great buildings of the town. There are the residences of the wealthy natives and the temporary homes of those that usually dwell in Hong Kong. There is the Medical Hall—the only foreign drug-store in the whole place—and there are the hotels. Usually this street during the day is deserted by all save a coolie or two lounging in his chair, patiently awaiting a fare; and it is a long waiting at times, for there is little to draw one from the coolness of his home into the hot streets. After dinner, when the blazing sun has set, then this place is thronged with promenaders wending their way towards a small park, near by the fort, where the regimental band plays nightly. But to-day, in spite of the sun, it is alive with people, and the hotels are doing a tremendous business. It is, indeed, rare for them to have their rooms so full of guests and the click of the billiard-balls so continually heard. Having occasion to receive some small change from the clerk of the Macao Hotel, I found, wrapped in many folds of clean white paper, a small, irregular clipping of silver of the value of five cents. I had never seen such money before, but shortly found that it was in more or less general circulation. The Chinese have a habit of stamping their character on the Mexican dollar, which in time becomes so cut up that small pieces scale from it, and these are collected and weighed into certain values and pass as money, while the original dollar so chopped appears as nothing more than a disc of silver covered with a mass of characters; and although the foreigner will, nine times out of ten, accept it as a dollar possessing full value, it is immediately weighed and discounted on presentation to a Chinaman. Why it is that the Mexican dollar is so chopped to the exclusion of all other coins is a mystery that a Chinaman could only explain. Even counterfeit Mexican dollars are so stamped, and the worse the counterfeit the more it is chopped; thus it is well calculated to deceive the unwary.

The Praya Grande reaches to the gates of the fort, from which it dwindles to a small footway winding midway about the cliffs that rise abruptly from the restless water. With a gentle ascent it runs for several hundred yards, when it turns sharp about a hill and widens into a well-made road, where a granite arch is sprung over the entrance to a Parsee cemetery built in terraces upon the hillside. There are five or six of these terraces,

each having eight or ten graves, all of a size and covered with similar slabs of granite, upon which are graven the names of the dead in English. From the sea the peculiar construction of this burial-ground, with the singular sameness in the style and disposition of its graves, makes it appear like the banks of keys to some huge organ. Of course it is well known that the Parsees do not usually bury their dead, but in China—in Hong Kong or Macao—they have built no Towers of Silence, and, as far as outward appearances go, they dispose of their dead very much in the same fashion as Christian nations. There is also a Chinese cemetery in Macao, which is a departure from their method of sepulture. It is crowded with graves, and the granite headstones, some old, broken, and displaced by the weather, give it the appearance of a foreign churchyard. Usually, in the mountainous country of South China, the graves are scattered all over the hillsides and enclosed by a low wall in shape of a horseshoe. A slab of granite covers the grave, bearing the name, age, and the dynasty in which the man died, and in the centre of the wall is a small shrine in which the relatives to the deceased at stated times burn their joss-sticks. In North China, about Shanghai, the mode of sepulture is somewhat different from this. But go wherever one will, in the north or in the south, he meets with graves apparently set in the fields; and until China has more advanced views than it has at present they are likely to remain as they are and where they are, for the Chinaman worships his country through its great men, and it is his desire to lay his bones beside those of his ancestors. In regard to the place for these tombs a priest has been consulted, who in turn has consulted the Feng Shui, and the position selected will be the place of sepulture. This worshipping the country through its great men is probably what makes the Chinese so conservative and fills them with hate for the foreigners and foreign innovations; and this superstition regarding the Feng Shui—the god of the wind—having the sacredness of the graves in his keeping is that which acts, or will act, against the introduction of railways. Furthermore, as the Chinese build no buildings but of a low height—save the pagoda, which is built to propitiate this same god, and a few pawn-broking establishments about Canton—they strongly object to foreigners erecting high buildings. But since Macao is a Portuguese town, they are not allowed to place their graves anywhere upon its hills, so they are compelled to bury their dead in one common cemetery.

The attraction of Macao, that which draws the traveller in

the East thither, are the Camoens Gardens—the glory of the city, once so by their stateliness and beauty, now so only through the strange history of the man who lived in and beautified them.

Luis de Camoens was Portugal's greatest poet and author of the famous epic, the *Lusiad*. He was born in Lisbon in 1517 (though some place his birth in 1524), and at an early age took up the profession of arms. During an engagement off the coast of Africa he lost his right eye. Shortly after his return to Lisbon he joined an expedition to India, where his ready pen was quick to satirize high officials, for which, at about 1555, he was banished to Macao, where for five years he lived perhaps better than he had ever lived before. He was made commissary of the estates of deceased Portuguese in Macao, and became comparatively wealthy, but afterwards lost his fortune by shipwreck off the coast of Cochin China. He returned to Lisbon in poverty, where, it is said, an old and valued Javanese servant daily begged for him in the streets. He died in 1579. Then his greatness as a poet was recognized. A monument was erected to his memory, medals were struck, and his *Lusiad* translated into several languages. Such, in brief, are the main features in his history.

It was the procession that attracted us to the city, but, since it would not move until some time in the afternoon, we paid a visit to these celebrated gardens. Our way led through the densely-populated, dirty Chinese town. Chinese towns are proverbially dirty. One cannot conceive of the filth in the streets; to realize it he must see it. Seeing it he will probably experience a small respect rising in his bosom for their god Feng Shui as the instigator of a great hygienic measure in their method of building and in their style of worship. As was above said, their buildings are almost universally low; a flood of warm sunshine pours down upon the narrow streets, and at every doorway is a little shrine, wherein are burnt the scented joss-sticks almost continually. Why may not this fact account for such towns not being decimated by cholera or typhus more frequently than they are? The scent from these joss-sticks permeates the air, and, to my mind, is a good disinfectant, holding the secret of the health of these cities. At first it is quite unpleasant to the foreign nose, but a few days of continuous smelling renders it rather agreeable than otherwise, and to my nostrils there seemed to be a smack of sandal-wood about it. The Chinese are religious devotees, and no matter where one

may go, among high life or among the very dregs of their society, he finds these sticks burning at the family shrines or at the doorways. It is not to be supposed that this people is as fully acquainted with the science of medicine as the western nations. They have drugs, many of them good ones, but it is doubtful whether they administer them intelligently, and when they do administer them much jugglery and many charms accompany the prescriptions; yet the death-rate is not higher among them than among Europeans. Is it not plausible that the constant presence of this aromatic odor keeps the death-rate down?

As we passed through these streets we could see the thrifty Chinamen at work at their different trades. The doors to the shops are always open, and, as the interiors are dark, they work close to the entrances. Here in one place is a coolie standing upon a heavy block of granite, the stone mounted on a wooden roller, which he, by a peculiar movement of his body, causes to move back and forth through a curved space in which silk is spread out. This he keeps rolling while he sings a nasal song, and balancing himself upon the stone by swinging his arms, until the silk in the hollow is smoothly "ironed"; then, with a higher and more nasal note and a somewhat more vigorous exertion of his body, he drives the roller just out of the space, and the ironing comes to a stop until he brings new silk into position, when he again mounts the stone, and with a peculiar contortion starts the rolling, the singing, and the gesticulations. There are several of these coolies, all in a row, all ironing, all singing, all bare-armed and bare-legged, gesticulating like accomplished ballet-dancers. The sight is most interesting to a stranger, the more so that he is momentarily expecting to see one fall and break his neck. Vain expectation: they never fall.

Here is a miller's shop—what we in America would call a flour-and-feed store, only in this place there seems to be nothing but rice. Here, too, are several bare-armed and bare-legged coolies, singing as nasal songs and gesticulating almost as wildly as the others were. These are mounted at the ends of beams of wood which rest upon fulcrums placed near the centres, with a cumbrous piece of wood dipping down at right angles from the other ends into pots sunk into the ground containing rice. Thus by the continuous falling of the ponderous pieces of wood amongst the grain the rice is hulled.

We pass by many shops of various interest: bird-fanciers, tinsmiths', tobacconists', shops where all sorts of trinkets in ivory are exposed for sale, silk stores, and goldsmiths' establish-

ments. We note with what a curious lamp the artisan solders his ornaments. It is merely a saucer containing a little oil, into which extend several wicks made of the inevitable rice. As he brings these wicks together the flame flares up, and as he begins to blow through his pipe we are surprised to find the heat it must give to cause the solder to flow so readily; and when it has flowed to his satisfaction the most of the wicks are pushed to one side and their light blown out, leaving the few dimly burning.

As we have some hours before us, we can afford to loiter on our way to the gardens in order to see whatever may be of interest. And, thus moving slowly on, we shortly come to a slaughter-house. At home slaughter-houses would not interest us, but here in this quaint city of the East we are anxious to witness the Chinese method of felling an ox. The house, having merely openings for windows, without sashes or shutters, and doorless archways for entrances, was thus open to the public at large. It was floored with slabs of stone, and several gutters with running water converged towards a grating in the pavement. There were at least ten cattle already dead upon the floor, and many sorry-looking curs skulked about the doors, ready to seize upon such offal as they could steal. As soon as these dead cattle were so far dressed as to be moved others were led into the cleared spaces by a slim bamboo cord through the nose. Then a Chinaman, having in one hand this cord of not half an inch in thickness, and a not very large hammer in the other, placed his foot upon the rope, thus bringing the animal's head to the ground, and struck it a blow directly back of the horns. There was no hauling the animal by a heavy rope to a ring in the floor, and fiercely striking it between the eyes with an axe—nothing but a simple leading it to a selected place and coolly knocking it down. Usually the first blow felled it, and after the second it was quite dead. Then its ears were severed from its head. They would thus despatch several at one time, and the moment these were felled would lead in others, kill them, and before proceeding further would cut off the ears. Why this was done I could never discover. Think of despatching a Texan steer after this fashion! Could one be gotten into such a place, running as it was with blood and so filled with felled cattle? Yet these animals of China will walk into this place without making the least struggle, stepping over or around those that have already been felled, and stand calmly by while others are killed at their side. Truly the Chinaman's own apathy regarding violent deaths extends to the very cattle.

In these streets, also, now and then are met the ruins of buildings enough of whose outlines remain to show that they were of a superior style of architecture. Occasionally we passed a noble archway, once leading, perhaps, to the romantic home of some old Portuguese, now sprung over nothing, leading nowhere; a cow tethered under it to feed upon the scant grass growing between its stones; a sow with pigs wallowing in the mud round about it, or a herd of goats packed close between its columns.

Crossing an open lot—just such a lot as it is the custom in the United States to throw ashes upon—and through a gateway, we enter the gardens. The sudden transition from the crowded streets of the town, smelling of all the vile smells imaginable, to this beautiful retreat, with its cool shades and perfume of flowers, is something almost fairy-like.

Of two large buildings within the enclosure one is now in ruins and was a palace in its day. It was probably the home of Camoens for the five years he remained on the island. Some years ago it was destroyed by fire, but its walls, now overrun with vines and creepers, are still standing, and within them trees and shrubs grow in profusion. A descendant of the poet's family, who occupies the remaining building as a residence, cordially received us. Cake and wine, and luscious fruit from the garden, were set before us, together with the peculiar jellies and candies of the Portuguese. A pleasure was taken in showing us whatever was of interest about their home. On a table in the drawing-room was kept an album, in which men of note visiting the place inscribed their names. It was nearly full of autographs of men from all parts of the world, and among the number was the familiar handwriting of U. S. Grant. About the walls were several plaques in curious and rare Chinese designs. Only their antiquity gave them a value, for to a foreign eye they had nothing to commend them.

The gardens of the estate are quite large, and were at one time laid out in terraces and pathways, with clean-cut lawns and tropical flowers. They now grow as they will; the pathways are impeded with tangled underbrush; the flowers bloom in rank profusion. Many kinds of fruit-trees lift their gnarled trunks above this rank vegetation, with their fruits strewn about the dank grass. Yet this very wildness makes it still something beautiful.

Up a long flight of granite and moss-grown steps, in a part of the garden so shaded by trees that the vertical sun can pierce

the dense foliage only in small patches, so that the coolness is damp and the air has a heavy smell, is a cave in the side of the rocks. It is the Grotto of the *Lusiad*, and from its entrance may be seen through the heavy foliage glimpses of the twinkling sea with its solitary bark waiting for a cargo of tea. Far down the hills, towards the water, is a church with walled grounds dotted with snow-white tombstones and monuments. Below that the town stretches away to a point at the entrance to the roadstead, and skirting the water lies that portion of the city built upon stilts, far above whose huts rise the masts of the junks. The cave has been made beautiful by art, and about its entrance, graven deep into the rock, are passages, in Portuguese, from the *Lusiad* and from other of Camoens' great poems; and one, the "Ode to Macao," is translated into English. Above the grotto is a bower overrun and almost hidden with vines. It is said that the poet wrote much of his great poem in this cave. He may have done so, but his quarters were somewhat contracted; for the cavern is hardly wide enough to hold other than a small table, and is quite dark. Where the table must have stood now stands a granite pedestal with a bronze bust of the author, and, to prevent those acts of vandalism to which travellers and sight-seers are only too liable, the entrance to the cave is guarded by an iron railing.

Macao, like all the cities of China that are on rivers or near to the sea, has a large population that lives almost entirely upon the water. No other nation in the world has such a vast number of its people dwelling in boats—no nation, in fact, has any of its people dwelling in such a manner as the Chinaman nor in such a boat. These boats are of many kinds, yet all, from the smallest to the largest, having such a general plan about them as to proclaim them at once to the stranger as Chinese. Many of them are mere dens of iniquity and vice, while in others, by patient toil, the owners eke out a virtuous existence.

As there are sedan-chairs, jin-rik-shas, and wheel-barrows to carry one on the land, so there are small boats, called sampans, to transport one by water. These about Macao are much larger than those in the rivers of North China, and are unpainted. Frequently whole families, from the grandparents down to the little grandchildren, find a wretched existence upon them, earning perhaps a dollar a day by carrying passengers. The boats are all numbered, and the rate of fare is fixed by law. A generous law allows them ten cents a half-hour, but often the legal fare is but half that. The father of the family generally takes the helm,

thinking, no doubt, that that is the hardest work, while the wife, the sons, and daughters pull a cumbrous oar. These sampan people are very poor, yet among them there seems none so poor but that the women can afford heavy amulets and anklets of twisted silver and ear-rings of jade-stone. Their clothing may be of the merest rags, their boat the sorriest craft, yet some one of the family will be found possessing these trinkets. Their skin, from exposure to the weather, probably, and from the reflected rays of the sun from the water, is of almost a copper color; it is so much darker than the skin of the Chinese upon the land as to give them the appearance of a distinct race. On acquaintance they are found to be a good-natured and thoughtful set of people—not intellectually thoughtful, but if you are in their boat till after dark, and the dinner hour be past, they are very apt to ask if they shall not cook you some rice.

We stepped into one of these sampans to visit an island just across the water, celebrated for its ringing rocks. The way to these rocks led for some two miles by the side of a brawling brook lined with trees, whose dark green foliage, hanging over its running water, cast cool and heavy shades under the banks; where its shallow bed of glistening sand protruded above the tumbling water tall, feathery grasses marked its course over the plain; its water, now dashing over the stones and falling in a hundred miniature cascades, now swirling around a bend and gathering in sluggish pools under the shaded banks, then out and away again with a swift current, went bounding noisily to the sea. It was well stocked with trout, and flying hither and thither over the water were dragon-flies of the splendid color of scarlet. Its water at one time turned the wheels of a mill that stood in a cleared space close to some paddy-fields, but which fell in ruins during the typhoon of 1874, and whose masonry and millstones now lay scattered over the plain. In the paddy-fields the Chinamen were preparing the ground for the next season's rice. The fields were flooded with water; the huge water-buffalo, sinking to its belly in the mud, was laboriously dragging the clumsy plough through the soil, and as we passed over the narrow pathways between the fields to an open plain where the rocks were the sneaking, black-tongued, tawny curs (they hardly reach the dignity of dogs) ran barking and snarling from the huts toward us, though never attempting to bite. The native dog of China is cowardly, and has unsightly black gums and a tongue that lolls out of its mouth like a lump of charcoal. The plain towards which we were making was strewn with innumerable

great black rocks, appearing as though they had passed through a fierce fire. We visited many, endeavoring to discover which of them it was that rang. There were some poor women and children gathering the loose brush from among them, of whom we inquired the whereabouts of these special rocks; but not succeeding in making them understand us, we went on our way, flinging stones at those rocks about us. The women, seeing us do this, at once seemed to understand what we wanted, and one of them came forward and pointed out the way. There were some six or seven of these boulders, each weighing many tons. Striking them with a large pebble, they gave forth a clear, sonorous sound like a bell. Even walking over them or striking them ever so lightly brought forth a sound such as a hollow metallic substance would produce. These six or seven great stones were the only ones of several hundred about the plain that would ring on striking; yet to all outward appearance they were exactly like the others, had the same blackened and burnt appearance, and were set as firmly in the ground.

When we had returned to the city the streets through which the procession was to pass were thronged with people, most of them Chinese, but many were European or Indian. The streets had had a more or less lively appearance throughout the day, but were now so crowded that one wondered how it were possible for the line to pass.

The town was in holiday attire, with one of the streets entirely roofed in for some squares with bamboos, and hung with thousands of lanterns of every conceivable hue and design. Many were of the shape of birds and animals. Under this roof there were thousands of things displayed impossible to describe—magnificent embroideries and choice rugs; all kinds of gems; fine carvings in wood and stone; gilded gods of colossal size, some with grave, benignant faces, others with features distorted into painful shapes; pieces of china so exquisite and rare as to make a collector's heart ache; vases of both porcelain and stone, finely carved and twelve feet high; and carved columns of stone that reached almost to the ceiling. Besides the lanterns and embroideries there also hung from the ceiling great boxes which represented in the inside the interiors of the houses of the gentry of the country, with furniture and inmates, and in others were represented the interiors of theatres with the play in progress. In all respects the scene under this cover was like some great industrial exhibition, save only there was nothing for sale.

A theatrical troop, the best in the town, is obliged to give

its services at this time, and as we approached the part of the space in which it performed the tragedy was already in progress. That is, I suppose it was a tragedy, for, as far as I was able to see over the heads of the people, the actors were rushing hither and thither over the stage as though something of moment was taking place, and a white devil was constantly appearing and disappearing. In all their plays there is a devil with chalked face and hands; and but that he is gorgeously arrayed in flowing robes of damask silks and satins, and wears a heavy curved sword like Othello's, he would, for all the world, look like the clown in a pantomime. But in this play there were two devils, and I, not understanding a word that was said, concluded that it must certainly be heavy tragedy to require so many.

We had not long taken our position in front of a station-house before the line of the procession began to pass by. It was not a military display, for the only weapons carried were curious curved swords. Nor was it an exhibition of the various trades. It is difficult to tell exactly what it was, save that to the Chinese and to the native Portuguese, unacquainted with the military displays of Europe and America, it was a gorgeous pageant, but to the foreigner there was a wearisome sameness about it, accompanied with a horrible noise called music. It was merely a long string of coolies, twenty thousand or more, all straggling along the dusty streets to the music of hautboys and tom-toms, the clashing of cymbals, and the noise of gongs, making no attempt at marching, but each walking as it best suited him. What the Chinese appear most to want in these displays is not symmetry and order, but noise; and in this they are certainly successful, for scarcely is one band past than another is approaching, and to the foreign ear it seems as though there was a spirited rivalry between them as to which could make the most of it. Many of the coolies were barefoot and hatless, others were resplendent in silks, while still others had thrown over their shoulders the gaudy cloaks of mandarins, their legs dressed in the tattered breeches of chair-coolies; and some, being fat and the day warm, with the cloak thrown open, exposing the bare skin.

Since the Chinaman seems to be nothing without his lantern, there were thousands of all styles and shapes in the line. Handsome embroideries were borne along, and curious cabinets, some filled with rare carvings, others having pairs of stuffed storks or roasted pigs garnished with fruits, others again with miniature pagodas with tinkling bells, formed a feature of the procession. There were sedan-chairs in which sat coolies acting as mandarins,

preceded by their body-guards with whips to flog the way clear, and by gentlemen bearing the pink silk umbrellas. Bright young girls with painted cheeks and lips, and eyes made more almond-shape by art than was natural, their tiny feet peeping from beneath their dress in what to a Chinaman, most likely, was a bewitchingly coquettish manner, sat among the swaying branches of trees of iron and were triumphantly carried along. There are many small-footed women in Macao, as there are in every Chinese town, but the little feet of these girls were just a little too small not to excite curiosity. I examined them and found them to be of iron, while the natural feet (large feet, too, probably) were safely tucked away somewhere under their skirts.

The principal features of the display were two dragons. The first one that came by was not more than thirty feet long and was a fire-eater. All the while that the procession was passing thousands of fire-crackers were everywhere exploding; but now, as this fire-eating dragon came abreast of us, it seemed to be the particular business of everybody to explode these crackers, not by the pack but by the box. The din was inconceivable, and the dragon, having a relish for this sort of food, ran hither and thither wherever the most noise indicated the greater number of crackers. It was always in the hottest place, and open-mouthed went through the motions of eating its customary meal. Three times it ran to the doors of the police-station and bowed its respects, and as many times there came from the entrance enough burning crackers to fill a barrel. One was considerably relieved when it saw fit to move on with the main line, though the crackers continued to explode.

The second dragon was interesting only from its great size, being one hundred and twenty feet long and worked by sixty men. It had no propensity for fire-crackers as a steady diet, and was quite peaceable and orderly. Its head stood twenty feet in air, and the men that bore it ran from side to side of the street, occasionally rolling its eyes and protruding its tongue in what was supposed to be a lifelike manner. The men that manipulated its tail also ran from one side to the other of the street, making it act quite naturally, or rather in such a manner as one would be likely to suppose such a beast would carry its tail. The men bearing that portion of the animal between the head and tail had nothing to do other than to walk, the mere fact of their walking giving to the body an undulatory movement. This dragon also bowed its obeisance three times to the police-

station, and it was wonderful to see how dextrously the men turned the huge thing about in the narrow street.

The procession was three hours and a half in passing a given point. It was with a sigh of relief that we saw the end of it, and made a memorandum in our note-book to the effect that a fire must be built under us before we would again travel thirty-eight miles to see a Chinese parade.

He has missed the main feature of Macao who fails to see fan-tan. Fan-tan is a game of chance at which the Chinamen, and some foreigners also, gamble away their loose cash. After dinner, having procured as a guide quite a stylish "boy," proud of his glossy black queue reaching to his heels, and of his yellow damask silk breeches and purple satin coat, we sallied forth in search of one of these places. After passing through many dark streets and turning many dark corners we came to a thoroughfare brilliantly lighted, in places, by large lamps placed at doorways. Over the doorways and upon the lamps was lettered, in English, "Gambling-House,"—a matter-of-fact statement enough, as straightforward and with as little circumlocution as the most fastidious could require. The interior of one of these buildings was merely a large room having a counter running its entire width, before which stood the gamblers, a motley array of Chinese and Portuguese soldiers. Back of the counter were two Chinamen, one to place the money upon the bets, and the other to manipulate the Chinese *cash*, of which there was a large, bright heap on a table before him. New copper *cash* is always used in this game, and it is said that after such use it is never put into circulation because of a superstition the Chinaman has regarding it. A square opening was cut in the ceiling directly over the table, about which ran a railing, thus making a sort of gallery. As the room below was hot and close and the company somewhat questionable, we sought the upper and took our seats by the railing. From here we could look upon all that was doing in the room below. There were several small baskets, with cords to the handles, to lower to the table, receive and haul up the winnings. Bundles of cigarettes and pots of hot tea were placed conveniently on small tables about the room, and at the centre of one of the walls was a small shrine having two or three painted figures, before which the scented joss-sticks were burning. Thus, probably, the gamblers were "near to the church but far from God."

The betting was upon the first four numerals—1, 2, 3, 4. Any amount could be bet upon these, the money being placed on the number upon which the bet was made, a piece of paper of a cer-

tain color representing this number. Thus, for the numeral 3 the color of the paper was red. Bets could be made by the same individual, so far as I know, upon all four numbers at once, though I did not see any made upon more than two at the same time. The winning number gave to the successful better not only the money he staked, but nearly double as much again. For instance, if he risked a dollar and won he received about two dollars and eighty cents. Many players could bet upon the same number and all win or lose, as the case might be. The bank made money by the other numbers losing. I think no bets are ever made on number 4, for a reason that will presently appear.

Before any bet is taken the man sitting before the heap of *cash* takes of them a double handful, places them near the centre of the table, covering them with a bowl. The bets are then made. When they are all in the bowl is carefully lifted from the *cash*, and with a long rake the Chinaman slowly rakes them toward him, four at a time. Every one sees him take the four, and every one carefully watches him. So on he draws them by fours until the pile is diminished to twenty or so, by which time there is a great interest taken in this man's movements. There is a stretching of necks, a straining of eyes, and an endeavor to count the remaining *cash* on the table. Slowly he draws them in, and soon there is left but one or two or three, which is the number that has won. If four are left he draws them in and there is none left. I think the game is then played again with the bets as they are.

Now, fan-tan, to a novice, seems to be a fair sort of a gambling game. Everything is done openly and before his eyes; yet it is said that that Chinaman, when he lifts his double handful of *cash* to place them under the bowl, knows to a coin how many he has in his hands, and if he finds a man betting heavily on a certain number, that number of *cash* will never be left. How true this may be I cannot say, but it is a fact that superstition leads a man to bet on the same numeral over and over again. It is from these fan-tan places that the chopped silver passes into circulation. They have large quantities of this silver neatly made into packages varying in value from five cents to fifty cents, and they hand them out to the gamblers as money. In Hong-Kong if a Chinaman attempts to gamble at fan-tan, as he sometimes does, he is promptly arrested; but the law tolerates the game in Macao, and there are several streets having many such houses.

At half-past ten o'clock we were steaming out of the roadstead, making our way through a blinding storm of wind and rain back to Hong-Kong, where we arrived at two in the morning.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER XV.

A BRIGHT spring morning is always certain to find the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne thronged with equestrians, and the morning when Egerton joined the party consisting of Miss Bertram, Miss Dorrance, and an elderly gentleman who, being a distant connection and great friend of the Bertrams, acted as chaperon, was no exception to the rule. The leafy bridle-roads which cross the avenues and plunge into the green depths of the great pleasure-ground were as full of animated movement as Rotten Row, with the difference that in Rotten Row all the animation is visible at a glance, while here it is only revealed in part. But this difference is in favor of the Bois; for who does not know the beauty of a sun-and-shadow-flecked forest vista, and the charming fancies which horsemen and horsewomen passing out of sight or advancing along such a vista suggest? All the world of romance seems to open—romance for ever associated with youth and beauty and strength, and here surrounded by glancing sunlight and dewy leaves, and soft mists lying afar over famous heights.

The party of people who entered the Bois on this particular morning were pleasantly exhilarated by the brightness and beauty around them. Egerton was at first a little puzzled to imagine why he should have been asked to join what was already a *partie carrée*, but he was soon enlightened by the manner in which Miss Dorrance appropriated him.

"In my opinion it was all nonsense asking old Colonel Faire to accompany us," she confided to him when the gentleman mentioned was in advance, riding with Miss Bertram and Talford. "Mamma would never have thought of such a thing. She sees no reason why I should not go about with Cousin Marmaduke here as I would in America; and I see no reason either. But Mrs. Bertram is full of foreign ideas—I suppose because she has lived abroad so much—and she insisted that Sibyl must not go without a chaperon. There was no lady eligible for the position whom we could ask, so we finally compromised on this old gentleman. He is very nice, and a great friend of the Bertrams, you know; but I did not care to have him bestowed

upon *me* as an escort—and that was, of course, what would have come to pass—so I insisted on your being asked to join us.”

“You are very kind indeed,” said Egerton. “I am immensely flattered to learn that you think my society preferable to that of Colonel Faire.”

“Now, that is one thing about you that I don’t like,” said the young lady frankly—“that sarcastic way of talking. You are evidently *not* flattered about something. Yet I am at a loss to know what it is, for I consider it decidedly a compliment to have asked you to join us, without comparing your society to Colonel Faire’s at all.”

“I am ashamed that you should think I meant to be sarcastic,” said Egerton, unable to explain the slight disappointment which had prompted the tone of his speech. “It proves that there was something amiss in my expression, though not in my intention. For I *am* sincerely flattered, I assure you, and delighted to be able to rescue you from Colonel Faire.”

“Oh! I have no special objection to Colonel Faire,” she replied. “But he is tiresome—as old men mostly are—and I did not see why I should bear the burden of propitiating the proprieties when I care nothing about them in this particular form, while Cousin Duke would of course devote himself to Sibyl.”

“His devotion, then, has come to be a matter of course?” said Egerton.

“It seems to me that jumps at the eyes,” said the young lady, with a shrug as Gallic as her idiom. “I really think he is in earnest—matrimonially in earnest—at last.”

“Ah!” said Egerton. “And do you think that Miss Bertram is matrimonially in earnest also?”

“That is hard to tell,” answered Miss Dorrance. “Sibyl is *difficile*. She always has been. People think her capricious, but it really is not caprice so much as that men—for we are talking of men—disappoint her. I have heard her say that she likes them as long as she can fancy something heroic about them; but she very soon discovers that there is nothing heroic at all.”

“Then we are to suppose that she is in the stage of fancying something heroic about Mr. Talford,” said Egerton, with the inflection of sarcasm in his tone to which his companion objected. “It does infinite credit to her powers of imagination.”

Miss Dorrance shook her head. “I don’t think,” she said, “that even with her powers of imagination—and they are considerable—she can fancy anything heroic about Cousin Duke.

He is very nice, and I have always been very fond of him, but he makes no pretensions of that kind."

"No one could possibly accuse him of it," said Egerton, with the same inflection of tone.

"He would tell you," pursued Miss Dorrance, "that in consequence there is no room for disappointment. And he may be right. Certainly Sibyl appears to like his society very well. One must see that."

"Yes," Egerton assented, "one must see that." Then he paused, not caring to add that such a liking seemed to him the keenest of satires on Miss Bertram's high ideals and pretensions. The old sense of injury and indignation rose in his mind as he looked at the graceful figure riding in front, at the fine, spirited face showing in profile as Sibyl turned toward one or the other of her escorts. "No doubt Talford is right," he said to himself. "She has two women in her, and the idealist will go to the wall before the woman of the world. But it is impossible not to be amused by her inconsistency."

He flattered himself that this was the predominant feeling with him—that he was amused by her inconsistency—when, the ride over, they were assembled at breakfast in the pretty apartment with windows overlooking the green foliage of the Parc Monceaux. Mrs. Bertram received them with her usual gentle, well-bred kindness; the *déjeuner* to which they sat down was admirably arranged and served, and something of the freshness of the outer world seemed to linger about them, as it does about people who have just come in from the most delightful of all forms of exercise; while not only its freshness but its brightness also was reflected in Sibyl's face, as, in her perfect, close-fitting habit, but with her hat laid aside, she sat at table talking and laughing lightly.

"Yes," she said in answer to some remark of Colonel Faire on her animation, "I am always exhilarated when on horseback, and for some time afterward. Like the lover in Browning's poem, I think that I could ride, ride, for ever ride without tiring. It is the most perfect of all physical enjoyments. Climbing a mountain is very fine. To sit upon an Alp as on a throne is a glorious sensation; but one has to undergo much labor and fatigue to accomplish that end, while in riding the beginning as well as the end is delightful. When I am on horseback I feel in charity with all the world."

"That is certainly delightful," said Miss Dorrance. "It is a pity that it has not the same effect on every one. Here is Mr.

Egerton, for example, who has seemed very much *out* of charity with all the world this morning."

"What, Egerton, after beginning the morning in such an exemplary manner!" said Talford, with a smile. "I should have expected better things."

"Did he begin the morning in a specially exemplary manner?" said Miss Dorrance before Egerton could reply. "Then perhaps that accounts for the matter. I have always observed that people are apt to be severe on their neighbors when they feel themselves particularly virtuous."

"I am sorry if I have seemed to be severe on my neighbors," said Egerton, "but it was certainly not in the least because I felt particularly virtuous. I presume that what Talford alludes to is that he saw me emerge from the Madeleine this morning. But whether it is exemplary to go to church or not is, I believe, determined by the motive that takes one there."

"Yours, then, we are to suppose, was not devotion," said Miss Bertram.

Talford looked at him with another smile. "There is devotion religious and devotion personal. Eh, Egerton?" he said.

"Undoubtedly," answered Egerton quietly; "but since neither of the two actuated me, I cannot possibly claim either as a motive."

Miss Dorrance's eyes said, "What *did* actuate you, then?" But as good-breeding forbids the asking of direct questions, she was forced to restrain this one to her eyes, so that consequently it was unanswered.

Miss Bertram meanwhile said: "At all events, it was a pleasant manner of beginning the day. Catholic churches are to me most attractive when there is no one in them."

At this Mr. Talford laughed. "I doubt if Egerton would find them so," he said. "It was certainly not the case with the Madeleine this morning."

"So far from that," said Egerton, "there were a number of persons in it. But I know what you mean," he added, turning to Miss Bertram; "and although a priest was saying Mass while I was there, I had the feeling of which you speak—a sense as of an infinite charm of quiet, of repose, of devotion."

"It is the feeling which induces so many Protestants to say that they feel so much more devout in Catholic churches than in their own," said Miss Bertram. "One can hardly define it, but every one who is at all impressionable must be conscious of it."

"That is a saving clause," said Mr. Talford, "for I was about to remark that I have never felt it. But then it is almost unnecessary to say that I am not impressionable."

"Quite unnecessary," replied Miss Bertram. "We are quite sure that 'a primrose on the river's brim' is a yellow primrose to you, and nothing more."

"What more could it be?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows a little.

"Without attempting to answer that question," said Colonel Faire, "one may be quite sure that there is such a thing as seeing too much in a primrose, as well as many other things. Now, about that 'infinite charm of repose and devotion in Catholic churches,' do you think that it is not simply an effect of the beauty which is so large a part of that system; and when impressionable Protestants feel more devout there than in their own churches, are they not yielding simply to a pleasure of the senses?"

Sibyl looked at him and smiled. "That is an argument which I have heard before," she said; "but it seems to me that those who use it forget that the senses are the only mediums by which we can receive any impressions. And if we receive great truths through our hearing, why should not devotion be roused through our sight? If certain forms of beauty are capable of putting us in a reverential frame of mind, a wise system would certainly employ them. Architecture, painting, sculpture, music—I am sure that the religion which neglects to use any one of these in its appeal to human nature neglects a very powerful aid. But in saying this," she added quickly, before any one could speak, "don't think that I mean to admit that it is the beauty of Catholic churches altogether, or even chiefly, which produces the effect of which we are talking. I have felt it in humble chapels that had no beauty, and I have missed it in great cathedrals which are no longer Catholic. Where is there in the world, for instance, a more beautiful building than Westminster Abbey? Yet who can enter it and not feel that it is like a body from which the soul has fled?"

"My dear Sibyl!" said Mrs. Bertram in a slightly shocked tone of remonstrance, "how can you talk so? I am sure Westminster Abbey is one of the most interesting churches in the world."

Sibyl smiled. "Yes, mamma," she said. "But about this that we are talking of: I maintain that it is peculiar to Catholic churches, and that it cannot be the effect of beauty alone."

Egerton regarded her curiously. Consciously or unconsciously, it seemed always her fate to be surprising him. Certainly he would not have expected to find in her this perception of what he had so lately felt himself—the mysterious influence of that Presence which dwells in Catholic churches, and which is manifest even to many of those who have not faith—but it was very plain that she possessed it, and plain also that he was very far from understanding her singular character.

Meanwhile Talford said: "It strikes me that an argument about something which half of us never felt, and which the other half cannot define, is something like discussing the nature of the soul, when we are not at all sure that we have a soul. Let me turn the conversation to a more mundane subject by asking—" he turned to Mrs. Bertram—"if you have seen the new play at the Français yet."

"No," she answered. "We have not seen it for the simple reason that it has not been possible to obtain places. Sibyl and I tried twice, but found every seat engaged for so many nights ahead that we decided to wait until the first rush to see it is over."

"And I wait with more philosophy," said Miss Bertram, "because I judge, from the amount of space which the journals give to descriptions of the actresses' toilettes, that it is a poor play."

"I hope you will soon decide that point for yourself," said Mr. Talford. "I have not yet seen it either; but I have been fortunate enough to secure a box for to-night, which I trust Mrs. Bertram will allow me to place at her service."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Bertram graciously. "It will be very pleasant to go to the Français to-night, since it is the evening for the *monde*. Then if Laura will accompany us—"

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Bertram," said Laura. "I shall be delighted. I am very anxious to see the play, and I told Cousin Duke so at least three days ago."

"In that case no doubt it is to your desire that we owe his kind exertion," replied Mrs. Bertram, "and I am very glad to be able to be your chaperon."

Miss Dorrance glanced at Egerton and elevated her eyebrows in a manner expressive of her scepticism on this point; but she restrained her tongue, and a few minutes later they rose from table.

It was when they returned to the *salon* that Egerton found

his first opportunity to exchange a few words with Miss Bertram. She had moved to one of the open windows, and was standing there—a tall, straight, graceful figure—pointing out the pretty lights and shades in the park to Colonel Faire, when he joined her.

After a little desultory talk the elder gentleman stepped back to answer a question of Mrs. Bertram, and the two were left *tête-à-tête* just as Sibyl was saying that in the spring there was no pleasanter place of residence in the world than Paris. "And we have tried most places—that is, most well-known places," she added.

"I, too, like Paris," said Egerton. "Apart from those things which lie merely on the surface, its attractions are manifold, and I should make it my home, if I had anything to do here. But that is the trouble. Existence without an object must end in weariness."

"You have found that out, then?" she said.

"I never doubted it," he answered. "Yet it is difficult, in cold blood, without any compelling taste for any pursuit in particular, to decide what to do. The need to make money is the great spur to effort with most people; but I have money enough for my wants, so what is to be my spur?"

"The desire to benefit humanity," answered Miss Bertram. "What better could you want?"

"I might readily be excused for wanting a better," he said, "but whether I shall find it or not is another question. I don't think humanity is able to inspire one with much besides contempt—good-natured or bad-natured, according to one's disposition—when regarded in the mass. Yet I should like to be able to do something toward relieving its mountain-load of misery, and that is what has drawn me a little toward Socialism. But Socialism recognizes only one way of relieving this misery—that is, by seizing the property of those who possess any. Now, perhaps it is because I belong to the latter class that my sense of *meum and tuum* protests."

Despite herself Sibyl laughed. "I fancy," she said, "that you have only been amusing yourself with Socialism, as with most other things."

"No," he answered. "I have been seriously attracted by it, and again as seriously repelled. Among its leaders undoubtedly there is a sufficient ardor and spirit of self-sacrifice to revolutionize the world. But then I confess that I do not regard with lively satisfaction the idea of a world in revolution."

"Apropos of leaders, have you seen lately the one who interested you so much?"

"Duchesne? Yes; I dined with him last night. And—although I did not choose to say so to Talford—it was Mlle. Duchesne to whom I was speaking at the door of the Madeleine when he saw me this morning."

Miss Bertram's gray eyes opened wide in surprise.

"What! Does she go to church, and do you go there to meet her?" she asked.

Egerton laughed. "She goes to church—yes," he answered. "But as for my going there to meet her—well, in candor I must confess that it was her example which induced me to enter the Madeleine this morning. But I had no intention of meeting, nor indeed hope of speaking to, her, though I did manage to exchange a few words with her on the doorstep."

"She is a very interesting person, I think you said."

"She is an exceedingly interesting person," returned he. "I never see her without wishing that I had an opportunity to know her better than I do."

"And do you not know her well?"

"Very far from it. Measured by the rules which govern acquaintance, ours is of the slightest—I may say the very slightest—description. Yet each time that I have seen her there has been something which gave me a glimpse of her inner self such as is not common in conventional intercourse." He paused a moment, then added: "I think that you would like her."

"Do you?" said Miss Bertram a little doubtfully. "I am not sure of it. What interests you might not interest me at all, you know. But the father, now—I should no doubt be very much interested in him, and I wish that I could see him."

"I should be happy to make an effort to gratify you," said Egerton, "but he is a bird of passage—much occupied with revolutionary schemes in many places; and he leaves Paris to-day to superintend an election in Brittany. His daughter goes with him—somewhat reluctantly, I think, because of the business in which he is engaged."

"I remember that you said she does not approve his schemes. It is strange that a girl—and a young girl, did you not say?—should evince so much independence of thought—or is it subjection of thought? Perhaps, like many women, having been brought up religiously, she is unable to emancipate herself."

"To the best of my knowledge she was not brought up reli-

giously," said Egerton. "Her mother died early, and she was left altogether to her father's influence and training."

"Then how is it possible that she does not feel enthusiasm for his hopes?"

"She has probably seen and known too much of what those hopes mean. It is very different to look at a thing from afar, with a poetic glamour around it, and to draw near and see it face to face. Mlle. Duchesne has seen revolution face to face more than once—in fact, she sees it, in anticipation, all the time."

"On consideration," said Sibyl, with an air of reflection, "I think that I should like to know her—if it were possible. There must be something interesting about one who has had such a life. But I suppose it is not possible?"

"Most things are possible, if one has the will to bring them about," said Egerton. "There is one simple means by which you can know Mlle. Duchesne, if you care to do so—she is a great friend of the D'Antignacs."

"Indeed! So besides being interesting themselves, they have the additional merit of possessing interesting friends! I shall certainly insist on Laura's fulfilling her promise of taking me to see them."

"What promise is it that Laura is to fulfil?" asked that young lady, hearing her own name and drawing near.

"The promise of taking Miss Bertram to see the D'Antignacs," said Egerton. "I thought you had surely fulfilled it some time ago."

"I don't think we have either of us found the necessary time," said Miss Dorrance. "But you need not be so reproachful, Mr. Egerton. I assure you that I mean to go, and to take Sibyl."

"And I mean to be taken," said Miss Bertram; "for what I have heard of M. d'Antignac—not only from you but from others—makes me wish very much to know him."

"I hope that you will know him," said Egerton. "I am sure that you will then find that there is such a thing as heroism in the world, independent of any fancies with regard to it."

She looked at him with a quick glance.

"Do you mean *my* fancies?" she asked. "I confess that I have begun to doubt whether it has any existence independent of them."

"There are times, I suppose, when we are all inclined to doubt it," he answered. "But it fares ill with us, in that as in most else, if faith dies into scepticism and we accept the lower for want of belief in the higher."

CHAPTER XVI.

PERHAPS those last words—which Egerton felt afterwards to be rather presumptuous in what they implied—made an impression on Miss Bertram, for the next time he called at the D'Antignacs' he heard that she had been there with Miss Dorrance.

"And I do not know when I have been so much struck by any one," said Hélène d'Antignac. "What a brilliant, handsome, intellectual face she has! I confess that I am very fond of clever people; and one has only to look at Miss Bertram to see that she is very clever."

"Yes, she is certainly very clever," said Egerton—"too clever for her own good, I am afraid."

"How is her good threatened by her cleverness?" asked Mlle. d'Antignac, smiling.

"Oh! in many ways," answered Egerton rather vaguely. "You will soon find out what they are, if you know her, as I hope you will; for I think your friendship would be of infinite benefit to her."

"I am afraid I do not feel within myself the power to be of infinite benefit to any one," said Hélène simply; "but I should like to know this girl well, for I am quite sure that she is worth knowing. The cultivation of the acquaintance will depend on herself, however. I cannot pretend to pay visits. Those who wish to see me must come to me. My life is here."

"Did Miss Bertram see M. d'Antignac?" asked Egerton.

"No. Miss Dorrance said something about desiring to see him; but he was not well enough to be disturbed that day. If they come again—as I asked them to do—they may see him then."

"I think they will come—at least I think Miss Bertram will come," said Egerton. "She desires to see M. d'Antignac very much."

"Raoul will like her," said Hélène. "She is a person who is sure to interest him. He likes brilliant people, even if they are a little erratic."

"So you have discovered that Miss Bertram is a little erratic," said Egerton, smiling.

"I have not discovered, I have only suspected, it," answered Mlle. d'Antignac. "Brilliant people often are. But I am sure she is none the less attractive for that."

"She is very attractive," said Egerton, discreetly holding his peace with regard to certain drawbacks to this attractiveness.

When he came again it was on Sunday evening, and he was not surprised to find Miss Bertram sitting by D'Antignac's couch. He had felt quite sure that she would return, and the expression of her countenance—an expression compounded of gentleness, compassion, and vivid interest—told him how deeply she was impressed, even before he found an opportunity to speak to her. Indeed, it chanced that just then two or three intellectual men were gathered around D'Antignac, and their talk was different from that which Miss Bertram was in the habit of hearing in the social circle which she chiefly frequented. One slight man, lean as a greyhound and dark as an Arab, was a professor of the Sorbonne; another was a journalist of note, the author of a political *brochure* of which just then all Paris was talking; while a third was an Englishman with rugged face and leonine mane, whose name was Godwin, who occupied an apartment above the D'Antignacs' and was one of their warmest friends. This man had been talking when Egerton came up.

"Oh! I grant that, as a nation, logic is your strong point," he was saying to one of the Frenchmen, "but it seems more likely to prove your destruction than your salvation. Taking certain principles, such as liberty of thought and the rights of man, you carry them out to a conclusion which cuts every belief from under your feet and reduces life to chaos. Whereas the Englishman, strong in common sense and recognizing the multitude of mysteries that surround him in life, accepts with philosophy an illogical position for the sake of its practical advantages."

The professor shrugged his shoulders. "The *mot de l'enigme* is in the last sentence," he said. "Your countrymen, monsieur, would do much more than accept an illogical position for the sake of its practical advantages, especially since you will not deny that, generally speaking, their sense of logic is not keen."

"Generally speaking it is very obtuse," said Godwin, "and so much the better for them. What has the fine logic of the French ever done but lead them into atheism, revolution, and anarchy?"

"And does it not occur to you," said the other, "that the temper of mind which seeks truth, and truth only, even if it leads to what you call atheism, to revolution, and to anarchy, is better than that which contentedly compromises with error for the sake of the practical advantage of present peace and prosperity?"

"No," answered Godwin, "I cannot admit that it is better

until you prove that your atheism, revolution, and anarchy have been of benefit, or are likely to be of benefit, to the human race."

"It appears to me," said the other, "that it is late in the day even to make a question of that."

"But it is a question—in fact, the supreme question—of our time," said Godwin. "And I, for one, deny that you have accomplished any good in comparison with the evils inflicted upon France, for example—evils which every man must see and acknowledge, and for which the panacea is revolution, still revolution; so that in the end this once great Frank nation will sink lower and lower in the scale of nations until no man can predict her degree of final abasement."

His words struck home, and there was a moment's silence; for no Frenchman of any sagacity, however much of a revolutionary *doctrinaire* he may be, can close his eyes to the waning influence of France abroad and to her shrinking population, her failing credit, and her moral decadence at home.

It was D'Antignac's low but clear voice which broke the silence:

"You are right enough, Godwin. The evils are tremendous—almost beyond calculation—which have been brought upon France by revolutionary principles. But I should not blame the logic of the people for that. It is only by following principles out to their logical conclusions that we can truly judge what they are. Now, in France alone has this test been applied to ideas which in a more or less covert form are working in every nation of Europe. Here alone were men who did not shrink from carrying out to their utmost consequences the principles of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century; and if the French Revolution—which was the ultimate outcome and expression of those principles—startled the world, and especially England, into a reaction, you have surely French logic to thank for that."

"Oh! yes," said Godwin, with a laugh, "I grant that we have that much to thank it for. But the result for France was not so fortunate as for us."

"The final result for France we do not yet know," said D'Antignac. "How far she is to wander, how deep she is to fall, we cannot tell. The false light of human reason, the false ideal of human liberty which she is following, will certainly lead her into misfortune and humiliation greater, perhaps, than any she has known yet; but the depth of her fall may be the measure of the

height to which she will rise when she, who was the eldest daughter of the church, the first among barbarous nations to recognize and embrace the truth, shall again lift her eyes to that truth and be the first, perhaps, to return to that faith which so many of her noblest children have never forsaken. That is what the fine sense of logic which you deride may do for her. It is not logic which has been her bane, but the false principles which she accepted as a basis for thought. Given just principles, and there is no intellect in the world so lucid and so luminous as the French in its demonstration of truth. The compromises with error, the building up of high-sounding premises on unstable foundations, which are the characteristics of English thought, are unknown to the French mind. It either embraces truth in its entirety or it does not shrink from the utmost consequences of negation."

Those who had never heard D'Antignac talk on some subject which deeply moved him could form little idea of how his eyes would glow, his whole face light up with the energy of his feeling. As Sibyl Bertram looked at him now she thought that she had never before realized how clearly the spirit might reveal itself through its fleshly covering.

"*Bien dit, mon ami*," said the professor. "On that point we agree. The French mind does *not* shrink from the utmost consequences of negation. And therein lies our strength and our best hope for the future. The present may be dark and uncertain; but it is by following the pure light of reason that we may at last solve our problems, rather than by returning to the twilight of that superstition which you call faith. For France, which has ever been in the van of human thought, is not likely to retrace her way. It is true that she was the first among barbarous nations to accept Christianity, but it was then a step into the light. It would now be a step into darkness."

"That," said D'Antignac, "is a favorite assertion of your school of thought—or rather of opinion, for I do not honestly believe that there is much thought in the matter—but assertions without proof, as you must be aware, carry little weight. And it is difficult for you to prove that Christianity is synonymous with darkness, when every ray of the light of your boasted civilization directly or indirectly emanates from it. There are many travesties of history, but none which can absolutely blind men to the fact that modern Europe, with its whole civil and moral order, is the creation of the church, and of the church alone. She rescued from barbarism and built up into nations the people

who now turn against her and wrest to their own destruction the knowledge which she taught; and it does not require a prophet to tell that in proportion as her influence diminishes and the traditional hold of the morality which she taught grows less the relapse of these people into essential paganism is certain."

"We may see it in progress before our eyes," said the journalist. "What else is the tyranny of the state, the exaltation of material ends, the tampering with rights of property, the abrogation of the marriage-tie—for the law of divorce practically amounts to that? There can be no doubt that we are more and more approaching the ideal of a pagan state, with a corresponding pagan corruption of morals."

It was at this moment that D'Antignac glanced toward Sibyl, and, meeting the bright intelligence of her eyes, he said, with his exquisite smile:

"I fear, Miss Bertram, that you think us sad pessimists. Have you ever reflected much on these subjects?"

"I have reflected on them—not very much, perhaps, nor very wisely—but enough to be exceedingly interested in all that you have said," she answered. "You would not think so from my appearance, probably, but such discussions interest me more than anything else."

"It is from your appearance that I have arrived at the conclusion that they interest you decidedly," he said, still smiling. "Why should you do yourself so much injustice as to imagine otherwise?"

"Oh!" said she, smiling too, "I know that I look like a young lady who thinks only of amusements and toilettes and conquests. At least Mr. Egerton"—with a slight glance toward that gentleman—"has more than once told me so."

"I?" said Egerton, who had drawn near in time to hear this speech. "Of all unjust charges which you have ever made against me—and I must be permitted to declare that they have been many—this is the most unjust! When did I ever intimate in the remotest manner that your appearance so far belied you?"

"I thought I remembered something of the kind," said she indifferently, "but it does not matter. I only hope M. d'Antignac will believe that though I may look as if my soul was in *chiffons*, I have a few thoughts to spare for higher things."

D'Antignac regarded her with a penetrating yet kindly expression in his dark, clear eyes.

"I should never suspect you of putting your soul in *chiffons*,"

he said. "And I am quite sure that you have many thoughts to spare for higher things."

"But to think even of the higher things with profit one must ~~know~~ how and what to think," she said quickly. "And that is difficult. For instance, what you have just been talking of—the tendencies of modern life and modern thought. There are so many conflicting opinions that it is hard to tell what is and what is not for the benefit of humanity."

"We may be quite sure of one thing," he answered: "that nothing is for the benefit of humanity which ignores or denies man's dignity as an immortal being owing his first and highest duty to God. That is the necessary condition for morality, public and private; and although there is a benevolence widely preached at present which substitutes man's duty to his fellows for his duty to God, it is like endeavoring to maintain a toppling house after destroying its foundation."

Egerton, who knew how attractive the idea of benevolence thus described was to Miss Bertram, could not refrain from a glance to see how she liked this chance shot. She met his eyes, smiled, and said to D'Antignac:

"Mr. Egerton is triumphing over me. He knows that I am a great advocate and admirer of what you condemn—that is, the teaching which substitutes the pressing and immediate duty of helping one's fellow-creatures for a narrow and selfish personal religion."

"It is a very attractive teaching to generous and—forgive me if I add—uninstructed people," said D'Antignac. "In reality it is the revolt of such people against a religion which you describe very accurately as narrow, selfish, and personal. Such was and is the religion of those who in their beginning proclaimed 'faith without works' as their battle-cry, who seized and robbed every charitable foundation, who contradicted the words in which our Lord laid down the rule of perfection when he bade him who desired to be perfect to sell all that he had and *give to the poor*, and who absolutely obliterated from the minds of Christian people the knowledge of the corporal works of mercy, as well as the sense of the obligation to practise them. The result was that order of material prosperity which has crushed and ground down the poor, until on every side they are rising with cries of revolt which are like sounds of doom in the ears of those who have so long oppressed them. We know this movement as Socialism"—it was now Miss Bertram's turn to glance at Egerton—"and it is one direct consequence of the denial of the

necessity of good works. Another consequence is the outcry against the selfishness of religion. It is chiefly made by people who only know religion in the narrow form of which I have spoken; but if you remind them that modern humanitarianism has nothing to show in practical result in comparison with the grand work of Catholic charity, they reply that this work is vitiated by the motive of being done for God rather than solely for humanity. They are not aware that all other duties are included in the supreme duty of serving God, as all the light of our material world emanates from the sun. Remove that great central light, and what artificial substitute can take its place? So good works undertaken without the motive of divine charity are but rays of artificial light, transient and unsatisfactory."

"But surely," said Miss Bertram, "you will allow that one may love one's fellow-man without loving God?"

"After a manner—yes," said D'Antignac; "but not as if the central sun were in its place. You realize what the old cavalier meant in the noble lines:

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.'

Can you not, therefore, realize that a man must love his fellow-beings better for loving God supremely?"

Sibyl shook her head. "I am afraid that I know very little of what is meant by loving God," she said.

"Modern philosophers have certainly made him unknown, if not 'unknowable,' to the generation they have educated," said D'Antignac. "But for all that he is to be known by all who choose to seek him. And knowing him"—the pale face lighted as with a flame—"none can fail to love him."

They were simple words, yet, winged as they were straight from the ardent soul, it was to Sibyl Bertram as if they revealed a world of which she knew nothing, and before which she stood in awe and wonder. Suffering, sacrifice—what meaning could such words have to souls which were filled with the love that seemed suddenly to shine on her like a light from the suffering-stamped face of this man?

Just then there was the stir of new arrivals, and two or three people—evidently intimate friends of D'Antignac—came forward to his couch. Sibyl drew back, and in doing so found herself beside Egerton, to whom she said:

"I have you to thank for being here, Mr. Egerton. I should never have thought of coming but for your advice."

"I hope," he said, "that you do not regret having followed it."

"Do you know me so little as to imagine that possible? How could I regret finding myself in the most rarefied atmosphere I have ever breathed? I am inhaling it with delight."

"I thought that it was an atmosphere which would please you," he said, with a smile.

"If you really thought so you paid me a compliment which I appreciate. What an intellectual pleasure it is to listen to talk such as I have heard on all sides since I have been here! And as for M. d'Antignac—well, I have never before seen any one in the least like him; but if you hear of my sitting all the time literally as well as metaphorically at his feet you need not be surprised."

Egerton laughed. "I cannot imagine your sitting at the feet of any one, either literally or metaphorically," he said.

"That is because you do not know much about me," answered the young lady calmly. "I have a great capacity for hero-worship, but I have never up to this time found the hero on whom to expend it. But pray tell me who is the lady talking to M. d'Antignac now? She has the air of a *grande dame*."

"She is a *grande dame*—Mme. la Comtesse de St. Arnaud, sister of the Vicomte de Marigny and a cousin of the D'Antignacs. I have seen her here before."

"She has a striking air of distinction, and a charm of appearance without being at all beautiful."

"She is very like her brother. Perhaps if you saw him you might find another hero to your liking. He is D'Antignac's closest friend, and, I presume, a man after his own heart."

"He seems to have a great variety of very different friends, this M. d'Antignac," said Miss Bertram. "By the way, did you not promise that I should meet your Socialist if I came here?"

"Duchesne? Good Heaven, no! That would be a little too much even for D'Antignac's tolerance. I only said you might meet his daughter, but not on an evening when they receive generally. I am quite sure that Mlle. Duchesne has too much sense for that. The Comtesse de St. Arnaud, for example, might be surprised to meet the daughter of the man who is at this moment most vigorously opposing her brother's election."

"Really, this is very charming!" said Miss Bertram. "It is my ideal of a *salon*, where people of the most different tastes and opinions can meet on neutral ground, and where there is a central mind of intelligence high enough and sympathy wide enough to attract them all."

"There is certainly that here," said Egerton, looking at the man who lay on his pillows with interest so keen and charity so gentle imprinted on every line of his face.

"You called him a hero," said Miss Bertram, following the direction of his eyes, "but do you know that he looks to me more like a saint?"

Egerton might have answered that saintliness is the highest form and perfection of heroism; but he was prevented from making any answer at all by the appearance of Miss Dorrance, who from some point suddenly swept down upon her friend.

"Have you had enough of it, Sibyl?" she asked. "If so, I think we might take leave. Oh! how do you do, Mr. Egerton? You see here we are! Sibyl would give me no peace until I came. And now I suppose that she will be wanting to come all the time, for I think she has at last found an atmosphere sufficiently exalted to suit her. I confess that it is a little too exalted for me. I like something more sublunary; but no doubt that is owing to my unfortunate want of taste. I do think M. d'Ar-tignac perfectly charming, however, and if I could fancy myself falling in love with anybody I believe I should fall in love with him."

Miss Bertram drew her straight, dark brows together in a frown.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there are some people who should be exempt from the association of such an idea."

"Do you think it a very terrible idea?" said Miss Dorrance, opening her eyes. "I thought it flattering—at least I meant it that way. What do you think, Mr. Egerton? Is it not a compliment to say that one is inclined to fall in love with a person?"

"I should certainly consider it a compliment if you were to say that you were inclined to fall in love with me," replied Egerton.

"Of course you would, and you would be a monster of ingratitude if you considered it otherwise. But Sibyl—well, Sibyl is so *exaltée* that one never knows how she will look upon anything."

"I look upon the use of French terms in English conversation as very objectionable, especially when they are used to stigmatize one unjustly," said Sibyl, with a smile. "If you are anxious to go, Laura, I am quite ready; but I must thank you again, Mr. Egerton, for having put me in the way of coming here."

CHAPTER XVII.

SIBYL BERTRAM was right in saying that she had a capacity for hero-worship which only needed the appearance of the hero in order to declare itself ; but she had also too fine a sense of the essential characteristics of heroism to be deceived by any ordinary counterfeit. And since heroes do not abound in life, especially in the conventional order of life in which her lot was cast, she had fallen into a state of scepticism by no means extraordinary in a nature so ideal in its tendencies and so fastidious in its tastes.

And to this mood Mr. Talford played the part of a well-bred Mephistopheles. His quiet but absolute disbelief in anything exalted ; his positive conviction that selfishness, pure and simple, dictated the conduct of every human being who was not a madman ; his easy cynicism and creed of worldly materialism, which he made no attempt to conceal, and which a wide experience of life seemed to justify—these things were not without their effect upon Sibyl, though it was an effect which Egerton failed to understand. She was not inconsistently tolerating this cynical man of the world while amusing herself with certain high ideals by which other people were uncompromisingly tried, but was rather deliberately asking herself whether this cynicism was not, after all, the true philosophy of life, and her ideals mere baseless dreams.

For it must be remembered that the enthusiasm of which she was capable, the aspirations which she felt toward noble ends, had absolutely nothing to feed upon. The life of a young lady in commonplace society affords perhaps as little scope for anything of an exalted nature as can possibly be imagined, unless the great force of religion enters this life and by its wondrous alchemy transmutes the performance of ordinary duties into great deeds. But in the society in which Sibyl moved this force had no existence. It is a society which keeps up a bowing acquaintance with God, and which goes to church (in a new toilette) on Sunday with a comfortable sense of performing a vague duty and at the same time passing an hour or so in an agreeable manner, hearing some good music and probably some novel doctrine, which can afterwards be discussed with much individual freedom of opinion ; but to religion in any vital sense its very air is fatal. For its standards are not only of the world, but of the most trivial interests of the world—its fashions, amusements, and

scandals. To dine, to dress, to drive, to cultivate distinguished acquaintances and know the last items of fashionable gossip—these are its supreme ends; and where in them is there food to satisfy an eager mind or an immortal soul? Surrounded by these trivialities, Sibyl had sought refuge in a literature which fascinated her by the high ideal of human conduct which it presented, by the teaching of an altruistic benevolence and of the possible ultimate perfection of humanity. This ideal fired her imagination and seemed to offer satisfaction to all the craving of which she had been conscious—craving for some supreme and noble end, the pursuit of which she felt to be necessary if life was to be of value.

But when she looked around for the disciples who practised these teachings of enthusiastic masters, whose eloquence and genius have for a time blinded many to the baselessness of their hopes, she found that instead of placing their happiness in the happiness of others, and of directing every effort to the elevation of the race, men and women were going their old accustomed ways and only accepting that part of the teaching which relieved them of responsibility to a higher power. Then came the tempter, in the form of Marmaduke Talford, to declare with a tone of assurance and authority: "You and all like you are dreamers, who know nothing of the actual conditions of life. Self-interest is, always has been, and always will be the basis of men's deeds; and to fancy that any motive for conduct can be devised strong enough to supplant self-interest is to fancy what all past history and present experience belie. Accept, then, the plain fact that the material goods of life are the only things of which we can be certain, and its material pleasures the only objects worth our pursuit."

Now, it may readily be conceived that this was not a doctrine likely to please one whose nature yearned strongly and passionately toward ideal good, unless in the recoil of disappointment to which such a nature is subject. And it was a recoil which had set in strongly with Sibyl, as the impatient scorn which puzzled Egerton abundantly testified. "Why do you trifle away existence so ignobly? Why do not you, who are free as only a man can be free, find some high task worthy of a man's doing?" was the meaning that underlay all her contemptuous speeches. And it followed of necessity, had Egerton been able to perceive it, that she would not have been inclined to manifest this contempt to one whom she had felt to be incapable either of realizing or following the high intangible ideal that was

in her thoughts. With Talford she showed none of it, because she was too keen an observer not to understand that he must be taken on a lower plane, as that which he defined himself to be—a man of the world, worldly, and a materialist of the most pronounced type. No good to chide *him* with lack of ideals and aims at which he only smiled. And so it came to pass that Sibyl began to question whether this man, whose knowledge of life was so wide and varied, might not have grasped its true meaning, and if it might not be the part of wisdom to put away from her for ever dreams and hopes destined apparently never to be realized. For there is no compromise possible with a nature like hers. It either believes and hopes all or it believes and hopes nothing; and the influence which was acting on her like a slow poison might have accomplished its end had not that which we call chance led her within the different influence of one whose heroism and whose sincerity she could not doubt.

Something of this she said to her mother, though not a great deal; for she was never expansive, unless sure of sympathy, and although there was much affection there was not much sympathy between mother and daughter. "I feel," she said as they sat at breakfast together the morning after her visit to the D'Antignacs', "as if I had received a mental stimulant and spiritual refreshment. I have had the sensation lately of one half-starved both mentally and spiritually; but I was fed and strengthened last night, and I am able again to make an act of faith in the possibility of human nobleness."

"My dear Sibyl!" said her mother in mild remonstrance. "Half-starved mentally and spiritually, and only able since last night to make an act of faith in human nobleness! How very unflattering to all your friends and acquaintances!"

Sibyl laughed. "You see I was not thinking of all my friends and acquaintances, but only of the truth," she said. "I did not know how nearly starved I was until the relief of refreshment came. And such relief! Mamma, you must go to see M. d'Antignac. I have never known any one in the least like him. He is so strong and so simple, so patient and so gentle! He seems to look one through; but one does not mind it at all, there is so much comprehension and sympathy in the penetration."

"I don't know that I should care about being looked through," said Mrs. Bertram; "but he must be a very interesting person, and I am glad that you like him so much."

"He is much more than an interesting person," said Sibyl. "I know what interesting people are. They please and amuse

one for a time by their cleverness or their wit or their originality. I have been interested by a great many such people: but when one gets to the end of them, when one knows all that one has to expect, there is an end of interest."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bertram, who knew—or thought she knew—her daughter on this point, "and when you get to the end of M. d'Antignac there will be an end of interest in him also."

"If you saw him you would not think so," answered Sibyl. "I can hardly express the manner in which he impresses me, but it is as if the interest he awakens does not depend so much on his personal qualities—charming though they are—as on certain great truths and principles of life which he seems to have grasped most fully and to be able to draw upon with a wonderful simplicity and directness. Absolutely there does not seem to be any self-consciousness about him. And when one feels one's self to be bristling with that very objectionable quality, one appreciates all the repose and strength that is the result of its absence."

"You are certainly very enthusiastic about M. d'Antignac, and not very complimentary to yourself," said Mrs. Bertram, smiling. "Are you 'bristling with self-consciousness'? I don't think any one would find it out."

"I find it out," said Sibyl, with a smile and a sigh.

She did not pursue the subject farther, but a few days later her surprise and pleasure were great at receiving a visit from Mlle. d'Antignac, who had told her that, though always glad to receive her friends, she seldom paid visits. Remembering this, Sibyl, as she greeted her, said quickly and cordially:

"I am much flattered that you have thought of me enough to come to see me."

"I am sure that you are well used to being thought of sufficiently for that or any other purpose," said Mlle. d'Antignac, with a smile. "But I must be quite frank and tell you that it is as much my brother's thought as my own that has brought me. 'Go to see Miss Bertram, and ask her to come and see me again,' he said. And I assure you that such a request from Raoul is flattering."

"I feel it so," answered Sibyl. "It must be simply his kindness. He must know how much I wish to see *him* again."

"Perhaps he does know it; sometimes I think that there are few things which he does not know or divine," said Mlle. d'Antignac. "But, however that may be, his interest in you and his desire to see you again are most undoubted. I foretold

that it would be so," she said, with another smile. "I thought that you would please him, though I was not prepared for the determination he evinces not to lose sight of you."

"I must think better of myself since I am able to please M. d'Antignac," said Sibyl. "It seems to me incredible, for while I was talking to him I had a feeling as if he were looking me through and thinking what a poor, crude creature I was. But I did not mind the judgment. It seemed to be exercised with the compassion and gentleness of an angel." Then she suddenly flushed. "Perhaps this sounds to you extravagant," she said. "But it is really what I felt; and although my friends will tell you that I am prone to sudden enthusiasms, I tell you that these enthusiasms have been for things rather than persons. Clever and original people have often interested me, but I was never before conscious of the least inclination to bow down as before something higher than myself. Indeed, it is I who have always judged. I never before felt myself in the position of being judged."

"It is good for us that we should bow down occasionally, even in the most human point of view," said Mlle. d'Antignac, looking kindly at the brilliant young face, "else we are apt to become spiritually and intellectually arrogant. And it is good, too, that we should be judged now and then by some one more impartial and less intolerant than ourselves. For to judge himself justly is impossible to man—or woman either. One is either too lenient or too severe with one's self. Do not infer from this, however, that I think Raoul was really judging you. He was only 'taking the measure' of your mind, with a penetration which he possesses in singular degree; and the result is that he wishes to see you again. I think that speaks for itself."

"Almost too flatteringly," answered Sibyl, smiling. "But I need hardly say that I shall be delighted to respond to his wish and to gratify my own desire. May I ask when he receives visitors?"

"Any and every day after noon when he is well enough. But I must warn you that very often his most intimate friends come and he cannot see them; for there are times when suffering conquers even him and he exists simply in a state of agony. Those who know him best know that they have always the risk to run, but they do not mind it. They come, and if he cannot see them they go away, to come again."

"Surely a disappointment is little for them to bear when *he* is bearing so much," said Sibyl. "And is there no hope of cure, of alleviation? Can he never be better?"

"Never—here. He does not hope or dream of it. All his hopes are set in eternity, where alone he can know again the sense of existence without pain."

"It must make him wish to hasten there," said Sibyl in a low tone.

"You would think so, and no doubt he does long for it in a manner we cannot understand; but I have yet to hear the first murmur of impatience from his lips. And more than once he has said deliberately that, notwithstanding his suffering, he is more than willing to remain here as long as God has the smallest work for him to do."

"It seems to me that his is a great work—to aid, to counsel, to influence so many," said Sibyl. "I can judge what his influence must be by the effect which he has had upon me. And when one thinks that a man who is a prisoner, tied to his bed and racked with suffering, can do so much to make the burden of life lighter for others, what shame should we not feel who spend our days in talking of great deeds, yet do not the least!"

"The least is often the greatest," said Mlle. d'Antignac, understanding the ring of self-contempt in the voice. "There is nothing more useful for us to remember than that. And when we see the number of those who, in undertaking to set the world right, are only setting it wrong, we may be glad to be prevented from trying our hand at the same business, with probably the same result. But"—she rose—"these reflections are likely to lead one far afield, and I must not stay longer. I shall hope to see you soon, and I echo Raoul's wish as well as my own in saying that I trust you may like us well enough to make one of our inner circle of familiar and habitual visitors."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"MORALITY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS."

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* for June last Mr. Oliver Johnson contributes an article under the above title in advocacy of teaching a system of morality in the public schools. The writer's style, though not without some force, is hardly up to the literary standard of the *Atlantic*, and he fails to grasp the subject of American education. But he strikes us as a man of strong benevolent tendencies, more impressed, perhaps, by the philanthropical and social aspect of things than by their religious; a man moved more by his benevolent sentiments than his intellect, one who readily takes up any movement that professes to help the great body of the people. We call attention to his article because he represents a new departure among the public-school advocates, and especially for the honest frankness of his admissions.

Until recently it has only been by a lofty condescension that we were permitted to say that there were two sides to the school question. Whatever breath could be spared from praising the system was expended in indignant condemnation of its opponents, and that with the most unjust and injurious suspicions and often very violent epithets. The advocates of parental and religious systems, having exhausted argument, were forced to be content with a standing protest and with the prophecy that time and experience would plead their cause with fatal success. The event has verified the prediction. Mr. Johnson confesses failure, and he is but one of a multitude. The people were deluded into confiding to the public-school system the task of supplying the republic with good citizens. It has failed to do it. The republic is becoming full of very bad citizens. Citizens were better, as a rule, when men were trained in schools chosen by their parents and organized and conducted by persons and societies professedly religious. Furthermore, many earnest Protestants have laid the blame of the general decay of religion on the common schools. Sunday-schools and home could do something; but in the common run of cases the mental faculties of the child had been fully taxed at school. The big mill under the school-board had left only chaff and bran for the little mills at home and in church. The regular business of education having been unreligious, the result has been a generation little inclined to

spiritual things. Hence in Protestant religious journals, in denominational conventions, from independent pulpits, startling voices have been heard; and what they say is that, after all, the child has a soul, whose destiny is eternal, and it is a crime against him to crowd the theory and practice of winning eternal life out of the common business of his education.

Distinguished educators, too, like President Eliot of Harvard and President Seelye of Amherst, have uttered like admonitions. Even Emerson declared "that the intellectual tuition of society is going on out of all proportion faster than its moral training." But what seems to have fairly stamped the public-school forces is that Mr. Herbert Spencer, when he visited us last winter, instead of praising our glorious school system actually condemned it. The writer in the *Atlantic* tells us that he declared that the notion that education is a panacea for political evils is a delusion; the fitting of men for free institutions is "essentially [Mr. Spencer's own words] a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge"; and that "not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiments, is the root of the evil."

So, says Mr. Johnson, "fierce controversies have arisen in many places, and are still raging, to the great detriment of the schools." "The Catholics almost unanimously, and not a few Protestants, . . . unite in pronouncing 'godless' the schools in which the pupils are not instructed in the duties they owe to God." "The necessity of some more efficient method of teaching morality in the schools is generally acknowledged."

"We have come, it would seem," continues our writer in the *Atlantic*, "to a time when the whole subject needs to be carefully considered." Are not these important admissions? When that side begins to admit anything at all we may report progress. When the admissions touch the question of morality we have reached an epoch in the controversy. "The state," says Mr. Johnson, "must no longer content itself with imparting secular and scientific instruction alone. The consciences and the affections, or, as Mr. Spencer says, the moral sentiments, of children must be cultivated, or the quality of citizenship will so deteriorate as to endanger the republic. If the state is incapacitated for this work, then it has no excuse for engaging at all in the business of education and should take itself out of the way, leaving a clear field for other and more appropriate agencies." And if we ask him just what system of morality shall be taught, he answers that we shall agree upon a compromise code of morals. It

should not be difficult, he argues, for infidels, atheists, and agnostics to be satisfied, because, he affirms, the Christian religion, belief in revelation or even in God, are not bound up with our civil polity, and a system that might be called American morality could dispense with these beliefs. "Morality may be successfully cultivated by itself without reference to the supernaturalism which forms so large a part of the current religions." "There are many noble men, pure in every relation of life and devoted to the welfare of the human race, who frankly confess that they have no clearly-defined faith in God, no sense of his presence, no belief in supernatural revelation."

That orthodox Protestants may also be contented he proves by his own testimony, and particularly by quoting at length from Dr. Spear, of Brooklyn, a prominent Presbyterian divine. "There is need," he sums up, "of an educational symposium of representative men of all shades of religious belief and speculation—Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and liberal, Jew and agnostic—to consider this subject," and "to agree upon a code of school morals embodying all that is essential and offending no honest scruples."

Now, such an absorption of the parental jurisdiction as the school system amounts to, such an encroachment on the rights of unwilling minorities, could only be endured for the sake of its undisputed success. Here is a confession of failure. It is here admitted that no system of instruction can be a success which ignores morality, and the schools, for this reason, have failed to maintain American citizenship at as high a standard as that at which they found it. It is confessed that the schools have failed to make good citizens because the teaching of morality was left out. Furthermore—for we are entitled to claim the logical inference—if a system of schooling embracing a moral training had been adopted (or rather the older and more rational systems fostered and developed) the men and women of our generation would have been the wiser and better for it. The admission is tantamount to a confession of the immorality of unmorality. Mr. Johnson is entitled to our thanks for his frankness and our admiration for his fearless exposure, in the interests of truth, of the one American failure which may be called national. Whatever we may think of Mr. Johnson's remedies, we must admit that he lays bare the ulcer: his diagnosis of the malady is complete.

But we are by no means as much edified by his purpose of amendment as by his confession, for he has no idea of a radical

reformation. He does not wish to realize (for if he did he is not a man to conceal it) that the fault is in the original construction of the state system; that it lies in the foundation; that the crack that seams the walls and threatens ruin to system, normals, institutes, principals, superintendents, and salaries is owing to the foundations resting on a quicksand; that it is not owing to a defective jointing up above or a dearth of moral sand or ethical lime in the mason-work of the superstructure; but that the fault is original, in the idea and design and plan, in the very foundation and location. He still labors under the delusion that the state is so much more competent to teach children than any free systems which parents may originate in concert with their religious advisers, that even morality must take its chance for general diffusion among the departments and grades and examinations and inspections of our education by law established. We sincerely hope that these confessions of Mr. Johnson and his party will clear the ground, on which they will not be again permitted to build.

The truth is that these gentlemen seem infatuated with the notion that the end and aim of school-teaching should be uniformity. It seems idle to ask them, Why not do as England does—help along any free school that is worth helping; or, as they do in Canada, have separate school-boards, one for religious and another for secular schools, and taxpayer and parent left to free choice between them; or why not try a kind of "local option," each city and county to elect for itself whether it shall have a variety of schools to choose from or a cramping uniformity to be endured, the state only enforcing a tax levy sufficient for a general diffusion of elementary schooling? Why not, as it is admitted that the whole subject is to be reconsidered—why not try anything rather than what has already failed; anything rather than an army of public officials paid to form the consciences of the American people? But no; any such plan would soon show, at least in very many cases, what a difference there is between teaching school because you can do it and teaching school because you can secure an appointment from a petty office-holder.

We have already permitted Mr. Johnson to suggest his method of moral teaching: a compromise code of morals is to be adopted. That is to say, this motley people is to be represented in a moral code. The principles of morality are to be agreed on by a board of delegates of all religious and anti-religious bodies; it is to be accepted by the school-board or by

the legislature; it is to be put into the hands of teachers to be imparted to the children. And so the country is to be saved.

Of course we are to take for granted the spirit, zeal, and unction with which this new gospel will be taught. But may we make so bold as to inquire into its subject-matter? Will it not be a most mongrel morality, this moral code of compromises and concessions—a bit from Tom Paine, another from Jesus of Nazareth, some sentences from Benjamin Franklin, then Saul of Tarsus, something, too, from atheistic Frenchmen, all sifted and sorted by a school-board nominated at a ward caucus and elected amid the turbulence of party strife? And if morals are to be taught in our public schools the question arises, What is to be the standard of morals? Apropos to this question we find the following paragraph in a recent number of the *Journal of Education*:

"The legislature of Vermont has wisely forbidden the use of tobacco by teachers and pupils in its public schools. It is none too early to begin the work of stemming the filthy tide that threatens to overflow even the youthful, green pastures of American life. One of the greatest trials of a clean American citizen to-day is the omnipresent curse of the weed in every disgusting variety of its use. Even the palatial Pullman car, for whose comfort you pay your last spare dollar, is everywhere pervaded by the stench of the smoker who forces himself in at one end, or your stomach is turned by the dreadful performance of the honorable chewer at his spittoon. Why is it that tobacco, of all things, seems to extinguish the gentleman in the most kindly and cultivated man? A Christian gentleman, even parson or priest, full of the most genial attentions and considerate to the last degree of your comfort in other ways, will puff you into a nausea or spoil an interview by making himself a tobacco-squirt, without the slightest suspicion that he is doing aught to give you trouble or is making life itself a hideous burden while in his presence. In this respect tobacco may indeed be regarded as '*the remainder of wrath*' that, spite of our theories of Christian perfection, still inheres in the infirm human nature of the saintliest man."

Where are we to stop, if the legislature is going to deal, through the schools, with moral infirmities which "inhere in the human nature of the saintliest man"? What are we coming to? men will say. They have gathered our children into these schools, and have put foot on our hearthstones, and now, under the name of moral precept, they have laid hands on our snuff-boxes and stopped our cigars; presently they will be in our kitchens, and we shall have to eat baked beans and graham bread and pumpkin-pie, and be forced to drink hard cider!

It is an amazing thought that the public-school authorities are willing to assume the responsibility of making the American

people moral. How, it may be asked, will such a proposition be received by religious people? How will they look upon a public, state-paid institution for teaching morals? How will they regard the new species of morality to be called state morality? How will persons fervently given to religious practices look upon a system of compromises in the domain of right and wrong? We think that it will be excessively offensive to them. In such matters religious souls are not apt to be compromisers. What seems prejudice, narrowness, bigotry to worldly men is often dearer than life itself to souls hungering and thirsting after justice. Compromises and symposiums and concessions are detestable to earnest religious men of all sects when it is question of right living. They will say that as life at school is the life of after-years in miniature, so any attempt to train boys and girls to a virtuous life without supernatural motives will tend to make them men and women without God in the world and without hope. The maxims of worldly honor will forestall those of the Gospel. There may, indeed, be a species of orderly life compatible with a morality excluding God and a future life. But whatever soul has the least tincture of faith in the sublime truths of revealed religion will look upon an invitation to a symposium to form a godless code of morals to be taught to Christ's little ones as an invitation to a synagogue of Satan. If, as Mr. Johnson admits, the schools are objectionable to many Protestants because they are godless, where is the sense in helping them out with godless morality? It is no very encouraging omen that Mr. Johnson can quote ministers in good standing favoring a moral code for their children which lacks Christ as the law-giver; no doubt there is a truckling spirit of compromise to be met with, extending the right hand of fellowship to scoffers and atheists. But we scarcely think that it would go so far as to sit in a symposium to eliminate the Deity from the moral conduct of men. Earnest Protestants, men and women to whom daily use of the Scripture is as much a delight as a duty, who believe that the heart should be renewed from on high, who have an unshaken conviction of Christ's divinity and the reality and need of his atonement—such persons, it is to be hoped, will now begin to speak out, and perhaps to combine for a reorganization of public schooling in the direction of liberty and religion. We hear them lamenting their dwindling churches, the thin ranks of their clergy, the masses of the people corroded with worldliness, everybody reading and multitudes believing the plainest atheism and materialism, the learned world threatened with

complete domination under men whose shameful unbelief is their boast, the marriage-tie bound and loosed in profane courts like the common agreements of business partnership; and many of them say that all this is because the present generation was trained up in schools from which religious teaching and teachers were banished. Other causes may have helped, but only helped, to this miserable condition of things among non-Catholics: childhood's noblest efforts, brightest hours, were spent in places, and amid surroundings, and subject to influences from which the laws of the land had banished religion. Unreligious education has made an unreligious people. If, in addition, the Protestant churches permit the state to teach their children a morality expressly and purposely unreligious, they may as well give up altogether.

The opposition of the Catholic Church towards schools that are a dangerous negative evil will not be different in kind but in degree when they become positively dangerous. As the school system stands it teaches an evil lesson. It leaves wrong impressions; it induces unreligious habits of mind; it suffers rational beings to grow to maturity with moral vacancies which become aching voids in after-years; it is a public, powerful, vast influence which declares by its very existence that religion is not a weighty enough matter to hold first place in the preparation for life. Still, it has all along been protested that the defects in question were inevitable, were a tribute offered to fraternal uniformity or a necessity for general diffusion of knowledge; and if Catholics have never for a moment accepted any such plea as a valid excuse, they have at least been willing to admit its sincerity, and by inculcating especially strict family discipline, and by especially laborious efforts of the clergy and laity in the Sunday-schools, have been able to tolerate the use of the unreligious schools till Catholic ones could be hastened into existence to supply Christian training. But matters will be quite otherwise when persons or systems shall undertake to actually teach morality to Catholic children. Whatever Protestants may be willing to do about the matter, this much is plain: when school-committees formulate systems of morals and undertake to have them taught in the public schools, the school grievance will be something quite different in the eyes of Catholic parents from what it is at present.

In their view of education Catholics but hold ground once occupied by all classes in this country. To form good citizens was never deemed the office of the state in our early history, but just

the reverse: it was the duty of good citizens to form the state. It was the belief of the founders of our republic that men had reached a point of intelligence and virtue sufficient to discern and establish the public order suited to their common needs. To perpetuate this capability in individual men the chief resource was to let them alone. The public law had much to say about buying and selling, importing and manufacturing, making war and peace, and punishing criminals. But touching the moral and religious side of human nature what may be termed the let-alone character of our institutions was most carefully defined. Everybody admitted the necessity of elementary schooling, and so he did of a widely-diffused press. If one would insist on knowing why a state press should not therefore be established and maintained by taxes, the answer would be instant: because it would not be free, and even if its sheets were given away it would not create a free spirit in men. Just so with state schools. A school endowed by the state and managed by public officers is not a free school, because it belongs to the state and not to parents, and is as much of an anomaly among us as a state newspaper would be. In the golden age of our country nobody dreamed that in order to have good citizens the training-up of children should be made a state monopoly. What had made Americans capable of achieving independence was relied on to enable them to preserve its benefits. That Americans should merge their social privileges or their family autonomy or their religious differences was never desired or dreamt of at all. Rather the very contrary. Character formed in a spirit of individual independence was to be the character of the free men who should perpetuate the republic, as it had been that of the free men who had founded it. And in every substantial particular that purpose has been maintained, and been, on the whole, approved as wise and practical by experience, excepting that the mass of our people have permitted the invasion of the most sacred of all human sanctuaries—home—by that public power whose interference they reject in every other domain of private prerogative. They have been misled by the plea of order, uniformity, security, economy, forgetting (let us hope not permanently) that these have been the excuses of usurpation since the world began. It should be our pride that an American is of the strong, free temper that makes him a good citizen, not from any training he gets from state systems, but because God has made us capable of acquiring, by the precept and example of our parents and by the practice of religion, that free obedience to lawful authority, that active

interest in the common welfare, that heroic spirit of sacrifice for the public defence, which must be the common virtues of a free people. And this is the morality that we need, and it is under the jurisdiction of parental authority and in the atmosphere of religion that it can alone be taught. The state, indeed, may well concern itself in the matter, but only to aid and encourage the endeavors of faithful parents, and reserve its dominating influence in education to the training of children whom the providence of God, in the loss of their parents or their parents' criminal neglect, have thrown upon public charity.

As for the new morality, Herbert Spencer's and Mr. Johnson's is well enough taught by the common jail without putting it into the common school. It amounts to this: to be good is to tread the path to the palace of the millionaire; to be bad tends to the poor-house and the jail. None are more familiar with such morality than they who have never entered a school in their lives.

The appliances for the preservation of morality under a government such as ours must necessarily be private or the spontaneous creation of private conviction and zeal. If we inquire what they are, we answer that the press, the lecture-room, the social society, and the multiform influence of men and women who reverence God and love their neighbor have very much to do with making good citizens. But these are not to be compared to the great trinity of the visible action of Providence in shaping the lives of men—the *family, the church, the school*; and these three are one. When the American people made the schooling of the children a purely state affair they undertook not simply to separate what it is the divine will should be joined together, but they cut off from the school training the most potent of all beneficial influences in forming the character of good citizens—the active, spontaneous co-operation of parents and the hallowing forces of religion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. In three volumes. Volume ii. : containing sketches of the Order in England, at the Crimea, in Scotland, Australia, and New Zealand. By a member of the Order of Mercy. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1883.

A year ago volume i. of these *Annals* was noticed here, and it is pleasant to learn that its great success with the reading public "was a genuine surprise to the writer." But the present volume is even more entertaining than its predecessor, while its contents are very much more varied. Almost every page teems with anecdote or with reminiscences of noted persons. Beginning with the first foundation of the Sisters of Mercy in England, in 1839, in that part of London south of the Thames known as Bermondsey, the author sketches the history of all the chief establishments of the Sisters of Mercy throughout England, Scotland, and the English colonies of the South Pacific. And, speaking of Bermondsey, it was there, according to the *Annals*, that the first Gothic church edifice was erected in England by Catholics since the "Reformation," and that edifice was also the first in all that time erected opening on a public highway.

Among the ecclesiastics who appear in this volume, some of them with an outline of their life and others as the subjects of anecdotes, are Bishop Griffiths, Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, Bishop Grant, and Bishop (now Archbishop) Croke. Dr. Pusey also appears. He was present, it seems, in the Baggot Street convent in Dublin during the profession of some sisters, and a letter of the foundress of the order, Mother McAuley, refers to his visit: "We had a long visit from Dr. Pusey, Oxford, whose new opinions have created so much interest. His appearance is that of a negligent author, such as some of the poets are described; his manner most pleasing; his countenance is not expressive of a strong mind, but in conversation he does not betray any imbecility except the wanderings of all Protestants."

The chapters dealing with the noble work of the Irish and English Sisters of Mercy in the military hospitals about Constantinople and Sebastopol during the Crimean War will arrest the attention of the greater number of readers. To us who are familiar with what was done by this same order of Sisters of Mercy, as well as by other religious, for the sick and wounded of both sides during our civil war, the hospital arrangements of the Crimean War look small by comparison. Yet the hospitals of Scutari, Koulali, and Balaklava were perhaps the very first opportunity which the religious of English-speaking countries had had in modern times to display the charity and the orderliness of charity which belong to the Catholic Church. How well these sisters worked is shown in the bright pages of the narrative in this volume and by the testimony of others who were witnesses. The only thing that seemed to jar on the sisters in their military-hospital experience was a misunderstanding of Miss Florence Nightingale with the medical officers under whose directions the Sisters were.

But Miss Nightingale's success in the organization of the nursing staffs of the hospitals subject to her was not at all in proportion to her good intentions, and one may easily guess the reason of this after a perusal of certain pages in these *Annals*. Full justice is done to the self-denying and intelligent labors in the hospitals of the late Miss Mary Stanley—a sister of the late Anglican Dean of Westminster—who at the same time maintained the most affectionate relation to the Sisters of Mercy.

Though these *Annals* have been compiled principally for the use of the Sisters of Mercy, they contain all sorts of out-of-the-way facts connected with the growth of Catholicity in England and in all the widely-separated lands where the Sisters of Mercy have established themselves, and hence are a valuable contribution to the contemporary history of the Catholic Church.

FAMILIAR CONFERENCES ON THE THEOLOGY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By Rev. E. M. Hennessey, C.M. Chicago: Union Catholic Publishing Co. 1882.

The object of Father Hennessey in publishing this volume is to provide priests with a year's course of instructions on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and thereby to supply a want in English Catholic literature which has often, in the course of his missionary labors, been forced on his attention. His endeavor has been to lay a solid foundation for the devotion on that upon which all true devotion must ever rest—Catholic dogma; and it is in St. Thomas he has sought the exposition of that dogma. Devotion, if it is to be genuine, must be intelligent. The will, from which devotion springs, depends upon the understanding. Nothing, therefore, can be better than to go to the great teachers of the church, and especially to St. Thomas, even when it is merely a question of writing a pious book. This is what gives such solidity to the earlier spiritual writings of the Jesuits, the fruit of their observance of the Rule, in which those devoted to preaching are enjoined to apply themselves in the first place to the study of Scripture and the holy Fathers. And, if we mistake not, it is this which our Holy Father Leo XIII. wishes to lead writers of our times to do. So far as regards St. Thomas the case is clear; his repeated injunctions preclude doubt on this point. But what is the meaning of the recent insertion into the calendar for the whole church of the offices of the two St. Cyrils and of St. Justin Martyr, except the desire of the supreme head of the church that we should be led to a more intelligent study of their writings? Father Hennessey, therefore, has done well in going to St. Thomas, and the result is that the intimate connection between the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the most fundamental doctrines is constantly brought out, and as a consequence the object he had in view attained—namely, the supplying preachers with suggestions for their conferences on the Sacred Heart. In this point of view its publication is very opportune and will be of great use. The ground covered is vast in its extent, embracing, as it does, the love of God in the creation, in the Incarnation, in the redemption, in the Holy Eucharist, in heaven. The treatment is far from dry; on the contrary, it has evidently been Father Hennessey's aim to place everything vividly before the eyes of his readers. It is in the execution of this laudable and necessary object that we have the chief

fault to find. There is too perceptible a straining after effect, an artificial rhetorical tone to the sentences—an unnaturalness, in short, which goes far to nullify the object in view. Especially we must condemn the constant use of alliteration. Sometimes, as we all know, its effect is pleasing; but when carried to the extent to which Father Hennessey has carried it, it ceases, in our opinion, to be so. We have no space to give the instances which the one page which contains the following sentence affords: "Let the cool and gentle zephyrs, laden with the delicious odors of fair fruits and fragrant flowers, faintly, fondly fan us." The artificial character produced by efforts of this kind goes far towards taking away the pleasure the reader—we will not say the hearer—would otherwise receive from a work which, besides that solid exposition of doctrine to which we have already alluded, opens up many far-reaching and valuable trains of thought. One word more before closing: Fr. Hennessey, at the end of his preface, says that "his impression is that any good in these *Conferences*, after God, belongs to St. Thomas of Aquinas. These shortcomings have a very different source and come from himself." Now, unless Father Hennessey takes upon himself the responsibility for the printer's blunders we cannot assent to this proposition. While the type is excellent and the paper good, the number of misprints is very large, some of them of a ridiculous character, and the punctuation is far from perfect. These may be considered small faults; but, after all, we must not neglect little things, nor neglect, when there is question of books, that "philosophy of clothes" which is so important when dealing with men.

A CRITIQUE OF DESIGN-ARGUMENTS. A Historical Review and Free Examination of the Methods in Reasoning in Natural Theology. By L. E. Hicks, Professor of Geology in Denison University, Granville, Ohio. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

This work has fallen into our hands soon after reading the great treatise of Paul Janet on *Final Causes*—a circumstance not very favorable to the afore-mentioned work. In reading Paul Janet we feel that we are dealing with a master-mind, and are carried along easily and irresistibly from the beginning to the end of his argument by his ample and powerful intellectual current. Professor Hicks seems to us like one who is striving to act the part of a master. There is an assumption of superior and authoritative manner which is not adequately sustained. His book is not wanting in evidences of both the talent and the learning of the author, yet it is, on the whole, disappointing, and we have found it rather tedious reading, as, we fear, others may who attempt the task.

THE MONK'S PARDON. A Historical Romance of the Time of Philip IV. of Spain. From the French of Raoul de Navery, by Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Bros. 1883.

This story is skilfully worked out and of thrilling interest. It is much superior to the novel by the same author entitled *The Idols*.

SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE. THE CHRISTIAN FATHER. THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER. New York: Benziger Bros. 1883.

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TO OUR READERS.

ONE year ago we resolved on making certain alterations in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. These were a reduction in its price, a change in its type and appearance, and an improvement in its contents. These efforts have received from all quarters testimony of appreciation, while nearly 3,000 new names have been added since to its list of subscribers. A support so generous is full of encouragement.

Our sincere thanks are due to those friends who, during the recent financial trials of our country, have not failed in their support of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; and also to all those who have added their names to or aided in increasing our subscription-list. It is this support which enables us to carry out our desire of making THE CATHOLIC WORLD more deserving its title, and a more worthy representative of Catholic thought and sentiment in the United States.

APRIL, 1881.

LETTER FROM CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1880.

DEAR FATHER HECKER:

I learn with much pleasure that you propose to make several improvements, beginning with the new volume of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In view of this praiseworthy resolve, and of the renewed efforts you are about to make to enhance the value and increase the popularity of a work so justly held in the highest esteem for the eminent services it has rendered to the cause of religion and morality, I cannot but reassure you of my cordial approval and earnest sympathy, to which I must add the expression of my very sincere hope that the Catholic public will esteem it a pleasure and a duty to show their appreciation of your labors in their behalf by a more generous and active support.

Praying that God may bless your zealous efforts and crown them with success, I remain, very sincerely,

Your servant in Christ,

John Cardinal McCloskey
Archbishop of New York

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SEPTEMBER, 1883.

No. 222.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

THE first two volumes of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States from the Discovery of the Continent*, the distinguished and learned *author's last revision*, has recently been issued from the press of the Messrs. Appleton. This work is universally recognized as one of the most important contributions to American history; prominent even among the works published in our language, and of no light standing in the literature of the world in our century. Few works have gone through so many editions, and fewer still have been translated into so many languages, and been published in so many different countries. The interest attaching to his theme, the ability and literary elegance with which he has written the history of the great republic, and the reputation and standing of the author, have all contributed to enhance its importance. Mr. Bancroft has added new interest to his subject; he has given light and shape to the hidden and disjointed treasures, written and traditional, illustrating our national life; he has chiefly and successfully refuted a trite saying among Europeans, that America had no history.

Personally the historian is an object of interest and respect. Few instances are known of such a work issued in a revised form by an author in the eighty-third year of his age, showing

* *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent*. By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision; vols. i. and ii. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

such evidences of unflagging industry and labor, and such undiminished literary taste and elegance of diction. The earlier editions of his history, indeed all the editions except the last two, made Mr. Bancroft a favorite author among Catholics. His pen was among the very first to glow with admiration and enthusiasm at the recital of the heroic deeds, sacrifices, labors, sufferings, and martyrdom of the early Catholic missionaries, who illustrated the beauty, purity, and charity of our church and of our faith on the virgin soil of America. Well has he said of the Catholic missionaries in America, that their lives had been a continual heroism; their deaths the astonishment of their executioners; that massacres never quenched their enthusiasm; that they were not dismayed by barbarism or the martyrdom of their brethren; not receding a foot, but, as in a brave army new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there was never wanting among them heroism and enterprise in behalf of the cross. It was his pen which, to a great extent, gave shape and prominence to this beautiful and Catholic chapter in the history of our country and of our church, and which unfolded it in sheets of golden eloquence to the perusal of our countrymen and of the reading world; and it was his leadership, in this fascinating field of historic beauty, which fired the heart and inspired the pen of some of our own Catholic writers to follow in the same noble path, and to continue in greater detail the exploration and development of the same historic treasures.

In all the earlier editions of Mr. Bancroft's history it was the distinctively Catholic chapters that were most attractive and interesting. Second in importance and interest to his glowing account of the labors, virtues, and martyrdom of the Catholic missionaries was his just and honorable tribute to the Catholic colony of Maryland, the cradle of civil and religious liberty on this continent, the germ of free and equal government, which afterwards found development and expansion in the Constitution and government of the United States. In colonial Maryland the author recognized the fact that she was a Catholic settlement, composed chiefly of Catholic colonists; that the government, too, was in the hands of Catholics; and he attributed to the Catholic proprietary and to his representatives, and to the representatives of the Catholic people in legislature assembled, the enactment of the law extending religious liberty to all; and that Maryland, in an age of persecution and in the midst of persecuting neighbors, offered an asylum to Protestants fleeing from Protestant persecution, who found among Catholics peace and happiness, and

who gratefully called their new home the Land of the Sanctuary.

The earlier editions of Mr. Bancroft's history, in ten volumes, contain ample foot-notes and references to authorities, which were of great value to the general reader, and especially to scholars, who were thus enabled to trace back the narratives to their fountain sources, and verify the facts by historic standards and test them by searching criticism. The edition of 1883, now in course of issue, after revision by the author, dispenses with all foot-notes, references, and authorities, in order to reduce the work to six convenient and portable volumes. This is to be greatly regretted. The student of history will feel that he is entitled to know by what authority the historian supports his statements, and will not consent to accept as history the unsupported narratives of even so respectable an author as Mr. Bancroft. In vain has Mr. Bancroft been nearly fifty years in writing and revising his volumes, if the result is to be such unsupported statements; if authority is to be sacrificed to the convenience and economy of six portable volumes in place of the ten annotated volumes of the preceding editions. This is more especially the case since the reduced edition before us (1883) shows great and important changes, omissions, and alterations in the matter and substance of the historic narratives; changes, omissions, and alterations made by the author himself after fifteen previous editions, and without references to historical authorities to sustain them. Singularly enough these changes affect subjects in which Catholics are particularly interested, and affect them in an unfavorable and unjust manner. As Catholics we challenge the historian to account for them, to explain them, to support them with adequate authority. We call upon him to inform his readers, throughout the world, what new light he has discovered at this late day; and whether the fifteen earlier editions of his work are to be discredited and rejected, though supported by ample authorities; and whether full faith and credit are claimed for this last edition alone, destitute as it is of foot-notes, references, and authorities. We think it is expecting too much of an intelligent and inquiring public to cast aside the fifteen editions, results of the author's best and longest study, in favor of this last revision. The fifteen editions of Mr. Bancroft's work prior to 1876 are the only ones we recognize as Bancroft's *History of the United States*. We know of one of his readers, who was getting the edition of 1883 as the volumes came out, and who, on discovering one volume missing from the old edi-

tion he had, immediately sent to Boston for it, to complete his set of the old edition, as he was afraid it would go out of print, and he would not have a complete edition of Bancroft's *History of the United States*. We think Mr. Bancroft has mutilated his noble work; and as we Catholics are affected thereby, we owe it to ourselves and to our cause to protest against the mutilation.

During the period of time—nearly half a century—that Mr. Bancroft has been engaged on the *History of the United States* the intelligent and learned world was first startled, and then convinced, by the recovery and revelation of the testimony, then and now relied upon, to prove that our continent was discovered by the Northmen in the tenth century, and that the Catholic faith and worship were introduced with them five hundred years before Columbus planted the cross on the island of San Salvador. When Mr. Bancroft's first edition was commenced and the first volume published, in 1834, sufficient was known as to the claims of the Northmen as the first of Europeans to visit our shores to have challenged his most earnest and careful study and investigation. In that edition he rejects the claim of the Northmen, then supposed to rest mainly on tradition, and adopts the theory that the first discoveries made by the Norwegians in Greenland were in a high northern latitude, and that Vinland of the Northmen (now recognized as parts of Rhode Island and Massachusetts) was but another and a more southern portion of the same territory. In 1837 the Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen published that royal and splendid work, *Antiquitates Americane*, which reduced tradition to authentic history and gave to the world the indubitable proofs. From that time to the present few subjects have received greater attention from the learned than the claims of the Northmen as the first of Europeans to discover the American continent, and floods of light have been thrown upon the subject. Mr. Bancroft has taken a prominent place among the few, the very few, scholars and historians of the learned world who espoused the negative side of the question and denied the claim of the Northmen. The *North American Review* of July, 1874, in a critical notice of Gravier's *Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century*, states that Mr. Bancroft represents the extreme negative view of this subject. On this subject, as well as on the claim of the Catholic colony of Maryland as the authors of religious toleration, of enlightened legislation on the inviolability of conscience, on this continent, Mr. Bancroft's history has undergone grave and radical changes, alterations, and omissions, so that on both

subjects his last edition, revised by the author, discredits all the numerous previous editions. It is a singular circumstance that Mr. Bancroft's alterations of the text and matter of his history should in two such prominent subjects affect particularly the interests of Catholics. We purpose to treat these two subjects separately. We take issue with all his editions on the subject of the Northmen in America, for Mr. Bancroft has never conceded this historic fact and has failed to confront the subject with manly labor and criticism. We will treat this branch of our protest in the present article, and that of Maryland toleration in a subsequent one.

When the fifteenth edition of Mr. Bancroft's history was published in 1854 not only had the mass of testimony supporting the claims of the Northmen been given to the world, but the works and researches of historical societies in this country, and of learned societies in Europe, had greatly added to the bulk and weight of the testimony. The vast majority of scholars and antiquarians had conceded the authenticity of the testimony and its truthfulness, and had recognized the leading facts and results claimed. At this period Mr. Bancroft dismissed the subject with the following brief allusions to it :

"The national pride of an Icelandic historian has indeed claimed for his ancestors the glory of having discovered the western hemisphere. It is said that they passed from their own island to Greenland, and were driven by adverse winds from Greenland to the shores of Labrador; that the voyage was often repeated; that the coasts of America were extensively explored, and colonies established on the shores of Nova Scotia or Newfoundland. It is even suggested that these early adventurers anchored near the harbor of Boston, or in the bays of New Jersey; and Danish antiquaries believe that Northmen entered the waters of Rhode Island, inscribed their adventures on the rocks of Taunton River, gave the name of Vinland to the southeast coasts of New England, and explored the inlets of our country as far as Carolina. But the story of the colonization of America by Northmen rests on narratives, mythological in form and obscure in meaning; ancient, yet not contemporary. Their chief document is an interpolation in the history of Sturleson, whose zealous curiosity could hardly have neglected the discovery of a continent. The geographical details are too vague to sustain a conjecture; the accounts of the mild winter and fertile soil are, on any modern hypothesis, fictitious or exaggerated; the description of the natives applies only to the Esquemeaux, inhabitants of hyperboreal regions; the remark which should define the length of the shortest day has received interpretations adapted to every latitude from New York to Cape Farewell; and Vinland has been sought in all directions, from Greenland and the St. Lawrence to Africa. The nation of intrepid mariners whose voyages extended beyond Iceland and beyond Sicily, could easily have sailed from Greenland to Labrador;

no clear historic evidence establishes the natural probability that they accomplished the passage."*

Again, at page eight, referring to the impression existing in Europe that other vast lands or continents existed across the Atlantic to the west, Mr. Bancroft writes:

"Nor is it impossible that some uncertain traditions respecting the remote discoveries which Icelanders had made in Greenland towards the north-west, 'where the lands did nearest meet,' should have excited 'firm and pregnant conjectures.'"

This language on the part of the historian, though vague, can be construed in no other light than as an admission that the Icelanders had discovered Greenland. In his first edition of 1834, as well as in that of 1854, Mr. Bancroft admitted the discovery of Greenland. The history of Greenland, its discovery by the Northmen, its colonization and settlement by them; its continued occupation by them and their descendants for a period of time greater than the time that the people of the United States and their ancestors have occupied America; the introduction of the Catholic faith into the country, the erection of a cathedral and churches, and a succession of seventeen Catholic bishops (a much longer line than the oldest Catholic see in our country can yet boast of) are events which no historian can either deny or evade; events as well authenticated as any related in Bancroft's *History of the United States*. It would have been too much for even Mr. Bancroft, reluctant and sceptical on all questions of pre-Columbian history, to have denied the discovery and colonization of Greenland by the Northmen. But is it probable, is it possible, that the "intrepid mariners" who had already passed from Norway to Iceland, from Iceland to Greenland, and whose ships and arms had terrified all Europe, and who still continued to manifest their love of the sea, of adventure, of discovery, and of danger, could suddenly have changed their nature and their history; have now failed to find the easy and probable lands within their reach, or have rested content with "Greenland's icy mountains," when more genial lands, teeming with grass and flowers and festooned with native grape-vines, were within more easy reach? Mr. Bancroft admits that they could easily have sailed from Greenland to Labrador, but thinks there is "no clear historic evidence" of the fact. Now let us ask, Is not the documentary evidence confirmed: firstly, by the contemporaneous events and discoveries of the same people in the same regions, and by the ease with which the voyage to the

* Pp. 5 and 6.

southern lands could be accomplished from the lands already admitted to have been reached by them; and secondly, by the probability that the discovery of Greenland would lead to the then easy discovery of America? It is conceded that after settling in Greenland the Northmen continued to make voyages to other lands, and Mr. Bancroft, while admitting that they could easily have reached the shores of our country, gives his voice in favor of the more improbable theory that they preferred the still more inaccessible regions of the ice-bound north to the more accessible and inviting regions and natural vineries of the south. Professor R. B. Anderson, one of the best informed and most enterprising Scandinavian scholars of our age, now professor of the Scandinavian languages in the University of Wisconsin, a personal friend and correspondent of the present writer, justly argues in his able little work on this subject that "the discovery of Greenland was a natural consequence of the settlement of Iceland, just as the discovery of America afterward was a natural consequence of the settlement of Greenland." Between the western part of Iceland and the eastern part of Greenland there is a distance of only forty-five geographical miles. A casual glance at any of our school-maps will clearly show that the transition from Greenland to Labrador, from Labrador to Newfoundland, from Newfoundland to Nova Scotia, and from Nova Scotia to the coast of New England, were but easy and consequential passages in the onward progress of these intrepid mariners.

Scarcely a book can be opened that does not treat of this interesting subject. There is scarcely a magazine of general literature in our language, published either in Great Britain or the United States, that does not contain numerous articles on the subject, and as an illustration of this we refer our readers to two of the leading serials, selected at random from our library for this reference, one Catholic and the other Protestant, viz., the *Dublin Review*, published in London, and the *North American Review*, published formerly in Boston and now in New York, in both of which numerous articles will be found in which the discovery of America by the Northmen is treated as authentic history. Appleton's *Cyclopædia* would not be complete without an article under this head, and the discovery and colonization of Greenland as detailed by the Icelandic writings once conceded, that of Vinland follows: "This [the discovery of Greenland] led, according to the Icelandic Sagas, to the discovery of the mainland of America by Bjarni, son of Herjulf, in the year 986." Even

the ordinary school-books of our country give this event to our children as a part of authentic history, as witness one among many, *Young Folks' History of the United States*, by T. Wentworth Higginson, Boston, 1875, in which, after giving the story of the Northmen, the opinion is expressed that the Vinland of the Northmen was on the American continent. As Mr. Bancroft's work purports to be a history of the United States of America "from the discovery of the continent," it puts in issue on its very title-page the question we are now discussing, viz., *When was America first discovered?* A work issued since Mr. Bancroft's edition of 1854, and before the author's last revised edition, 1883, a history of the United States, bearing the honored name of William Cullen Bryant, and of his learned and researchful friend and relative Sidney Howard Gay, appeared in 1876, which bears a title equally significant with that of Bancroft's history, and apparently taking up the gauntlet thrown down by him, as follows: *A Popular History of the United States, from the first Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the first Century of the Union of the States.*

It cannot be said that Mr. Bancroft's works have kept pace with the age, or that his recent labors have improved his original task. If the order in which his sixteen editions have been issued were reversed, so as to make the author's last revision of 1883 change places with the original edition of 1834, and the centennial edition, 1876, were referred back to 1776, the dates would be more appropriate.

Here we must note the great changes and omissions made by Mr. Bancroft in the text of his work on the subject we are discussing, for in the edition of 1883 he omits all the foregoing passages; no mention even is made of the alleged discovery of America by the Northmen, and the only reference made even to Greenland dismisses that great discovery and colonization as mere "uncertain" traditions, which are given as a possible part of the data influencing the faith of Columbus in the existence of land to the west. He says: "Nor is it impossible that some uncertain traditions respecting the remote discoveries which Icelanders had made in Greenland towards the northwest, 'where the lands nearest meet,' should have excited firm and pregnant conjectures." Thus, while scarcely a work on America or Scandinavia issues from the American or European presses that does not treat copiously on the subject, while the entire magazine and serial literature of both hemispheres teems with it, while the issue, ceasing to be a learned one, has become a part of our paro-

chial and common school education, a great work, the *History of the United States of America from the Discovery of the Continent*, by our most eminent historian, is issued from a leading press in the western metropolis, and contains not a word on the subject of the discovery of America by the Northmen in the tenth century! The author ignores the whole period of time between Aristotle and Columbus, and condenses the contents of the opening passages of his first chapter into the statement that "Columbus, taught by Aristotle, discovers the New World." The profound respect which we entertain for the gifted and venerable author prevents us from animadverting, as we would otherwise feel inclined, on the mutilation of his works. Can it be that Mr. Bancroft felt the embarrassment of his earlier admissions that the Northmen had discovered and colonized Greenland, and the impossibility of admitting that and in the same work denying the discovery by them of America? Can it be that, after having denied the latter, he preferred to deny the former even in the face of the historic world, or, what is equivalent to such denial, refer in a casual way to mere "uncertain traditions of remote discoveries" only of Icelanders in Greenland?

We yield to no one in our admiration and veneration for the character and services of Columbus. Mr. Bancroft views him as a great historical character, as the great admiral, as a leading and pre-eminent benefactor of his race in the temporal order. We view him as all this, and vastly more. We regard him as a man of God; a member of the same communion in the faith with ourselves; one with whom we could go hand-in-hand with thanksgiving to shed our blood for that faith; we view him as the great lay missionary of our church; we view him as a saint; and we unite with millions of Catholics in petitioning the Holy See to grant the process for his canonization. We love historic truth and justice. The present writer has elsewhere recorded his appreciation of Columbus; and after recognizing the claims of the Northmen and recording the visit of a Norse bishop of the church, the first to tread the soil of our republic, and after placing the name of Bishop Eric at the head of the honored list of American bishops, he said: "A long period of undisturbed paganism followed. But in the fifteenth century the genius of Columbus, stimulated and enlightened by his Catholic devotion and faith, presented a new world to Christendom, and the cross of salvation gleamed upon both continents of our hemisphere." *

* Clarke's *Lives of the Deceased Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States*, vol. i. p. vii.

Appreciation for Columbus, in which we enthusiastically concur, is eloquently expressed by the late Mr. Edward Everett, in a learned article admitting and detailing the full historic claim of the Northmen, in the following passages : *

" No single event in the history of civilization is of equal importance with the discovery of America ; and among the individuals of our race, whose character and achievements have raised them to fame, there is none perhaps more illustrious than Christopher Columbus. What can a mortal man do which approaches so near the work of his Creator as to bring an unknown world to the knowledge of his fellow-men ? Who among the sons of men has equalled this great exploit ?—not by casualty and happy coincidences, but with counsel aforethought, on well-weighed grounds, deliberately reasoned out and carried into execution, not under the smiles of patronizing greatness and with the aid of power, but buffeting, toiling, begging his way to success and glory unmatched. The formation of such a character, the march of such an understanding, in the conception and accomplishment of its great undertaking, are worthy subjects of inquiry. No tale of fiction equals in interest the simple narrative of the adventures of Columbus ; and if one wishes to go farther, and retrace the steps by which he was led to the illustrious vision of a voyage to the East Indies by a western route—the vision which resulted in the discovery of a new world—he will find himself engaged in researches of the most curious and instructive character.

" Columbus inherited an elder brother's share—a double portion—of the estate of great men—envy ; envy which nothing could disarm, shame down, or satiate. His brilliant success excited inappeasable hatred, on the part of those who were or were not rivals for the glory and profit of nautical adventure. They resisted him in the outset ; hung like a mill-stone round his neck in his progress ; and poisoned the cup of his enjoyment, to the last drop. They reversed the benediction ; they turned into bitter ashes the beauty of his achievement, which had enabled Spain to stretch her jurisdiction, like the arch of heaven, over half the globe ; and instead of the garment of praise, they scourged him home from his world-discovery, clothed in the spirit of heaviness. Before his voyage was undertaken every imaginable obstacle was thrown in his way. After it was accomplished, while the attempt could be made with any degree of plausibility, the reality of his discovery was denied. When that attempt was baffled by the innumerable proofs which poured in (to the astonishment and admiration of Spain and all Europe) of the certain discovery of mighty regions beyond the ocean, whose inhabitants, animals, and plants differed widely from those of the other hemisphere, then the heartless creatures turned round and maintained that the glorious old admiral had learned it all from books and elder navigators. Nor was it a life-estate alone which he held in the malice of his foes. It descended with his name. A perverse and wicked cruelty pursued the very blood of him who gave a new world to Castile and Leon. But all these poor attempts to blight a peerless reputation have for ages been buried in the forgotten tombs of their forgotten authors."

* *North American Review*, January, 1838, p. 162.

The Northmen were the most intrepid people known in modern history. Descended from a race that in early times migrated from Asia; traversed Europe, fighting their way, until they reached the shores of the sea, and made Denmark their home and their nation; thence they overran Norway and Sweden. Iceland is discovered and colonized by them, and the *Ultima Thule* of the ancients becomes the cradle of a new stock and a dependence of the mother-country. They were a people of no inferior attainments. Energy of character, unflinching courage, daring beyond any sense of danger or of fear, indomitable perseverance, love of adventure, strife, and conquest, intellectual quickness and intuitive perception, and a certain traditional culture in the midst of the rudest barbarism, were leading traits in the make-up of this remarkable people. They were the incarnation of personal will, brute force, and fanaticism. Norway was a country peculiarly favorable to the development of this sturdy race. The waters of Norway, flowing over a magnetic sand and springing from the detritus of oxidulated rocks, are believed by Dipping and Gravier to have imparted an extraordinary energy of character to the inhabitants, who, in drinking them, imbibed iron, so to speak, with the draught. The coasts of Norway, indented with arms of the sea, gave a seafaring direction to this energy, and developed in them the most hardy mariners of the world. They were the bravest of the brave. They were strangers to fear either of man or demon, or even of their own heathen divinities. They were taught from childhood to court danger, hardship, privation, sufferings, adventure, and even death; and to rejoice in the encounter. Their ships, rather than their houses, were their castles. Not only did they overrun northern Europe by their arms; but now they became the scourge of the high seas, and the terror of all nations accessible by water. Well did they earn the name of sea-kings. Piracy was their favorite pastime. The women partook of the fierce character of the men. No Northman could win their hearts and hands unless he was intrepid in the midst of the clash of arms. The monarchs of all Europe trembled in their palaces at the mention of their name. Their outrages were not confined to northern seas. They overran a large portion of England; wrested Normandy, the fairest province of France, from the French king; conquered a considerable portion of Belgium, and made extensive inroads into Spain. Under the leadership of Robert Guiscard they mastered Sicily and lower Italy in the eleventh century, and maintained their conquests for years. In

the Crusades they led the van of the chivalry of Europe in rescuing the Holy Sepulchre, and ruled over Antioch under Bohemund, the son of Guiscard. The countries of the Mediterranean were a favorite field for their depredations. Their unequalled ships passed through the pillars of Hercules, their columns devastated the fair fields of classic Greece, and we see them swinging their two-edged battle-axes in the streets of Constantinople, laying the foundations of the Russian Empire. The old Norse Vikings sailed up the rivers Rhine, Scheldt, the Seine and Loire, conquering Cologne and Aachen, where, as Professor Anderson expresses it, "they turned the emperor's palace into a stable, filling the heart of even the great Charlemagne with dismay. . . . They carved their mystic runes upon the marble lion in the harbor of Athens, in commemoration of their conquest of that city," just as they are said to have left their runic inscriptions upon the rocks of America, in commemoration of their visits to our shores. In ship-building and navigation they exhibited the utmost skill. It has been remarked by several authors that, with such natural characteristics and development, they were the most likely people in the world to discover America in the tenth century, the period of their greatest enterprise. When they turned their direction westward, made Iceland and Greenland their colonies, it would have been strange indeed had they not pushed onward to the coasts of America.

In their literature the Northmen were equally remarkable. Poetry, represented by the Skalds, and history, represented by the Sagamen, went hand-in-hand from the most ancient times. The poets and historians accompanied their armies inland and their navies at sea. Rude and untutored as the masses were, they were not without a certain intellectual stimulus. Memory and tradition were at first, and until their conversion to Christianity about the year 1000, the vehicles for their strange and unique literature. The ancient custom of preserving family, individual, and general histories, and of reciting them from memory in public, gave rise to and fostered this peculiar literature.

The following passages from the pen of Mr. George W. Dasent, the best Icelandic scholar in England, known as the editor of *Cleasby's Icelandic Dictionary*, and translator of several of the Sagas, will serve to inform our readers as to the true character of the Norse literature, and as to the genuineness and reliability of the Sagas, upon which, as historical writings, the claim of the Northmen, after the most ancient traditions, rests as the first of Europeans to discover, explore, and visit our coasts:

"What is a Saga? A Saga is a story or telling in prose, sometimes mixed with verse. There are many kinds of Sagas, of all degrees of truth. There are mythical Sagas, in which the wondrous deeds of the heroes of old time, half gods and half men, as Sigurd and Ragnar, are told as they were handed down from father to son in the traditions of the Northern race. . . . These are all more or less trustworthy, and in general far worthier of belief than much that passes for the early history of other races. Again, there are Sagas relating to Iceland, narrating the lives and feuds and ends of mighty chiefs, the heads of great families which dwell in this or that district of Iceland. These were told by men who lived on the very spot, and told with a minuteness and exactness as to time and place that will bear the strictest examination. . . .

"But it is an old saying that a story never loses in telling, and so we may expect it must have been with this story; for in the facts which the Saga-teller related he was bound to follow the narrations of those who had gone before him, and if he swerved to or fro in this respect public opinion and notorious fame were there to check and contradict him. . . .

"There can be no doubt that it was considered a grave offence to public morality to tell a Saga untruthfully. Respect to friends and enemies alike, when they were dead and gone, demanded that the history of their lives, and especially of their last moments, should be told as the events actually happened."

The Sagas were reduced to writing soon after the conversion of the Northmen to Christianity, which took place about the year 1000. What heretofore was oral tradition, now, under the culture of letters introduced by the priests and monks of the Christian Church, became written history. As an instance taken from many, we would mention Thorfinn's Saga, one of the principal documents and sources from which are taken the narratives of the voyages of the Northmen to our continent. This Saga must have been composed about the year 1007, when Thorfinn returned to Iceland and Norway from Greenland, and from his voyages to the lands and coasts now embraced within the boundaries of the United States. Indeed, the oral recital of his voyages was contemporaneous with the events, and their reduction to writing must have taken place soon after the occurrences themselves. There is little room here for oral transmission. The same may be said, to a greater or less degree, of the other Sagas relating to our continent, since the sacred scribes in the monasteries were then at hand ready and zealous for their tasks, at and during the very periods of the transactions to be related, and, as we will see hereafter, these Sagas were all preserved and found at a recent period in an ancient Icelandic monastery.

These Sagas, or Icelandic histories, bear within themselves intrinsic evidences of their genuineness and truthfulness. The style is simple and direct. They embody the ideas and even the

superstitions of the race and of the age. Christianity was then a new faith to the Northmen, most of those engaged in the earliest voyages to our shores were not yet converted to the faith, and whatever of superstition is found in the Sagas is of pagan origin and kind. The Rev. B. F. De Costa, a Scandinavian scholar, has remarked that "the Sagas are as free from superstition and imaginations as any other religious narratives of that age, and just as much entitled to belief." Inconsistencies and contradictions on minor points are justly to be looked for in such narratives, and their presence tends rather to confirm than discredit them, since they agree and mutually sustain each other on the more important points.

As already remarked, the oral narratives were reduced to writing by the Christian monks shortly after and during the conversion of the Northmen to Christianity. The monks had no motive for falsification or forgery, and their fidelity and truthfulness in reducing the Sagas to writing cannot be questioned. The manuscripts containing the Sagas relating to America were found in the remarkable and celebrated *Codex Flatiöensis*, a work that was finished, as Mr. De Costa remarks in his *Pre-Columbian Discovery of America*, in 1387, or, at the latest, 1395. "This collection, made with the greatest care and executed in the highest style of art, is preserved in its integrity in the archives of Copenhagen. These manuscripts were for a time supposed to be lost, but were ultimately found safely lodged within their repository in the monastery library of the island of Flato, from whence they were transferred to Copenhagen with a large quantity of other literary material collected from various localities."

These Sagas were given to the world by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen in 1837, by the publication of a volume truly grand and royal in style, size, and character, compiled by the learned Rafn, and entitled *Antiquitates Americanæ, sive Scriptores Septentrionales Rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America*. In this great work, of which the present writer obtained a copy from Copenhagen, one of three or four copies in America, the Sagas are given in the original Norse text, in modern Danish, and in classical Latin. Fac-similes of portions of the Sagas are also given, showing them to have been executed in the finest style of the mediæval monastic illuminated manuscripts. They bear numerous intrinsic evidences of their genuineness. Indeed, so completely and inseparably are the accounts of the voyages to our shores incorporated in the whole composition of these Sagas that interpolation was impossible.

We propose here to give our readers a passage from one of the Sagas found in the *Codex Flatöiensis*, and published in *Antiquitates Americanae*, as a sample only of these singular and interesting writings. It relates to the voyage of Biarne to our shores, the time of which is fixed by the fact that Biarne sailed the same season that his father settled in Greenland, which was in the year 985. The coasts visited by Biarne, as related in the following Saga, are identified as those stretching from Newfoundland to Massachusetts. The verses in the extract constitute the first Christian song extant in connection with this period of American history.

"Heriulf was the son of Bard, Heriulf's son, who was a relation of Ingolf the Landnamsman. Ingolf gave Heriulf land between Vog and Reikianes. Heriulf dwelt first at Dropstock. His wife was called Thor-gird, and their son was called Biarne. He was a promising young man. In his earliest youth he had a desire to go abroad, and he soon gathered property and reputation; and was by turns a year abroad and a year with his father. Biarne was soon in possession of a merchant ship of his own. The last winter [A.D. 985] while he was in Norway, Heriulf prepared to go to Greenland with Eric, and gave up his dwelling. There was a Christian man belonging to the Hebrides along with Heriulf, who composed the lay called the *Hafgerðingar* Song, in which is this stave :

' May He whose hand protects so well
The simple monk in lonely cell,
And o'er the world upholds the sky,
His own blue hall, still stand me by.'

Heriulf* settled at Heriulfness [A.D. 985], and became a very distinguished man. Eric Red took up his abode at Bratthalid, and was in great consideration, and honored by all. These were Eric's children : Leif, Thorvorld, and Thorstein; and his daughter was called Freydis. She was married to a man called Thorvald; and they dwelt at Gardar, which is now a bishop's seat. She was a haughty, proud woman, and he was but a mean man. She was much given to gathering wealth. The people of Greenland were heathen at this time. Biarne came over (to Greenland) the same summer [A.D. 985] with his ship to the strand which his father had sailed abroad from in the spring. He was much struck with the news, and would not unload his vessel. When his crew asked him what he intended to do, he replied that he was resolved to follow his old custom by taking up his winter abode with his father. 'So I will steer for Greenland, if you will go with me.' They one and all agreed to go with him. Biarne said : 'Our voyage will be thought foolish, as none of us have been on the Greenland sea before.' Nevertheless they set out to sea as soon as they were ready, and sailed for three days, until they lost sight of the land they left. But when the wind failed, a north wind with fog set in, and they knew not where they were sailing to; and this lasted many days. At last they saw the sun, and could distinguish the quarters of the sky; so they hoisted sail

* The places now mentioned are well known places in Greenland history.

again, and sailed a whole day and night, when they made land. They spoke among themselves what this land could be, and Biarne said that, in his opinion, it could not be Greenland. On the question, if he should sail nearer to it, he said: 'It is my advice that we sail close up to the land.' They did so, and they saw that the land was without mountains, was covered with woods, and that there were small hills inland. They left the land on the larboard side, and had their sheet on the land side. Then they sailed two days and nights before they got sight of land again. They asked Biarne if they thought this could be Greenland; but he gave his opinion that the land was no more Greenland than the land they had seen before. 'For on Greenland, it is said, there are great snow mountains.' They soon came near to the land, and saw that it was flat and covered with trees. Now, as the wind fell, the ship's people talked of its being advisable to make for the land; but Biarne could not agree to it. They thought that they would need wood and water; but Biarne said: 'Ye are not in want of either.' And the men blamed him for this. He ordered them to hoist the sail, which was done. They now turned the ship's bow from the land, and kept the sea for three days and nights, with a fine breeze from southwest. Then they saw a third land, which was high and mountainous, and with snowy mountains. Then they asked Biarne if he would land here; but he refused altogether. 'For in my opinion this land is not what we want.' Now they let the sails stand and kept along the land, and saw it was an island. Then they turned from the land and stood out to sea with the same breeze; but the gale increased, and Biarne ordered a reef to be taken in, and not to sail harder than the ship and her tackle could easily bear. After sailing three days and nights they made, the fourth time, land; and when they asked Biarne if he thought this was Greenland or not, Biarne replied: 'This is most like what has been told me of Greenland; and here we shall take to the land.' They did so, and came to the land in the evening, under a ness, where they found a boat. On this ness dwelt Biarne's father, Heriulf; and from that it is called Heriulfness. Biarne went to his father's, gave up sea-faring, and after his father's death continued to dwell there when at home."

The following references and answers to Mr. Bancroft's views are from the work of Mr. De Costa * already referred to:

"The fact that Mr. Bancroft has in times past expressed opinions in opposition to this view will hardly have weight with those persons familiar with the subject. When that writer composed the first chapter of his *History of the United States* he might have been excused for setting down the Icelandic narratives as shadowy fables; but with all the knowledge shed upon the subject at present, we have a right to look for something better. It is, therefore, unsatisfactory to find him perpetuating his early views in each successive edition of his work, which show the same knowledge of the subject betrayed at the beginning. He tells us that these voyages 'rest on narratives *mythological* in form and *obscure* in meaning,' which certainly cannot be the case. Furthermore they are not contemporary, which is true even with regard to Mr. Bancroft's *own work*. Again, 'the chief document is an interpolation in the history of Sturle-

* *Pre-Columbian Discovery of America*, General Introduction, xliii.

son.' This cannot be true in the sense intended, for Mr. Bancroft conveys the idea that the principal narrative *first* appeared in Sturleson's history when published at a *late day*. It is indeed well known that one version, but not the principal version, was interpolated in Peringskiöld's edition of Sturleson's *Heimskringla* printed at Copenhagen. But Bancroft teaches that these relations are of a modern date, while it is well known that they were taken *verbatim* from *Codex Flatöensis*, finished in the year 1395. He is much mistaken in supposing that the northern antiquarians think any more highly of the narratives in question because they once happened to be printed in connection with Sturleson's great work. He tells us that Sturleson 'could hardly have neglected the discovery of a continent,' if such an event had taken place. But this, it should be remembered, depends upon *whether or not the discovery was considered of any particular importance*. This does *not* appear to have been the case. The fact is nowhere dwelt upon for the purpose of exalting the actors. Besides, as Laing well observes, the discovery of land at the west had nothing to do with his subject, which was the history of the kings of Norway. The discovery of America gave rise to a little traffic, and nothing more. Moreover, the kings of Norway took no part, were not the patrons of the navigators, and had no influence whatever in instigating a single voyage. Mr. Bancroft's last objection is that Vinland, the place discovered, 'has been sought in all directions, from Greenland and the St. Lawrence to Africa.' This paragraph also conveys a false view of the subject, since the location of Vinland was as well known to the Northmen as the situation of Iceland, with which island they had uninterrupted communication. It is to be earnestly hoped that in the next edition Mr. Bancroft may be persuaded to revise his unfounded opinions."

Two editions of Mr. Bancroft's work have been published since the above was written, the *Centennial* and the *Author's Last Revision*, without realizing Mr. De Costa's hope.

In an affair of so much importance and interest to Americans, and to the civilized world, it is a matter of some curiosity as well as of some moment to canvass the prevailing sentiments of authors and of learned and literary men as to the authenticity of the Sagas, their truthfulness, and as to the claim of the Northmen. Prof. Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, has performed this task with industry and ability. He cites one hundred and twenty-seven works treating on the subject, and of these one hundred and thirteen give their judgment in favor of the claim of the Northmen; nine, including Washington Irving, are in doubt; and only five, including Mr. Bancroft, cast their judgment in the negative. Among the authors casting their judgments in the affirmative are such illustrious names as Adam of Bremen, Grotius, Torfæus, Mallet, Crantz, Benjamin Franklin, Malte-Brun, Wheaton, Alexander von Humboldt, Edward Everett, Rafn, Bryant, Hubert Howe Bancroft, and many others.

It would be interesting and instructive to give quotations from several of the learned men above named, and to let them speak for themselves upon so attractive a subject, but we must confine ourselves to brief quotations from a very few.

Adam of Bremen, one of the most learned and enterprising divines of our church in the eleventh century, wrote an ecclesiastical history in four books, about the year 1075, the materials for which he collected by travelling as well as by study. He visited in person Sweno, King of Denmark, and attached to his fourth book is a geographical sketch, *De Situ Daniae*, in which he gives the following passage from his conversation with the king. "Besides, it was stated [by the king] that a region had by many been discovered in that ocean, which was called Winland, because vines grew there spontaneously, producing excellent wine; for that fruits not planted grow there of their own accord we know, not by false rumor, but by the certain testimony of the Danes." This passage is singularly confirmed by a passage from the Saga of Eric the Red, published in the *Antiquitates Americanae*, which gives an account of Eric's son Leif's voyage to Vinland, in which he was accompanied by a German named Tyrker, who, having wandered from his companions on the shores, returned after some time loaded with wild grapes, and elated by his discovery. It was from this circumstance that Leif called the country Vinland.

Malte-Brun, the celebrated geographer, after giving an account of the traditions relating to the Northmen's visits to our shores, adds: "To entertain a doubt of the truth of accounts so simple and probable would be an excess of scepticism; and if we admit them, it is in vain to look for Vinland, except on the coast of North America. That part of the world, then, was discovered by Europeans five centuries before Columbus; and this discovery, the first of which there is historical proof, was not perhaps wholly unknown to the bold and skillful Genoese, who first succeeded in opening a continuous communication between the two hemispheres." *

Alexander von Humboldt, one of the most illustrious names in the annals of literature and science, in his *Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent*, gives a synopsis of the evidence contained in the Sagas, and asserts with great confidence that the Northmen discovered America. He then adds: "In this class of events, as in others of a more remote antiquity, we know, so to say, the masses—the reality of the communications

* Malte-Brun, *Histoire de la Géographie*, p. 395.

between Greenland and the American Continent; but the detail of the events is vague, and often in appearance extraordinary. It is only the learned of Denmark and Norway who can remove those contradictions of dates and distances, those doubts on the direction and length of the voyages, which present themselves on the face of the spots described in the Sagas." *

In the passages we have given in this article from Bancroft and from Humboldt the reader can but observe the difference in the methods of reasoning adopted respectively by them and the great difference in the results. Humboldt's method is comprehensive; he views the whole field of inquiry, and examines it in the light of contemporaneous history, of science, and of the literature extant on the subject; and by means of the collation and comparison of facts and circumstances, and by weighing evidence and detecting where the preponderance exists, he is not deterred by minor details and trifling discrepancies from appreciating what is real. Mr. Bancroft's method, on the contrary, is circumscribed and short-sighted; he is nervous on the subject, he is frightened at the details and discrepancies on minor points of fact into losing sight of the main facts, and of the grand results; he is thinking too much of his own reputation, and is frightened at the possibility of a blunder on his part. He does not bravely meet the question, Is all this reconcilable with any other theory than that of the discovery of America by the Northmen?

We will conclude this article with the following passage from the *North American Review* of July, 1874:

"The Sagas may, then, be accepted as authentic historical records. A detailed examination of them would result in almost complete proof of Norse visits to America. . . . If one takes a map of North America, it will be seen at once that a vessel starting from Cape Farewell and steering almost due south would make the coast of Newfoundland, possibly Labrador. The first land made by the Norsemen after leaving Greenland was Helluland, distinguished by its rocky appearance, like the northern Newfoundland coast. Farther to the south the next shores would be those of Nova Scotia, a thickly-wooded country, and called by the Norsemen Markland. Several days of open water and Cape Cod or Cape Kiarlarnes would be reached. The description of this cape in the Sagas, where it is frequently mentioned, corresponds perfectly with Cape Cod. The features of the shores are accurately described, long stretches of flats, and sand dunes rising up behind them. To the south of this cape a bay was entered by the Norsemen, and named from its numerous currents, for which Buzzard's Bay is remarkable. The large island covered with the eggs of sea-birds lies in the southern part of this bay. The long beaches of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket are famous to-day, as in the tenth century, for large

* *Examen Critique*, etc., tom. ii. p. 102.

quantities of sea-fowls' eggs. In this country wild grapes grow in great profusion. Even supposing great changes of climate, this fact may be fairly taken to exclude Greenland and Labrador, in both of which countries wild grapes would be an anomaly. Grapes do grow, however, in Rhode Island. Examples might be multiplied. It is a very strong case of cumulative evidence. Vinland must have been some portion of the eastern coast of the American continent. Nothing, then, is more likely than that the Norsemen visited New England. The descriptions in the Sagas coincide exactly with the southeastern coast of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The Sagas are in the main certainly accurate and truthful. If these premises are admitted, and it seems impossible to deny them, the visits of the Norsemen are sufficiently well proved. It seems unnecessary to state a proposition which appears so obvious; but when the Norse visits are rejected *in toto* by so high an authority as Mr. Bancroft, it is not, perhaps, altogether useless to insist upon this evidence. . . . The Sagas are in the main exact, according to Mr. Dasent, and the identification of various places is often so obvious that it affords fair evidence to support the argument drawn from these sources. One important point is made in this notice (*North American Review* of July, 1869, notice of a book by Mr. De Costa) which offers strong proof of the value of the Sagas. The Sagas of Thorfinn and those of the sons of Eric are of unquestionably distinct origin, and yet they agree in many of the minutest details."

It seems unwarrantable in Mr. Bancroft, first, to deny *in toto* what was so obvious to such numbers of learned critics, historians and geographers; and secondly, after the accumulation of evidence and authority to support the affirmative, that he should in his Centennial edition, 1876, and Author's Last Revision, 1883, ignore the whole subject. It is a part of the history of this continent, and of the United States, that such a claim of discovery has been seriously made, is supported by the vast majority of respectable authorities, and is supported by tradition, written documents, and monumental remains. Under such circumstances how can an historian consistently be silent on the subject? Mr. Bancroft does not even inform his readers of the existence of the Sagas, and leaves them without knowledge that such a claim exists.

In a future article we hope to give an historical outline of what the Northmen did accomplish in America. In our next review of Mr. Bancroft's history we hope to show that Maryland was a Catholic colony, and that religious toleration was, first, its cherished policy and custom; and, second, its statute law.

"THOUGHT IS FREE."

THERE are a number of sayings quoted triumphantly by the experienced orator in our legislative halls or courts of justice, or by the stump-speaker on the political rostrum at election times, or by the youthful disputant in the debating society. These sayings are treated as the heirlooms of the consummate wisdom of our forefathers, as statements to be admitted at once and without protest or qualification, as principles so clear and evident to every reasonable mind that if any one were to attempt to call them into doubt or suspicion he would be looked upon as hopelessly and irreparably insane. And there is some sense in which these principles must be true, or else we could not account for their immense popularity. Yet they are most generally quoted in a sense so directly opposite to the true one, in support of propositions so erroneous and absurd, in aid of theories so extravagant, as to render them more dangerous by far than any clear, open error of the worst nature and of the most heinous consequences. Hence the necessity for an educated person to define the true meaning of such popular sayings in order to fix the limits beyond which they cease to be true.

We shall first examine the one at the head of the article, "Thought is Free." How often have we heard it quoted in every sense but the true one? And to enable our readers to understand easily our analysis we shall make use of the plainest possible method. We will suppose, then, that there is a great difference between thinking and not thinking. In the first place I am doing something, in the second I am doing nothing. I am not too hasty, then, in assuming that thought is an operation of some kind or other. The question arises, then, What is it that performs this operation? And I may presume it to be conceded that thought is an operation of the mind or intellect.

But what kind of operation is it? When an object is exhibited before me it makes an impression on my senses; that impression is carried by means of the nerves to the brain; from the brain that sensible phenomenon or phantasm passes in some mysterious way into the imagination, and by the imagination it is presented to the intellect. The latter purifies that impression or image, so to speak; it strips it of all individual clothing, as it were, and gets at the kernel of the thing—that is, at the real es-

sence of the thing that that object really is. And the result of such process, the getting at the essence of a thing, is called idea, concept, or thought. Thought then, in the first place, is an operation of the mind by which the mind apprehends, perceives, or grasps what an object really is.

But that is not the only operation of the mind to which in the English language we apply the word thought. That word is applied to judgment, reasoning, and any of the states in which our mind may be in regard to truth. The first, as every one knows, is an operation of the mind by which the mind compares two ideas together in order to discover their agreement or disagreement, and on making that discovery affirms or denies that agreement, as the case may be. For instance, I compare the color blue with the sky, and, seeing that these agree, I affirm that "the sky is blue"; or I compare the idea of squareness with a circle and I see that they disagree, and I judge and say "the circle is not square."

Reasoning is that operation of the mind which, failing to see the agreement between two ideas, compares both with a third one, and, if it finds them to agree with that third idea, concludes that they must agree with each other, on the principle that things which are equal to a third must be equal to one another. For instance, I am in doubt as to whether virtue is to be loved or not, and fail to see the agreement between the two ideas of virtue and love. I have recourse to a third idea, true happiness: and first I compare virtue with true happiness, and perceive their agreement; then I compare love with true happiness, and discover their perfect accord; and then I formulate my reasoning thus: Whatever brings true happiness is to be loved. But virtue brings true happiness. Therefore virtue is to be loved.

To these three operations of the mind we generally apply the word thought. But we may include opinion also as coming under the meaning of the English word thought. And in order to exhaust the subject we shall say a few words on the different states in which our mind may form itself in relation to truth. And first of all, it is well known that when the conception I have formed in my mind of any being or object corresponds to the reality, then I have truth, which is called the equation between an object and its idea. For instance, the idea I have formed of man is that of an intellectual substance united to an organism which it animates and individualizes. This idea is true because in accordance with the object it represents, and the clinging of my mind to that idea—that man is a reasonable animal

—is clinging to a truth. Now, it may happen that our mind may cling to a truth unhesitatingly, or it may cling to it with a certain hesitation, fear, or wavering. In the first case our mind is in the state of certainty; in the second, in the state of opinion. Opinion, then, is that state of our mind in which it adheres to a certain proposition, yet with a certain fear or hesitation lest the contrary may be true.

When I say, then, Thought is free, I must mean by thought either an idea or a judgment, either a reasoning or an opinion. Now let us examine the word *free*. Free means absence of restraint; not free, subject to restraint. Now, this restraint may arise from two causes—from a *physical cause* or from *law*. That is to say, one may be restrained either by bodily force, as when one forcibly holds a child to prevent him from hurting himself; or by law, when there is a law regulating and enforcing the performance or non-performance of certain actions. For instance, I am physically free to walk in a certain place, but there may be a law forbidding me to do so, and therefore restraining my physical liberty. Now, when we say thought is free, whatever we may legitimately mean by thought, concepts, judgment, opinion, the question comes up, Do we mean thought is free in the first sense or in the second—that is, do we mean to express that thought is free from physical force or free from law? In the first place, it is evident that that saying can mean nothing less; at least that thought is free from physical restraint; that no material power can affect it in any way whatever. Here is the proof. A cause must be proportionate to the effect required from it. But there is and can be no proportion between material force and thought, which is a spiritual act. Therefore, material force cannot produce, affect, or modify thought.

Again, what is external to man's mind cannot act upon it except it becomes internal. But force is external to man's mind, and can never immediately and directly become internal to it. Therefore it can never restrain thought.

Thought is, then, free. No despot or tyrant, by any material power or force, can make a man think as he would have him; the body may be in shackles, but the mind is free to soar beyond the boundaries of the present time and space, and revel in uncontrolled freedom of thought. In this sense the poet has said:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

But is thought free as to law? Assuredly not. Thought is

subject to the law of *evidence*, as much as the universe is subject to the law of gravitation. And in order to render this clear we shall go over every operation of the mind to which we have applied the word *thought*, and show how each of those operations is subject to the law of evidence. And first as to that operation of the mind which perceives what a thing is, and which is called idea, concept, etc. Now, if this idea or perception is the perception of an object external to us, we have the immediate testimony of our senses testifying to the reality and objectiveness of our perception. If it be the perception of some internal or psychological fact we have the immediate evidence of our consciousness testifying to the objectiveness of such fact. In both these cases, is my thought free? Am I free to think the contrary of that which is evidenced by the testimony of my senses or the internal voice of my consciousness? If my vision testifies to the brightness of the starry heavens, am I free to think and assert the contrary? If my consciousness testifies to that continual ebbing and flowing of thoughts and feelings which occupy my soul and which succeed each other incessantly, am I free to think the contrary and say that my soul is in perfect calm, occupied by one single thought? Thought, therefore, is not free as to perception. Is it free as to judgment? Certainly not. Judgment, as we have said, is that act of the mind by which the mind affirms a quality of a certain subject, or *vice versa*. Considered as to the foundation on which they rest, judgments are of two classes—of immediate evidence and of mediate. A judgment of immediate evidence is that in which the predicate is contained and seen in the subject; as, the whole is greater than any of its parts, a triangle has three angles, the radii of a circle from centre to circumference are all equal, etc. Of mediate evidence, when we cannot see the predicate as included in the subject, and make use of a reasoning to find out their agreement or disagreement.

So much of what are called analytical judgments; that is, judgments in which the predicate is found by analyzing the subject.

But there are other judgments the predicate of which cannot be found by any analysis of the subject, but is attributed to it on the testimony of the senses or of internal consciousness; these are called hypothetical judgments: for instance, "that body is square," "that feeling is pleasant," etc. In all these cases the predicate is affirmed of the subject on the testimony of the senses or of consciousness. As to reasoning, we have already touched

upon it, and, in fact, it resolves itself into three judgments. Now, is my thought free as to judgment? When I see a predicate to be contained in the subject, or to belong to the subject, either by mediate or immediate evidence, or on the testimony of the senses or of consciousness, am I free to say that the predicate does not agree with the subject? Can I say, for instance, that the whole is not greater than any of its parts; that a triangle has four angles, etc.?

There is one thing left to which we have applied the word thought, and that is opinion. Am I free as to opinions? It is evident that, if I would act as a reasonable being, I must adhere to my opinions in proportion to the reasons which support them, neither more nor less. If those opinions wax stronger and stronger as I meditate upon them, then I must cling to my opinions with greater tenacity, and if the reasons become weaker and weaker, so must my adhesion become looser and looser, and keep pace with the strength of the reasons. Consequently, as to my opinions, also, I am bound by the law of evidence.

Thought, then, is not free in the sense that every one may think just what he pleases and how he pleases upon every conceivable subject. Thought is bound by the law of evidence. Force alone cannot affect thought, but law in its necessary rule can, and in submitting to law thought merely follows the essential conditions of its nature.

THE WEDDING AT CONNEVOE.

THE prevalent English or American impression in regard to the characteristics of an Irish country wedding is that it would be a scene of uproarious mirth and rude horse-play, in which the shouting and rioting guests would for the most part get drunk, and which would probably end in a friendly fight. This impression, like a good many others regarding the Irish people, is derived from the dull slanders of cockney writers who never saw Ireland, and have merely kept up the tradition of the Teagues, that represented the monsters of ignorance and absurdity created by the prejudices of the first English dramatists. Much has been done in later years to banish this absurd and ridiculous caricature, which is about as true to nature as the English admiral in top-boots whom Thackeray saw on the stage of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin; and the faithful pictures by native writers and the closer observations by visitors have shown that the type of the Irish peasant is not a blundering blockhead whose supreme idea of festivity is that of a drunken riot. But old prejudices are hard to dispel, and it is quite probable that the "Wedding of Ballyporeen" is still taken as a characteristic type of the Irish marriage festival, although any one who knows anything about the country would discover that it was a vulgar cockney fraud in the first half-dozen lines:

"First, book in hand, came Father Quipes
And the bride's dadda, the baillie, O."

Father "Quipes" is about as felicitous an appellation as "Lor' Beef" in the French melodrama, and the "baillie" is a functionary of the Goosedubs and not of Kilballyowen. But the whole ballad is beneath contempt, and as false as it is vulgar and dull; nor would it be worth mention, except, as has been said, its spirit is so often taken as the characteristic of an Irish country wedding. It may be said that there has been of late years a diminution in the joviality manifested at Irish weddings, as in many others of the ancient customs of the people, produced by the change in manners and by the cloud of misfortune that has darkened down upon the land since the famine years, and that half a century ago they would be much less subdued and quiet than they are to-day. This is quite true; and however authentic

for its time was the picture of the prolonged festivity, with its accompaniments of racing for the bottle and other extravagant features, given by Carleton in his sketch of *Shane Fadth's Wedding*, it would be almost impossible to find its counterpart in modern life. But at no time were there any such scents of drunkenness and rioting as caricatured by English writers and accepted as national characteristics.

An Irish country wedding contains much that is peculiar, but little or nothing that is extravagant, and its peculiar characteristics are simply the national or local habits and participants, and the dialect and humor of the people. One day, during a visit to the doctor in charge of a dispensary district in the west of Ireland, I had been sitting in the surgery during the hours for the attendance of patients able to come to the office for their relief, and had been deeply moved and interested in the cases of real want and suffering, as well as amused by some of the imaginary complaints of the most unheard-of and complicated disorders, that were presented with a wealth of lamentation and eloquence that would have moved the hardest heart, if it had not been apparent that they were ingenious figments intended to procure an order for meal and meat from the relieving officer, or simply from the impulse to get attention and a bottle of medicine because they were free. Most of the cases, indeed, were only too genuine, in which the patients, whose pinched and pallid faces showed that they suffered from want as well as from disease, had come for miles, with weary limbs and feeble steps, from the bed of straw on the earthen floor of some lonely cabin in the mountains, for the relief of pains that were the direct result of their miserable habitations and unhealthy and insufficient food; and even the impostors had temptation enough in their wretched condition. To treat the genuine sufferers with a real and gentle sympathy and such relief as was possible, and to confound the frauds with a blatherskite blarney as ingenious as their own in its learned and authoritative phraseology, to the effect that their distressing symptoms were merely the exaggerated evidences of robust health, were the easy transitions of the doctor's management, and finally the large number of patients was reduced to one. This was a little, wizened old man with a complexion of a dirty white, either from his distress or from his customary seclusion from the rays of the sun, and apparently, from the appearance of his hands, the cobbler of the village. He approached with his hands locked in front of his apron, and, in response to an inquiry as to his ailment, ejaculated:

"O doctor! the wind of the world is in my stomach."

"Well, have you a bottle? I thought not. You never have a bottle except for whiskey. Take a spoonful of this every hour until you feel better; and, mind you, don't eat so much cold cabbage, or you may find yourself turned into a balloon, and the last we see of you is your coat-tails as you are blown on a sou'west gale to America."

"Ach, hach! Long life to your honor, but you're funny with the old man. A spoonful every hour. I'll mind" (*anglicè*, remember).

"Be sure you don't break the bottle, or your life will not be worth an hour's purchase. What's the news in Clogher, Mickle?"

"Not much, your honor, except the hard times, and sure that's no news. There's a daughter of Long John Rafferty's, Maurya, the second eldest, married to Willy McGrath—whose father has the Connevoe farm—this day; and it will be a good wedding, for both families has strong 'backs'" (a large number of relatives).

"There, thou second Captain Cook, is a chance to see a genuine Irish wedding. We must go."

"Oh! but will you come, doctor dear?"

"To be sure, you supralaprarian vagabond!"

"And will Mister Captain Yankee come, too?"

"Don't dare to doubt it. And now get out and cure yourself, so that you can be on hand and sing us the 'Cobbler's Lament' this evening."

I had no reason to doubt of the heartiness of my welcome at the gathering, even if I had entered it with no other sesame than that of being an American, however singular it would have appeared in other regions for a stranger to make himself a guest at so peculiar and intimate a family party as that assembled at a wedding; for the abounding hospitality and kindness of the people toward a representative of a country which afforded an asylum to so many of their friends had been too often exhibited to leave any room for question. But the doctor was the friend of the family, as of everybody in the district, and was entitled to bring any number of friends with the assurance of a hearty and familiar welcome. The marriage ceremony had already taken place, as usual, in the forenoon, that portion of the day being called the "bride's day" and presaging from its sunshine or storm the complexion of her married life. Happily, so far as this proverb goes, the promise of Maurya McGrath's felicity

had been an unclouded one, which is rare enough in the changeable skies of an Irish winter.

After tea the jaunting-car was brought around to the hall-door, and, when we had bestowed ourselves comfortably *dos-à-dos*, the gossoon gave an encouraging "whup" to the mare, and we jolted down the avenue and into the broad highroad. As we passed through the single street of the village of Clogher the moon was rising and shedding a yellow light on the thatched roofs of the contiguous rows of cabins, the blue smoke from whose peat-fires rose softly wreathing upward in the calm evening air. The hospitable light was shining, through the open half-door of the hostel over the way, on a diminutive donkey and cart hitched to a ring in the jamb, and the plump figure of "Peggy Margaret," dearest and rosiest of landladies, came to the door at the sound of the wheels to wish us a cheery "good-night." In a moment or two we were past the dark church and its field of white headstones, had rumbled across the stone bridge over the stream, and were swaying along the quiet country road between the hedgerows. It was a warm night in the early winter, and the cattle were lying out in the fields, which were illumined by the mellow moonlight. Here and there twinkled the light of a cabin on the neighboring hillside, or was clearly marked by its white walls against the dark green of the fields. The outline of the distant mountain that dominated the landscape was drawn clear against the sky, and the light of a cabin near the summit shone like a tiny star. Our road lay up a long valley that seemed to shut us in closer and closer and with steeper hills as we proceeded toward its head. At first the wayfarers were few, but as we approached our destination we passed several parties of young fellows and girls proceeding with chatter and laughter to the wedding, and more than one old man and his *vanithee* (*anglicè*, old woman) walking with more deliberation and sobriety to the same festival. Every one of them had a kindly response for the hearty salutation of the doctor, and it was apparent that he was an object of general good-will and regard. One belated beggar, known as "Briney with the Bag," who was making the best of the speed that his crippled limbs would permit in order to get a share of the feast, had his anxious heart consoled with a sixpence and an intimation that his approach should be made known, so that his ration might not be stinted. How many miles he had travelled in order to partake of the wedding hospitality was quite uncertain; but the gentry of the staff and scrip scent such an affair from an incredible distance, and the wedding at a house of

substance which had not a dozen or more of these unbidden but ungrudgingly-received guests would be considered to have something unlucky as well as extraordinary about it.

Connevoe farm was at the very head of the valley, which shut it all around with such steep hillsides that it would seem as though its fields could not be pastured by anything but goats or ploughed except with horses whose legs were shorter on one side than the other. That the farmer managed to get good crops from them, however, was apparent in the size and number of the stacks in the "haggard" and the general air of substance and comfort about the house and steading. The house was of stone and substantially built, although low, with its thatched roof newly laid, and other signs of neatness and thrift not always to be seen about the houses of even substantial farmers. How it happened that the tenant was thus able to live in the careless display of comfort was doubtless due to the fortunate accident of a long lease or an exceptionably reasonable landlord. Altogether the establishment looked very snug and cosy in its sheltered nook, and was a welcome contrast to the appearance of hopeless struggle, if not distress, very common among the farming population of the district.

The windows and the wide-open door streamed with light, and the number of jaunting-cars in the yard indicated the importance of a portion of the guests. Half a dozen hands were ready to take the bridle of the doctor's mare as we drove up to the door, and there was a general welcome from the people about as we entered the doorway, where the broad and jovial countenance of the farmer met us and our knuckles almost cracked in the heartiness of his grasp. The lady of the house, just behind, greeted us with hardly less cordiality of welcome, while from behind her skirts ran out the youngest daughter of the family, a chubby lass of five or six, who had made the acquaintance of the doctor before, and, in spite of his cruelty in wounding her arm for vaccination, was deeply enamored of his smiles and his candy. With this young lady in the doctor's arms we were ushered into the low parlor, where the bride and bridegroom sat doing penance in their new clothes and under the burden of their unaccustomed honors, amid their nearest relations and the more substantial portion of the company, who apparently did not quite succeed in feeling the proper degree of unconstraint suitable for the occasion. The company were ranged around the room, in whose centre was a long table bearing the bride-cake and a decanter and glasses, both for ceremonial observance rather than for sub-

stantial eating and drinking, but which were by no means to be slighted in wishing good health and prosperity to the happy pair in a sip of negus and in the carrying away a piece of the bride-cake to dream on.

The company in the parlor consisted of the relatives of the bride and bridegroom and the well-to-do neighbors, dressed in their best, and a trifle subdued and formal under the influence of the ceremonial occasion, except as the stiffness was invaded by the irrepressible younger fry, who made noisy fun among themselves in spite of the occasional reproving whisper and the restraint of lap or arm. The priest who had performed the ceremony was not present, having been summoned away by other duties, and there was a lack of his cordial influence in setting the neighbors to talk and inciting the cheerful merriment of the occasion. The bride, a comely and rosy girl, and the bridegroom, a stout, healthy young fellow, were silent and embarrassed with the novelty and dignity of their position, and could hardly reply to the occasional good-humored jest at their condition. By far the most notable figure in the room was that of the aged grandmother, apparently so old as to have reached the visible fading of vitality into passive quietude and immobility, who sat in her straw chair on one side of the turf fire and smiled upon the scene with the tranquil aspect of serene old age. Her abundant, snowy hair was crowned with a white lace cap, and her yet beautiful dark eyes illumined a face of tranquil benignity which, although perfectly pale and colorless, was firm in contour and showed none of the wreck of feebleness in its features. She was neatly dressed, with a white handkerchief drawn across her shoulders, and as she sat with her arms folded in her lap she made a beautiful picture of happy old age enjoying the retrospect of memory and yet warmed and comforted by the happiness of the present hour.

It was not long before the room was invaded by the volunteer helpers, who had been preparing the wedding-feast in the kitchen, from which potent smells and the steam of abundance had pervaded the house and whetted the appetites of the waiting guests of the scrip and bag outside the door. The table was cleared of its cake and negus, and speedily laid with an abundant supply of boiled mutton, fowls, and pigs' heads, all embedded in masses of white cabbage, with white bread and tea, and everybody was invited to fall to by a hearty summons from the head of the house. In the kitchen there was a similar feast going on, with much more noise and clatter of dishes and noggins for the

home-brewed beer which took the place of tea in that less aristocratic quarter, and the guests outside were soon supplied with an abundance. It was rather a difficulty to struggle with the abundance with which the hearty hospitality insisted upon piling the plate, and to which it would have been a discourtesy not to do full justice; but there is an end to all things, even to an Irish wedding-supper, and at last the time came to adjourn to the ball-room, which in this instance, as generally, was the barn, which had been duly swept and garnished, the holes in its earthen floor filled with fresh clay and moistened and beaten to give smoothness and solidity. The barns in Ireland are not the large buildings, familiar in the United States, in which the hay and grain are protected from the weather, but merely shelters for the cattle. This one, like the most, was built of rough stones set in earth, with low walls and a thatched roof.

Within it was lighted with dozens of candles stuck up against the walls with lumps of clay. At one end on a temporary platform were a couple of fiddlers and a piper, the two former assiduously tuning their strings and rosining their bows, while the latter, with his bellows under his arm, was squeezing it to a subdued groan or two and fingering his pipes in the preliminary salute of the melody. This piper was a notable performer, one of the last and best of the ancient race of pipers, whose instruments are disappearing before the foreign fiddle and the cockney concertina. He was called "White Phelim," being an albino, and had a deficiency of vision, although it did not amount to the absolute blindness which is the usual badge of his profession. He was famous for his skill over a wide district, and no wedding or merry-making could be considered to have met all its requirements without his attendance, and he was frequently invited to give his performances of the native airs in the drawing-rooms of the gentry. His pipes had been used a generation before him, and the keyholes were worn into deep hollows by the continuous tapping of hardened fingers, and the skin of the bag was patched in many places. They were, however, a set of noble proportions, and, as we had the opportunity of ascertaining, their tone and quality had lost nothing by age, even if they had not been improved like those of a Stradivarius violin. The assemblage in the barn, which included the guests of both parlor and kitchen, filled its proportions to the utmost consistent with giving room for a couple of reel sets, one on each side of the row of posts supporting the roof-tree; and many of the young ladies were obliged, without any apparent evidence of reluctance, to oc-

cupy the laps of the lads, and there was a great deal of laughing over the squeezing and adjustment. The elders "took a draw at the pipe" and passed it around in token of friendship and goodwill, as they were prepared to approve or to criticise the dancers, and the children snuggled themselves into every vantage-ground of observance.

The first dance belongs by right to the bridal couple and their partners, and their places were supplied by a younger brother of the one and a sister of the other. The fiddles supplied the music, the piper's contribution to the entertainment being, as we found, more in the nature of an independent concert, although he did condescend to "put the wind under" some favorite jigs, which were duly honored by the heels of the most accomplished dancers, before the night was over. The first dance was rather a tame affair, the performers being weighted down by the sense of ceremony and the uneasiness of being under the particular gaze of the assembly, and did not reach the proper spirit and energy of an Irish dance; nor did the fiddlers, although anxious to do their best for the honor of their patrons, reach the full inspiration and vigor which came afterward from elbow-joints limbered by frequent liquid refreshment and the enthusiasm generated when the ball was in full fling. Still, the dancers did not do discredit to their race in the skill and accuracy with which they executed the steps, but there was an evident sense of relief when this decorous opening of the ball was over, and its conclusion gave room for the spirit of more genuine festivity and the dancing that was its own delight. As soon as the dance of ceremony was over there was a speedy filling of the floor by other performers, and the real spirit of the dance began. The fiddlers, having taken a refresher from the ready tumblers of punch that were furnished them, wiped their mouths and commenced to put the life into that most inspiring of tunes, "The Wind that shakes the Barley," and the patter of steps and the lively grace of movement that are natural to every native-born Irishman and Irishwoman to accompany the vivacious notes. The perfection and charm of an Irish girl's dancing has been the admiration of every one who has had the good fortune to see it, and been the theme for many poets and prose-writers, native and foreign. It well deserves its praise, and has a distinctive grace peculiarly its own. There are many forms of native and national charm in the dance; the fiery amateness of the Spanish woman in the bolero, the languid and sensuous grace of the Italian, the fire of the gipsy, and the meretricious vivacity

to be seen in the promiscuous ball-rooms of Paris—all have their admirers and their peculiar types of excellence. But the modesty combined with the hearty spirit of enjoyment, the healthful vigor, the easy precision and natural skill of the Irish girl, under the inspiration of the vigorous and spirited native airs, carry off the palm. Although they may step heavily in the common walk, and their frames and limbs seem almost too robust for light movement, there is scarce one of them who does not move with equal grace and vigor in the dance, and to whom the perfection of precision in accenting the rapid and complicated measure does not seem to be the gift of nature. And when the beauty and grace of budding womanhood, the light and erect carriage of perfect health, the lovely face, the modest eyes and abundant tresses, characteristic of Irish beauty, set off by a neat and appropriate costume, appear upon the floor, it is a figure long to be remembered. There was more than one such at the wedding at Connevoe. To see one of them with her dress pinned behind to show the gay petticoat, the handkerchief drawn across the shoulders, and the whole trim figure alert with life and vigor, while the feet in the buckled shoes pattered in perfect time, and the rosy cheeks grew rosier still with the exercise, and the eyes sparkled with modest pleasure, was to realize the truth of the portrait of Allingham's "Lovely Mary Donnelly" and to feel that there was no sort of extravagance in the expression that

"The music nearly killed itself
To listen to her feet,"

or in the many eloquent metaphors in which Irish swains have confessed the conquering power of beauty in the dance, to the most beautiful and expressive of all, "Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet, love." Nothing but poetry can create the proper apotheosis of the theme, and any humbler inspiration must fail.

The floor was not allowed to be monopolized by the younger dancers. The elders took their share with as much vigor and spirit, if not with as much perseverance; and more than one comfortable dame, the mother of many children, stepped out as gaily and lightly as her daughter amid the smiles and applause of the company. Even venerable old men, who might have been grandfathers, caught the inspiration of their youth and took a turn on the floor with a temporary energy in their action not to be expected from their ordinary rheumatic gait, and sometimes with a skill and variety in their steps that more than rivalled the

younger dancers. Such exhibitions always excited a great deal of interest and applause, and were accompanied with frequent exhortations to hold out and dance each other down. The fiddlers were unwearied, only requiring periodical refreshment in a liquid form, which stimulated their activity without injuring their precision, and the fun grew flaming and hearty without becoming boisterous. The doctor had figured on the floor with credit to his assiduous course of study and to the admiration of the assembly, when, instigated, as I believe, by his wicked suggestion, a comely young damsel appeared before me with a courtesy and a smile that would have secured obedience from a graven image. There was nothing for it but to step out, and, desperately swallowing my fears, I did the best I could with such recollections of "hoe-downs" in my youth and such improvisations as necessity compelled, and have reason to believe that I acquitted myself without entire ignominy, although I must admit that the encomium which I received was to be attributed more to good-nature than to merit, and was even unkindly ironical on the part of the doctor. Nevertheless it was something to get rid of the infectious uneasiness in the heels, under the inspiration of the music, by actual exercise, even if I had not felt properly flattered by the compliment. It was not all dancing, however. White Phelim with his pipes was not there for nothing, and, although the enthusiasm of the dance gave no signs of subsidence, he was called upon to take his turn at the entertainment.

It was the first time I had heard the Irish pipes in perfection, and although the scene was not altogether congenial to the spirit of some of the finest airs of the melancholy or martial kind, which need the solitude of the lonely rath or the breadth of the broad hillside to have them speak with full power to the heart, their noble strength and the natural interpretation of the music were fully perceptible. The features of the piper were naturally rather heavy and commonplace, and he had somewhat of that dazed and uncertain look which accompanies imperfection of vision; but when he had taken the seat of honor on the platform vacated by the fiddlers, and blown up his bag with a squeeze or two of his elbow, and his fingers tried the notes of the reed resting on the pad of leather on his knee, his features assumed a vivified and inspired expression, and he doubtless felt the power and command of the accomplished artist. There was a hush upon the company in deference to his dignity or in gratified expectation, and, perhaps with a desire to express as strong a contrast as possible to the light flippancy of the dance music, he

gave out with strong force and power the finely martial strain of "Brian Boroimhe's March." The magic of the pipes to the sensitive ear is in the complete appropriateness of the instrument to the spirit of the music, the simplicity of the sounds by which the meaning is accented, and the historic associations, which are an actual power in music as in other forms of art. There are some Irish airs which cannot be interpreted with full effect even by the violin, while their spirit is almost completely lost in the artificial sharpness of the pianoforte, and can only be fully expressed by the peculiar melody of the bagpipe, for which they were composed. The drone and the treble, rude as they may seem, are thoroughly adapted to the motive and emphasize the spirit and meaning by their very simplicity. As there are certain martial airs that never reach their full effect and make the "heart-strings dumb," except with the beat of the drum and the shrill accent of the fife, around which the spirit of historic appropriateness also clings, so in a still stronger way the pipes are necessary for the adequate interpretation of the music which was composed for their peculiar capacities, and which carry with them the power of a moving tradition. I am by no means prepared to enter into a disquisition upon the antiquity of the Irish bagpipes, but I am confident that many of the old Irish airs, both grave and gay, which are so ancient as to be without knowledge of their origin, were composed for the pipes, and this from their inherent characteristics and prevailing motive. The instrument evidently dominated the audience and commanded an attention which was not given to the violins for themselves. The piper played several airs, favorites of his own or by request, and the whole gamut of Irish melody was evidently at his fingers' ends. The deep spirit of melancholy that pervades the sweetness of some of the Irish airs finds its most appropriate interpretation in the pipes, and not even the wider capacity and more delicate power of the violin can give their essence and effect like the drone and the chanter. But the spirit of the occasion was one of merriment, and after "The old Head of Dennis" and "My Lodging is on the cold Ground," the piper struck up with lively fingers "Miss McLeod's Reel," and in a moment the dancers were in their places "welting it out upon the flure."

The exercise was also pretermitted at times for a vocal entertainment. There were several favorite singers in the company, and it would have been improper not to allow their talents an opportunity for display. After the conclusion of a jig there was a knocking for silence, and an admonitory "whish" passed

around. Then a voice was heard soaring up in the indescribable, long-drawn intonation in which the Irish country ballads are sung, and which is at once utterly laughable and lugubrious. The singer was a "jock," whose meaning is precisely as spelled—that is, half a jockey, a sort of rough rider and breaker of gentlemen's colts, but not possessing the skill or the genius necessary for the course. This one wore a coarse imitation of the regular jockey garb—a jacket, dirty knee-breeches of corduroy, and leggings—and was evidently a prime favorite with the girls from his impudence and other accomplishments. He had pulled his cap over his eyes, and, fixing his eyes on the wooden noggin half full of beer in his hand, he was "rising" the song to its full key, slightly oscillating his body to the rhythm. There was no air to the song or ballad, except the inimitable melancholy cadence and intonation peculiar to the street ballad, and its substance was the performances of a famous racing mare, "Nancy Till," and her rider, John Clancy. At pauses in the song there were expressions of encouragement and approval, and at the end of the concluding apostrophe:

"More power to John Clancy and sweet Nancy Till,"

there was quite an outburst of applause, which the singer received with becoming modesty, and, stealing his arm once more around his partner's waist, he slowly elevated his noggin until its bottom pointed toward the roof-tree.

Then the host was persuaded without much entreaty, the false modesty of more fashionable society being entirely alien to the spirit of the occasion, to give his favorite, "The Little Brown Jug," which he sang with a mellow heartiness quite infectious, and in whose jolly chorus everybody joined. Several other ballads followed, and among the singers a little old ploughman, with a face of weatherbeaten bloom and merry blue eyes, achieved a great success by his rendering of the "Drimin dhu dheelish," with a comic emphasis of melancholy that would have made his fortune on the variety stage, if he could have been transferred there, but which no imitation could at all equal in its unconscious humor. A stout young woman gave us "The Pretty Girl milking her Cow" in the original Irish, and two charming young girls, sisters, one with a natural soprano and the other with an alto, and an exquisite, untaught harmony and feeling, sang modestly yet bravely a sweetly pathetic ballad whose title I could not learn. I afterward induced one of them to repeat it for a transcript, and, as I have never seen it in print,

I venture to give it, although its simple pathos needs the voices that gave it for its full effect :

" 'Twas early spring ; the year was warm ;
The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sang ;
Not a bird was happier than I
When my loved sailor-boy was nigh.

" The evening star was shining still ;
The twilight peeped o'er the distant hill ;
The sailor-boy and I, his bride,
Were walking by the ocean side.

" Scarce six months since we were wed ;
But, ah ! how quickly the moments fled,
Since we must part at the dawning day :
The proud bark bears my love away.

" Time's long past. He comes no more
To his weeping friends on the silent shore.
The ship went down in the howling storm,
The seas engulfed his lifeless form.

" I wish that I was sleeping, too,
Beneath the waves of the ocean blue,
My soul to God, and my body in the sea,
The broad waves rolling over me."

It was a touch of pathos which the finest art could not reach.

When the dancing began again we felt that we had had our full share of the merriment, and did not wait for the throwing of the stocking or the break-up of the festivity, at whatever hour of the night or morning that took place. Much to the discontent of the gossoon, who was in the height of enjoyment, the car was ordered round, and, after our good wishes to the bride and bridegroom, and many warm handshakings, we mounted the car amid a volley of "good-nights" and "safe-homes"; we took our seats, and in a moment were rolling home on the silent highway, the dewy freshness of the night air blowing gratefully upon our cheeks, and the moon, riding high in cloud-racked sky, illuming the calm fields and solemn hills.

SUNDAYISM IN ENGLAND.

THE French expression "s'endimancher" is descriptive of a conventional Sundayism which has passed away out of the customs of my country. Time was when black kid gloves, and even a sort of dress-coat, were regarded by the middle classes as outward and visible exponents of the inward orthodox appreciation of "once-a-weekism." But is Sunday any better kept now, when the middle classes, as a rule, do not "Sunday themselves," than it was in the days when a full-dress Protestant piety rendered homage to a great Christian institution? Probably not. There was something admirable—and even Frenchmen used to recognize it—in the still proprieties and reverent dulness of the Anglican Sunday. It might be mainly conventional, though it was far from being wholly so; it might be even consciously apologetic, though it was at least a national homage to the Christian faith. In the towns as in the villages, in the suburbs as in Mayfair, all classes used to recognize the "obligation" of Sunday, though in a sense very distinct from the Catholic. There was the obligation of observing decorum on the Sunday, and there was the at least traditional propriety of going to church. Indeed, not to go to "a place of worship," say thirty or forty years ago, or about the time when Queen Victoria came to the throne, was a mark of a certain looseness of character and created a prejudice against the mechanic, or even the clerk. Respectability made Sundayism canonical. Nor is it in a spirit of irony one would say this, but as fully recognizing what is due to respectability. The English Sunday was a capital mainstay of the English people. They who went to church heard much that was good, and they who stopped away were made ashamed. In this year, 1883, the tone is changed. We are now busied with the question of opening museums on Sunday, because open churches do not attract as they used to do. Our Anglican friends, even our Dissenting friends, have to confess this. Ritualism has not fascinated the humbler orders, and Dissent has lost ground against free-thought. Sunday is no longer that one day in the week when Christianity has its national recognition; it is only that one day when the shops are not opened, and which is devoted more to rest than to religion.

From the social rather than from the religious point of view

let us contemplate the aspects of the new spirit. The English Sunday of to-day as compared with the English Sunday when church-going and respectability meant the same thing, is an appreciable falling-off in a variety of social senses, and, in some degree, of old-fashioned conservatism. "Church and state" meant that at least there was a church; but the church is now as little thought of as the state by the masses in the English big towns. It is easy to laugh at Sundayism, in its old Anglican sense, as conventional, formal, hypocritical; for my part, I should maintain that among the humbler orders it was most real, though among the higher orders it might be "proper" or "decorous." What is the Sunday of to-day, in every one of our great towns, and in not a few of our more pretentious country places? It is a day on which the people who are growing old, the highly respectable men and matrons of threescore, still render a sincere homage to their particular creed; but it is a day on which the rising and even the risen generation think but little more about religion than about work. Socially the result is as follows: propriety has given place to mere indolence, the energy of going to church to mere secularism. The humbler orders and the shop-youths have largely thrown off that staidness which was the expression of wishing to believe and to be thought to believe; the men now lounging during church hours about the corners of streets, leaning one arm on a curbstone while contemplating vacuity, and devoting the other arm to the service of a short pipe, waiting sadly for one o'clock, when the public-house may be opened or when the midday meal may offer pursuit to their unoccupiedness. The more intelligent of the lower middle classes may condescend to discuss free-thought—which, in their idea, means the not going to church—or they may even speak with admiration of some preacher they once sat under who was so clever as to attempt to harmonize the Mosaic record; but they look upon religion as so essentially an interior matter, that it is stowed away even beyond the ken of their own proprietorship, and they sit as lightly to all creeds as they do to all observances, save such as afford them quietness or emancipation. Hence, socially, the street aspect of the Sunday has come to be suggestive of a *dies non*; while the domestic or family aspect is that of the "keeping" of an old custom which, in the days of our forefathers, must have been significant. Yet, since some sort of fictitious life must be given to the Sunday—for it is painful to be idle all the day—it is now proposed to open museums and picture-galleries, so as to make leisure to seem intelligent or reputable.

In the United States there has been a tightening of legislation in regard to certain observances of the Sunday, but in England we seem inclined towards a loosening of the bonds which still unite the Sunday with Christian sentiment. It is true that the proposed changes are but apologetic; they are regretful even more than they are concessive; nor would they appear to the ordinary American to make more demand on the conscience than they do on the purses of the Britisher. The American wag who said that "Sunday in New York used to be kept like any other day in the week, and rather more so," might see nothing to be complained of in the very mild propositions in regard to the museums and the picture-galleries. Looking at the question from the social point of view, it is not impossible that we might be gainers by the change. From the religious point of view we should have to argue upon first principles; and these I will not allude to at the present time. Socially the English Sunday has become so deteriorated into a mere lounging day, among the masses of our countrymen and countrywomen, that not even the Salvation Army can do more than tickle the humor of the thousands of strollers who won't be bored by religion. And, socially, the upper classes are to blame for a decadence which their good example, their self-denial, might have prevented. The selfishness of the upper classes, in thinking chiefly of their own comforts and caring little for the reasonable rest of their servants, has bred a popular conviction that Sundayism, like respectability, is designed chiefly for those who can afford both. And, further than this, the vulgar worldliness which has led the rich classes to oust the poor classes from all the best seats in all the churches—leaving the poor classes to sit, like alms-people, on back benches, from which they may contemplate the bright toilets in the best seats—has led the poor classes to look on churches as the Sunday show-places of rich people, who cannot even on one day give up their good things to the poor, nor, in God's house, put themselves in the back seats. There is some ground for such an irritable mood of inference. The silk dresses and the velvet jackets are swept majestically up the nave, graciously touching, perhaps, the cotton garments of the plebeian; and from the ivory purses are taken the shillings or the half-crowns for the front seats which should be devoted to the poor. Has this scandal had no *social* fruit or complement, no ethical or political results worth the naming? It has made radicalism to come *out* of the churches, from the observation of the worldly selfishness which has walked *into* them. It has bred, socially, just exactly

the same bad feelings which, religiously, it has suggested or provoked. Worldliness outside churches may be a matter of course; but worldliness in the best seats in the churches; worldliness at church-doors, on church-steps; worldliness as displayed in the driving off in a smart carriage, when the constitution would have been better for a walk—in short, that obtrusion of the most conventional egotism, which, leaving its drawing-rooms at home, makes drawing-rooms of churches and “snubs” the poor in the only house they should call their own—has, socially, injured the Sunday and filled the streets and the taverns with countless people who prefer either of them to hypocrisy. Free-thinking, in this country, has been largely begotten of irritation—of the contemplation of the imposture of Sunday piety. Nonsense to suppose that people who possess nothing, and who are reminded of it in church more than anywhere else, are going to make Sunday not only the most uncomfortable day in the week, but the day on which their poverty is most thrust on them!

I remember the days when, being at Tait's school in Brighton, I was taken to sit under the Rev. James Anderson; and, being a school-boy, I had a natural appreciation of the funny part of what was supposed to be religion. In those days (say in the year 1845) I had never heard of the Catholic religion, save as a poisonous weed of foreign growth; and I assumed that Mr. Anderson, who was chaplain to the queen dowager, must have a congregation of most typical propriety. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock the carriages arrived, and the half-crown people swept up to their front seats. There were two families of such exceptional distinction—or of such very feeble muscular power—that their footmen used to follow them up the nave, carrying their beautifully-bound prayer-books in silk bags. On arriving at the doored pew the footmen placed the prayer-books—which were first cautiously taken out of the silk bags—on the ledge of the private apartment called a pew, and then retired, manifesting their plush and brass buttons to the gaze of the admiring congregation. Now, this one example of fantastic imbecility, of positively comic vulgarity and bombast, may serve as a specimen of the kind of irritating incentive which has led to the modern paganism of the English Sunday. “To the poor the Gospel is preached”—but only by kind concession of the rich, who most generously suffer them to study their beautiful toilets from safe distances under galleries or behind doors. I should wish to be responsible for my own opinion on a point which belongs to the social side of Sundayism (indeed, the word “Sundayism” can

only be used in the social sense, for it would be out of the question to use it in the religious sense), and I would merely hazard my own impression that no small amount of radicalism, both of the free-thinking and the political kind, has been suggested by fashionable pietists or "swell Christians." That last expression meets the ideas of the censorious, though it grates upon the ears of the exquisite. I have all my life held the view—which may not be welcome to the too comfortable, but which I contend is thoroughly conservative and Christian—that inside churches the poor should have the best places and the rich should be left to sit where they can. Or, if seats must be sometimes priced—and this is necessary in England from various reasons, of which we all admit the soundness—let them be the back seats, or the side seats, or the unhassocked seats; for inside churches the poorer classes should "come first." And this suggestion should have more force with Catholics than it can have with any kind of non-Catholics, because the nearer to the altar the more unfitting is pride; indeed, "the world" should have no place inside churches. Perhaps I may be thought "radical" in insisting on a principle which would "snub" the rich to the advantage of the poor. But I think that the best way to keep radicalism out of the streets is to keep vanity and pomposity out of the churches; and on this point, as on every other, I should maintain that it is the rich classes who *create* discontent among the poor. The same truth holds good in regard to the present state of France, which is rotten with impiety and with antagonism. "Faubourg-St.-Germainism" has had no little to do with red-radicalism, with the class-hatred and religion-hatred of the French masses.

On a Sunday morning in London we are awake about half-past seven (it is a custom to sleep late on a Sunday morning by way of making up the arrears of the week-day mornings, and every housemaid warmly resents the being obliged to provide breakfast until an hour or two after the ordinary week-day time) by street-boys bellowing the *Despatch*, *Lloyd's Weekly*, *Sunday Times*, *Referee*, *Reynolds'*, *Observer*; nor do these juveniles desist from their frantic advertisement until kind patrons have discovered their pennies. Then comes a dead pause, say from nine to half-past ten, while the world is getting up or taking breakfast. At half-past ten the bells begin; and now is seen the contrast between the twos and twos of well-dressed church-goers—to whom the French apply the expression "s'endimancher," as descriptive of a specially Sundayed "get-up"—and the town loungers, who seem to be bent on showing their disdain for the

propriety and respectability dear to the upper classes. Of course there are many Londons, and while the plebeian parts are demonstratively secular the fashionable parts are silent and cold. In the plebeian parts the town loungers linger sadly or laughingly, as their mood may suggest on the particular morning, or possibly sit in their shirt-sleeves at the windows of their abodes, as though resenting the temptation to go out. A little later many of the middle-class young people, and also most of the shop-youths and Sunday holidayists, having achieved some sort of toilet which is respectful to conventionalism, and not unmindful of even poetic attractiveness, commence their walks, and seem to be generally in pain because there is really "nothing to be done." Still, they behave well, and they generally purchase a *Referee*, which informs them what horses have won races and what horses it will be desirable to be "on to," with a view to possibly losing half a crown. The London parks are not tumultuously attended, as they are regarded as rather "slow" by the young people; but the penny steamboats are crowded in summertime, and the Thames Embankments are not without their devotees. Those who can afford it go to Richmond, or to Hampstead, or to some suburb attainable by omnibus; but the immense majority of Londoners while away the day "anyhow" or in a merely listless meandering from street to street. From one to three the world dines; from three to six the world saunters; from six to eleven the streets are crowded with most of the classes who are not drinking in one of the fifteen thousand public-houses. This is the Sunday observance of the masses. Yet we leave out of the reckoning some half-million of "respectable" people who "keep" Sunday with English stay-at-home gravity.

Thirty years ago a clerk or an artisan who "made a habit of not going to church on a Sunday" would have certainly lost his character, or would have been received with suspicion into any employment demanding honesty and steadiness. I do not think that there is, in these days, one employer in twenty who feels the slightest interest in the ideas of passing Sunday which may be approved by any person whom he employs. The social institution of the Sunday has thrown the religious institution into the shade. Or, rather, it has survived it, in the same way as certain saints' days are kept as holidays without thought of the saints. "Well, at least, you have got rid of hypocrisy," will reply the blunt man of the world; "you have got rid of all that detestable formalism which made church-going the cloak of sheer worldliness, and which was nothing but a conformity to the canons of

conventionalism, like the Sunday clothes which were assumed for the occasion." This is true. I can perfectly remember, when I was about seven years old, being taken to church and told "to behave as a good boy." My father's pew was in the front row of the parish church; and three huge boxes, for clerk, prayer-reader, and preacher, towered in front of me with hideous gravity. The central part of the church was devoted to the poor, who had to sit on wooden benches, without cushions or hassocks, through an hour and three-quarters of the dismal service. The rector read his sermon from a manuscript; and I used to count the twenty pages as they were slowly turned through forty minutes, half pitying myself, but wholly pitying the church-paupers who had not my luxuries of cushion and hassock. Justice Maule's reasonable estimate of the proper length of a sermon, "twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy," was not the estimate of my essay-loving rector. The sermon over (a most appreciable relief), the big people streamed first out of the church, followed by the lesser people and the least people. And directly we got outside two subjects of conversation engrossed the congregation as they walked home: first, a criticism on the sermon, as to "views" and as to talent; and, next, a criticism on the toilets of the Sundayed ladies. That three-fourths of such church-going was sheer hypocrisy or dismal cant it would be affectation to seriously question. Yet, at least, there was the public tribute to the institution of the Sunday as primarily religious, secondly social. Cardinal Newman's well-known expressions about "shivering and shuddering" as descriptive of Anglican sensations under a divine service—like the Frenchman's painful impression of that divine service as "a funeral service over a defunct religion"—were applicable, it is true, to a past time in Anglican story before Ritualism had mantled coldness with ceremony. They are not applicable now in the same degree. Yet the difference is this: that whereas most people in former days went to church to appear respectable, the same classes in these days go to listen to pretty music or to watch the priestly gestures of the clergy.

It will be objected that the Sundayed appearance of all great towns is perhaps necessarily that of a holiday, not of a holy day; and that it is unfair, if not puritanical, to infer from such an appearance that the masses are not earnest about religion. We must admit this. Yet, as the best possible illustration of the truism, let us remember what Rome was in the days of Pius IX.—Rome during the whole of a Sunday. I leave out the fact that all Romans went to church between the hours of five and

half-past twelve—some to a Low Mass, some to a High Mass, but all to religious duties in a church—and I take only the appearance of the Roman streets, or of such places as were frequented by the populace. Now, we must make every allowance for the difference between the temperament of the soft or the brilliant Italian and that of the cold, hardy northerner; and we must then ask, What were the notable characteristics of the *spirit* of the Roman on the Sunday? I think we may answer, "Joy, without an approach even to boisterousness; and refinement, without a suspicion of puritanism." Now, it is just exactly these characteristics which are conspicuously absent in English towns on all Sundays and on all holidays throughout the year. Joy, in the sense of a happy spirit and as distinct from the mere sensation of being amused, is obviously an indication of a higher tone of natural temperament than is mere excitement, hilarity, boisterousness. It will be answered that the spirit of joyousness—or, let us put it, of a happy serenity—must obviously come from a consciousness of innocent life as well as from the absence of care. Let us accept that very reasonable solution. Are, then, the southerners more innocent than the northerners, and have they fewer temporal cares? The answer to both questions is yes. The southerners are more innocent, in the sense that they are full of faith; and less careful, in the sense that they are more content. In other words, the spirit of faith, in which southerners for the most part are brought up, gives them a happy assurance of Christian safety, while their almost child-like contentment with a modest degree of estate keeps them above material grossness of aspiration. Here we are nearing to the intelligence of English Sundayism. Mark that the southern Catholic, both on Sundays and on all holidays, is jubilant, polite, almost graceful; whereas the northern Protestant, on all days on which he rests, is, as a rule, dreadfully heavy and unsympathetic. And I should say that the two reasons—if I may repeat them once more—are that the southerner is blessed by a happy faith, whereas the northerner has little religion beyond sentiment; and that the southerner regards his poverty as thoroughly honorable, even dignified, whereas the northerner abhors poverty and yearns for increase.

Must it be said, then, that the *absence* of the Catholic faith and of contentment is the characteristic, the explanation, of English Sundayism? I think so. And do I say this in disparagement of the masses? Certainly not. There is no blame to the masses in the fact that they inherit heresy, inherit dulness, inherit grossness or materialism. Who teach the masses to

think in this way? The rich classes! What has been church-going, during the last three hundred years, but one of the social institutions of decorum, which has marked off the rich classes from the poor classes *more* emphatically than has any other institution? How easy it is to trace the travellings of human thought in the downward argument from decorum to scepticism! "I have seen," argues the poor man, "that my superiors *use* Sundays in the same spirit of selfishness which marks their week-days; they make their servants work quite as hard on the Sunday as they do on the Saturday or Monday; they hear sermons chiefly to criticise the preacher, and sit in pews chiefly to criticise the toilets; and now that free-thought has become fashionable among the upper classes, and is no longer a (material) injury to the poor classes, I shall give up the whole thing and live honestly and morally, and leave Sunday proprieties to those who care for them."

To what conclusion can we come from such an estimate of town-Sundayism (I say nothing of village-Sundayism, of country-Sundayism, which belong to a quite different range of thought and are still imbued by a religious force of tradition) but that the future of our great towns is likely to be *positively* pagan instead of being only negatively or indifferently so? It is humiliating to mark an audience on a Sunday evening gathered round an itinerant preacher in a London park, and listening, half in listlessness, half in contempt, to his ejaculatory periods or bad grammar. Having no religious pabulum from the right sources, the idling masses catch at amateur preaching as a curiosity which may possibly be diverting. And here I reach the point when, if I may be allowed the suggestion, I would say that I think the time has fully come for the revival of the Catholic orders of preaching friars. I am perfectly certain that Catholic preachers, of sound learning and fair eloquence, would be listened to with profound interest and attention, as well as with the gravest respect. The Church of England has never attempted an order of preachers. Manifestly the discordancy of their doctrines, coupled with a certain dryness of tone, would render their appeals too uninteresting. But the masses in our great towns are now *waiting* to be taught. They have a laughing contempt for the affectation of the Salvation Army, which they know to be a mere machinery of emotionalism; they ridicule the bombast of military titles, with the symbols and watchwords of soldierism; they suspect the mixed motives of both the men and the women, whose aggressiveness is distasteful to quiet minds, and whose antecedents are known

sometimes to be apologetic; and though they are ready to listen respectfully to approved teachers, they do not value bawling and canting. Now, I believe that the order of St. Dominic, if it would revert to its "predicant" capacity, would have every whit as much success now in English towns as it had in the thirteenth century in Spanish towns. If the design of the institution of that order was to preach the Gospel, convert heretics, defend the faith, is it conceivable that any town in the whole world can need such services more than does London? Or, in any age, was there more call for such a mission, or a better disposition to show respect to it? I believe thoroughly in the backbone goodness of the English masses, and I am persuaded that they would show reverence towards true preachers, just as they now show contempt towards false ones. There was in one century a sort of military order of St. Dominic, composed of knights and of men of high estate, who waged war, material war, against heretics. We do not want such knights now; yet if an order of lay brothers of St. Dominic would combine with the preaching friars for their protection—little needed, yet morally a grave support—we might witness a revival such as, certainly for three centuries, has not been contemplated because it has not been possible. The time is now ripe for such a revival. There are no restrictions in England on the right of preaching. The best preachers always attract the best audiences. The itinerant "slang-whangers," as the street-preachers are called, are only suffered because there is no better sort. Let the best sort, the Dominican preachers, take the field—in the old style of the conquering missionaries of the thirteenth century—and the Salvation Army, with its feeble comedy of revivalism, would be deserted by every sane man in its ranks. Is there any fear that the spiritual calm of the Catholic religion might be endangered by such a public "revivalism"? Not the least in the world, in my opinion, because the preachers would be the exact opposites of "revivalists" in the gravity, even the sternness, of their preaching. But suppose that there were some slight commotion, what would it matter? St. Dominic and his brother missionaries did not trouble themselves about commotion; all that they cared about was the results. If Spanish towns in the thirteenth century wanted revivalists, English towns in the nineteenth century want them more; and since it is certain that the English towns-people have all the faculties of appreciation which are necessary for the wise acceptance of wisdom, why not at least make an attempt, which can be ceased if not successful, but for which the masses are ready, even impatient?

JOHN CALVIN. .

WHEN a man is set up as a demi-god common sense demands the credentials which servility ignores; or when another is exalted by his partisans into a persecuted saint, Christians in general have a right to inquire into his claim to their reverence and to study the character of his sanctity.

These remarks have been suggested by a laudatory article which appeared not long ago in one of our Protestant contemporaries upon "the immortal Calvin," "one of the greatest lights of the Reformation," and which particularly dwelt upon the persecution endured by this—are we to say luminous or glaring?—heresiarch. The object of the present notice is, while briefly sketching Calvin's career, to supply, *solely from Protestant sources*,* certain facts which are indispensable to the right appreciation of this strong-minded, hard-headed "Reformation" saint, whose will was iron and whose word was fate. Born in 1509 at Noyon, in Picardy, Calvin was destined for holy orders by his father, who sent him to Paris to study. There he imbibed heretical opinions from Robert Olivetan. His habits were studious and austere. Stern with himself, he was sterner still with others, and was dubbed "The Accusative" by his fellow-students. His father, Gerard Chauvin, hoping to withdraw him from heretical influences, removed him from Paris, first to Orleans, then to Bourges. At Bourges he made open profession of certain Lutheran views. After the death of his father he returned, in 1529, to Paris, which was then in a state of profound agitation in consequence of the "new teaching" and the number of Lutheran congregations by which this agitation was fermented. The king, Francis I., chiefly to gratify his favorite sister, Marguerite de Valois, coquetted with the Protestants, until, finding that by so doing he was giving serious offence to the mass of his subjects, he desired the doctors of the Sorbonne to examine the tenets of

*The archives and registers of Geneva, quoted by Mr. Dyer, and by Dr. Paul Henry, D'Aubigné, and especially M. Bungener, are much more shy of the damaging nature to their hero of the materials which are there stored in abundance. The latter evidently fears to rake up too much the smouldering ashes of the past, in which some lingering sparks might burn the finder's fingers. Of these materials, however, the Rev. E. T. Espin, B.D., a beneficed Anglican clergyman, late fellow and tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford, has boldly availed himself. We shall not scruple to draw largely upon his work (*Critical Essays*) in portraying the man who "first gave a scientific existence to Protestant theology on the Continent," and, it may be added, who gave the first impulse to rationalism.

the Lutherans, and at the same time allowed the severe penal laws against teachers of heresy to be carried into effect.

Calvin now published his first book, Seneca's treatise *De Clementiâ*, with a commentary, in order to impress upon the king the duty of toleration and mercy as taught even by a heathen philosopher. His stay in Paris, however, came to an abrupt conclusion. Nicholas Cop, a friend of Calvin, and somewhat tainted with his views, having been elected rector of the Sorbonne, had to inaugurate his tenure of office by preaching a sermon on the feast of All Saints. He rashly accepted Calvin's offer to write this sermon for him. When he had mounted the pulpit the astonished doctors heard with dismay, instead of a defence of the faith, an onslaught on the merit of good works and a declaration that man is justified by faith only. Cop, alarmed at the possible consequences of his exploit, quitted Paris as soon as he was out of the pulpit, and fled to Switzerland. His prompter likewise, being warned in time, lost no time in following his example. This was in 1533. After staying some time at the court of Marguerite de Valois at Nérac, Calvin returned in 1535 to Paris, having been challenged to a disputation there by Michael Servetus. The latter, probably from fear of the Sorbonne, did not, however, appear, and the two did not meet until twenty years afterwards at Geneva.

Calvin's stay was short. The severe measures for the repression of heresy, which had been lightened and even suspended for some time, were now renewed more stringently than ever, "provoked," writes Mr. Espin, "by the imprudence of the Reformers," who had been let alone on the promise that they would keep tolerably quiet, but which promise they did not attempt to keep. "Morning by morning the streets of Paris were found placarded with little, stinging theological squibs," heretical propositions, and profane abuse of sacred things, most particularly of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Their doctrines were further disseminated by means of anonymous tracts and leaflets. On the 18th of October, 1535, they went so far as to post copies of "True Articles on the horrible and great Abuses of the Popish Mass" on the walls of the Louvre, and even on the doors of the king's chamber. This proceeding is chiefly accredited to Farel, afterwards Calvin's leading ally in Switzerland. The consequences to the sectaries were terrible. The king, irritated by their folly and still more disgusted by their profanity, repented of his forbearance. He vowed that he would extirpate these malignants against the King of kings, and

rid his good city of Paris of their pestilent heresy. "As for me," he said to the assembled dignitaries of the church and state—"as for me, who am your king, if I knew that one of my members was tainted with this detestable error, not only would I give it you to lop it off, but if I were to perceive one of my children infected I would sacrifice him myself."

From the terrible retribution which followed against many of his sect Calvin fled to Basle. He there wrote his principal work, *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, which was the first systematic exposition of Protestant doctrine that had appeared. The publication of this book formed his first open assumption as the leader of a party. It was much enlarged in subsequent editions, but the passages upon religious toleration were withdrawn from all those published after 1553. The man who had done Servetus to death could not, for shame's sake, allow them to stand. He published his first Latin edition under the name of *Alcuin*, concealing its true authorship under this anagram in order the more easily to promote its circulation in Italy.

From Basle he went to Ferrara, where the Duchess Rénée was friendly to Protestantism; but his stay was short, in consequence of the remonstrances addressed to the duke by the pope and the king of France.

After a visit to Noyon, Calvin, on returning to Basle, found it necessary, in order to avoid the invading army of the emperor, to go round by Geneva. Farel was there. This boisterous zealot had succeeded in wrenching this little republic from its allegiance to the church, and the Genevese, "for spiritual government, had no laws at all agreed on, but did what the pastors of their souls could by persuasion win them unto." *

Things were in this state when Farel invited Calvin to make his home in this abode which he had "swept" but was helpless to "garnish." He had not only denounced but abolished or destroyed everything—bells, fonts, and altars, together with the ritual and liturgy, the faith and practice, of the Catholic Church, all which, to his puritanic fanaticism, savored of "idolatry and superstition." He had cleared the ground of everything but ruins, and had nothing to substitute for what he had swept away. To him Calvin's arrival was a godsend, and when the latter hung back, pleading his studies, Farel promised him the curse of God if he did not consent to associate himself with his work.

He remained, and, after being at first nominated as a "teacher in theology," was appointed by the magistrates to the ministry.

* Hooker, preface, li. 1.

He then immediately began to order and settle, on his own authority, everything relating whether to religion or the commonwealth.

The Genevese had been noted for their gayety, fickleness, and free-and-easy living. Calvin observed "how needful bridles were to be put into the jaws of such a city." "Wherefore," as Hooker says, "taking unto him two of the other ministers" (Farel and Courault), "for more countenance of the action, albeit the rest were all against it, they moved, and in the end * persuaded with much ado the people to bind themselves by solemn oaths," firstly, wholly to forswear the papacy, and, secondly, to obey such orders concerning their religion and church government "as those their true and faithful ministers of God's word had, agreeably to Scripture, set down for that end and purpose." These "orders," embodied in a code called "Articles of Church Government," were gradually amplified into the vexatiously minute details of which we shall presently have to speak.

The burdensome discipline to which they were now subjected by no means approved itself to the light-hearted Genevese, "whereupon they began to repent them of what they had done and irefully to champ upon the bit they had taken into their mouths."† Their murmurs being either sternly repressed by their self-imposed dictator or contemptuously ignored, many of the disaffected ‡ appealed to Berne. At Berne the external havoc wrought by the "Reformation" had been less complete. Unleavened bread was used for communion; the fonts were left and used in the churches; Christmas, Easter, Lady Day, and Ascension were observed; and last, but by no means least in the eyes of the gay Genevese, brides were allowed to come to church—or rather "meeting"—with flowing tresses.§

Berne was a leading state in Switzerland, and the Bernese magistrates, being thus appealed to, interposed their good offices, recommending Calvin to make some little concessions. Nothing of the kind, however, would Calvin and Farel listen to, and they remained obstinate even when a synod of the Protestant churches, held at Lausanne, had decided on a general conformity to the usages of Berne, and the civil magistrates of Geneva had resolved on compliance. As Easter Sunday drew

* July, 1537.

† Hooker.

‡ These soon formed a distinct party, and were stigmatized by the stricter sort as "Liber tines," the name of another of the Protestant sects.

§ Espin, *Critical Essays*, p. 193.

near Calvin and Farel not only refused to use the unleavened "bread, but even to administer communion to their backsliding flocks at all. The magistrates retorted by prohibiting them from preaching—an order which they so flagrantly trampled under foot as to mount their pulpits on Easter day" and inveigh bitterly against both the people and their rulers. This open rebellion on the part of the pastors could not be overlooked. Next day sentence of banishment was passed, and Calvin and Farel had to quit Geneva within three days.

When they were gone the city breathed again and utterly declined the offers of the good-natured Bernese municipality, which, as usual, strove to make peace, and suggested a compromise on the matter of ceremonial and the return of the banished pastors. Calvin accordingly went to Strassburg, which had also fallen away from Catholic unity, but only for a time. There he remained three years as professor of theology and minister to a small congregation of French Huguenots. During this period he added largely to his *Institutes*, published his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, and, lastly, married a wife. Being advised by his friends that he would do well to marry, as he "wanted a nurse who would make him more comfortable," he commissioned them to seek the article required. He moreover stated the qualities he desiderated, writing to Farel, amongst others: "The only beauty that can please my heart is one that is gentle, chaste, modest, economical, patient, and careful of her husband's health." Various negotiations were forthwith set on foot. "I was offered," he wrote, "a lady who was young, rich, and nobly born, but two things urged me to refuse: she does not know French, and methinks she must be rather proud of her birth and education. Her brother, a man of rare piety, pressed me to accept. . . . What was I to do? I should have been compelled, if the Lord had not extricated me. I answer that I accept if she will learn our tongue. She asks for time to reflect; and I immediately commission my brother . . . to go and ask for me the hand of another person." To this "other person" he was betrothed, when some unsatisfactory details respecting her antecedents coming to his knowledge, he withdrew his promise. The search was resumed and resulted in the discovery of Idelette van Buren, widow of John Storder, an Anabaptist, and recommended by Bucer. The matter was settled to Calvin's satisfaction, seeing that he found in his spouse "a soul equal to every sacrifice." During these three years he had not ceased to look back with regretful longing to the days of his rule at

Geneva. Shortly after his departure he had written a letter "to the relics of the dispersion of the church of Geneva," defending all he had done, and, denouncing the malice of his opponents, prophesied that "all their ways would tend to confusion." His own example of resistance to authority had efficiently promoted the fulfilment of his prediction. The magistrates were powerless to enforce the laws; all was impotence and anarchy. The Catholic portion of the population, although greatly reduced by sentences of death and banishment, and impoverished by confiscation and oppression, had never been wholly crushed out. Not a few, moreover, taught by recent experience, openly returned to the old faith. Cardinal Sadolet, by desire of the Holy Father, wrote a letter to the senate and people of Geneva, showing their present disorders and sufferings to be the result of disobedience to lawful authority and revolt against the church of God, and urging them to return to their ancient allegiance as their only remedy.

The Genevese returned a polite acknowledgment, but no answer to the letter. Calvin, however, wrote from Strassburg a reply which was so enthusiastically received by his party that it went far to procure his recall; at the same time certain of his opponents among the "Libertines," having discredited themselves by intriguing with the potentates whose territories encircled Geneva, completed the reaction in his favor, and in 1540 it was resolved by the council that he should be invited to return. He now professed himself disinclined to face the opposition which past experience led him to expect at Geneva; while, the more he seemed to hold back, the more urgent the Genevan authorities became, not resting until they had gained their object. Calvin returned to Geneva in the August of 1541. The house given for his lodging was that formerly belonging to the lord of Freyneville; he was to have "for wages yearly five hundred florins (about three thousand francs), twelve measures of wheat, and two casks of wine."

Calvin's time was now come for putting into practice the ideas on church government which he had been elaborating at Strassburg. These ideas are embodied in the fourth book of his *Institutes*. No sooner, therefore, was he restored to office than he asked to confer with the delegates of the council; and at this conference all his proposals were adopted almost without modification, and were finally voted by the Assembly General, January 2, 1562, from which day the Calvinistic republic takes its date.

Calvin's political reforms aimed at reducing the democratic element in the constitution. He had already had unpleasant experience that popular favor was fickle, and he determined so to arrange the machinery of the state as to render himself independent of that favor by tying the hands of his subordinates and practically leaving no one free but himself, or at least to reduce the government to an oligarchy obsequious to his dictatorship. As to the so-called church government, "there are," say the Ordinances, "four orders instituted by our Lord for the general government of his church—pastors, doctors, elders or presbyters, and deacons." The pastors and doctors assembled in synod and were called "The Venerable Company." The chief engine of ecclesiastical authority, however, was the Consistory, a smaller council selected from "The Venerable Company"; and of this Consistory *Calvin very soon took upon himself the perpetual presidency.*

This court had "the care of all men's manners, power of determining all kinds of ecclesiastical causes, and authority to convent, control, and punish, as far as with excommunication, all whom they should think worthy." The pastors visited every house within their cure to inquire into the habits of its inmates, and spies were employed to watch for infringements of good manners and of discipline, and were paid for their information out of the fines levied on the accused. "The court met every Thursday, and, where its own spiritual censures seemed insufficient, handed over culprits to the council. It is needless to add," continues Mr. Espin, "that severe pains and penalties of all kinds waited obsequiously on the behests of the Consistory; for the civil courts were regulated by Calvin's code, which contemplated it as the first duty of the state to make and enforce all such laws as conduce to the establishment and maintenance of 'God's kingdom on earth' [or rather, it should be said, to Calvin's own distorted notions of it]. Thus the ecclesiastical authorities borrowed all such effectiveness for their decrees as temporal punishments could afford, whilst the odium of these severities seemed rather to attach to the magistrates who were the immediate instruments of them."

Even M. Bungener, whose partisanship leads him to give a very inadequate account of the spiritual and social despotism under which the people of Geneva now found themselves, characterizes the result of Calvin's measures as the production of "a Protestant Rome"—a qualification which, by the way, shows his scant acquaintance with any papal Rome outside his

own imagination. "The Consistory and its agents"—we are quoting Mr. Espin—"extended their inquisitorial interference down to the smallest details even of private life; from the cradle to the grave, from church and market-place to his very dinner-table and his bed-room, the citizen was unceasingly guided and superintended in almost every act and thought. Not only were all the grosser vices repressed with terrible severity, but lighter peccadilloes, youthful indiscretions, and many things deserving rather the name of follies than faults were rigorously treated. Works of fiction, cards, all games of chance, and all dancing and masquerading were utterly prohibited. Holidays and festivals of all kinds were done away with except Sunday, *if* that, indeed, be an exception which had under penalty to be kept with strict attendance at sermon and seclusion at home. The number of dishes at dinner and dessert was limited; slashed breeches, jewels, and various of the gayer kinds of silks and stuffs were banned. Bouquets given to brides might not be encircled with gold or precious stones. The bride's dress itself was matter of very careful regulation. It is on record: 'Une épouse étant sortie Dimanche avec les cheveux plus abattus qu'il ne se doit faire, ce qui est d'un mauvais exemple, et contraire à ce qu'on leur évangélise, on fait mettre en prison sa maîtresse, les deux qui l'ont menée, et celle qui l'a coiffée' (Registers of Geneva, cited by Dyer, p. 78). The citizens were not to be from home later than nine at night, and were strictly to attend all sermons together with their household, and not fail in being present at the quarterly administration of the Lord's Supper; for so much, neither less nor more, of this 'means of grace' did Calvin ordain for his people. Such are a few specimens of the municipal regulations formed under the control of the Consistory. And they were enforced with unsparing, sometimes frightful, cruelty. Imprisonments, public penances, the stocks, fines, tortures, and death were dispensed with no sparing hand. A child was beheaded in 1558 for having struck her parents; a youth of sixteen, for having threatened to do so, shared the same fate." *

Dr. Paul Henry, quoting a recent Genevese writer, Galiffe, says: "To those who imagine that Calvin did nothing but good I could produce our registers, covered with records of illegitimate children which were exposed in all parts of the town and country; hideous trials for obscenity; wills in which fathers

* Such incidents as these are passed over in the pages of M. Bungener; but they may be found in abundance in the *Life of Calvin*, by Dr. Paul Henry, translated from the German by Dr. Itebbing. Dr. Henry, though an admirer of Calvin, is too candid to suppress facts.

and mothers accuse their children not only of errors but of crimes. . . . I could instance multitudes of forced marriages, in which the delinquents were conducted from the prison to the church; mothers who abandoned their children to the hospital, whilst they themselves lived in abundance with a second husband; bundles of lawsuits between brothers; heaps of secret negotiations; men and women burnt for witchcraft; *sentences of death in frightful numbers*; and all these things among the generation nourished by the mystic manna of Calvin."

From 1542 Geneva was under Calvin's heel. The Libertines, who were a sort of philosophic and pantheistic Anabaptists, gave him, indeed, no little trouble from time to time; accordingly he found no measures too hard and stringent to compel the smaller sect to submit to his own larger one. Yet so galling was the pressure that "for nine years," says M. Bungener, "he guided Geneva as a vessel on fire, which burns the captain's feet and yet obeys him." At last, driven to desperation, his adversaries committed a blunder which gave Calvin a sudden and overwhelming advantage over them. They intrigued with France and Savoy, and in 1555 were drawn into open revolt against the government of their native city; but their attempt to gain the upper hand was summarily suppressed. Suspected houses were searched, and members of many of the leading families in Geneva were put to death; many more were banished, and Calvin's supremacy from that time continued unquestioned and undisturbed. The remaining ten years of his life were spent chiefly in home administration on the hard lines he had laid down, in writing commentaries, and in controversy. It was through his means that, in 1566, the concordat called the *Consensus Tigurinus* was effected amongst the leading Swiss "churches," by which the Calvinistic doctrine respecting the Eucharist was adopted instead of the Zwinglian. His religious disputes were conducted by Calvin with a vituperative bitterness characteristic of the "Reformers" in general, but with a hard vindictiveness peculiarly his own. "Nothing," says Mr. Espin, "was too vile or too gross to be thrown at the heads of those who differed from him; and it mattered nothing what the matter of the difference might be. Pighius, one of the most distinguished scholars of the day, died, exhausted by hard work, in 1542, during the course of his controversy with Calvin on predestination. Some time after, when combating Bolsec, a new opponent, Calvin seized the opportunity to show that the *odium theologicum* with him survived even the death of its object. "Pighius died a little after my book was

published," he observes,* "wherefore, not to insult a dead dog, I applied myself to other lucubrations." Then, after offering this insult to the dead, he offers another to Bolsec, whom he scorns as "too insipid an animal" to be regarded as an opponent at all. Bolsec was a monk who had apostatized, married, and settled at Geneva as a physician. Having dared publicly to challenge Calvin's favorite tenet of predestination, he was, after no inconsiderable amount of mutual invective and recrimination, banished for life, under pain of flogging should he ever again set foot in the city or territory of Geneva. Nor was Calvin more tolerant of the Lutherans, to whom some show of moderation might have been expected from him, especially with regard to the doctrine of the Eucharist, on which he, like them, was at issue with the Zwinglians; but no, not by an iota must any dare to differ from the despotic dogmatism of this stern heresiarch.

We shall see whether these expressions are warranted or not, now that we come to the story of Servetus. And this we give from the account (slightly abridged) of Mr. Espin.

Servetus, whose proper name was Miguel Serve, was a native of Villanueva in Spain. He had already crossed Calvin's path, as we have seen. Clever, acute, restless, speculative, he was ever craving after novelty. He had studied law at Toulouse, physic at Paris, and had dabbled in theology at Basle, in Italy, Germany, and wherever else he could find listeners for his eccentric opinions. After making one town after another too hot to hold him by his disputatiousness, he found it necessary to lay aside his own name and settle down quietly at Vienne as "Dr. Villeneuve." In 1546 he had written his *Restitutio Christianismi* and submitted it to Calvin. This work went beyond anything Servetus had ever written in its wild and fanatical conceits. (For instance, he proclaimed himself to be the Michael of the Revelations, who was to compass the overthrow of the dragon!) Calvin had occasionally interchanged letters with Servetus on theological subjects; but on the receipt of the manuscript of the *Restitutio Christianismi* he broke off the correspondence with a harsh epistle of reproof, referring him to the *Institutes* for any further information he might require on the subjects of their correspondence. Servetus retorted by forwarding Calvin a copy of the *Institutes* garnished with a number of manuscript notes containing bitter refutations and criticisms. These had evidently sunk deep into Calvin's memory. About this time he wrote to Farel, observing that Servetus had offered

* See introduction to his tractate *De Eternâ Predestinatione Dei*, bearing the date 1551.

to come to Geneva, "if he would allow him." "But," Calvin goes on, "I will not give any pledge; for if he do come, and my authority avail anything, *I will never suffer him to depart alive.*" "Dr. Villeneuve" could not keep quiet and be contented to practise, even though with much success, as a physician at Vienne. In an evil hour he got the *Restitutio* secretly printed (in 1552), and, though he did not circulate it thereabouts, a copy reached Geneva and fell into the hands of Calvin. At Geneva lived one William Trie, an exile from Lyons on account of religion. His relatives, however, still had hopes of him, and one of them, named Arneys, carried on an exchange of controversial letters with him, in one of which Arneys pressed Trie with the argument on the diversities of Protestantism. Trie, who was pretty certainly advised by Calvin, retorted that discipline was strict at Geneva, but that in papal France, "whilst the truth was quenched in blood, the most monstrous heresies were vented with impunity," and instanced the *Restitutio*, printed at Vienne, and full of the grossest blasphemies against doctrines held sacred by all Christians, such as the Trinity. Arneys communicated with the ecclesiastical authorities of Vienne, and in the end Servetus was apprehended and handed over to the Inquisition. The only point in this part of the story that we need notice is that the evidence on which Servetus was tried, and eventually convicted and condemned by the Inquisition, was obtained by Arneys from Trie and supplied to Trie by Calvin, who furnished some printed sheets of the *Restitutio* and a number of letters addressed to him in former times by Servetus. Servetus, however, escaping from prison, had the madness to fly for refuge to Geneva, or he may have intended to pass through it only to some other place. In fact, he was on the very eve of departure when he was recognized by Calvin amongst his congregation, denounced, and arrested. The after-proceedings, continues Mr. Espin, are disgraceful to every one concerned—to Calvin above all. The prosecution was undertaken at first by La Fontaine, formerly a cook, but then a student of "theology" and Calvin's secretary. Thirty-eight charges were drawn up against Servetus, most of them alleging heresies extracted from the *De Trinitatis Erroribus* and the *Restitutio*, but not a few of them of a personal kind, charging Servetus with insulting in his writings various Fathers and theologians, ancient and modern; and, last, but in such a place by no means least, the thirty-eighth count accused him of defaming and *reviling* CALVIN and the "church of Geneva."

When the charges came to be argued it soon became evident that the quondam cook was no match for the veteran controversialist; he was, therefore, summarily set aside, and Calvin, the real accuser throughout, entered the lists in person against the man who was in truth his own prisoner. Servetus in vain protested that if he had committed any offence it was not in Geneva, since the books incriminated had not been printed or circulated there. In vain did he urge his ignorance of the laws of the territory in which he had so unhappily become a sojourner, and pray that he might be allowed an advocate to plead for and guide him. In vain did he appeal to the higher and larger councils. Calvin knew that in them his influence was not so assured, and his appeal was therefore disallowed. The rigor of his imprisonment was gradually increased, until he was denied the commonest necessities of cleanliness and health. Calvin and the pastors not only appeared in open court against him, but stirred up the passions of the people from their pulpits to demand his blood.

Servetus was aware that strenuous efforts were being made outside his prison walls to save him. The "Libertines" made his cause their own, and labored hard to get it carried before the more popular assemblies, where their strength lay. Thus Calvin's private animosity was fed by the additional ingredients of political and "religious" partisanship, and he threw into the contest all the vehemence and venom of his nature. He overwhelmed Servetus, both in public court and in his miserable prison, with the bitterest invectives and abuse, which the unhappy man, goaded by sufferings and insults, was not slow to return in kind. To such a pitch of excitement was Servetus worked up that he openly demanded of the council that he and his persecutor should change places, declaring that Calvin deserved to be imprisoned for *his* heresies quite as much as did he, his victim. The end of these altercations, between such men, could not be doubtful. Servetus, on the 26th of October, 1553, was condemned to be burnt as a heretic, the very next day being appointed for the execution.

It was only on the morning of the 27th, at the time, in fact, when he was being led out to death, that Servetus learnt the dreadful fate which was on the instant waiting for him. He threw himself horror-struck at the feet of the judges, and besought as a favor that he might be beheaded. His supplications were fruitless, and he fell into a sort of stupor, broken only by groans and cries for mercy. With a refinement of barbarity,

Farel was the minister selected by Calvin to accompany the doomed man to the stake. Farel's conduct, as might have been expected, was to the last harsh, cruel, and pitiless. He upbraided him with his errors and obstinacy, and harassed his last moments by endeavoring to extort from him a disavowal of his errors. When the victim was fastened to the stake on the little hill of Champel, just outside the city, and the fire was lighted, it was found that the executioner had heaped up nothing but green wood; and the bystanders, shuddering at the shrieks which issued from among the smoke, ran and piled on faggots, and so ended the torments of Servetus in about half an hour.

About the whole of this affair the less said by Calvin's admirers the better. From first to last his conduct merits the most utter condemnation. The stubborn facts remain that Servetus had crossed Calvin's path twenty years before the trial at Geneva; that Calvin had, after an angry correspondence, declared that if Servetus came to Geneva he should never leave it alive; that Calvin had done his utmost to slay him by the hand of the Inquisition; that he had caused him to be arrested in a city in which the unhappy man was only tarrying for a season as a wayfarer and a fugitive, and where he had done no wrong; that Calvin himself drew up and personally pressed the indictments; that he brought his whole influence to bear against the removal of the case to a court where the accused would have stood a better chance; that he wrote to Farel, whilst the trial was going on, to express a hope that "the sentence would be capital"; that he did nothing to soften the rigors of a harsh imprisonment, and, lastly, aggravated the bitter hour of a most painful death by forcing on the sufferer, instead of a minister of consolation, the coarsest and most implacable of all his foes.* It is to the whole circumstances of the case, rather than to the fact that Servetus was burnt for heresy, that we must attribute the general execration with which the deed was heard of throughout Christendom. It is a misrepresentation on the part of M. Bungener to say that, when the reformed Swiss churches were asked their advice pending the sentence, "there was a complete and awful unanimity—Servetus must die!" when, in fact, not one of them did more than exhort Geneva to be "firm and severe with so pestilent a heretic." Bullinger, indeed, advised death; so did

*In the account left by the Sister Jeanne de Jussie of the expulsion of the nuns from Geneva she thus describes Farel's personal appearance: "In the month of October (1532) there came to Geneva a mean-looking, wretched little preacher called Maître Guillaume, shabby in his person, with a vulgar face, a narrow forehead, a pale but sunburnt complexion, and a chin on which grew two or three tufts of red and tangled beard."

Beza, Calvin's close ally; so did Farel, reminding Calvin that Servetus had been "*his greatest enemy*." But the general sentiment was utter condemnation of the deed, from the knowledge that Servetus was done to death by his private foe and in the most horrible of ways, under pretext of religion and justice, but with a premeditation and venomous hate which made these sacred names a mockery, and by a magistracy which was merely a band of Calvin's creatures. Moreover, at the very time when he was hunting Servetus to his doom Calvin was writing letters full of invective against the harsh treatment elsewhere visited on his own sectaries. And surely one who had in so many things revolutionized whole systems of theory and practice might on this matter also have been expected to be in advance of his contemporaries.

And here, in concluding, it will not be out of place to quote the following reflections: *

"The Old-World legislation for preserving religious uniformity strikes us as a monstrous phenomenon. We marvel at a man like Sir Thomas More sentencing a heretic to death, or at Calvin employing against Servetus the unanswerable argument of the stake. We forget that the political theory of those days, with which public opinion was wholly in harmony, set a supreme value upon religious unity, and unhesitatingly employed the severest forms of coercion in order to preserve it. You will find this Old-World view clearly stated in Jeremy Taylor's *Life of Christ*. 'God,' he says, 'reigns over Christendom just as he did over the Jews. When it happens that a kingdom is converted to Christianity the religion of the nation is termed Christian, and the law of the nation is made a part of the religion. There is no change of government, but that Christ is made king and the temporal power is his substitute. But if we reject Christ from reigning over us, and say, like the people in the Gospel, "*nolumus hunc regnare*," then God has armed the temporal power with a sword to cut us off.' This theory, whatever we may think of it, accepted in an age of religious unity, is quite inapplicable to any age of religious disunity."

And yet it is among the chief promoters of disunion that we find the fiercest intolerance. The religion which forbids private judgment in matters of revelation is historically more tolerant than the religions which uphold it. "It is true," says Balmez, "that the popes have not, like the Protestants, preached uni-

* See the very able article entitled "The Religious Future of the World," by Mr. W. S. Lilly, *Contemporary Review*, February, 1883.

versal toleration; but the facts show the difference between the Protestants and the popes. The popes, armed with a tribunal of intolerance, have scarce spilt a drop of blood; Protestants and philosophers have shed it in torrents."

Moreover, acts which, in the Catholic Church, the chosen representative of the divine authority upon earth, we may (as in the case of any capital punishment, however necessary) regard with pain as the *extremity of justice*, we regard with disgust as the *extremity of injustice* when inflicted by one heretic upon another for a heresy divergent from his own.

And what is now the state of Calvin's own town? Geneva, which burnt Servetus for rationalism, has in our days expressly and officially repudiated all confession of faith whatever; and where it was penal to be absent from sermon, a score or two surround the pulpit from which Calvin preached. "Romanism," says Mr. Espin, "seems to offer the *only hope* and prospect of winning back to something like a visible profession of Christianity one of the most irreligious . . . cities of the Continent."

EN ROUTE TO THE YOSEMITE.

"OH! here is the Happy Valley, the Vale of Peace," was our involuntary exclamation in the words of Rasselas, as we found ourselves settled at last in the quiet hostelry in the deep bosom of the Yosemite. To reach it we had undergone greater hardship than it was perhaps ever before our lot to endure, and after three days of varied manner and novel and absorbing incident, society, and scenery, the feeling of rest was actually luxurious. The decision to visit the place was so difficult to arrive at, on account of the fact that only one route was yet open and the others were daily issuing bulletins announcing the progress made in digging the way through the snow, that some of the party actually persuaded themselves that the grapes were, if not indeed sour, at least not worth the trouble of getting. To others, again, the prospect of two long days in a common stage-coach was deterring, and truly the anticipation could be scarcely in excess of the reality; while others, again, tried to console themselves for missing the excursion by assuring themselves that, after all, the valley was but of a piece with much similar landscape

to be enjoyed on their journey eastward. One argument, however, in favor of doing this famous bit of touristry rankled, as doubtless it does yet, in the breasts of those who dared not while they would. It was thus expressed: What will they say when, on our return from California, we shall have to answer that we didn't go to the Yosemite? Be it strange or not, it is nevertheless true that this last motive, sensitiveness to public opinion, is one of the strongest that urge us to action, and they who lost this opportunity of seeing the gem of the Pacific coast will never forgive themselves, for this cause at least: that Mrs. Grundy will consider them fools.

At four P.M. May 20 we embarked on the largest ferry-boat—except that for the overland trains at Vallejo—we had ever seen, *en route* for Yosemite, in face of reports that the route was not in good order, the snow not sufficiently melted, the roads bad, etc. Indeed, there was but this one as yet open; for though the temperature was quite high on the plains, the snows were still deep on the mountains of the coast range. Proceeding down the San Joaquin valley in the still, hot afternoon, we stopped for supper at Lathrop, where the democratic appearance, manner, and spirit of the travellers struck us forcibly, and we said to one of our companions, a Jerseyman: "We love these people, they are so unaffected, free, and generous." They were almost exclusively of the sterner sex, and fraternized like so many boys when away from the warping influence of women. There is danger, of course, that when this conservative element is lacking, manners, from "free and easy," soon become careless, vulgar, nay, even barbarous; dress is neglected—a man with a neck-tie may even be held a "bloated aristocrat"; refinement is ridiculed: Richard Percival Livingston, of New York, a youth of spare habit, is at once informed that he is to be henceforth known as "Slim Dick of York"; no one dare object to smoking anywhere; muddy shoes and shaggy overcoats are intruded without apology. This is the extreme, however, and you must go into the latest mining towns to meet it; but the general tone of California society is quite a relief from the strait, puritanic, exclusive habits of the East, and is a tradition of the days when the conveniences of civilization were wanting, when hands were few, necessity great, calamity frequent, and when, therefore, every man was glad to see, welcome, and tolerate a new inhabitant, without particularly scrutinizing his manners, dress, or forms of speech.

The journey was long enough to Merced—seven hours—but

we looked forward to sleeping comfortably here. What was our disappointment when the conductor showed us a despatch advising us to go on two hours further to Madera. It was eleven P.M.; we were fagged out already, and our prospect of rest was spoiled. The hotel we reached at one A.M. was a poor frame building, very uncomfortable. The ladies were, of course, provided for somehow; at least they disappeared. We, personally, had to sleep in our clothes, and occupied three different resting-places within four hours: two in the bar-room—viz., the billiard-table and the barkeeper's cot—the third the outside of a bed which had been just vacated by an earlier traveller than ourselves.

Rising miserable at five, we breakfasted, and, despite our tardy protest, were sandwiched into an open stage, three on each cross-seat designed for two, and started at six, feeling profoundly alarmed and wretched at the prospect of travelling thus the live-long day. The weather was dry, however, but the wind blowing constantly one way, as it does for six months together, so that there are no branches on the windward side of the trees along the San Joaquin; overcoats were soon in requisition, notwithstanding that a blazing sun made parasols necessary. Our distress was not without its compensations, several of the company being persons of refinement and education, and even wealth—for there is no "royal road" to the Yosemite. Our next neighbors were an Episcopal minister and his wife, who had travelled all through Syria and Palestine; others of us had been in Europe, and an English couple were just arrived from Australia on their way around the world. The conversation of these people was very delightful to us, and relieved the effect of that of two boss shoemakers from Massachusetts. An occasional return to this old style of travelling is a very agreeable change. Modern railroad cars, especially American ones, isolate people. They fail to become acquainted as they should, and their very nature resents this; so that the longer they remain apart while desiring and needing each other's society, the more bitter does their coldness become, until at last it approaches mutual hatred. There are no more vindictive enemies than neighbors who are not neighbors. What a pity! How much knowledge, wit, sympathy are lost on this account! How much character lies dormant that would make the whole journey interesting! "The proper study of mankind is man." "Sir, let us go out in the fields," said Boswell. "Oh! confound your fields, sir," replied the doctor; "one field is like another field. Let us take a walk down

Fleet Street!" Man is a social animal and cannot else be happy. The poor are happier than the rich by as much as they indulge their sociality more, and the rich themselves soon tire of their solitary state and return to live in tenements—*alias* flats—like the poor.

For many miles now our road lay through a very English-like country, full of oaks, rocks, streams, and gentle hills, looking as if artificially laid out and tastefully kept. Our American parks are not old and rich enough in appearance, for one cannot compare these California parks to any except Phœnix or Boulogne, or other such beautiful grounds in old Europe. In a field we sometimes saw what might be called a curious combination. It was an owl and a prairie-dog in company near the opening of an underground burrow. The snake was doubtless more retiring; for they are usually three, and are supposed to agree very well together. The ladies of our party politely expressed much interest in the mildly facetious statement of the Episcopal clergyman that trappers sometimes compass the owl's death by merely walking around his standpoint, the bird never seemingly turning his body, yet always keeping his eyes on danger, and thus finally twisting his head off. Deer and other small animals sometimes appeared in the glades, but no ferocious beasts presented themselves.

Changing horses once, we reached Coarse Gold Gulch (shade of Oscar! what a name) at high noon, where a new frame hotel was building. It had Chinese servants, who filled their places acceptably, and a young and refined-looking New England couple were proprietors. On account of the scarcity of women and the necessity of looking closely after the Celestials it is not rare to find the landlord and his wife doing the commonest work. After giving a cigarette to an Indian at the door, whom we vainly endeavored to draw into conversation, we packed into the stage again, and, leaving the foot-hills, began to rise into the mountains. Here we are led to say a word on the sacramental power of tobacco. As the pretext of a look at the baby breaks down the barriers between women, so the offer of a pinch, a chew, or a smoke bridges the oftentimes awful chasm that divides men. Properly do the red men consider it the emblem of peace and harmony, and pitiable indeed is the traveller in these latitudes who, if he doesn't take a social drink, is not blessed with even the one redeeming vice of the weed.

Oaks now disappeared, and pines, firs, etc., filled the mountain-sides, while flowers of exquisite hue bordered the road,

making with the grass an unequalled carpet of blue, scarlet, and green. The woods were perfectly clear of undergrowth, the floor (so to call it) being covered with pine prickles, while the majestic trees were clean of branches for a hundred feet up, so that one was reminded of a Gothic or Moorish temple and imagined that a carriage could roll unobstructed through the forest. The sight was very refreshing, the air very grateful to the nostrils and the lungs. We often got out to walk up the inclines, to pick flowers, etc., the most sought after being the exquisitely beautiful snow-flower, a living crimson tongue, which, however, could not be carried far, as it melted, so to speak, in the hands. The yellow mud on the stage-wheels glistened with pyrites and with what some of us took for lamina, flakes or spangles, of gold. In the heart of the mountains we reached Fresno Flats, and Bret Harte's descriptions were realized. The humor of his Archæological Society on the Stanislaw, as well as the threadbare honesty of "Truthful James," can only be appreciated by visiting these settlements. We could not help repeating mentally over and over again the lines :

"Then rose Abner Dean, of Angels, to a point of order, when
A piece of *old red sandstone* took him in the abdomen ;
He smiled a kind of sickly smile, and sunk upon the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Fresno is a mining station of log and plank shanties, a store, saloon, post-office, and (bless the mark!) a "fashionable millinery." There was no street, in fact scarce a dozen houses, yet two city-dressed women were rolling handsome baby-carriages (duly freighted) along the paths. An old man, withered by fever and ague, at once began to tell us of a claim in the vicinity supposed to be worth three hundred thousand dollars. The miners buy supplies at these Flats, so-called from their affording a level building-site. There is a saw-mill here, and a wedge-shaped aqueduct on posts, varying from four to twelve feet in height, which floats cut lumber seventy-five miles down the slopes to the railroad. This is a flume. We passed under and by it several times in our journey, and admired the evidence of skilful engineering in its construction. The line of lumber in it at once is several miles long and reaches the railroad in twelve hours by the current. It struck one of our Yankee friends that a small steamer might be put on it, and thus an "elevated steam-boat-line" established.

From Fresno Flats we rose into a second story of the moun-

tains, around which our road extended in a long and ever-winding course. We went almost constantly at a gallop, turning sudden corners and swinging along deep ravines with alarming speed; and constantly admiring the boldness and skill of the driver. Never had we seen anything to equal his command of the four-horse team, nor their correspondence to his word and gesture and the intelligible snapping of the long whip; nor had we known circumstances requiring greater caution, skill, and decision. The slightest mistake on the narrow track up on the high mountain-side, the breaking of a bolt, or the giving way of a trace were enough to precipitate us all down a thousand feet into darkness and destruction. There was absolutely no substitute for a fence on the dangerous side. But the California drivers are men of genius, and no excursions we ever took excelled for us in charm and interest some of those in their vehicles. We have seen the great stage thundering along at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour on a precipitous road, when suddenly the driver signalled to his teams and bade them "lay down"; and though the hoofs of the wheelers digging into the surface shed a train of sparks, and their bellies seemed to scrape the ground in the effort, yet they checked their speed at the word of command and stopped within the stage's length. Sometimes in crossing torrents the water was up to the hubs; then we dipped into ruts filled with snow, and at times had to be dug out by the road-menders who live in huts along the route. We had our first experience in log-rolling, as twice our way was blocked by great trees fallen across it. We frequently took part in road-mending, collecting rocks, etc., to make a bridge just for this once, and even essayed Mr. Gladstone's rôle of woodman; and once all the male passengers had to keep the stage from toppling over while the driver guided it around an insurmountable obstacle. At times we thought our vehicle could not resist the force of the water in crossing the swollen streams, and, while the gentlemen were silent, the ladies screamed at the driver to let them out then and there. He was evidently used to their alarm, however, or preferred waiting till the bank was safely reached before yielding to their request. At one point in this varied journey we were all recommended to leave the stage just on the brink of the water, and the timid husband of an English lady getting out at one side, a diminutive but gallant New York lawyer braced himself to help the derelict better half out at the other. She threw herself into her rescuer's arms. As there was really no danger, the incident caused us great merriment, espe-

cially at the husband's expense, and we felt refreshed and ready for new adventures. Stages are often upset, however, and no driver is "anybody" who hasn't some such tale to relate. One of our New York priests had lost his life the year before on this very route. At length, after a long, and in the end dark and weary, drive through the forest, we reached Clark's at half-past nine, a quiet, beautiful, and comfortable hotel in a valley adjoining that for which we were bound. It was crowded, and we were thankful for a berth on the second tier in a series of bunks wherein to rest our exhausted limbs.

From Clark's tourists turn aside to visit the big trees, and we took horse next day for this purpose. The distance was eight miles through the forest, the animal one of those gentle, graceful, sure-footed mustangs, the easiest saddle-horse known in our country. The road lay right through millions of enormous pines, those "green-robed senators of mighty woods"; daylight was half eclipsed by their shade, and the silence of the "forest primeval" reigned throughout. So gradually had we become accustomed to this quality of vastness in the matter that it needed reflection to make us realize the immense average size of the trees that bordered our way as we came along, and the famous big trees did not make that impression they would have done if come upon suddenly. Indeed, it was only when we compared their size with that of the horses and stage, which were made to stand near one of them, that we felt their greatness. The big trees proper were supposed by Lindley, an English botanist, to be a new genus, and he called it *Wellingtonia gigantea*. Decaisne, a Frenchman, however, showed that they belong to the *Sequoia*, already named by Endlicher, in 1837, after a Cherokee chief who invented an alphabet and written language for his tribe, and who died in exile in New Mexico in 1840, far from his native Georgian hills. Imagine an entire forest, extending as far as the eye can reach, of trees from eight to twelve feet in diameter and from two hundred to three hundred feet in height, thickly grouped, their trunks marvellously straight, not branching until they arrive at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, and then forming a dense canopy which shuts out the view of the sky; the contrast of the bright, cinnamon-colored trunks with the sombre, deep, yet brilliant green of the foliage; the utter silence of these forests, where often no sound can be heard except, when the wind is favorable, the low thunder of the breaking surf on the distant shore of the Pacific. Many of them are from thirty to sixty feet in circum-

ference and proportionately high. One was taken down by boring concentric holes through it and then upsetting it with wedges and hawsers. It took five men twenty-two days to bore and three days to overset it. At six feet from the ground the stump was smoothed off, forming a room twenty-four feet across, and the bark was eighteen inches thick. By counting the rings in this it was found to be twelve hundred and fifty-five years old. Another tree had its bark stripped off in sections to one hundred and sixteen feet of its height, and the spoil taken to London, where it became one of the wonders of the Crystal Palace. The exceptionally great ones are in groves or groups, some numbering a hundred, some five times as many. One of those we saw, the "Grisly Giant," has lower branches over six feet in diameter, like the largest elms of the Connecticut valley. We ourselves measured a tree, and found it sixty-four feet around at two feet from the ground. One of these monsters was burnt hollow and lay prone on the earth, and into its cavity three horsemen rode abreast thirty feet. Another of them is pierced in its upright position so that the great four-horse stages drive right through it. These trees are not only vast and magnificent to behold, but their timber is very durable and is much used in California under the name of redwood.

Having sated our curiosity, we found that we had wandered away from our companions, and the deepening snow made known to us that we had gone far from the clearing. When our horse walked quietly and stepped easily the snow packed itself under his hoofs and we rode safely with five or six feet of it beneath us; but when we attempted to hurry his pace he sank into it up to his belly. We became somewhat alarmed. The sun was setting and invisible, the gloom of the forest deepening; we might meet wild beasts; had no compass, even if we could find it of use, and were eight miles from human society. What would we do? We had heard of similar experience, and so at last determined to leave the brute to his own guidance and dropped the reins on his neck. He did not hesitate a moment, but, quickening his pace as much as the treacherous footing allowed, took what soon proved to be the right direction, and we were speedily once more on the road to Clark's.

Next morning we resumed under more favorable circumstances—that is, with decent sitting-room—our journey to the Yosemite. A high mountain which divided us from our destined goal was to be climbed and then descended, and another day's staging to be undergone. As the vehicle slowly mounted the

rocky side of the barrier the gaze of the travellers never wearied of the eternal forest, in which an occasional tall pine was seen charred and black and pointed, bereft of all its limbs, its life and beauty, probably by the lightning's stroke. The powerful simile of Ossian came to our minds where he describes the awful appearance of Fingal's shade as he stalked in the midnight, reviewing the field of battle:

" His spear the blasted fir,
His shield the rising moon."

Crossing torrents, similar to those encountered on the two previous days, and doing our share of bridge-building and more than once literally putting "our shoulder to the wheel," we reached by noon a clearing on the summit, where horses were changed, the driver opened his lunch-boxes, and all the company with him indulged their sharpened appetites with the daintiest viands and beverages of civilized lands. It was a charming place for a picnic. A very rustic-looking sled was shown us here, which had been constructed to transport one of our Eastern governors and his family over this mountain in advance of the regular season and while the roads were still impassable from the snow. It broke through the ice at a ford and the occupants were thrown into the chilling water; but though they were drenched to the skin and had to travel several hours in their wet clothes, they did not take cold and reached the valley in safety and triumph. The stream, before known as Indian Creek, bears now, henceforth, and for ever the name of the young lady who chiefly distinguished herself in this adventure; and the drivers are doubtless very grateful to her for the whole business, as it furnishes them a very eloquent and (to them, at least) delightful theme for conversation with their passengers. *Facilis est descensus Averni*, saith the poet and the proverb. That depends, we submit. The down-road into the Yosemite was a fearful journey for us. It was jagged and absolutely rocky, as it formed a kind of artificial water-way for the melting snows; we were not crowded now in the stage, and hence the jolting tossed and pitched us without let or hindrance; the horses sprang lightly along, and the driver had no concern at all about springs or bolts or traces. The rocky road that approaches the Irish capital deserves its fame, indeed, if it excel this one. We were in absolute danger of falling apart, like so many marionettes, and it seemed as if our four quarters would never regain their natural cohesion. At last, however, at about five P.M. we reached a ledge

a couple of thousand feet in height and looking down into the valley. It was Inspiration Point. Well named, truly, for the soul seems to receive new ideas of sublimity and beauty from the grand panorama of depth and height and color that bursts upon her here. It was a happy thought to contrive that the first impression of the Yosemite should be one that should stamp for ever on the mind of the visitor its unparalleled charms. With our courage now revived and our expectations more than realized, we continued our descent. The incline was continual, the character of the surface unchanged, the speed of the horses recklessly kept up, and the fatigue of the travellers reached the point of positive suffering before we at last crossed the river in which the Bridal Veil cascade results, and, speeding along the level plain, at length descended in the midst of the quiet vale and felt the delights of repose.

SKELLIG MICHEL.

AT widely separated points in western Europe three sanctuaries of a most peculiar and singular kind, yet closely resembling each other in their most prominent features, are dedicated to the Archangel St. Michael. Unlike most other sanctuaries, it is not to churches or other buildings that they owe their sacred character. Such, indeed, exist or have existed in all three, but in the popular feeling they are looked on rather as adjuncts to a spot sacred in itself than as themselves imparting to it a religious character. All three are mountains surrounded by the sea, and in different languages all three bear the same name. In all the religious edifices are connected in a most peculiar way with the striking natural features of the places themselves, so that the latter are regarded in some sort as a species of natural monuments consecrated to the honor of the great archangel whose name they bear. Mont St. Michel on the shores of Normandy; St. Michael's Mount, in Mount Bay, in the south of Cornwall; and Skellig Michel—St. Michael's Rock—in the Atlantic off the southwest coast of Ireland, are those three sacred mountain isles. Differing in history, in situation, and in the races surrounding them, they yet seem modelled on a common type peculiar to themselves. What were the circumstances which

suggested this peculiar form of honor to the archangel, alike to Norman, Cornishman, and Irish Celt, we cannot now determine. In each case its origin dates from the remotest times and almost baffles investigation. The religious character that once attached to the Cornish mount is now preserved by its name only, and to some extent by the similarity of its appearance to its French namesake. The "Reformation" has done its work of desecration on it as on other shrines of Catholic devotion in England. The Norman Mont St. Michel has been more fortunate and yet preserves its sacred character and its buildings, dedicated as of yore to the honor of the patron archangel. Wars and revolutions of every kind have passed over it without essentially changing it. To the populations around it is still a place of devout pilgrimage, and even its monastery, of the date of the early Norman conquerors of England, is still the abode of a religious community. The anti-Catholic governments that have so often held sway in France during the last hundred years have strangely respected this island shrine. It has been left in comparative peace during the late assaults on the religious orders, and is even protected by anti-Christian governments as one of the most valuable artistic and historical monuments of the middle ages. It is almost impossible to forget the impression made by its appearance as first seen, raising its mountain bulk amid the expanse of sands left dry by the retreating tides, or surrounded by the waters of their flood. Its abrupt rise far from any range of hills; the strange fashion in which its surface is covered and, as it were, encrusted with buildings, until one knows not whether to regard the whole as some mighty erection of human hands; the picturesque combination of the mass of walls with the outline of the hill until the top is crowned by the flying buttresses and graceful pinnacles of the Gothic church; and the varied character of the buildings themselves, military, domestic, and ecclesiastical, and varying alike in age and use, from the loop-holed rampart with castellated gates which surrounds the base to the fishermen's houses perched on the sides and the monastery which surmounts the top—all combine to fascinate the attention. The variety in the motives which bring visitors to its walls is also remarkable. The Breton and Norman dwellers in the country around periodically assemble to pay their devotions in its church, while artists, antiquaries, and mere tourists are drawn towards it in crowds by its historical associations.

Strangely interesting as is the Norman shrine of St. Michael

and its Cornish namesake, they are surpassed in wild grandeur by the Irish island dedicated to the same saint. Twelve miles away from the nearest point of the west coast of Kerry, and not much further from Valentia, the terminus of the Atlantic cable, two masses of rock rise suddenly out of the waves of the Atlantic. The largest, which towers many hundred feet above the waters, has from time immemorial been dedicated to the archangel and bears the name of Skellig Michel (St. Michael's Rock). Like Mont St. Michel, it is a place of pilgrimage from the surrounding coasts, though one far more difficult of access and its religious observances are of a more stern and striking kind. Like it, too, it was once the seat of a monastic community, whose deserted abodes yet stand near its very summit. But in point of age the oldest buildings of Mont St. Michel's monastery are but as of yesterday when compared to the primitive buildings which still defy storms and time alike on the summit of Skellig Michel. Buildings so strange and so archaic it would be impossible to find in any other country of Europe. If the construction of the monastery of Mont St. Michel carries us back to the days of the Crusades, the buildings of Skellig Michel bring us back to nearly the fall of the Roman Empire and to a civilization such as must have preceded its rise. Yet even these far-distant times are closely bound to our own days by the religious observances which a common faith has never ceased to pay during the intervening centuries at this lonely rock. The forms of prayer used by the pilgrims from the adjoining coasts are of a singular and antique kind, in full keeping with the character of the place. The "Way of the Cross" is the favorite devotion, but it is conducted with peculiar observances around the sides of the mountain. The "stations" are distinguished by unwonted names, and one hears Irish litanies recited by the pilgrims that are long forgotten in other districts. In its buildings, its people, and its changeless form Skellig Michel is to all intents a still living relic of Celtic Ireland as it was in the days before the coming of Norman or Danish invaders to its shores.

The appearance of Skellig Michel, as it is approached by sea, is singularly wild and striking. It consists of two masses of rock united at the base, the larger and northern one having somewhat the form of an irregular dome, while the southern shoots up almost to a point like a gigantic church-spire. The sides of the whole island are almost perpendicular from the ocean to the height of several hundred feet, and are cleft here and there by deep fissures running from top to bottom. The

stratified beds of the slaty rock show out plainly all around, looking like courses of cyclopean masonry. Lichens and sea-plants of many hues, pink, yellow, and green, fringe the sides of the rocks, but do not conceal their stony character or dark color of gray. Around their base the swell of the ocean unceasingly casts up its spray, and the sea-mists often hide the island in a fleecy veil, which comes and goes again as it were by magic, so swiftly does it rise or vanish. A smaller island of a similar rocky character is its only neighbor, and the two look like bulwarks raised to break the onward sweep of the ocean, or monuments of a land now buried beneath its waves.

The landing is in the side of one of the fissures already spoken of, whose sides tower up some hundreds of feet above the cove. At its furthest end the action of the waves has hollowed a deep cave into the mass of the rock, into which they constantly flow and ebb with a deep, booming sound. From the landing a steep path ascends, running around the island with a continuous incline. It is protected towards the sea by a parapet of light-colored stone, which at a distance looks like a white cord binding the whole mass together. This road has been made of late years by the men attached to the light-houses, of which there are two on the island, that which is called the lower being a hundred and forty feet above the water. Immediately outside the road the cliffs descend abruptly to the water. The old monastery lies far above near the summit of the northern peak, and has to be approached by long flights of steps cut in the rock by its former inhabitants. Originally these descended to the landing, but the lower hundred and twenty feet of their height have been broken away and are now replaced by the track made by the light-house men. The steps that still remain to be climbed are over six hundred and fifty, running along the sides of the cliffs over precipices of appalling depth, at the foot of which the ocean waves incessantly break. Along this giddy ascent the pilgrims make the stations of the "Way of the Cross." At one of them, but far below the steps, a projecting rock has been hewn into the shape of a cross. The names given to the various stations are peculiar. The "Stone of Pain" marks the station where our Lord first fell beneath the weight of his cross; the "Rock of Women's Wailing" commemorates the comforting of the daughters of Jerusalem, and a narrow strip of grassy land between the two peaks of the island is known as the "Garden of the Passion." There is something indescribably touching in thus following the "Way of the Cross" in mid-air around the rocky sides of the cliff. The

whole scene vividly reminds one of the purgatorial mountain of Dante as the pilgrims slowly climb the rugged pathway.

To the south of the "Garden of the Passion" the spire-like peak already mentioned rises to a height of over seven hundred feet above the sea. Towards the west it falls almost perpendicularly from top to base. The projecting crags that run up its sides like huge buttresses, and the absence of any fringe of shore at its base, give it a fantastic resemblance to a Gothic spire. In point of mass, however, the loftiest of Gothic buildings shrinks to littleness compared to the peak of Skellig Michel. It towers more than two hundred feet higher than the steeples of Cologne cathedral, and St. Peter's itself would be too small for its base. Away near its top are the ruins of an ancient oratory perched like the eyrie of an eagle on a narrow ledge in the face of the dizzy precipice.

The monastery itself is on the northern side of the island. Leaving the "Garden of the Passion," the steps wind again round the sides of the island at ever-increasing heights until a small level spot is reached, which is known as the "Monks' Garden." A covered passage and a short flight of steps beyond lead into the monastic enclosure, fully six hundred feet above the sea beneath.

It is not easy to conceive buildings more unlike the modern ideas of a monastery than what this primitive establishment presents to view. A ledge in the face of the rock about a hundred feet in depth and twice that length furnishes sites for a small church, two oratories, and six cells in which the monks resided. On the one side it is enclosed by the natural wall of the cliff, which rises high above, and towards the sea it is protected by a wall of dry-stone work. The cells are the first object to attract attention. At the first glance one would take them for mere heaps of stones piled together, but a closer examination reveals that they are really human habitations of a primitive type. The stones are laid in regular courses, each overlapping that beneath, until they meet at the top. On the outside these cells are circular and have the form of rude domes, with an opening in the top to serve as a chimney. On the inside they are square on plan and arched overhead. The doors are extremely small, about four feet in height and two and a half wide on an average. The window-openings are still smaller, and there is only one in each cell. As might be expected, neither doors nor windows are to be found at present in any of these cells, but in other respects the most of them are perfect, apparently in much the same condition as they were when they were

inhabited by the monks. The two little oratories are different from the cells in shape. They are rectangular in plan and arched from the longer sides into something like the form of a large boat with square ends turned bottom upwards. Like the cells, they are built of dry-stone and are very small, not over fifteen feet long and ten wide. On the inside in the larger one the walls are carried up straight for seven or eight feet and then arched over in flat courses such as already described. The stones used are not particularly large, but the walls of both cells and chapels are extremely thick. In some of the circular cells they are fully six feet through. In fact, in spite of their small dimensions, the whole of these primitive buildings have an appearance of massiveness and constructive skill that is most striking. The little church, of a less primitive plan, and in which a rude mortar has been used, is in ruins. It is barely sixteen feet long, with perpendicular walls; but the roof is now gone and the walls ruinous, while the older dry-stone buildings have bid defiance to the efforts of time and storm alike. The wall which bounds the outer side of the enclosure is a still more extraordinary specimen of mason-work without mortar. It stands on the verge of the precipice at a sheer height of six hundred feet above the ocean, in a position such as few workmen would be found willing to labor in even with the appliances of modern skill. Yet such is the care with which it has been constructed that it is almost impossible to move a stone from its place, and after more than a thousand years' duration it stands almost as complete as when first erected. It is built of long blocks laid as headers in the wall from both sides, with the spaces between closely packed with smaller stones or spawls. It slopes upwards from both sides, not in a straight line, as is usually the case, but with a peculiar curved outline which is accurately preserved in every part. The visitor's head swims as he looks down to the depths immediately below. Yet the outward face of the wall has been built with a regularity and precision that show how perfectly free from trepidation or carelessness its builders must have been.

The extreme antiquity of all these buildings is the most striking impression that they give at first. That what for ages has been regarded as an essential element of masonry, the use of mortar, was unknown to their builders is self-evident. The men who took such pains to rear their walls on the edge of the beetling precipice would not have neglected so important an element of construction had they been acquainted with it. At

the same time the Christian character of the buildings is indisputable. Over one of the doors a rude cross has been formed in white quartz stones, evidently built in at the time of erection; and even without this mark it is almost inconceivable that any buildings of such a kind and in such a site should have been erected before the time of its first monastic inhabitants. It follows naturally that stone-and-mortar buildings must have been first introduced into Ireland at a period subsequent to the establishment of Christianity. Neither this fact nor the rudeness of this early specimen of monastic buildings need be regarded as evidence of the want of civilization in the country at the time. In Ireland, as in many other countries, wood and earth were long the materials used exclusively for dwellings; and that such a state is by no means inconsistent with a considerable degree of progress in civilization we have abundant proofs elsewhere, as well as in Ireland itself. The necessities of such a site as an island rock doubtless first suggested the erection of those dry-stone buildings, surviving specimens of which are still to be met with in other places along the west coast of Ireland as well as on Skellig Michel. Their rudeness, too, is perhaps rather to be attributed to the deliberate choice of asceticism than to a want of knowledge of a better class of buildings. We know that in much later ages some religious orders, like the early Franciscans, expressly refused to erect any but the simplest and poorest buildings for their own use, and even for their churches. That a similar spirit should have actuated the men who chose a lonely rock in mid-ocean for their abode seems highly probable, and it accounts for much of the rudeness of the early Christian buildings and monuments of Celtic Ireland.

Unique as it is in the lonely grandeur of its situation, the monastery of Skellig Michel in its internal arrangements is only a type of numerous other ancient Celtic establishments whose more or less ruined remains are scattered all around the Irish coasts. Their model was very different from the Benedictine and similar abbeys which were founded on the Continent during the middle ages, and which seem to have only been introduced into Ireland in the eleventh century. The "lauras" of Egypt and Syria, in which a community lived in separate cells within a common enclosure, with the church as their regular meeting-place, seem to have been the type of the original Celtic establishments. It is not necessary to suppose that they were copied from the remote communities of the Egyptian solitaries. It was rather that similar circumstances produced closely similar results

in widely separated countries. The enthusiasm with which Christianity was received in Ireland early led to a remarkable development of the monastic spirit. As may be gathered from its early records, it was no uncommon thing for whole populations on their conversion to adopt the rules of religious communities. In such cases the enclosed village, or *cahir*, of a Celtic chief was transformed into a species of monastic establishment, with only the addition of a church within its limit. The spirit of asceticism soon led a number of more ardent spirits to seek remoter and more solitary abodes, and thus communities of either sex were afterwards founded which still retained the form and arrangements of an ordinary Celtic village with some slight changes. The desire of a more complete separation from the world naturally led to the selection of peculiarly wild sites for these establishments. Like the followers of St. Anthony in Egypt, the Irish religious pushed into the desert for their abodes, and the names Dysert, or Disert, prefixed to so many places in Ireland, still point out the sites of these primitive establishments. There was something peculiarly congenial to ascetic practices in the Celtic nature. A sort of contempt for merely bodily comforts and a certain pride in enduring hardships have ever been a characteristic of the race. The Celtic warriors derided the effeminacy of the Norman invaders who went to battle only under protection of their coats of mail, and every one knows the anecdote of the Highland chief who kicked a pillow of snow from under his grandson's head as an unmanly luxury. Among a people of such a temperament the monastic spirit readily turned to the sternest forms of asceticism, both in the tenor of its life and in the abodes which it selected. The numerous rocky islands that fringe the Irish coasts offered abodes peculiarly suited to the feelings of the Celtic monks, and there is hardly one of them which does not retain traces of ancient monasteries even at the present day. They are to be found within a few miles of Dublin, on Ireland's Eye, Dalkey, and Lambay, at present, after seven hundred years of occupation by a foreign race, and they exist in far greater abundance in the remote and barren islands that fringe the western shore, where the primitive life of the people has scarcely been disturbed by the vicissitudes of governments.

The character of these insular abodes, thus chosen at first, to all appearance, as places of retirement and self-mortification, exercised a remarkable effect on the Celtic Church. Living on sea-girt rocks like Skellig Michel or the Arran Islands, where

the barrenness of the soil precluded any extensive cultivation, the monks naturally turned the labor of their lives towards another element. They became fishermen and voyagers from the necessities of their situation. What the forests and morasses of France and Germany were to the early Benedictines the sea was to a large proportion of the Irish Culdees. It was the natural field of their daily labors. To face the storms of the Atlantic in their rude coracles, such as are still used by the fishermen of Connemara and Kerry, was the ordinary occupation of many of the island monks. From fishermen to explorers the transition was not difficult. To a faith like theirs the missionary spirit was a motive even stronger than the love of solitude, and both combined to urge them on distant expeditions. The impulse which had driven the first communities to the islands impelled their successors to venture far into the ocean in search of still more remote solitudes. The desire of imparting the faith so enthusiastically prized by themselves to the nations still plunged in heathenism led crowds of others across the sea to every part of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and even Helvetia and Italy itself. Thus voyages alike of mission work and of exploration became a special feature of Irish monastic life. The legends of their explorations were scarcely less famous in the middle ages throughout western Europe than the deeds of Arthur or the Paladins of Charlemagne. The voyages of St. Brendan and the other celebrated Celtic explorers have no doubt been strangely distorted by romance, but they contain a substantial germ of fact. The Irish monks in their open boats pushed their journeyings from the Canary Islands to Iceland. The Norwegians who colonized the latter distant island in the ninth century found Irish monks already established on its desolate shores, and they were also found in the Færoe Islands far to the north of Scotland. That America itself was visited by their boats is more than probable. From Kerry to Newfoundland is a less formidable voyage than that into the Northern Ocean to Iceland, but it would lead us too far to enter on the subject at present.

That the missionary character for which the Irish Celts were so remarkable was due in great part to the influence of these remote island communities is pointed out by numerous facts. In Northumberland, and above all in Scotland, it was in precisely similar situations that the Irish missionaries established themselves. The establishment of St. Aidan at Lindisfarne island was scarcely less efficacious in spreading Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons of the north than the mission of St. Au-

gustine himself at Canterbury, and St. Aidan's community was moulded on the type of an Irish monastery. The fact that the early art of the Anglo-Saxons in illumination and metal-work is of a decidedly Celtic character shows that at need the members of the Irish communities could civilize as well as convert the nations with which they came into contact. Iona, in Scotland, is a still more striking example of the missionary spirit of Irish monasticism. In the motive which made Columbkil select it for the site of his monastery, "because it was out of view of the Irish shore," we have a striking exhibition of the same class of feelings that must have actuated the monastic colonists of St. Michael's Rock. And as the solitude of Columbkil's abode and the rigor of his penance were no hindrance to a life of self-sacrificing and unceasing toil, we may well believe that his was but the type of many hidden lives in the lonely islands of the Irish shore.

The golden time of the Celtic monasteries, as well as of the Celtic Church, extended from the close of the fifth to that of the eighth century. It was during that period that most of the Irish islands received their primitive monasteries, whose remains in many of them are not less primitive than those of Skellig Michel. Besides the love of solitude, other causes were at work during these ages which tended to make the islands attractive to monastic feelings. They were in all probability the least disturbed parts of the entire country. Their poverty, their position, and their remoteness all secured them from the civil broils, too numerous, on the mainland. The foreign wars which during the decline of the Roman Empire had engaged so much of the attention of the Celts of Ireland, as well as of the other neighbors of the weakened empire, seem to have come to an end simultaneously with the complete establishment of Christianity in Ireland. The fleets which the Roman poet Claudian describes as sweeping all Ireland across the sea no longer harassed the British shores in the sixth century. The Roman fleets had of course disappeared with the fall of the empire, and the Saxons during the Heptarchy showed little inclination for expeditions by sea. The Irish colony in Scotland still continued to struggle for supremacy with both Picts and Saxons, but its intercourse with the parent country was of a friendly character. The national assembly of Drumcheat in Ireland formally recognized the right to complete independence of the Scottish colony, which afterwards grew into the modern Scottish kingdom. Thus the seas around Ireland were left in complete peace for nearly three centuries, and

during that time the island communities must have enjoyed an entire freedom from any attacks, that largely increased their numbers and importance. It does not appear, however, that they ever rivalled the dimensions of the great communities on the mainland, like Clonmacnoise, Bangor, or Lismore, or that they became, like them, the receptacles of numerous scholars. Their function must always have been what it originally was -- places of retirement and training for the arduous duties of missionary life; and thus the primitive type of their buildings remained unchanged during a long course of centuries, such as we still see it at Skellig Michel.

The security so long enjoyed by the western seas came to a sudden end. At the close of the eighth century a new and terrible foe swept down from the north on the coasts of Europe. The tribes of Scandinavia had taken little prominent part in the great movement of nations westward which accompanied and immediately followed the fall of the Roman Empire. It was not until the invading barbarians had fully settled down in their new abodes, and that the Germanic tribes who remained in their original seats had been organized into national unity by the conquests and genius of Charlemagne, that the Scandinavians commenced their invasion of western Europe. It was the last wave of the northern invasions of southern Europe which had commenced five centuries before. In many respects it was different and far more terrible in its character than its predecessors. The Gothic and Frankish tribes, though pagans at the time of their first settlement on the old Roman territories, had shown no special hostility to the Christian religion, and had readily adopted it when settled down in their new abodes. It was different with the Danish and Norwegian vikings. They were not merely pagans, but they were professed enemies of Christianity. While the earlier invasions had been the movement of an entire people in search of new abodes, the Northmen came as pirates in search of plunder and slaves. That in many cases they afterwards settled down in the countries they had devastated is true, but in the first case their visits were those of pirates and plunderers. The sea was their chosen home, and their fleets swept down on every coast of western Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. Ireland was one of the countries on which fell the brunt of their attacks after centuries of immunity from foreign foes. Their first appearance was in 795, and for nearly a century afterwards no part of its coasts was free from their incursions. The rivers, with the numerous lakes into which many of them

expand, gave them easy access to the interior, with a safe retreat in case of danger, and thus no part of the country was safe from their ravages. As might be expected, the monasteries on the islands were a favorite object of their attacks. The art treasures which they contained, their religious character, and the defenceless nature of their inhabitants allured alike the greed and the pagan fanaticism of the northern vikings. Skellig Michel did not escape. In 823 it was plundered and its abbot, Eitgal, carried away captive by a pirate fleet, and a few years later it was again ravaged in a similar manner. Fortunately the nature of most of its buildings was such as to defy injury, except at the cost of more labor than the pirates had either time or inclination to bestow on them, and they were again occupied after the departure of the marauders.

The close of the ninth and beginning of the tenth centuries was marked in Ireland by a lull in the Danish invasions. Scandinavian settlements had been founded in Dublin, Waterford, and several other seaports, and some sort of relations, more or less friendly, were gradually established between these and the Irish chiefs. At the same time the struggle with the Saxon Alfred for the possession of England, and the conquest of Normandy from the French king, gave ample occupation elsewhere to the forces of the Norsemen. This interval of comparative peace gave a certain breathing-time to Ireland, but was far from sufficient to restore it to its former condition. The great schools which had formerly attracted crowds of foreign students had been repeatedly destroyed, and the missionary enterprise which had been so marked a feature of the earlier centuries was almost killed by the constant warfare to which the country had been exposed. Besides, the incursions of the Norsemen only ceased for a time. They were renewed in the tenth century for nearly eighty years, and, though checked again by the Irish monarch Brian's victory at Clontarf in 1014, they were occasionally repeated for many years after that time. During these repeated invasions many of the islands were abandoned by the communities settled on them for safer abodes. Even a large body of the monks of Iona sought refuge in Ireland, where they established themselves at Kells and other inland towns in the ninth century. Skellig Michel, however, continued to retain its community to a much later date. St. Malachy, the celebrated primate of Ireland and friend of St. Bernard, is said to have found a refuge from persecution on the Skellig in the early part of the twelfth century, and it was not until after that time that the community was

finally transferred to the mainland, where they were established in a magnificent monastery at Ballinskelligs, in Kerry. Though deserted by its former tenants, the religious character of Skellig Michel has since been preserved by the devotion of the populations of the adjoining coasts, and by the pilgrimages of which it has never ceased to be the destination through all the intervening years. The monastery at Ballinskelligs, which was connected with the Augustinian Order, was finally broken up by Elizabeth of England. Its buildings have since been allowed to fall in ruins, and thus the primitive cells on Skellig Michel have survived the stately pile which superseded them.

Whether viewed in its character of an ocean peak rearing itself in mountain bulk far from any other land, in that of a sacred isle revered as such through so many centuries and such great social changes, or as the seat of so strange a fragment of the past as its primitive monastery, this rocky island in the Atlantic possesses a deep and almost unique interest. Standing apart from the centres of population and the course of travel of the modern world, it is to-day almost the same, both in natural form and in its buildings, as it was in the earliest times of Christianity in the western island. As the ruins of Pompeii call up before us vividly the life of the ancient heathen world now long passed away, so do the rude cells and storm-beaten site of this primitive monastery bring before us the fearless self-devotion and untiring toils of the daily life of the old Celtic Church. From the sight of their abodes we may gather better than from books what manner of men they were whose preaching and example established Christianity among the barbarian tribes of the German forests and Caledonian mountains and lakes. In our days we are apt to think too lightly of the labors that first formed the rude savages who rushed down on the Roman world into the Christian civilization of modern times. The task seems an easy one because it has been accomplished, but at the cost of what sacrifices of human enjoyments and what stern self-abnegation on the part of the early missionaries it was really achieved may be gathered from the monuments hidden in the remote western islands. That great results can only be achieved at the cost of great sacrifices is the lesson of every age, and we may gather the secret of the successes of the early missionaries of western Europe from the utter detachment from all the world holds dear that is shown by their chosen place of abode on the lonely rock of Skellig Michel.

ARMINE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAR down in Brittany stands the old Château de Marigny in the midst of a wide domain. Terraces and gardens and green woods, intersected by long, grassy avenues, surround it, while beyond a great extent of moorland stretches toward the sea, which beats ever against the scarred and riven face of the cliffs that surround this stormy coast. Across the wide uplands breezes fresh with the briny freshness of the great deep blow and carry the thunder of the waves over the leafy tree-tops to the château, as it stands above its formal terraces with their time-stained marble balustrades and broad flights of steps leading down to the gardens below.

Near the château is the village of Marigny, filled chiefly with the simple and devout fisher-folk of the Breton coast, among whom revolution makes scant progress; but a few miles distant is a large town, and here a sufficient number of the discontented class are to be found to serve as a basis for the work of the political agitator. In this, as the most important place of the district, Duchesne established himself when he came down to conduct the campaign against the Vicomte de Marigny; and here all the elements of opposition centred around him.

It may be thought that in loyal Brittany these elements would not count for much; but in France, above all other places on the earth, extremes of good and evil confront each other. Who, for instance, that enters the crowded churches of Paris, with their devout throngs of men and women, but finds it difficult to realize that he is in the midst of that great capital where blasphemy and vice walk hand-in-hand along the glittering streets? And in Lyons and Marseilles—hot-beds of revolution as they are—who does not know that one has not far to seek to find Christians with the virtues of the apostolic age, true confessors of the faith and spiritual children of the martyrs? While regarding the immense hosts of pilgrims to the shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, with their passionate appeals to the Mother of God to save France, it is hard to understand that the same France which produced these pious

souls could also produce the maddened hordes of the Revolution and the Commune. And so even in Christian Brittany the evil watchwords of an evil time are heard, and men are seduced by the old promises of the tempter and intoxicated by the specious arguments and appeals of Socialism.

Duchesne, therefore, found material enough to work upon, though probably not enough to secure the defeat of the Vicomte de Marigny. To effect this end, however, he spared no effort either publicly or secretly—for there were secret meetings of societies which dared not yet avow themselves and their true aims in the light of day, but which, with many stern resolutions, pledged themselves to oppose the Vicomte de Marigny by any and all means. "For this is no ordinary man," the speakers said, "with no ordinary power to retard and injure the great cause of humanity. He is no mere obstructionist whom the flood will sweep over, but one who defies and gives battle, who leads and sways men. Therefore he is to be crushed at any cost." And the assembly with one voice cried, "*Écrases le !*" as, given a little more power, they would have cried, "*À la guillotine !*" And so it was determined that M. de Marigny should be crushed—by fair means, if possible; but, these failing, by any such as were justified by the need of advancing the cause of revolution.

Meanwhile the days passed pleasantly and not without some gleams of pleasure to Armine. She saw little of her father and knew little of what he was doing; but ignorance is welcome to one who shrinks from the weight of knowledge. She tried to forget for what purpose they had come, and to interest herself in the quaint customs and architecture of the old Breton town. She never tired of wandering through the picturesque, mediæval streets, the sunshiny squares, the curious old courts and many churches. In some respects it was like other places in which she had been before, yet there was a difference, a flavor of distinct nationality which attracted and pleased her. Then the piety of the people was so deep, their devotion so earnest and spontaneous! As she often knelt in the corner of some crowded church—taking care always to shelter herself behind a great pillar, for it did not seem to her as if her father's daughter had a right to be there—she felt thrilled in every fibre by the chant which rose from the depth of those Celtic hearts, by the intensity of the faith which breathed in every act and word of the worshippers. And it was then that she began to realize that her father's passionate

devotion to his ideal was only the religious instinct of the Breton turned into another channel. He might disown the God of his fathers, but he could not divest himself of the earnestness which was his inheritance from them, or the instinct of faith which, having lost the heavenly, now sought an earthly end. For no light scoffing or lighter indifference is possible to the Breton soul. Loyalty and enthusiasm are inbred in it, and, in its passionate tenacity, it is the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made.

But these tranquil and uneventful days did not last long. One morning Duchesne said suddenly: "You must be growing tired of this dull life, *petite*. It was hardly worth while to exchange Paris for it. But you shall have a little diversion, or at least a little change, to-day. It is necessary that I should go to the village of Marigny, and I will take you with me."

"To Marigny!" said Armine. Despite her efforts she shrank visibly. "I am very well satisfied here, *mon père*. I think I would rather not go."

"Why not?" asked her father, with some surprise and a glance which expressed a shade of suspicion. "What do you know of Marigny? Why should you not wish to go?"

"I know nothing of Marigny," she answered. "But I like this place, and I am quite content to remain here."

"I am not content to leave you here, however," said her father. "There is no reason why you should not enjoy a visit to Marigny. You seemed anxious to see something of Brittany, and that is a typical Breton village. Besides, you will have a glimpse of the coast. It is only a drive of a few miles. You must go."

"How soon shall we start?" she asked, seeing that resistance was useless with no better reason than she had to give.

"In an hour," her father answered; "and we shall return this evening."

In an hour they were driving along the road to Marigny, and Armine acknowledged that the motion and the air of the balmy day were as charming as the view of the country outspread in all its spring beauty under the golden sunshine. A soft breeze rippled the growing grain in the fields as they passed; lark after lark poured forth its song above them in the blue depths of the sky; cool and deep on the hillsides lay the shadow of the immemorial woods of Brittany, and the earth seemed carpeted by the wild flowers that grew and rioted in every available space of ground. As they advanced the breeze which blew steadily in

their faces grew more and more laden with the salt freshness of the sea ; and at length a wide, green heath opened before them, golden with the flowers of the broom, while afar on the distant horizon was a blue, flashing line of restless water.

Along one side of their way, however, the shade still extended. But suddenly the road turned ; they passed some iron gates ; the coachman, pointing with his whip, said, "*Voilà le château !*" and there was a glimpse up a long, straight avenue of a stately house standing with many-windowed façade above a flight of terraces. Neither Armine nor her father spoke. The latter did not turn his head ; but she, following with her eyes the direction of the pointing whip, saw the château, with its steep roof and iron balconies, and the broad steps leading down from the terrace to the shady avenue, framed like a picture at the end of the green vista. It was but a momentary view. They passed on, and a few minutes later came in sight of the parish church, situated on the outskirts of the village on the side toward the château. It was an old and picturesque edifice, built of the red granite of the coast, the ruddy hue of which contrasted effectively with the green moss that clung about its tower and tiled roof. Around it was the graveyard, with the sunshine falling softly on the stone crosses of the graves and over a large Calvary which dominated the enclosure and sanctified death.

The village itself was situated farther beyond, and its long, straggling street led toward a cliff, down the face of which a steep path went by rudely-cut and somewhat dangerous steps to the beach where the fishing-boats lay. Armine uttered a cry of delight when, standing on the edge of this precipitous steep, she beheld the great plain of heaving, flashing sapphire at her feet, the creamy line of surf breaking far below, the blue outlines of distant capes, and the majestic cliffs, storm-rent and torn into fantastic shapes by the never-ceasing warfare of the sea, stretching for miles on each side.

But it was not until they had taken their *déjeuner* at the inn that she went out with her father and saw this sight, the grandeur of which thrilled and fascinated her. She knew the charm of southern shores, all the loveliness of earth and sea and sky which makes the coasts of Italy for ever enchanted. But what was it to the wild beauty of this Breton coast—to this gigantic bulwark of towering heights, which, washed and worn into stupendous forms of arches, pinnacles, and spires, stood like the remnants of a titanic world and breasted for ever the rage of the sea ? There was, however, no suggestion of

rage or tempest in the scene now calm and peaceful as a dream of heaven. The waves were rippling gently on the yellow sands and around the base of the mighty monoliths and columns of crimson granite; the great crags rose like ærial battlements bathed in sunlight; on the blue liquid expanse that melted afar into the sky white sails stole along and the great wings of gulls darted and flashed.

"It is more than beautiful—it is so grand that it fills one with awe," said Armine. "I should like to stay here for days, long enough to take it all in!"

"If I had time," said her father, "we would stay for a few days at any rate; you would enjoy it even more than you think. I knew the coast well once. It is wild and picturesque, and terrible to a degree you can hardly imagine. But there is a wonderful fascination about it. Many of these cliffs are honey-combed with caves, which the sea enters at high tide, where one may float in a boat and look up at walls hundreds of feet high, carved into strange architectural semblances and gleaming with color."

"Ah!" said Armine, "I should like to see that. Can we not stay for a little while? It would surely be good for you to take a short rest—you who work so hard!"

"There is need to work," said her father. "Rest is not for one who hears the cries of multitudes in his ears, who labors for the great cause of humanity. I have come here to-day for a purpose—to see one who professes to have information which he will give to me, and me alone. And that reminds me that I have not more time to spare at present. I must take you back to the inn while I attend to this business."

"Can I not go down there and wait?" asked Armine, pointing to the shining beach below.

• He shook his head. "No; I could not let you descend the path alone. Moreover, the place is too solitary. You might be annoyed."

"Then," said Armine with some hesitation, "I will go back through the village to the church. No one will annoy me *there*, and I—I should like to see it."

"You will probably find little to see," said her father indifferently; "but it is as good a place as another to wait. I will join you there, then, in the course of an hour."

And so Armine found herself walking back alone, her father, after some reluctance, having parted with her and gone his way, which led to the outskirts of the village in another direction.

She walked rapidly, for she was glad of an opportunity to enter the church, which she had hardly hoped to be able to do; and she paid little attention to the appearance of the village, nor did she notice the people who looked at her curiously as she passed through it. But presently there came a sound which attracted her attention and made her almost unconsciously glance up. It was the clatter of a horse's feet along the street, and as she lifted her eyes they encountered the regard of the rider, who was no other than the Vicomte de Marigny.

It was the meeting she had vaguely dreaded ever since she entered Brittany, and quite especially feared in going to Marigny. Now that it had come to pass her first impulse was to hurry on, hoping to escape recognition. But even in the instant of the impulse she realized that she was fully recognized. Something of surprise the vicomte's glance expressed, but there was not a shade of doubt in it, and as he met her eyes he lifted his hat and bowed.

It was the perfection of what such a greeting should have been, with not a shade too much or too little *empressement*. The villagers looking on felt a sudden increase of respect for the lady walking down their street, to whom M. le Vicomte bowed as if she had been Madame la Comtesse from a neighboring château, and were quite sure that, notwithstanding her unattended condition, she must be a person of rank. Armine, meanwhile, acknowledged the salutation hastily, and, dropping her eyes, again walked on even more rapidly than before, her face flushed and her heart beating as she said to herself: "He is worthy to be M. d'Antignac's friend. He knows who I am—he must know why I am here—and yet he greets me as if I were a princess. He is a true *gentilhomme*."

But after this burst of feeling a sense of keen regret overpowered her—regret that he had seen her, regret that she had ever consented to come to Marigny. For so little had she imbibed the spirit of modern democracy that it seemed to her a shameful thing to come into a man's own home, among his hereditary dependants, and endeavor to seduce them from allegiance to him. And that, she felt quite sure, was what her father was doing. Yet even as she thought this her heart was none the less loyal to that father. To *him*, she knew, the work in which he was engaged wore the aspect of a high and holy duty; but it had no such aspect to her, and therefore she was sorry to be identified with it in the opinion of the Vicomte de Marigny. Why the opinion of the Vicomte de Ma-

rigny should have mattered to her she did not ask herself. She only felt that it was hard to be regarded as an enemy by one whom she would willingly have served as a friend.

But that life is full of hard things was no new experience to Armine. With the short, quick sigh of one who carries an habitual burden, she lifted her eyes again, and this time they fell on the group of Calvary in the churchyard which she was now approaching. Outlined against the fair blue sky stood the dark form of the cross, as another cross was once outlined against the sky of Palestine, and on it the divine Figure hung with drooping, thorn-crowned head—the “sign of contradiction” now as of old. For even as the Jews gathered around the cross, reviling the Son of God in his agony, so modern revolutionists and infidels proclaim most clearly whose children they are and whose work they do when their first rage is directed against the crucifix, and their first work always and everywhere is to tear it down. Nor is it remarkable that they do so. For how should a rebellious and self-seeking generation endure to look upon the supreme type of obedience, patience, and sacrifice?

These things the crucifix preaches with a force which no eloquence of man can equal, and at this moment it had its message for Armine. She paused and stood for a moment motionless, her clear eyes uplifted with a wistful look and fastened on the touching form of Love divine. All was still around her. The quiet graves lay steeped in sunshine, which sparkled here and there on the little wells of holy water. The church stood in the midst, full of repose; from the gentle eminence on which it was placed there was a view of the country for miles around, and over the distant tree-tops a glimpse of the château, had Armine known where to look for it. But she was not thinking of the prospect, fair though it was. A moment had come to her like that of which she had spoken to Egerton on the portico of the Madeleine—a moment when the pain of tumult suddenly ceased and she felt herself in the guidance of a hand that never errs. After all, was it mere chance which brought her here? At this instant she felt a conviction, strong as a personal assurance, that it was not; and if it was not—if, for any reason now dark to her, it was God’s will—then all was easy. She had only to bear with patience the old burden of pain and doubt, and a new burden of misunderstanding, which surely did not matter.

Saying this to herself, she walked up the grassy path and entered the little church.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE church proved to be old within as well as without, and, like many French parish churches, much in need of repair; but it was not unpicturesque and was full of that solemn repose which pervades the humblest of these ancient temples of faith. High, narrow windows let down a dim light on the altar and the faded fresco above it; while in the gloom the massive antique lamp before the tabernacle burned with its red light steady as a star.

Armine knelt down on one of the low chairs with a singular sense of having reached a spot toward which she had been journeying. The feeling which had so suddenly laid hold of her in the churchyard was still strongly present with her, like the close, firm pressure of a hand. She could understand that, for she had known it before; but why should she feel as if this place, into which she had entered as a stranger, had some claim upon her life which was not strange? She looked up at the dark old walls, at the dusky roof, at the altar with its candles and crucifix. Why should this spot seem more to her than many another where she had knelt before the same sacramental Presence?

There was no answer—naturally she could expect none—but in a time which came after she looked back with a sense of awe to this strange feeling which signalized her first entrance into the church of Marigny.

At present, however, it was a feeling which passed, absorbed by deeper and stronger ones. The sight of M. de Marigny had recalled to her memory the impending conflict, which was but part of a greater and wider conflict fraught with tremendous issues. How tremendous, indeed, these issues were no one knew better than the girl in whose ears from infancy the revolutionary gospel had sounded, preached by many men in many tongues, but ever with the same burden. Young as she was, she had seen triumphs of which the revolutionary apostles themselves had hardly dared to dream; and she was well aware what their aims now were. Was it not coming again, the day when shrines such as this would be closed by those who shamed and belied France by denying God in her name? She knew that it might be so; that the earth was

hollow underneath, and that while those who should defend religion halted, delayed, wasted their strength in differences, the great attacking army was marching on, led by hearts like that of her father, strong in singleness of purpose and devotion. As she thought of these things her own heart sank within her. She was like one torn in two, hardly knowing how to pray. It was, as Egerton had felt, a hard fate which arrayed this loving soul against one whom it was her natural impulse to follow and to honor; harder still that she could not desire his success, though knowing how ardently *he* longed for it. She thought of all his toil and sacrifice with a great pang of pain and pity. At this moment, as in many, many moments before, the riddle of life pressed heavily upon her. Honest, misguided souls, working with heroic fervor for an end full of evil—who that looks out on the world to-day does not feel the pity of this? And there are some to whom, as to Armine, it comes with the added force of personal feeling and knowledge. These will understand how she could only lay her heart at the foot of the crucifix, knowing that neither formal nor articulate prayer was necessary to enable God to read its hopes and fears.

But at length peace came like gentle dew from heaven. "See, poor heart," a voice from the still depths of the tabernacle seemed to say, "canst thou not trust for others, for a great cause, for France, as well as for thyself? What is thy pity to mine? What is thy knowledge to that exactest justice and tenderest mercy with which I read the hearts of erring men and comprehend their full degree of intent or of blindness? And for the rest, is my power less because men deny it, or because I suffer them to taste the full consequences of such denial?" And then again she felt that all things were easy to bear, as, indeed, all things must be to one who realizes that God's arm is not shortened; that in the present and future, as in the past, he will most surely govern with omniscient wisdom the world which he has created; and that the church is never stronger than in the hour when all human aid is withdrawn from her—nay, when all human power is arrayed against her—and she leans for support on his promise alone.

Half an hour later Armine was still kneeling, with her head bent forward in her hands, when a step entered behind her, rang on the paved aisle as it advanced, then paused, and after an interval receded again. She hardly noticed it until she heard the baize door swing shut as it passed out; and then

she lifted her head with a start, for she thought of her father, and remembered that he had promised to come to the church for her. Knowing his aversion to churches, however, she felt that she would prefer to go to meet him. She rose, therefore, gave a last look at the quaint old altar, the dim picture and the shining lamp—feeling again as if some strange tie bound her to this place—and then walked slowly out.

The brightness of the day dazzled her eyes as she emerged from the obscurity of the church and paused a moment in the picturesque old porch, shading them with her hand until they became accustomed to the change. Indeed, the scene was enough to dazzle any eyes, flooded as it was just now with sunlight. The green fields stretching inland, the golden-starred heath stretching seaward, the flashing, distant water, and the blue sky bending down to meet it—all were strong in vivid color, and so also were the glistening gables of the village and its stone-tiled roofs.

Suddenly—was it a sound or an instinct that made Armine look round? She scarcely knew; but look she did, to see a tall figure coming toward her from the direction of the presbytery, which adjoined the church. It needed an instant's glance only to assure her that it was the Vicomte de Marigny, and with a beating heart she turned quickly to go. But the vicomte was very near at hand, and as she was about to step out of the shadow of the porch he stood before her, uncovering and speaking with the same air of gracious courtesy as when they met last in Paris.

"I am happy to see you at Marigny, mademoiselle. I hope that you are well?"

"Quite well, M. le Vicomte, *je vous remercie*," she answered in a low tone, while her eyes regarded him with an expression half-startled, half-wistful.

"And you will let me inquire how you left our friend M. d'Antignac—for it is likely that you have seen him since I have?"

"I have seen him only once since the day I left you with him," she replied; "and that was the next day. I bade him good-by then, for I was leaving Paris."

"Ah!" said the vicomte. He remembered now that he had heard of Duchesne's arrival in Brittany as almost immediately following his own, and of course his daughter was with him. Poor girl! It was a sad fate for her to be tossed hither and thither by every wave of political agitation. He under-

stood perfectly the look in her appealing eyes at present, and all the chivalry of his nature was stirred to show her that he did not regard her as identified in the least with her father.

"Then you have been some time in Brittany," he said. "I hope that it has pleased you? We are, perhaps, inordinately proud of our country, we Bretons."

"It seems to me that it would not be possible for any one not to be proud of such a country," she answered in a voice which had in it a thrill of pathetic music. "It is so beautiful, so interesting, and so full of the most touching traditions of the past; but, more than that, the people seem to be so strong in faith and so simple in virtue. I think you need only pray, M. le Vicomte, that it may not change."

He understood the sympathy which the words expressed, the look in the clear, golden eyes with their wistful light. More and more he was touched, interested, charmed by this sensitive face, which, with its quick and transparent changes of feeling, was, as Egerton had once said, "like a poem."

"You are very kind," he answered. "I am glad that you have felt the charm of Brittany, for it is as much a spiritual as a material charm. And the longer you remained the more you would feel it. For my part, when I get down into my old château by the sea I feel as if I never cared to leave it and go back into the mad whirl of the Paris world. You wonder, then, why I go?" with a slight smile, as he caught a look in her eyes. "Well, it is only because the humblest soldier in the ranks of a great army must not throw away his gun as long as he can fire a shot, and perhaps because I have a little pleasure in fighting, too. But you must not suffer me to detain you, mademoiselle. Being in the presbytery, when I saw you emerge from the church I could not refrain from coming to pay my respects. I have now the honor to bid you good-day."

He bowed and turned again toward the presbytery, where the curé could be seen through the window, breviary in hand, while Armine stepped from the porch and walked toward the gate.

She reached it before she perceived a figure on the road advancing toward the church, which she recognized at once to be that of her father. Knowing his long sight, her mind misgave her a little. If he had seen her speaking to the Vicomte de Marigny what would he think, and how could she explain the true significance of their short interview? She waved her hand and hurried forward to meet him. But his first words proved her fears to be well founded.

"Who was that man with whom you were talking in the porch?" he asked as soon as they met.

Now, perhaps it is impossible for any one not to look a little guilty when accosted in this manner, and when conscious that the name to be pronounced will have an obnoxious sound in the ears of the person addressed. Armine certainly colored a little, but her eyes met her father's full and steadily.

"It was the Vicomte de Marigny," she replied.

"The Vicomte de Marigny!" repeated Duchesne. They had paused as they met, and were now standing face to face. He looked at his daughter for a moment in amazement too deep for expression, but not too deep for wrath. His face flushed; there came a flash like lightning into the eyes, above which the dark brows knitted, as he said sternly: "And how is it that the Vicomte Marigny ventured to address you?"

"Because I have met him before," she answered, "and I knew no reason why I should not acknowledge the acquaintance."

"You have met him before! Where?"

"At M. d'Antignac's, in Paris."

"And why have I never heard of such a meeting?"

"I only met him once or twice," she said, "and it never occurred to me to mention what seemed to me a matter of no importance."

There was a moment's silence, while her father regarded her with eyes that seemed to look her through and through. Never before had Armine seen such an expression on his face, and never before had she been called upon to endure that hardest of all things to one conscious of integrity—undeserved suspicion. Her father had always trusted her implicitly and treated her with a kindness that never varied. But now—was it to be her fate now to stand like a culprit, trembling before a suspicion which she could not disprove?

If she trembled, however, it was at least not perceptibly. Having uttered her few words of explanation, she stood with perfect composure and eyes as clear as noonday, meeting the glance bent on her. But it was evident that she had not disarmed her father's anger.

"So," he said at length in a bitter tone, "this explains why I have an enemy at my own hearth; this explains why your sympathies are with priests and nobles, and why you seek the society of such friends as the D'Antignacs! It also explains why you did not wish to accompany me to Marigny. Well,

he is a fool who looks for anything but folly and deceit in a woman!"

"It is likely that I might be guilty of folly," said Armine in a slightly trembling voice, "but deceit—if I have ever deceived or spoken falsely to you it would be just to charge me with that. But you know that I have never done so."

"How should I know it?" asked her father in the same bitter tone. "Because I have not discovered the deception? That is poor proof. I begin to understand many things now to which I have been blind through too much trust. Oh! yes, it grows very plain—all your reactionary sympathies, your fondness for such places as that!" He made a fierce gesture toward the church. "It is only an old story—that a man should be betrayed by the one nearest to him."

Then it was that tears came into the clear, dark eyes, forced there by wounded feeling rather than by indignation.

"But what is it that you suspect me of?" she asked. "How do you think that I am deceiving you? I have told you the simple truth. I met M. de Marigny once or twice at the D'Antignacs'. But our acquaintance was so slight that I could not have expected him to recognize me when he met me elsewhere. I was surprised when he came up to speak to me yonder; but I am sure that it was only an instinct of courtesy and kindness which made him do so."

"You are sure!" said her father, with biting irony. "And what, pray, do you know of this man or of the order to which he belongs? If you knew anything you would not talk of his acting from 'courtesy and kindness.' His motive is plain enough—to *me*. If your acquaintance with him is really what you represent, then he must suspect—Come!" he broke off harshly, "we will go. This is no place in which to linger. Whether by weakness or by intent, you have played into the hands of my enemy and made more difficult what is before me to do."

He turned as he spoke and began to walk rapidly in the direction of the village—so rapidly that Armine found it difficult to keep pace with him. To walk very fast and to talk at the same time is next to impossible; so she made no attempt to answer his last speech—which, indeed, was incomprehensible to her. How did he suspect her of having played into the hands of his enemy, and in what possible manner could she have made more difficult what he had to do? Were his words dictated merely by the unreason of anger? If so, what

was the good of attempting to answer them? She had already told the "simple truth." There was nothing else to tell. Her word was all that she could oppose to his suspicion, and it seemed that her word had lost its value; so she could only walk on silently and sadly.

CHAPTER XX.

THE drive from Marigny was both for Armine and her father a silent and constrained one. The first serious estrangement of their lives had arisen between them and was deeply felt by both, but naturally most by the girl, who tasted for the first time the bitterness of an alienated trust. It seemed to her as incredible as it was wounding that such a thing should be possible, that the father who had known her in the closest and most intimate manner all her life could doubt her truth, could believe her capable of deceiving him.

And this is indeed the sharpest sting of suspicion where suspicion is undeserved—that one is so little known as to be held capable of that which is suspected. The sense of outrage is mingled with amazement and the keen realization that, however well we may think that we know or are known, we are but strangers to each other after all. "If I could show you my heart!" many a misjudged soul has passionately cried; but hearts are not to be shown in this mortal order, where we see many things besides the truths of God "as through a glass darkly," and have occasion for the exercise of faith in the human as in the divine.

Occasion for the exercise of much patience, too, poor Armine felt, realizing keenly how unjustly she was judged and how little she had done to bring this trial upon herself. She glanced now and then at her father as he lay back in a corner of the carriage with lowered eyes and a darkly-clouded brow. Here was a manifestation of character which she had never seen before, of some secret force of feeling to which she had not the key. For she found it almost impossible to believe that he could entertain such bitter animosity toward the Vicomte de Marigny simply because the latter belonged to a detested order and was his opponent in politics; or if his intensity of feeling did rest on these grounds, it proved a narrowness of mind which she could with difficulty credit. For she had often said to herself—recognizing clearly in those with whom she came in contact the envy which is the moving spring of democratic

sentiments—that her father was at least free of this; that he was blinded by a high ideal, not filled with mere hatred of all who were above him in the world. But now what other explanation was possible of his feeling toward M. de Marigny, unless there was some personal question involved, which seemed too improbable to be considered? And whatever was the cause of the feeling, to object to meet even a foe on the neutral ground of courtesy shocked the girl, who had never before seen in her father anything petty.

In thoughts like these mile after mile of the way passed, and it was no wonder that her face was pale when they drove at sunset into the town which they had left in the morning. Her father observed this paleness as they alighted, and said in something of his usual tone:

“You look tired. The drive has been too long for you. It would have been better if I had left you at home.”

“Much better,” she answered in a low voice, while the tears sprang quickly to her eyes. She was about to add, “You know I did not wish to go,” when she remembered that this disinclination had been charged against her; so she turned without saying anything more and entered the house.

Duchesne, after paying the coachman, followed, but found the *salon* of the apartment which they occupied empty. He glanced around it, took a step toward his daughter's room, then paused, as if on second thought, and went to a table which stood between two windows, where a pile of letters and papers brought by the day's mail lay.

He was soon absorbed in these, and did not glance around when a servant came in, who laid a dinner-table with covers for two. But when Armine presently entered he turned, saying, in a manner which showed that, for the present at least, all that had lately passed was absent from his mind:

“I find that I must return to Paris to-morrow. I have just received an imperative summons. I am needed, they tell me, for more important work than what I am about here. It is very plain that they do not realize how important this work is. But nevertheless the summons cannot be disregarded; and, fortunately, I have done nearly all that I can do. You must be ready to leave to-morrow by an early train, Armine.”

“Very well,” answered Armine, with a great sense of relief and of positive gratitude toward the revolutionary authorities, whoever they might be, who thus opportunely changed the position for her. “I will pack everything to-night,” she

said with cheerful readiness. "At what hour to-morrow shall we start?"

"The earliest train goes at five, I think," said her father. "We must leave by that. Meanwhile"—he began gathering together his papers hastily—"I shall have much to do to-night. I have many persons to see. I do not think I can wait for dinner."

"But it is served," said Armine, as the servant entered with the soup. "Pray do not go out without taking something after our long drive."

"The drive was nothing," he said. But he sat down to table nevertheless, and, although he ate little and was silent and abstracted, Armine saw that the cloud of the afternoon had passed away. He was plainly thinking of other things; and it was only when dinner was over, when his cup of coffee had been placed before him and the servant had left the room, that his thoughts came back to the occurrences of the day, and, glancing at his daughter, he was touched by the look of her wistful, pathetic eyes.

"See, *petite*," he said not unkindly, "I spoke to-day harshly, and perhaps not quite justly. I am willing to believe that you meant no harm, that you were guilty only of folly. Let us think no more of it. But understand this: I can tolerate no acquaintance with the Vicomte de Marigny. If you meet him at the house of those friends in Paris of whom you spoke, you must go to them no more. Apart from that I am sure that you obtain no good from them."

"I obtain only good!" cried Armine quickly, alarm and appeal mingled on her face. "Oh! do not say that I must give them up. They have been—they are—so much to me! You know the length of my acquaintance with them, yet I have only met M. de Marigny in their house twice. If I ever meet him again I will promise not to speak to him, since you do not wish me to do so; but oh! do not say that I must give up M. and Mlle. d'Antignac."

"And why," said her father, regarding her keenly and suspiciously, "are you so much attached to M. and Mlle. d'Antignac?"

"Ah! it would take me long to tell that," she answered, clasping her hands in the energy of her feeling. "I only know that I have few friends—very few—and, after yourself, there are none whom I love like them."

"So much the worse," he said sternly, "for they have

taught you to array yourself in feeling against me and the ends of my life. Do you think I have been blind to that? I said to myself, 'It is a girl's fancy; what does it matter?' But I have learned to-day that it *does* matter, and I blame myself for allowing associations which have resulted in such an end. For there may be power in your hand for evil or for good—"

He broke off abruptly, and, setting down his cup of coffee, rose, while Armine watched him with a gaze full of surprise and apprehension. Power for evil or for good in *her* hand! With a vague sense of amazement she looked at it as it lay before her. Could there be conceived a weaker, a more empty hand? That was the thought which flitted through her mind. Had her father lost his senses, or what did he mean?

He had evidently no intention of explaining. After a moment's silence he said in an altered tone: "*Eh bien*, thou art but a child, and it may not matter. It is likely that we may not be much longer in Paris, and new associations will bring new ideas. Now I must go. Be ready for our early start in the morning; and, in order to be ready, go to bed as soon as possible."

He nodded and went out, while Armine proceeded to set about the duty of preparing for departure. It was a duty with which she was very familiar through long practice; but as she moved about the apartment, gathering up all their belongings with quick, deft fingers, her heart was heavy, for her father's words echoed in her ears, "We may not be much longer in Paris," and she knew all that this sentence of banishment meant for her—the lonely days in some strange place, the absence from those whom she loved and to whom she had grown accustomed to look for guidance, and the companionship of those from whom she was to receive "new ideas." And what was to be the end? She dared not ask herself, dared not attempt to look forward into the future; but after her work was done, weary and exhausted by the exertions of the day, she commended her present and her future to God, and, lying down, fell immediately asleep.

It seemed to her that she had been asleep a long time, but in reality it was not more than an hour or two, when she was waked by the sound of voices near at hand—waked suddenly, abruptly, and with that sense of sharpened and acute hearing which people often feel when they are roused by

some unusual sound at night. Armine, no doubt, was more readily startled from having gone to sleep with a weight of anxiety upon her mind; but certainly when she came fully to herself she was sitting on the side of her bed, listening with strained attention to the voices murmuring in the next room. And these were the first words which she heard with entirely awakened attention:

"You may be sure," said a deep, harsh tone, "that if the election goes against us—as I am beginning to fear that it certainly will—the clerical shall not take his seat. We have sworn that."

"And how will you prevent it?" asked Duchesne's voice—doubly clear and musical by contrast with the one which had spoken before.

"It will not be difficult to prevent," said the other. "A little dynamite will settle the matter; and if the château goes as well as its owner, why, so much the better! The next revolution will not leave one of those relics of the oppression of the people standing."

"Perhaps not," said Duchesne; "but it will be well to wait for the revolution before beginning to demolish them. We must go slowly, *mon cher*; and, above all, we must avoid ill-timed violence. If M. de Marigny is elected he must be allowed to take his seat. It will never do for our enemies to say that, having failed to defeat, we proceeded to assassinate him."

"Why not? It will strike terror; and that is a very good effect," said the other obstinately. "Other royalists and clericals will hesitate to oppose the rights of the people as boldly as this man. He is one with whom there should be no quarter."

"Bah!" said Duchesne. "If he takes his seat what harm can he do—one of a weak and divided minority? No, Lafour, listen, and understand that I speak with the authority of the council which sent me when I say *there must be no violence*. It would be ill-advised in the highest degree. We are struggling here in Brittany, we are in a minority, and we have neither the ear nor the heart of the great mass of the people. The priests control them yet, and the priests would say, 'See! are not all our warnings proved well founded?' No; the thing must not be done. It is, after all, an extreme measure, only justified by the sacredness of our cause in extreme cases."

"And is not this an extreme case?" persisted the other.

who plainly did not wish to yield. "We are not strong enough to defeat the man by votes, else we might afford to despise him. We must, therefore, by more direct measures put it out of his power to misrepresent us."

"It would be a blunder, which is worse than a crime," said Duchesne with incisive energy; "and I repeat once more that, with the power of the council, I positively forbid it. I have gained all that I hoped or expected in coming here. I did not either hope or expect to defeat De Marigny; but we have used the election as a means to stir up popular feeling and popular thought, and to introduce the leaven of revolutionary principles more fully than it has been introduced before. It will work and bear fruit, and your societies must do the rest. Every man brought into them is a man wrested from the influence of the priests."

"*Sacré!*" was the answer like a deep growl. "I should like to make an end of that influence for ever, to banish every priest from France. That is the only chance for our final success."

"They will soon be banished from the schools—they and all their superstitions," said Duchesne. "That will give us the next generation; and when we have a nation of free-thinkers all that we desire will come about quickly enough. Patience, my friend; great results are not won in a day. We must work with our eyes on the future; we must not injure our cause by ill-judged haste in the present. Come, now, let us go over a few more details, and then I must bid you good-night, for I should like a little rest before my early departure to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE voices then turned to the consideration of things and people unknown to Armine; but she still sat motionless, as if petrified, on the side of the bed. A vista of terror seemed to open before her, and could any one have seen her in the darkened chamber she would have appeared to be gazing down it with dilated eyes. In truth, she was seeing many things—the face that had looked into hers that day on the threshold of the church of Marigny, the old château standing above its terraces, and a vision of the violence that threatened both. For she felt instinctively that there was no

security that her father's commands would be obeyed. Why should men who have renounced all allegiance to divine or human authority obey their self-constituted guides farther than it pleases them to do so? The law of private judgment has been found to be applicable to other things besides religion. It has risen in the form of resolution to overthrow governments, and it will most certainly assert itself in the form of insubordination wherever and whenever it is safe to do so. This knowledge—which seems curiously hidden from the self-willed and presumptuous leaders of our time—is clearly evident to all who look at things from a more logical point of view, and is abundantly proved by experience.

Duchesne's command, therefore, did not reassure his daughter, though it filled her with infinite relief so far as he was concerned. She had been shocked by the degree of personal animosity which he seemed to feel toward M. de Marigny, and which was absolutely unintelligible to her; but now she recognized the temper of the generous foe which she had missed before. He might hate, he might oppose with all his fiery strength, but no degree of hatred or opposition could lead him to things base and unworthy. With all her heart she thanked God for that knowledge.

But M. de Marigny! How could she go away and leave him in ignorance of the desires and (she felt sure) the intentions of his enemies? If she might send him a word of warning—a word which, though it needs must be vague, might put him on his guard! She half-rose with the impulse to do this, then sank down again. No, it was impossible. For if such a word of warning came from her, would he fail to draw the conclusion that her father had a part in that against which she warned him? And could she throw a suspicion so dark and so unjust upon that father who had just interposed his authority to save the man he hated, who refused consent to a mode of warfare as cowardly as it was base?

What, then, was she to do? Had this thing come to her knowledge for nothing? Had she been roused so suddenly and strangely out of sleep—as if some strong influence had bidden her wake and listen—only to tremble and fear and take no action? If she left this man to such a threatening fate, without the word of warning that might save him, how would she bear the after-burden of self-reproach should he suffer harm? Yet was it possible for her to cast on her father an odium which he could never disprove? Would she not be

the most disloyal of daughters, would she not deserve all that he had said of her that day, if she could do so? She felt like one tossed on a sea of doubt, longing for light and direction. But where should she turn to seek these things? She lifted her hands above her head and clasped them as in agony; then, with them still so clasped, fell upon her knees.

Before she rose the voices in the adjoining room had ceased, the visitor had departed, and she had heard her father retire to his chamber. Then all was still, and she had the quiet of the solemn night in which to decide on her course of action. But as time went on, and she still knelt motionless, half-fallen forward upon the couch from which she had risen, with her hands still clasped above her head, it seemed as if the decision would never be made. But finally the light for which she was pleading made itself clear. She rose, turned up the dimly-burning lamp, and going to her trunk, packed for departure, opened it noiselessly and took out writing materials. Then she sat down and wrote hastily these few lines:

"M. LE VICOMTE: In case you are elected there are those among your opponents who desire to put it out of your power to represent them. They will do so at the cost of your life, if necessary. The sanction of the leaders has been refused, but an attempt against you may be made nevertheless.' Therefore be on your guard. One who wishes you well sends this warning, and only asks in return that your suspicions may do no one injustice, and that you will understand that what you have to fear is the *undirected* violence of a few."

Even after writing this she hesitated again before enclosing it, and looked with an expression of piteous doubt at a crucifix which she had set on the table before her, writing the letter at its foot. "He will know—I am sure he will know—from whom it comes," she thought; "and if he should misjudge and think it is my father against whom I am warning him—" She paused and her head drooped forward on the paper. It seemed to her at that moment impossible to send the letter. She thought of her father sleeping tranquilly near by while she wrote to his enemy, to one who might seize the opportunity to think the worst of him!

But as she thought this the face of the vicomte rose before her—the noble lines, the kind, dark eyes—and she felt that she might safely trust the justice and generosity which looked from that face. "But if it were otherwise, if I knew that he would misjudge, have I the right to hold back a warning that may save his life?" she said to herself. And then her last

hesitation was over. She folded, addressed, sealed, and stamped the letter, and, placing it under her pillow, lay down again.

Not to sleep, however. She felt as if she could never sleep again, so strained and acute were all her senses. And then it was necessary to decide how she could post her letter, since they were to start so early in the morning. To go out herself at such an hour would be too extraordinary and would certainly excite her father's suspicion; yet she was determined not to entrust the letter to any one else. She thought of a dozen plans, only to discard each one; and when at last the sound of a clock chiming four told her that it was time to rise she had found no practical solution of the difficulty.

But Heaven came to her assistance. Her father was late for breakfast, and while she waited, conscious of the letter in her pocket more than of anything else, and still feverishly debating with herself how she could mail it, he entered with a key on his outstretched palm.

"See!" he said hastily, "I have broken the key of my port-manteau and cannot lock it. It is most unfortunate, for I must hurry out and try to find another, though I doubt whether any shop is open at this hour."

"O *mon père!* let me go for you," cried Armine eagerly, seeing in this her opportunity. "I have taken my breakfast, and while you take yours I can run to the shop of the watchmaker in the next street, so there will be no time lost."

"But you cannot go alone?" said her father, hesitating, while she eagerly extended her hand.

"Of course not. I will take Marie"—that was the housemaid—"and we can go and return while you drink your coffee."

He glanced at the *pendule*; there was indeed no time to lose. "*Eh bien*, go then," he said. "It will be best; but do not delay if the shop is not open."

Trembling with excitement and hardly believing her good fortune, Armine left the room, called Marie, and ran down the street, followed by the astonished maid with her white cap-strings fluttering. There were but few persons abroad, few windows open. The narrow street lay all in cool shadow, only on one side the top of the tall houses were touched with light. Armine turned a corner and saw the watchmaker's shop, from the windows of which a boy was deliberately taking down the shutters. But it was not on this that her eager attention was fixed, but on a tobacconist's shop two doors

beyond. There was a letter-box which had been before her mental vision all night, and which she had vainly endeavored to find some excuse for reaching. Now the matter was taken out of her hand, the opportunity was made for her without need of excuse. She felt almost awed by such a fulfilment of her desire as she walked up to the narrow slit, drew the letter from her pocket, and dropped it in.

The morning at Marigny was radiant with light and color, and sparkling with freshness, when the vicomte stepped out of the room where he had taken his solitary breakfast, and, lighting a cigar, walked slowly along the terrace, followed by two handsome dogs.

The green alleys of the park stretched below full of shadows; the old garden, though much neglected, was like a picture with its flowers and fruit-trees fresh with dew and set between old stone walls; while, looking over this garden, there was from the terrace a glimpse of the sea—of the blue, flashing, horizon-line of water afar—and the fragrance of flowers was mingled with the salt breath of the great deep.

But the vicomte had not come out on the terrace for the view, well as he knew and loved it, but because he had seen from the window of the breakfast-room a figure advancing up the avenue; and he knew that it was a messenger with the morning mail. He met the man at the head of the steps, received the bag from him, and, going to a shaded seat, established himself to open it at his leisure, the dogs placing themselves attentively on each side of him, as if expecting a share of the budget.

It was a large and sufficiently varied one. Numbers of newspapers, and letters of various sizes and shapes, tumbled out in a miscellaneous heap, which M. de Marigny proceeded to glance over, opening some and throwing others carelessly aside for later inspection. Among the latter was a letter which, as it lay there in the warm, bright sunlight, told no tales of the midnight when it was written, or of the early morning when with trepidation and difficulty it had been posted in the quaint old street of the district town.

But after he had finished reading a letter from Paris the vicomte took up and opened this with its unknown superscription. The few lines of writing which it contained were all on one page, and he observed with a sense of surprise that there was no signature. Then his glance turned to the open-

ing, "M. le Vicomte," and he read the simple words which Armine had traced under the influence of such strong feeling.

As she had felt sure, he knew at once from whom they came. There was not even an instant's doubt in his mind. He could see the pathetic eyes, he could hear the pathetic voice, and, if he had doubted for a moment, the appeal that he "would do injustice to no one" would have convinced him who the writer was. Who, indeed, could it be but the Socialist's daughter, to whom he had shown a little courtesy, and who thus put out her hand with a warning which might save his life?

But as he sat gazing at it, for how long a time he did not know, it was not of the danger which it revealed nor of the probable consequences to himself that he thought, but of the nature which these few lines so clearly indicated. He had felt its charm, the strong spell of its sympathy, from the first moment that he met the wonderful eyes that seemed looking at him now from the page on which *his* were fastened; but he had hardly been prepared for all that was revealed to him here. For he was himself possessed of the finest form of sympathy, and with its intuition he felt all that Armine had passed through. Where a coarser nature would have misunderstood, he read with perfect accuracy every phase of feeling, even to the fear that had half-deterred her—the fear lest her father should be misjudged through her act.

Presently he rose. Even yet he had not thought of himself at all. Threats and hints of personal danger had come to his ears before this, but he had not heeded them in the least, possessing a constitutional fearlessness which made it difficult for him to take account of such danger. Now, as he walked along the terrace, with the glad earth and the shining sea before his eyes, he was still thinking of the hand which had sent him the message rather than of the message itself; of the brave heart, the loyal nature, and of the face that only yesterday had looked at him with a gaze as wistful and appealing as the last words of this brief letter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

FAMILIAR though his name, life, and labors are throughout a large portion of Christendom, we deem it due from an American Catholic periodical to record the following brief memorial of the great Irish orator, Very Rev. Father Burke, who died at the Dominican convent, St. Mary's of the Rosary, Tallaght, County Dublin, on Monday morning, 2d of July, 1883, in the fifty-third year of his age. Since the death of O'Connell in 1847 the demise of no Irishman has excited such deep and general grief at home and abroad, especially in the United States, as that of the eloquent friar and ardent patriot, whose triumphant vindication of faith and fatherland is known wherever the Irish race is found. "The Prince of Preachers," as he was styled by His Holiness the Pope, his defence of the Catholic Church, her doctrines and her influence, is the most popular and effective pulpit effort of this age; while his earnest and enthusiastic exposition of the checkered history of his country, its glories and its sorrows, abounds with political rhetoric worthy of the palmiest days of the Irish school of oratory.

Thomas Nicholas Burke, the only son of humble parents, was born the 10th of September, 1830, in Kirwin's Lane in the town of Galway, generally known as "The Citie of the Tribes," from its having been settled or colonized by thirteen families, all of which, with two exceptions, were Anglo-Norman. Amongst these by far the most distinguished and influential was that from which our subject was descended. In Normandy one of them assumed the name De Burgo, from being governor of several towns; while the family claimed Pepin, King of France, as an ancestor.* A De Burgo was half-brother to William, Duke of Normandy, whom the family accompanied in his conquest of England, where they obtained large settlements. A few years

* The name of De Burgo is the Latinized surname of Herlwin, a member of the family of the dukes of Lower Lorraine, who was born at one of the family's strongholds, Bourcq (in Latin Burgum, whence De Burgo), and who married William of Normandy's mother, the famous beauty Arlette, by whom he had three sons, among them Robert, who became Earl of Kent after the battle of Hastings, and Odo, the celebrated fighting bishop of Bayeux. From Robert, who was, through the dukes of Lower Lorraine, a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, descend all the Irish branches of the De Burgo or Bourke race, though not necessarily every one who is called Bourke or Burke. For some of the De Burgos, when they became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," organized clans, the members of which, though they assumed the name of Bourke, were mostly old Irish, and bequeathed the adopted name to their descendants.—ED. C. W.

after the Anglo-Norman descent on Ireland Henry II. despatched William Fitz Adelm de Burgo, with Hugh de Lacy, on an important mission to Roderick O'Conor; and, after the death of Strongbow, De Burgo in 1177 was appointed governor of Ireland—a position subsequently held by others of the family. In 1179 Henry II. made grants of large tracts of Connaught to De Burgo, over which they ruled for centuries with almost regal authority. Their descendants intermarried with the ancient royal houses of Ireland and with those of England, Scotland, and France. Their chief seats were Loughrea and Galway, which became the second seaport in Ireland, where they built a strong castle and founded a Franciscan monastery in 1247. Generally in alliance with the English, but frequently with the native princes, the De Burghs, De Burgos, Burkes, or Bourkes, became divided into several branches, among them Clanricarde and Clanwilliam, and for a considerable period repudiated their Anglo-Norman and adopted Irish names. They founded churches and abbeys over all their vast territories; some of them were archbishops and bishops; and it was only at a late period that a few of the titled members of the family abandoned the Catholic Church, the mass of the Burkes, scattered over Ireland, although mainly in Connaught, being stanch Catholics. In the war of the Confederate Catholics, 1641–52, Lieutenant-General John Burke brilliantly captured Galway from the English forces and held it for seven months after the surrender of Limerick; so that it was only when the flag was lowered, by order of General Preston, in the castle of Galway that the Confederate cause was lost. Ulick de Burgh, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Clanricarde, a zealous Catholic, was commander-in-chief of the army in Connaught in that war—a stanch adherent of the royalist cause, but more of a diplomatist than a soldier or a statesman. He succeeded the Marquis of Ormond for a short time as lord-lieutenant, and was a prime mover in the negotiations with the Duke of Lorraine to hand over to him some of the strong places in Ireland in consideration of pecuniary advances to support the war; but the scheme fell through. Undaunted by their defeat, the Burkes were amongst the warmest supporters of James II. James, ninth Earl of Clanricarde, colonel of a regiment, having been made prisoner at the battle of Aughrim, was conveyed to Dublin and thence to England, outlawed and attainted, and his estates confiscated, but subsequently restored by an act of Parliament in the first year of the reign of Queen Anne, 1702, as a provision for the earl's *Protestant* children. Ulick Burke, son

of William, the seventh earl, who was created Baron Tyaquin and Viscount Galway, was killed at Aughrim with many of his kindred, fighting beside Sarsfield, 11th of July, 1691. Such were the Burkes of Galway and Connaught, from whose powerful clan the child of promise born in an humble home on the shores of Lough Corrib in 1830 was descended.

Our object is not to supply a topography of the locality, nor to laud the remarkable family upon whose name our subject reflects lustre, but to point to circumstances from which he drew inspiration and that exercised marked influence on his oratory. Born amidst the decay, if not the ruins, of a town that had had centuries of success, and surrounded by the remains of magnificent churches—such as that of St. Nicholas, whose name he bears—monastic houses, castles, and municipal and commercial buildings whose architecture still attests the taste and opulence of the mediæval period of their erection, it was impossible that a mind such as that of young Burke could escape the contagion of the piety and the patriotism which they suggested. Educated in the academy of Rev. Dr. O'Toole until he was seventeen years of age, the fine sentiment of Cicero must, as he heard of the former glories of Galway, have deeply affected the youthful student. *Nescire quid antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum*—"To know nothing of what happened before you were born is to be always a boy." This noble sentiment was developed by his illustrious namesake, Edmund Burke, in the maxim, "No people who do not often look back to their ancestors can look forward to posterity"—a maxim thus eloquently extolled by D'Arcy McGee in his review in *The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century* of John Lynch, Bishop of Killala, a native of Galway :

"It is the utterance of an oracle; and no priestess standing amid her statues in Delphi, no Christian doctor fresh inspired from the perusal of the words of the messengers of God, ever clothed in language a more profound truth. Thank God! we Irishmen have an antiquity to look to, one that every day becomes clearer and higher within our view. We look back, and we find valor with the soldier, and mercy and meditation with the Druid; song enthroned in the high places, and womanhood respected and beloved. We look, and find a paganism which sacrificed no human life on its altars; which yielded to Christianity a bloodless seat, nor asked one martyr to satisfy or give a pretext to its abdication. We find our young Christianity rearing colleges by the fairest rivers, where foreigners might come and learn the truths of revelation and study the knowledge of the world and its inhabitants. We find its faith so deep and fearless that its votaries outsail the sea-king into Iceland and dwell with the chamois-

hunter in his glaciated world ; or, lo ! they sit at the foot of Charlemagne and teach hard by the throne of Alfred."

Burke was born the last year that the wardens had ecclesiastical sway in Galway—the first bishop having been appointed in 1831—and from the lips as well as from the great work of the gifted historian Hardiman he made a study of his native city. Then and in more mature years he mastered the lives and works of the many eminent men born in or connected with Galway. Here was born, in 1560, Florence Conroy, of a native sept that crowned the kings of Connaught and placed in their hands the white wand of dominion. The twin orders of the thirteenth century, those of St. Francis and St. Dominic, had early been established in Galway ; Conroy embraced the former, as his townsman, Burke, did the other. Conroy received his education in the Netherlands and in Spain, where he attended the death-bed of Hugh Ruadh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell, in 1602, and saw his coffin laid with the brethren of his own order in the cathedral of Valladolid, King Philip of Spain erecting a monument over his remains. On a vacancy occurring in the see of Tuam, 1609–10, Conroy was appointed archbishop, but his duties in the Netherlands and the severity of the penal laws prevented his return to Ireland. Through his influence with the court of Spain Archbishop Conroy founded the first Irish college on the Continent, that of Louvain, in 1616—a college that has conferred incalculable benefits on Ireland. The archbishop died at the Franciscan convent in Madrid, November, 1629, but his remains were removed in 1654 to his loved Louvain. John Lynch, Bishop of Killala, one of the most remarkable literary men of his age, who came of a race of schoolmasters, was born in the town of Galway towards the close of the sixteenth century, and in 1622 we find him there, the head of a large collegiate "School of Humanity," perhaps at that date considerably the most numerous attended of the few Catholic colleges in Ireland. Of its efficiency and influence we have authentic official record. In the year 1622 James I. issued a royal commission to inquire into the state of education in Ireland, at the head of which was the celebrated James Ussher—then chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, subsequently archbishop of Armagh—which commission visited Galway and examined Lynch and his scholars. The following is Ussher's report of the school :

" We found at Galway a public schoolmaster named Lynch, placed there

by the citizens, who had great numbers of scholars, not only out of the province [Connaught] but out of the 'Pale' and other parts, resorting to him. We had prooffe, during our continuance in that citie, how his schollars profitted under him, by the verses and orations they brought us. We sent for that schoolmaster before us, and seriously advised him to conform to the religion established; and not prevailing with our advices, we enjoined him to forbear teaching; and I, the chancellor, did take recognisance of him and some others of his relatives, in that citie, in the sum of four hundred pounds sterling to His Majesty's use, that from henceforth he should forbear teaching any more without the license of the lord-deputy."

His school closed by the strong arm of the law, we find Lynch archdeacon of Tuam in 1641, with strong opinions on the Confederate policy; and when Galway fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians in 1652 Lynch with several others exiled themselves to the Continent. It was in the leisure thus secured he produced his greatest works, the chief of which is *Cambrensis Eversus*. Gerald Barry, Archdeacon of Brecknock, known as Giraldus Cambrensis, accompanied Henry II. in his expedition to Ireland in 1171-3 as court chaplain. On his return he spent several years of intrigue for ambitious episcopal promotion, having refused several bishoprics, with which view he devoted many years to writing his notorious work, *Expugnatio Hibernica* (Ireland taken by Storm), of which three editions were published, the first in 1188, and the last, dedicated to King John, in 1209. The author candidly avows that to write truthful history regarding Ireland was not his object, but to flatter the king and secure his influence. He produced the vilest, most malicious, and most untruthful caricature of Ireland, her church and her people—misrepresentations that to this day have injured, with strangers, the character of the country. It is upon his sole authority the alleged bull of Adrian IV. was for centuries accepted as genuine, but now fairly proved to be a forgery.* To expose the calumnies and refute the sophistries of the unscrupulous Welshman, Lynch, the erudite Galway priest, wrote his *Cambrensis Eversus*,† dedicated to Charles II., under the anonymous signature of "Gratianus Lucius"—a work that relegated Barry's book from the domain of history to the realm of fiction. He returned to Ireland after the Restoration, and in 1669 published a *Life of Francis Kirwan*,‡ Bishop of Killala, who was his uncle and also a native of the town of Galway. Lynch also wrote another re-

* *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Bishop Moran, November, 1872. *Analecta Juris Pontificii*, May-June, 1882. *Dublin Review*, July, 1883.

† Published in 1848, in three volumes, by the Celtic Society of Dublin, with a translation and copious notes by Rev. Matthew Kelly, Maynooth College.

‡ Published in 1848, with a translation and notes by Rev. C. P. Meehan.

markable work—his *Alithinologia*, depicting the sufferings of the Anglo-Irish race under Elizabeth, with interesting sketches of the chief actors in the Confederate war of 1641–52. This distinguished man, some time after his return home, was consecrated bishop of Killala, in which dignity he died at an advanced age. Amongst the most remarkable men educated, though not born, in Galway is the celebrated Duaid Mac Firis (*Dubhaltach Mac Firisagh*), or Dudley Forbes, author of the *Chronicum Scotorum* (Scots, or Irish), the last of a long line of the annalists of Lecain, parish of Kilglass, in Tircragh, on the Moy, in the County Sligo, who were hereditary antiquarians of their district. Born on the ancestral estate or patrimony sacred to his family, towards the close of the sixteenth century, he proceeded to the Brehon schools of north Tipperary and Clare to study Celtic archæology under the Mac Egans and O'Donovans, and then settled down in Galway to complete his education there in the College of St. Nicholas, where he compiled his large and comprehensive volume of pedigrees of ancient Irish and Anglo-Norman families in 1560. His volume, of which, according to O'Curry,* only a few copies are extant, opens thus:

“The place, time, author, and cause of writing this book are—the place, the College of St. Nicholas in Galway; the time, the time of the religious war between the Catholics of Ireland and the heretics of Ireland, Scotland, and England, particularly the year 1650; the person or author, Dubhaltach, the son of *Gilla Isa Mór Mac Firisagh*, historian, etc., of Lecain Mac Firis, in Tircragh, on the Moy; and the cause of writing the book is to increase the glory of God, and for the information of the people in general.”

Besides this important genealogical work, Mac Firis compiled two others of still greater value, which unfortunately do not now exist—namely, a glossary of the ancient laws of Erin, and a biographical dictionary of her ancient writers and most distinguished literary men. Mac Firis was afterwards amanuensis to Sir James Ware, and assisted that eminent antiquary in most of his great works. The lamentable and tragic death of Mac Firis, when close on eighty years of age, at Dunflin, in the parish of Skreen, barony of Tircragh, County Sligo, in 1670, is graphically described by O'Curry on the authority of Charles O'Connor, of Belanagare:

“Mac Firis, on his way to Dublin, took up his lodgings for the night at a small house in the little village of Dunflin, in his native county. While sitting and resting himself in a little room off the shop a young

* *Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History.* Dr. Petrie's paper, Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

gentleman of the Crofton family came in and began to take some liberties with a young woman who had care of the shop. She, to check his freedom, told him he would be seen by the old gentleman in the next room ; upon which, in a sudden rage, he snatched up a knife from the counter, rushed furiously into the room, and plunged it into the heart of Mac Firbis. Thus it was that, at the hand of a wanton assassin, this great scholar closed his long career, the last of the regularly educated and most accomplished masters of the history, antiquities, and laws and language of ancient Erinn."

Roderick O'Flaherty, born at Moycullen, near Galway, in 1628, a scion of that powerful sept, was also partly educated at the College of St. Nicholas, presided over by John Lynch, author of *Cambrensis Eversus*, and was the friend and fellow-student of Mac Firbis. He devoted himself to the study of Irish history and antiquities, and produced his great work, *Ogygia* (the name by which Ireland was known to Plutarch), and, in reply to the pretensions of adverse Scotch critics, his *Ogygia Vindicata*, which was first published in 1775 by Charles O'Connor. He also wrote *An Account of H-Iar Connaught*. Nor can De Burgo's *Hibernia Dominicana* be dissociated from Galway. But on the long roll of distinguished men connected with the capital of Connaught few can lay claim to the eminence of the brilliant constitutional lawyer, Patrick Darcey. When the Irish House of Commons, in 1641, impeached the government through a series of twenty-one questions addressed to the House of Lords, Darcey was appointed prolocutor of the former at the conference of both Houses of Parliament held in the Castle of Dublin, 9th of June, and ordered to address the lower House on the answers given to those queries by the judges. This he did in his famous argument, proving the insufficiency and illegality of those answers in an address of matchless ability, never surpassed for profound and exhaustive knowledge of constitutional law and defence of the legislative claims of Ireland as a sovereign nation. He anticipated Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas, who merely reproduced his arguments ; and one hundred and forty-one years after their delivery Grattan carried, in 1782, the legislative independence of the kingdom. A few months afterwards the rising in Ulster precipitated the crisis and led to the Catholic Confederation in Kilkenny, at which Patrick Darcey was elected chancellor. Nor must we fail to notice another remarkable Galway man, notwithstanding the sad taint of apostasy that unhappily attaches to his name—Walter Blake Kirwan, who, though he left the church, no temptation, not even the solicitation of royalty, could ever induce him to assail her doctrines or her morality. Born in 1754, he was

educated at St. Omer; took orders in Louvain, where he rose to distinction; but on his return to Ireland he joined the Protestant Church and obtained the rectory of a parish in the city of Dublin. The brilliant eulogium uttered by Grattan on Dr. Kirwan's marvellous pulpit eloquence, in the Irish House of Commons, 19th of June, 1792, has the following passage:

"What is the case of Dr. Kirwan? This man preferred our country and our religion, and brought to both genius superior to what he found in either. He called forth the latent virtues of the human heart, and taught men to discover in themselves a mine of charity of which the proprietors had been unconscious. In feeding the lamp of charity he has almost exhausted the lamp of life. He came to interrupt the repose of the pulpit, and shakes one world with the thunder of another. The preacher's desk became the throne of light; round him a train, not such as crouch and swagger at the levee of princes, not such as attend the procession of the viceroys, horse, foot, and dragoons, but that wherewith a great genius peoples his own state—charity in ecstasy, and vice in humiliation; vanity, arrogance, and saucy, empty pride appalled by the rebuke of the preacher, and cheated for a moment of their native improbity and insolence. What reward? . . . The curse of Swift is upon him; to have been born an Irishman and a man of genius, and to have used it for the good of his country."

In 1800 Kirwan obtained the deanery of Killala, and died in Dublin, 27th of October, 1805, aged fifty-one years, leaving his family poorly provided for. George III. granted his widow a pension of three hundred pounds a year, with reversion to his daughters.*

No Irish Catholic, especially no Irish-American, can fail to recognize the entire relevancy of these local sketches, historical, ecclesiastical, political, and literary, of Galway, the birthplace of the illustrious Dominican who has just passed away, as the most cursory view of the titles of his lectures and sermons, eminently so of those delivered during his visit to America, must bring conviction that association with these scenes in his boyhood must have left a profound impression on his susceptible mind and warm heart—an impression that found eloquent utterance under every one of the leading topics just enumerated. We have stated that young Burke was educated in Galway, chiefly at the academy kept by Rev. J. P. O'Toole, until he left in 1847, the year of O'Connell's death and of the assured outbreak of the

* The writer of this sketch dined, in 1849, at the house of Rev. Father Nagle, P.P., V.G., Gort, County Galway, when there sat on one side of him a Catholic bishop, and on the other a Protestant dean, both of that diocese of Kilmacduagh. The Catholic bishop, Dr. French, was son of a Protestant clergyman; and the Protestant dean (Kirwan) son of a lapsed priest and the above eloquent preacher.

great famine. The College of St. Nicholas, its distinguished students, the succession of eminent schoolmasters, the Lynches, and the closing of that college in 1622 by order of the royal commission of James I., have already been noticed. On the close of the Confederate war Erasmus Smith, a trooper in Cromwell's army, obtained grants of forfeited lands in six counties, amounting to upwards of eleven thousand and fifty acres, and in 1669 he secured a charter incorporating a board of governors to establish and support from the rents of these estates five grammar-schools, one of which was erected in Galway and richly endowed. Catholics were left no other place for classical education than this Protestant college, which they attended in considerable numbers, as the master, in consideration of their fees, relaxed in their regard the rules relating to religion. But the governors having issued rules in 1712 for preventing such laxity, eighty-five "popish" scholars, seventy of whom paid for their schooling, left the college in one day, refusing to observe the prescribed Protestant practices. Catholics attempted to evade the penal laws prohibiting them from keeping schools, but the felonious academies were pounced on by spies, of even a better class of society, as we read in the case of Galway, and forcibly suppressed. From a return made to the Irish House of Lords in 1731 we find the following report from Warden Taylor, mayor of the town:

"I am also to acquaint your lordships that some time ago, on the information of Mr. Garnett, master of the Free School [Erasmus Smith's college], I gave him my warrant against Gregory French, whom he alleged to be a popish schoolmaster and to keep a Lattin school, and, having called upon Mr. Garnett to know what he had done in the said warrant, he said French had dropped the school."

After the relaxation of the penal laws, towards the close of last century, the Catholics gradually opened schools, primary and intermediate, for both sexes. The Presentation Order of nuns established extensive schools there in 1815, and soon occupied their present establishment, which had originally been a proselytizing charter school, on the failure of which it was used as a military barrack in 1798. The Dominican nuns near Salt Hill have a boarding-school for young ladies. The Brothers of St. Patrick early established primary schools for boys; and their labors are now supplemented by those of the Christian Brothers, who have charge of an industrial school, while the Sisters of Mercy have very large schools, primary, intermediate, and industrial, and have also charge of the workhouse hospital; and

finally, in 1863, the Jesuits established the College of St. Ignatius for the superior education of the middle classes. The academy kept by Rev. Dr. O'Toole, in which Father Burke was educated, demands notice, as marking a new era in the relation of the government to Catholics. The penal laws in relation to education, the operation of which we have illustrated in Galway in the case of forcibly closing the colleges and schools in 1622 and 1731, and the failure of Trinity College, the endowed schools, the charter schools, and the schools of the Kildare-Place Society to attract Catholics, a new scheme was devised—that known as the *mixed* or secular system, now so familiar to, and opposed by, the Catholics of the United States. Galway was fixed upon by the government as the site of one of the three Queen's Colleges, the act for which passed in 1845, and which were opened in 1849. Opposed by the vast majority of Catholics, clerical and lay, every seductive art was used to soften Catholic hostility to those institutions and reconcile the people to them. With this view Rev. Dr. Kirwin, parish priest of Oughterard, diocese of Galway, a distinguished preacher, was appointed president, and Rev. Dr. O'Toole, head of the academy in which Father Burke was taught, vice-president, of the new Queen's College in Galway. But on the disapprobation of the Holy See having been intimated to them, both ecclesiastics dutifully resigned office. A few years afterwards, undeterred by the unpopularity and failure of the Queen's College, the government established model-schools under exclusive state management, on the same principle, beside the college. These, too, were in due time opposed, and both institutions are now threatened with being closed, having proved lamentable failures. We have given this full sketch of the working of education for centuries in the birthplace of Father Thomas Burke—a subject deeply interesting to all Catholics, upon which he lectured in America, and that, from personal observation as well as profound study, he was so eminently competent to discuss.

That young Burke should in 1847, when seventeen years of age, proceed to Rome as a candidate for the novitiate of the Order of St. Dominic may be noticed. Franciscans, Dominicans, and Augustinians had old foundations in Galway, with all of which he was familiar. The Franciscans were more popular with the native Irish, the Dominicans with the Anglo-Normans of the Pale. Located in the midst of the fishing colony of the Claddagh, the fathers of the Dominican convent were deeply endeared to all classes in Galway, one of the best streets in

the town, called after St. Dominic, being the entrance to it, where Father Burke's mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, lived and died. There are few of the old families in Galway that had not some members in the Dominican Order. Under these circumstances, and acting under spiritual advice, there can be no difficulty in understanding how the promptings of grace and personal predilections led the gifted youth to the order upon which he was destined to shed a new lustre. He made his novitiate in Perugia, in Italy, where, on the 5th of January, 1849, he made his solemn profession. For three years he studied theology and philosophy in the College of the Minerva in Rome, when he was sent by the general of the order to Woodchester, in England, to organize the novitiate for the English province. He received ordination at Clifton on Holy Saturday, 1853, from Dr. Burgess, bishop of that diocese. Father Burke spent about two years on the mission in Woodchester, and while there publicly attacked and signally routed two itinerant mountebanks, pretended Italians, who visited the place, assailing the Catholic Church. He challenged their knowledge of Italian, proved their total ignorance of the language, and banished them in disgrace from the district. When the Irish Dominicans established their new novitiate in Tallaght, under the Dublin Mountains, the charge of this important foundation was entrusted to him. We shall presently give a historical sketch of Tallaght from the earliest times until the remains of the lamented orator were laid within that convent that he so loved. In 1867 he was appointed prior of the monastery of St. Clement's, Rome, but in two years was attached to St. Saviour's Church, Dominick Street, Dublin.

St. Saviour's—built some years since, in Dominick Street, the old haunt of the fathers, which gave name to the street, where they removed from Denmark Street—is one of the handsomest churches in Dublin and one of the most frequented. At a public meeting for its erection Lord O'Hagan, then attorney-general, and who has since been judge and twice lord high chancellor of Ireland, eloquently described the labors of the order.

It was while attached to St. Saviour's that Father Burke's marvellous powers as a pulpit orator first attracted special attention. He preached for every charity in the metropolis, and his eloquence was rapidly courted and utilized throughout the provinces. May, 1869, Father Burke delivered one of his most magnificent orations on the occasion of the transfer of O'Connell's remains from the vault in which they had been deposited on their return from Genoa, in 1847, to the national monument in

another part of Glasnevin cemetery. Later that year, 12th of September, 1869, a tridium was given in the cathedral, Marlborough Street, in thanksgiving for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Protestant Church in Ireland after three hundred and thirty-three years of bondage and oppression, when Father Burke preached a sermon, before a number of the Irish prelates, of unusual power and ability.

November, 1871, Father Burke proceeded to the United States, where he had been sent as visitator-general of the houses of the Dominican Order, from which mission he returned home March, 1873. This expedition was the most important incident in his life. Immediately on his arrival, his reputation as a preacher and an orator having preceded him, the great orator was at once enlisted in the service of the church for charity, and by the Irish race into a defence and vindication of their fatherland. We find him preaching on the feast of the apostle of Ireland in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in 1872. Earlier that month we find him in Brooklyn discussing such topics as "The Catholic Church the Mother of Liberty" and "The Christian Man the Man of the Day," while in the same month we find Father Burke in the Dominican pulpit, New York, preaching on "The Catholic Church the Mother and Inspiration of Art," "The Groupings of Calvary," and, on Good Friday, "Christ on Calvary"; while the following month, in the same church, his subject was "The Supernatural Life the absorbing Life of the Irish People." In St. Michael's Church his sermon was on "The Blessed Eucharist." But while sermons and religious subjects formed the natural staple of his matchless eloquence, Irish nationality was the theme of many of his noblest orations. "The History of Ireland as told in her Ruins," a lecture delivered in the Cooper Institute, 5th of April, 1872, will never be forgotten by the thousands who heard it or by the millions who read it—a lecture inspired by the ruins that lay round his boyhood in Galway, an outline of which we have sketched in the opening of this article. Of the same national fibre are "The National Music of Ireland," "The Exiles of Erin," "Genius and Character of the Irish People," and others. Froude having preceded him in America, falsifying history and vilifying the Irish race, stimulated the eloquent Dominican to impugn his mischievous misstatements and refute his shallow sophistries. His six lectures, "The Sophistries of Froude Refuted," in which he was kindly assisted by the personal counsel as well as the works of the late Mr. John Mitchel, produced a

profound sensation in America and at home. In one of these, "The Normans in Ireland," Father Burke boldly grappled with the fabrications of Giraldus Cambrensis, in reference to the alleged bull of Adrian IV., in a style worthy of his illustrious townsman, Dr. Lynch, author of *Cambrensis Eversus*. In fact, so familiar are the sermons and lectures of Father Burke while in America that any detailed notice of them by way of review is quite unnecessary, as perhaps no similar work in our day has obtained such wide-spread circulation.

On his return to Ireland early in 1873 he was received with the enthusiastic homage becoming his genius and his labors. The day of his arrival a large dinner-party awaited him at Cardinal Cullen's; and a public banquet was given to him in his native town, Galway, presided over by Archbishop MacHale, to whom he dedicated a volume of his lectures in America. There is scarcely a Catholic cottage in Ireland in which Father Burke's familiar face, in photograph, woodcut, or lithograph, does not deck the walls; nor is the humblest homestead without a volume of some of his lectures. The pope, O'Connell, and Father Tom Burke are essential works of art in all the dwellings of the Irish peasantry.

He settled in his old quarters in Tallaght on his return, resuming his duties in directing the novitiate, but constantly drawn upon in preaching throughout Ireland, England, and Scotland for charitable purposes. Disease soon made its appearance in the form of internal cancer. Absolute rest was enjoined, but it was easier prescribed than practised. Accompanied by Father Towers, provincial of the order, he made a journey to Rome, where he was received by the Holy Father with that affectionate respect becoming his eminent services to the church. Improved by the visit and the cessation of his wonted work, Father Burke returned to Tallaght, but a fortnight after his arrival he proceeded to London to preach for three days at the opening of the new Dominican church at Haverstock Hill—an effort to which he was physically inadequate and in which he broke down. Prostrate there for some time, he returned to his convent in Tallaght, where he was confined to bed. On learning that he was named to preach in the Jesuits' church of St. Francis Xavier, Gardiner Street, on Sunday, 24th of June, in aid of the distressed children in Donegal, contrary to all remonstrance he drove in and attempted the task, but failed in the pulpit after a feeble effort to proceed. He was brought back to Tallaght, and, suffering great torture

during the week, received the sacraments on Sunday, 1st of July, and expired early next morning. Thus passed away, in his fifty-third year, one of the most gifted men, one of the most pious priests, one of the most devoted patriots of the Irish race. He was the equal, if not the superior, of O'Connell as an orator; had a far readier and more copious command of language, and was scarcely his inferior in wit, sarcasm, humor, and pathos. He combined the highest masculine courage with the tenderness and sympathy of a woman and the simplicity of a child. His dramatic power was of the highest order and added special effect to his oratorical genius. Father Burke has left a blank in the church that we can scarcely hope to see filled in this generation.

On Wednesday, 4th of July, his obsequies took place at the convent, Tallaght, where he desired to be interred. Every effort, every popular appeal, in private and in the press, was made to have his remains removed into St. Saviour's, that he might have a public funeral; but in vain, as his living and dying wish should be respected. Thirteen bishops, two of them archbishops, about two hundred priests, secular and regular, including dignitaries from most of the dioceses of Ireland, a large number of leading gentry, and a vast concourse of laity assisted at the interment. The prelates were the Primate of Armagh, the Archbishop of Tuam, and the bishops of Cork, Elphin, Down and Connor, Meath, Kilmore, Clonfert, Clogher, Ardagh, Ossory, Raphoe, and Galway (bishop-elect). Cardinal McCabe, who was absent in England, had a special representative present. Several of the other bishops were unable to attend, owing to retreats being held in their dioceses. The Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, who was an attached friend of Father Burke's, presided at the solemn obsequies. The new church, the walls of which are about fifteen feet high, were covered with an awning, so as to allow the coffin to be placed there and the obsequies celebrated, as the small temporary chapel was wholly inadequate for such an occasion. After the office the remains were borne by eight Dominican fathers from the new church to the area in front of the convent, where, covered by floral tributes sent by loving hands, they were interred until their final removal to the church when completed.

Tallaght, the burial-place of Father Burke, has added a fresh glory to its early fame, and for generations pilgrims will lovingly wend their way up its slopes to honor his memory and breathe a fervent prayer at his tomb. Situated below the line

of undulating hills which separates Dublin County from that of Wicklow, near the head of the charming valley of the Dodder, on the road from the metropolis—from which it is only six miles distant—to Baltinglass, it commands a matchless panorama of the city and suburbs: Howth, Killiney, Bray Head, the Bay of Dublin, the plains of Fingal, on the north, and the wooded stretches of the Phoenix Park and Kildare closing the view on the northwest and west. Behind rise, within view, the crests of the Dublin Mountains, Saggart Hill, Killakee, and the Two and the Three Rock Mountain; while on the Wicklow side of the chain are Seefingan and Kippure, reaching an altitude of close on twenty-five hundred feet. The northern face of the mountain is agreeably broken and diversified by glens and ravines that enhance considerably the scenic effect, as the Slade of Saggart, the Gap of Ballinascorney, Glencullen, and the Scalp. The ancient road still exists, passing through Glenasmole (the Glen of the Thrushes), over which the kings of Leinster drove, up to about the sixth century, in their journeys from Ferns to Tara, in Meath, to attend the periodic council of the monarchs of Ireland. In the seventh century a monastery was founded in Tallaght, the abbots of which were bishops. In 787 there died as abbot of that foundation St. Maolruan, in which house lived at the same time Angus, the eminent hagiologist, compiler of the Martyrology of Tallaght, who succeeded as bishop and abbot. The identical site of that monastery is now occupied by the Dominican convent of St. Mary of the Rosary, the novitiate of the order, where repose the remains of Father Thomas Burke. The incursions and settlement of the pagan Ostmen, or Danes, in Dublin during several centuries led to the plunder and closing of the early Christian churches in the city; but the abbeys in Tallaght, Clondalkin, and Swords continued to preserve the light of faith and of letters. Protected by its position within the territory of the native septs of Wicklow, the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, Tallaght was not brought within the Anglo-Norman Pale for a considerable period after the invasion, so that the abbey flourished with the usual Danish and native raids and exigencies of the period. Large tracts of the Termon lands round the district were granted by the pope as ecclesiastical endowments to the see of Dublin and to St. Patrick's Cathedral; hence the name Saggard (*saggart*, a priest) in the vicinity. It soon became the country residence of the Anglo-Norman archbishops; but they were liable to continual disturbance, the O'Tooles of Imalye sweeping down on them from the moun-

tains. About the year 1340 Alexander de Bickner, Archbishop of Dublin, rebuilt the palace at Tallaght on the abbey grounds of St. Maolruan, the tower of which still remains, being used as a belfry of the temporary chapel, and in which the Dominican fathers still say their office daily. A large deer-park was attached to the palace, and the archbishops, Catholic and Protestant, continued to reside there as their country palace until 1803. Adam Loftus, one of the first archbishops of the Reformation, built the castle of Rathfarnham, beside the Dodder, upon church lands—a castle about two miles below Tallaght, still in good preservation and inhabited. In 1821 an act of Parliament authorized the taking down of the archbishops' palace in Tallaght and the application of the mensal lands to the general revenues of the see of Dublin. The lands, about two hundred acres, were let; but the tenant having mortgaged them, the holding lapsed to the present Sir John Lentaigue, a Catholic, who rented, on lease, thirty acres round the site of the palace to the Dominican fathers for a novitiate in 1855, for which they paid a fine of two thousand pounds and a yearly rent of one hundred pounds. The grounds were enclosed; a temporary chapel constructed out of stables and out-offices, the tower of the archiepiscopal palace serving as a belfry, and the erection of a convent projected. In the extensive garden attached are some magnificent yews, cypresses, and laurels of ancient date, but the most remarkable objects are a few walnut-trees, one of enormous dimensions covering a rood of ground, all in splendid condition, believed to have been planted by St. Maolruan eleven hundred years ago. There is also the socket of a cross of same date. Another striking feature is the Friars' Walk, an ancient, closely-wooded, wide avenue, still used, as formerly, for processions of the Blessed Sacrament.

Provision had to be made for the accommodation of thirty members of a community—six priests, eighteen novices, and six lay brothers. There are sixteen Dominican convents in Ireland—St. Saviour's (Dublin), Tallaght, Athy, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Tralee, Kilkenny, Newbridge (Kildare), Drogheda, Dundalk, Galway, Sligo, Esker (Athenry), Boula (Portumna), Newry—with about seventy priests, to recruit whose ranks a novitiate such as that of Tallaght is only of moderate aims. When Father Burke was entrusted with this important charge he was only twenty-five years of age, and every element of the new foundation had to be constructed without endowment or funds. A handsome convent has been erected, the shell alone of which

cost two thousand pounds apart from the furnishing and fitting. There is a small but very select library and several valuable pictures. In the spacious cloister is a handsome banner with a figure of Our Lady of the Rosary, which was borne before the papal nuncio, Rinuccini, at the Confederation of Kilkenny, the Dominican Black Abbey having been closely connected with the Catholic parliament held there. South of the convent, between it and the mountain, is the new church, upon the erection and completion of which Father Burke had set his heart; but Providence having decreed otherwise, the duty devolves on the millions at home and abroad who loved and admired him to finish the good work as a fitting monument to his genius, his piety, and his patriotism. The church, designed by Ashlin, is Gothic, one hundred and forty in length, seventy in breadth, and seventy feet in height to the ridge-pole. Half the length of the church will be devoted to the choir and the community, the other half being set aside for the general population of the vicinity, who for a considerable distance round frequent the church. Under the parochial arrangements Tallaght is a branch of the parish of Rathfarnham. The new church, including the cloisters, to connect the church with the convent and complete the monastery into the quadrangular building—the type of all Dominican institutions—will cost twenty thousand pounds. The walls of the new buildings, already about fifteen feet high, are of the best Calp limestone from Clondalkin; the windows and doors are dressed with Ardraccan limestone from Navan, a pleasing contrast to the dark Calp; and Caen stone is largely used in the interior. The roof within is stained pine. Altogether the whole convent, when completed, will be one of the handsomest monastic institutions in Ireland, worthy of the fame of the Dominican Order and of the eminent services that for six centuries it has rendered to the church, and nowhere more than in Ireland during her darkest days of persecution and gloom. Father Burke had charge, with slight intermission, of this last Dominican foundation for twenty-eight years, which he essayed to complete. He lived and died there, and bequeathed his honored remains to repose within the walls of the new church when finished.

THE CHURCH AND PROHIBITION.

THE admirable utterances of Bishop Ireland, Father Walworth, and others of the Catholic clergy have done much to throw light on the question of prohibition, which is receiving such general advocacy from non-Catholic temperance people throughout the country. Yet it is evident that there are still misunderstandings even among intelligent Catholics regarding the attitude of the church on this question, to say nothing of the fact that many of our enemies openly assert that we are in league with the liquor-traffic because we do not always and everywhere advocate prohibition. It may not be important to enlighten those who would doubtless continue their calumnies under any circumstances, but it is essential that Catholics should understand their own position on the subject of prohibition. That it has not received more of favor among Catholics is due to the fact that it has been presented from stand-points which Catholics could not endorse without being guilty of absurdity, and perhaps heresy. It may be that this danger has been a little too anxiously insisted on, and that some have made the mistake of supposing that the church is opposed to prohibition from any and all points of consideration without any qualifications and conditions whatever.

But the trouble has arisen from a misunderstanding of the nature of the issue raised; and for this we fear that the advocates of prohibition have themselves chiefly to blame. No doubt they are generally earnest men, and many of them religious men. Yet they do seem to have fallen into some confusion of mind concerning the relative bearings of the temperance question on the civil and on the religious side of human affairs. Temperance is primarily a Christian virtue, necessarily forming part of the Christian character. Now, to acknowledge that it needs any aids for its growth or preservation in the individual man other than the church can afford is more than Catholics can admit. Faith, observation, experience, all convince Catholics that any form or degree of this virtue, as well as of every other, is not only attainable but best attainable in the religious life accessible to all members of the Catholic Church. Such is the purpose for which our Lord founded his church.

Temperance, whether it be the moderate use of alcoholic

drink or the complete disuse of it, if it be practised for the love of God, sympathy with the thirst of our Lord, as a good example to the younger members of one's family or one's neighbors, or as a wise precaution against the growth of an inordinate appetite, or as a penance for past sin, is an act pleasing to God, a religious act, inspired by divine grace, and pertains to the religious character of the individual. What relation it may have to one's civil character, touching his duties to the state, has hardly ever been fair matter of discussion under the head of prohibition, for prohibition has immediate reference only to the *sale* and *manufacture* of alcoholic drink as a beverage. If the class of temperance advocates called prohibitionists had stuck to the question of prohibition, and had advocated prohibition more and extreme views of abstinence less, they would have had many more adherents among Catholics.

That has been the very difficulty. Prohibition has been advocated too much as a dogma rather than as a policy. Its loudest if not its most numerous advocates indulge in the sweeping condemnation of every use of alcoholic drink in any form or quantity except in medicinal doses and for only such purposes as medicinal poisons are used; and it is *from such convictions* that for the most part the prohibition sentiment seems to spring. It is thus made a theological question. To be sure, every practical matter of the kind is based on some theological principles, and we may agree with prohibitionists that drinking may be an occasion of sin. But we cannot agree that it is a proximate occasion of sin to everybody. Not only would they force us to admit that, but also that it is always a sinful act to drink alcoholic beverages except as one takes a dose of strychnine or arsenic at the prescription of the physician.

The fact is that prohibitionists have crowded a question of civil policy back into the domain of ethical principles, and while sometimes, perhaps, right on the question of policy, they have generally gone wrong on the question of principle. It is true that human laws derive their binding force from their conformity with divine enactments, and the better the Catholic citizen understands his duties to the church the purer will be his conceptions of, and the readier will be his compliance with, his duties to the state. But farther than this it is scarcely prudent to combine their respective spheres of authority. While the state may well hesitate, under present circumstances, to enforce personal temperance by law, so the church acts wisely by confining her application of great moral principles to the private con-

science rather than that of the general public. In short, the question of prohibition as it concerns whole communities, and properly understood, belongs to the domain of politics rather than theology, and it would be a grave mistake to assert that there was dogmatic authority binding Catholics on any side of such question. What the state may do is to say that the liquor-traffic is the prolific source of certain evils and inimical to the general welfare; and public authority being specially organized to preserve and not destroy, it cannot be a party to the destruction of its own existence by permitting the continuance of so destructive an agent. The state has the power to do any and all things needed to fulfil the end of organized society—viz., the preservation of the general welfare of the people. If the state comes to regard the liquor-traffic as a disorganizing agent, or as destroying its members or otherwise rendering them unable to fulfil their part of that mutual relationship and obligation which exists between the citizen and the state, then the question of restriction or prohibition stands forth plain and simple as one for state settlement. Viewed thus, the church could find nothing in prohibition to oppose. For instance, from judicial statistics it is ascertained that a very large percentage of crime originates from frequenting liquor-saloons; this fact alone is enough to place prohibition on the list of preventives to be used against crime—a basis which the church could not and would not oppose, since the state has a right to prevent as well as to punish crime. Again, equally as large a proportion of pauperism and lunacy, which demands state aid to provide for, is traceable to the convivial drinking commonly practised in liquor-saloons; that may fairly place prohibition among the preventives of pauperism. Now, the church could not say it was otherwise than right for the state to seek relief from these burdens, which right might be extended to prohibition without infringing in the least upon the province of the church. It will thus be seen that prohibition, when it appears in politics, should be treated as a question of public policy, one of a variety of means for procuring the well-being of the state, the discussion of which by no means necessarily involves a conflict of religious principle between the parties for and against it.

We hope that we shall not be understood as advising that Catholics should shirk a discussion of the abstract principles involved. We are persuaded that a true knowledge of Catholic morality might strengthen the cause of prohibition in some localities. For we know of places where drunkenness is so pre-

valent that the wisdom which makes laws for quarantine and disinfection against yellow fever should be the wisdom of the law-maker in dealing with the surroundings of the vice of intemperance. Read what Bishop Ireland said in Chicago last winter:

"Saloon-keepers, the professional distributors of the alcoholic fluid, are posted at all street-corners of cities and villages, hard by all places of public gathering, with glass in hand and honeyed words on lips, coaxing men to buy and drink. I need not describe a saloon. Do not, however, picture to yourselves in the high regions of the abstract an ideal saloon. The ideal saloon-keeper, an upright, honorable, conscientious man, will never sell liquor to an habitual drunkard, or to a person who has already been drinking and whom another draught will intoxicate; he will never permit minors, boys or girls, to cross his threshold; he will not suffer around his counter indecent or profane language; he will not violate law and the precious traditions of the country by selling on Sunday; he will never drug his liquor, and will never take from his patrons more than the legitimate market value of the fluid. Upon these conditions being observed I will not say that liquor-selling is a moral wrong. The ideal saloon-keeper is possible; perhaps you have met him during your lifetime; may be Diogenes, lamp in hand, searching through our American cities, would discover him before wearying marches should have compelled him to abandon the search. I have at present before my mind the saloon as it usually nowadays exhibits itself, down in an underground cellar, away from the light of the sun, or, if it does open its doors to the sidewalk, seeking with painted windows and rows of lattice-work to hide its traffic from public gaze, as if ashamed itself of the nefariousness of its practices. The keeper has one set purpose—to roll in dimes and dollars, heedless whether lives are wrecked and souls damned. The hopeless inebriate and the yet innocent boy receive the glass from his hand. He resorts to tricks and devices to draw customers, to stimulate their appetite for drink. Sunday as on Monday, during night as during day, he is at work to fill his victims with alcohol, and his till with silver and gold. This is his ambition, and I am willing to pay him the compliment that he executes well his double task."

We ask no indulgence for a further extract from the same high authority, because it so calmly and fully reveals the common opinion of Catholics on the subject we are treating:

"Certainly temperance workers also must be practical in the means which they propose. We cannot lose time in dreaming about measures which present public opinion will not allow us to enforce. Neither must we, by remedying one evil, introduce another. Our principles of action should be always philosophically and socially correct. In dealing with the alcohol question it is of no purpose to say that the use of alcohol is always wrong, or that the selling of alcohol for drink is also intrinsically wrong. The propositions are not true. What is true is that the use of alcohol, the sale of alcohol, are things most perilous, and strong precautionary mea-

asures should be taken in both cases to prevent evil results. When civil communities, like families, agree by free option to exclude from their territory, completely and for ever, all alcoholic drinks, my blessing attends them. If no such general agreement exists, how far one portion of the population has the moral right to restrain by law the sale and use of liquor is the great question in temperance politics. The sole logical plea upon which prohibition can ever seek to obtain a hearing is this: that liquor-selling has become among us such a nuisance that the most sacred interests of the people, the salvation of the commonwealth itself, are imperilled, and that all other means less radical have been tried in vain to avert the calamity. It must be borne in mind that under our free government it is a very dangerous proceeding to infringe to any considerable distance upon private rights and liberties under the plea of the public welfare. The very essence of our republican government is that it will respect, as far as it may be at all possible, private rights. Individual taste as to what we are to eat or drink is one of the most personal of our natural rights, one of the very last subjects, indeed, even in extreme cases, for public legislation. The case is, certainly, supposable when matters should have come to such a pass, as I believe they have in China as regards the use of opium, that nothing but prohibition would suffice; then *Salus populi suprema lex* would be my principle. Even then, however, we should have to consider whether public opinion had been so formed as to warrant the practical enforcement of prohibition. The first work must at all times be to appeal to the intelligence and moral nature of men. Legislation by itself will be idle speech. It has its purpose: it removes and lessens temptations; it assists and strengthens moral sentiment; but alone it neither creates nor takes the place of virtue. So far in America, I imagine, public opinion is not prepared for prohibition; nor have we with sufficient loyalty tried other less radical measures to be justified in invoking the forlorn hope—absolute prohibition. If in the future, however, the country shall be precipitated towards extremes on the liquor-question, the liquor-dealers will themselves have brought about the crisis; they will reap the whirlwind where they will have sown the wind. By resisting, as they do at present, all rational and moderate measures for the suppression or diminution of the evils of alcohol, they will have forced us to cut them off as men madly and incurably opposed to the interests of the commonwealth."

The following propositions have been gathered from the teachings of the best theologians:

1. Whosoever drinks deliberately to such an extent as to lose his reason commits a mortal sin.
2. Whosoever knows by past experience that a certain quantity of liquor has rendered him intoxicated, if he again drinks to the same degree whereby he doth, can, and ought to foresee that drunkenness will ensue, commits a mortal sin.
3. Whosoever continues to drink, notwithstanding his probable belief that intoxication will be the result, and notwithstanding that he foresees, or ought to foresee, this danger, commits a mortal sin.

4. Whosoever knows by past experience that when intoxicated he is accustomed to blaspheme or utter other improper language, or to injure others about him, besides the sin of drunkenness is guilty of those other crimes, either mortal or venial, committed during the state of intoxication.

5. Whosoever knows by past experience that by frequenting ale-houses, gin-shops, and taverns, or by going thither in company with others, he is generally accustomed to fall into drunkenness, is obliged under mortal sin to avoid the proximate occasion of sin—that is, to abstain from frequenting such ale-houses, gin-shops, or taverns, or from going thither with such companions.

6. Whosoever goes to confession and has not a true and firm resolution of so abstaining in the case aforesaid cannot be absolved; and should he receive absolution it is not only of no avail, but he becomes guilty of sacrilegious confession.

7. Whosoever does not adopt the proper means for the correction of the vicious habit of drunkenness commits another mortal sin distinct from the actual sin of drunkenness, and moreover remains in a continual state of sin.

8. Whosoever entices and urges another to excess in drinking, who he foresees will be intoxicated, commits a mortal sin.

9. Any seller of liquor who continues to supply it to any individual that he knows will become intoxicated therewith commits a mortal sin, because he deliberately co-operates in the grievous sin of another.

10. Whosoever is guilty of excess and intemperance in drinking, even though not to intoxication, but thereby insuring great distress to his family by squandering that which is needed for their support, commits a mortal sin against charity and justice. In like manner, whosoever thus renders himself unable to pay his lawful debts, although he may not drink to intoxication, commits a mortal sin.

Under these decisions it is evident that the church not only condemns the sin itself, but looks closely into the *proximate occasions* of sin. There can be no doubt that the liquor-saloon is a proximate occasion of sin to a great many, and to these it is absolutely forbidden; while the seller is held guilty of mortal sin by continuing the business after learning that he is “making drunkards”—and what liquor-seller in all the land is entirely free from such a charge? There is here nothing equivocal, nothing uncertain, nothing by which any one has reasonable ground to misunderstand the position of the church touching the sin of drunkenness and its proximate occasions; farther than this there

is no necessity for her to go. She does not accept prohibition as a panacea for intemperance. Temperance, the counteracting virtue to the vice of intemperance, is a cardinal virtue in the church. Total abstinence, the heroic form of this virtue, is held aloft, with special blessings from our Holy Father, as a certain and safe remedy for every form of this vice.

If all this should not appear radical enough to suit the views of some, let them suggest rules more equitable, searching, and especially practical, by which to deal with the conscience either of the saloon-keeper or his victim, without infringing on the Christian liberty of innocent men. The state may say how far that liberty does or does not interfere with the liberty or rights of others or the general welfare, and may legislate accordingly. But the church, without at all touching this prerogative of the civil power, is quite persuaded that her spiritual means are adequate to meet all the requirements of her divine mission in dealing with this sin as far as private individuals are concerned. These words of Cardinal Manning echo the sentiments of every good Catholic on this subject: "When I see the utter desolation of homes, the misery of men, women, and children, from the highest to the lowest class, the destruction of the domestic life of millions of our working-class, I feel that temperance and total abstinence ought to be familiar thoughts in the minds even of those who have never in all their life been tempted to excess. By the influence of word and example all should unite to save those who are in danger of perishing."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CATHEDRA PETRI; or, The Titles and Prerogatives of St. Peter and of his See and Successors. By C. F. B. Allnatt. Third edition, revised and much enlarged. London: Burns & Oates. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

The object of this little work is to present, by means of extracts taken from the Fathers, councils, and chief ecclesiastical writers of the first twelve centuries, the doctrine of the early ages of the church as to the power and prerogatives of St. Peter and his successors in the Apostolic See. It is divided into three parts. In the first are contained extracts giving the titles and prerogatives of St. Peter; in the second those giving the titles and prerogatives of the see of St. Peter (not omitting the proof of that see being Rome); the third part gives the titles and prerogatives attributed to the Roman pontiffs in the early ages of the church. The whole is supplemented by notes on the history and acts of the first four

General Councils and the Council of Sardica in their relation to the supremacy of the pope, with an appendix containing among other things a note of extreme interest and value on the evidence for St. Peter's having founded the Roman See. The manner in which the author has arranged his extracts is admirable; step by step his division leads up the mind to the clear perception and recognition of the true place and office of the pope. If St. Peter is (as the extracts in the first part clearly prove) the rock of the church, the key-bearer, the confirmer of his brethren, the Prince and Head of the Apostles; if his see is that of Rome and is supreme; if union with that see is a necessary test of orthodoxy, and if as a consequence that see is endowed with the gift of inerrancy (all which is proved by the extracts in the second part), we in our days are bound, with those of the early ages of the church cited in Mr. Alnatt's third part, to look upon the pope as the "Bishop of the Catholic Church," "the Chief of the Universal Church," "the Vicar of Christ." It is difficult for us to see how any one who has carefully weighed and considered the evidence adduced by Mr. Allnatt in support of these propositions can escape conviction. The best wish we can form for any one studying this subject is that he may fall in with this little work. It will at least put him upon the right road. A book of extracts, we admit, does not always inspire perfect confidence; but the scholarly accuracy and exactness of Mr. Allnatt's work, the pains he has taken to give the precise reference for every citation, the extent and depth of his knowledge, the modest unobtrusiveness of self which leads him for the most part to relegate his own remarks to the end of his sections or to the foot of the page, leaving the authorities to speak for themselves, will all inspire the greatest confidence the nature of the work allows, and lead the reader, if not satisfied, to make a fuller investigation for himself. The evidence brought from Protestant sources is of special interest and value, especially in confutation of a recent writer who is as remarkable for the audacity of his assertions as for the vigor of his style. In one respect the work seems somewhat wanting in harmony and proportion. While for the early ages of the church the quotations are, as the necessity of the case required, full and numerous, between Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople, who died in the latter half of the ninth century, and St. Bernard, who died in the latter half of the twelfth, no writers are cited. It would have been better, it seems to us, either to have omitted the quotations from St. Bernard or to have given citations from the intervening writers.

Mr. Allnatt's book is the best of its kind we have ever met with, one which is really invaluable and can hardly be too highly praised or recommended.

OLD-TESTAMENT REVISION. A handbook for English Readers. By Alexander Roberts, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

One thing is quite noticeable, and to our mind suggestive, in perusing this Introduction to the New English Version of the Old Testament—viz., the deferential and apologetic manner of its author towards rationalistic critics, and particularly towards Dr. Robertson Smith. After a high laudation of the latter author's excellences he does venture to argue against him, but not until he has prefaced his remarks with the depreca-

tory sentence, which is very poor English, as well as expressive of great poverty of spirit: "Now, *it humbly appears to me*" (p. 29). On the other hand, although the author does endeavor to be courteous and fair toward Catholic scholars, it is with a patronizing air, and his suppressed animosity betrays itself in the passage where, speaking of the Sistine edition of the Vulgate, he says: "Various clumsy and *disingenuous* efforts were made by the popes immediately succeeding to account for and correct its errors" (p. 235).

The changes made in the text of the Revised Version of the Old Testament do not seem, from what is disclosed by the specimens which Dr. Roberts furnishes and his explanations, to be so important as are those which are found in the Revised Version of the New Testament. Such as they are, being the result of a laborious effort on the part of very competent scholars to arrive at critical and verbal exactness in the rendering of the Hebrew text into English, they must undoubtedly give to the Revision considerable value as a commentary on the original. In general we do not think it will or can deviate materially from the orthodox interpretation of the sacred text. Yet, as there is almost or quite always some flaw in the work of even those Protestants who come nearest to orthodoxy, so here we find one most grievous corruption of a text of the highest dogmatic importance—the fourteenth verse of the seventh chapter of the prophet Isaiah. It is thus translated: "Behold *the young woman* shall conceive and bear a son." On merely critical and exegetical grounds this passage can only be correctly rendered: "Behold *the Virgin* shall conceive and bear a son." Thus it reads as quoted by St. Matthew, in the Revised Version of his Gospel. What will an ordinary English reader think when he reads "the Virgin" in one place and "the young woman" in another?

In our opinion the revisers of the Bible have on the whole done more to shake than to confirm the popular belief in the Scriptures as the word of God. We give due credit to individual Protestant scholars for their learned and valuable works written against the sophistries of pseudo-criticism. Yet we fear that the ground they stand on is moving under their feet, and that they are subject to a compulsory and irresistible tendency towards rationalism, either open and undisguised or veiled under the mystic covering of what Dorner and his disciples call faith.

The absurdity of making a collection of ancient writings, interpreted by a set of private critics, into the sole and proximate rule of faith is made more patent than it ever was before. Nothing can be plainer than the need of a concurrent tradition and an authorized keeper, witness, and expounder of the Sacred Scriptures, in order that all the faithful may know what really the word of God is and what it teaches.

THE MEISTERSCHAFT SYSTEM. A Short and Practical Method of acquiring complete Fluency of Speech in the French Language. By Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal, late Director of the "Akademie für fremde Sprachen" in Berlin and Leipzig, etc. In fifteen parts. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

How many thousands of men and women have given hard study to French or some other modern languages, and yet, after all their labor, have not gained the ability to carry on a minute's conversation on the most

simple even of subjects! Specialists have been for years repeating that to acquire a speaking familiarity with a language it is necessary to train the tongue, the ear, and the memory, yet the systems generally favored depend nearly all for the most part on the exercise of the intellect. Even the so-called conversational methods that have occasionally been employed have made use of a style of conversation such as never went out of the mouth of a native speaker.

The "Meisterschaft" system is certainly a remarkable example of the beauty of simplicity. It limits itself to about two thousand words—the vocabulary of every-day life—which it combines in all possible ways in correct and idiomatic French. Any one familiar with the "Mastery" system, introduced some years ago by Prendergast, will find that the main feature of Prendergast's theory appears in the "Meisterschaft" system. Prendergast laid down a number of long, involved sentences, each of which he broke up into its component clauses, and out of these clauses again he formed a great number of phrases. But Prendergast's sentences were stiff, and his combinations of their elements lacked the heartiness and the freedom of the spoken language as heard from the mouth of a native. Even were one to gain a fluency from Prendergast's system, there would still be a rigidity of style, a tendency to talk "like a book," that one could overcome after considerable practice only among natives. Besides, Prendergast ignored the intellect too much—he carried the parrot and the bow-wow theory to a pitch that was offensive to the thoughtful student, who was bidden, not to think, but only to chatter.

The "Meisterschaft," following Prendergast, takes a number of long sentences as the bases of the lessons, but, as any one knowing the language will see at once, the French of the phrases is the spoken French of the day. At the end of each of the fifteen little paper-covered books is a grammatical summary of so much of the French as has been gone through with in that book, so that the student is enabled to understand the grammatical reasons for the language he is learning. The system is intended for beginners, though it must be welcome indeed to all who have made some study of the language, but have been frightened off by the artificial methods generally in use and by the necessity they impose of learning long, dry lists of words. There can be no doubt but that any one of ordinary ability going through this method will be able to speak French with fluency and with tolerable correctness.

DESTINY, AND OTHER POEMS. By M. J. Serrano. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

The press of to-day is, unfortunately, prolific of poetry and poems, so that there exist in many minds a feeling of surfeit in regard to verses and versifiers, and the hope that self-respecting publishing-houses will not imperil their interests nor offend their readers by throwing on a long-suffering world octosyllabic effusions wherein the sound far offsets the sense. What a relief, then, it is to find a professed book of poems that is an exception to the gloomy verdict concerning its congeners, and what a boon to the reviewer to be convinced that he basks at last in the light of a true poetic mind! We have sought out in Mrs. Serrano's volume traces of similarity to the poems whose music and thought impressed us most at

some period; but though "Destiny" abounds in noble images and smooth harmonies, it possesses an originality of its own that sets it apart from all its peers. Most writers drop occasionally into philosophic moods wherein they descant upon life and its humdrum ways in pointed and pithy phrase, but few can sustain throughout many a lengthening page a flight of noble thought wedded to grandeur of expression. And this is what the authoress of "Destiny" has accomplished. The framework of the poem is nothing more than an excuse. The sentiments are everything, the incidents nothing; but the reader is quite willing to forego mere interest of plot for nobility of thought, and he surrenders himself with delight to a full-flowing tide of lofty ideas. This is the characteristic feature of the work; every thought in it is exalted and breathes a nobleness that seems to struggle with the text for completeness of expression. This continued elevation of ideas gives, however, an air of dreaminess to the poem, and the reader is compelled to question, in despite of the pleasure which the very difficulty creates, whether flesh-and-blood mortals could discourse for hours in tropes and sparkling words concerning the deepest problems of life, and discuss in that way such questions as tormented men's minds from the beginning. That love is the theme of her verse seems not to have deterred the writer from introducing reflections drawn from every quarter, and most of the shades and lights of life have found room in her page.

To Plato, gazing forth on the wide waters of an Eastern sea and beholding in their ceaseless surge the type of the Eternal, no meeter or more adequate word occurred to measure the sublimity of our benign Maker than love. And so it has held supreme sway from the beginning, purified and exalted by the Spirit of Christ. "Love God and do what you please," is the utterance of a saint whose wisdom almost equalled his holiness. In the broad empire, then, of love the finest thoughts may find a home and the deepest philosophy seek expression. Without the least effort the authoress of "Destiny" has woven into her poem sentiments the most diverse and reflections upon every phase of life. The troubles that cut deep scars into our lives and leave the edges raw and unhealthy—these, as well as the holiday lights that color a few moments with sunshine, form the staple of the dialogue between Ernest and Clarence.

Sorrow for dead love is not of itself a hopeful or healthful feeling, but when coupled with aspirations that reach beyond the grave it imparts serenity to the character, making it softer, sweeter, and more spiritual. Thus we sympathize with Ernest while he deploras the hardness of his lot, and long for the moment that will bring to him surcease from his sorrows.

We have not offered even an approach to an analysis of this poem, but will content ourselves with a few extracts that will indicate the scope and intent of the main poem. Ernest, filled with the sad experience that had come with years of sorrow, says:

" Full of bitterness the years that cling
To faded glories of Life's spring
For all their wealth—whose stores contain
No garnered harvest of ripe grain
To nourish with sweet, wholesome food
The hours of rest and solitude.
Build, therefore, now no pleasure-house
Of fragrant flowers and blooming boughs,

Laden with promise fair, thine age
 To shelter ; when the heritage
 Of youth is squandered—its perfume
 Wasted on winds that rob its bloom,
 Quenched its warm light, its music stilled,
 Vanished the joys its hours that filled—
 The branches, withered then and dry,
 Shall stand against the wintry sky,
 Whose living roots within the earth
 Hide not the promise of a birth
 Of fairer bloom and richer store
 Of fruit than crowned its bloom before.
 Nor grieve that thus youth's blossoms fade,
 For this their gracious bloom was made,
 That Beauty's self with fostering care
 Might guard the germ designed to bear
 The fruit of Truth, who is with her
 In essence one—the minister
 Of Being each ; nor, reached her end,
 That with the elements shall blend,
 Again the form that Beauty leaves
 To grace, transfused, the life Truth gives."

These few lines impart a shade of the tenor of the poem, and must suffice thereto within the narrow limits of a review.

SERMONS FOR THE SPRING QUARTER. By the Very Rev. Charles Meynell, D.D. Edited by H. I. D. Ryder, of the Oratory. London : Burns & Oates. 1883. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This volume contains eighteen sermons, every one of which is, in our judgment, a model of the best style of preaching. It would not be quite correct to say that they are "well worth reading," for that would imply something of an effort to read them—which unfortunately one sometimes has to make with even very good discourses. It does not seem likely that any one went to sleep during the delivery of these sermons, as people often do—owing, perhaps, to a lack of previous interest in the subject—under some pulpit oratory which must be admitted to be of a high order. Their strong point is that they are *interesting* ; and if interesting to read, they must have been doubly interesting to hear. One is drawn on to finish when one has once begun, as by a story in which our attention is fixed from the start. Special admiration or criticism of one point or another is held in suspense until the whole is finished.

It is really quite unusual to find discourses such as these, which, while fully satisfying the taste of the most intelligent and thoughtful, would at the same time be as intelligible and instructive to those of duller comprehension, who are to be found in every congregation, and whom the preacher must always wish specially to reach. In a word, these are model sermons ; and it can never be said of them, as of so many volumes published nowadays, "Another wave upon the dead sea of commonplace."

ITALIAN RAMBLES. Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By James Jackson Jarves, author of *The Art Idea*, *Italian Sights*, etc. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

The contrast implied in the title of Mr. Jarves' little volume and the

fact that Mr. Jarves is a Protestant serve to prepare the Catholic reader for what he will find—a good many side-digs at Catholicity, or at all events at such ancient practices of the simple-minded peasants of Italy as have a religious feeling underlying them. Still, even those peculiarly Italian, or peculiarly Catholic, things which he has seen through his Protestant and Northern spectacles Mr. Jarves describes with a great amount of good nature. “United Italy politically,” says Mr. Jarves, “now stands face to face in hostility to the holy church,” and one proof of this hostility is the inclusion of the clergy in the conscription. Secular priests, as a consequence, are becoming less numerous than formerly. “The present archbishop of Pistoia,” our writer goes on to say, “in a few years has lost by death ninety of his county priests, and he cannot replace them all from the want of qualified candidates.”

But Mr. Jarves is better as an art critic than as a polemical writer. One of his most interesting chapters is that one treating of the ancient and modern glass of Murano—the island of Murano being the seat of the Venetian glass-works. The chapter, too, entitled “A Lesson for Merchant-Princes” is instructive, as a lesson should be, as well as entertaining. A passage is quoted from the note-book of Ruccellai: “I think I have gained more honor and given more contentment to my mind by having expended my money liberally than in having made it”; and well the Florentine merchant might say so, for among the public works of his native city which were due to his generous disposal of his wealth was the famous façade of the church of Santa Maria Novella.

THE SECRET POLICY OF THE LAND ACT. Compensation to Landlords the Corollary to the Land Act. By T. S. Frank Battersby, Senior Barrister-at-Law; Senior Moderator and Gold-Medalist in History, Political Economy, and Law, University, Dublin. Dublin: Carson Brothers, Grafton Street. 1883.

This pamphlet is a confirmation of the assertion, frequently made of late, that the national feeling is taking hold at last of all classes in Ireland, instead of, as formerly, being confined to the so-called peasants and their near relatives. Mr. Battersby writes in behalf of the resident landlords of Ireland. He admits the necessity of a reform of the land-tenure, but—and this, no doubt, will be a burning question before long—he insists that though the greater part of the landlords came into possession by fraud to the injury of the great body of the Irish people, yet that this fraud was the work of England and not of the landlords. His words on this point are: “Mr. Parnell . . . bases his claim—the land for the people—on confiscation, the rape of Ireland. He has not, no one yet has, ventured to rely upon fraud in the title of the crown. . . . It is demonstrated beyond possibility of doubt, on documentary evidence coming from the custody of the crown and absolutely unimpeachable [recent publications of MSS. in the English State Paper Office], that the inception and methods by which the land of Ireland was acquired by the crown of England formed one tissue of fraud—fraud upon the original proprietors, fraud on the planted proprietors and their descendants ever since—with the result that the title of the crown of England to the land of Ireland was void *ab initio*.” Strong language from the landlords’ side! But fraud ought not to have the protection of the statute of limitations. The effect of the fraud remains to this

day, and to-day England and the English people, not the Irish landlords, are enjoying the benefit of the fraud. The writer argues very forcibly that as restitution to the people of Ireland in the shape of a reformed land-tenure is necessary and right, the restitution ought to be made at the expense of the English who committed the fraud in the seizure of Irish lands, and not of the Irish landlords who are victims, along with the tenants, of this fraud. The land, he admits, should be given to the tenants, but the landlords should be reimbursed by England, who sold or gave the land to the ancestors of these landlords with an understood warranty to the title, a title now found to be fraudulent. An appendix takes up certain great confiscations, notably those of the territories of the clans O'Neill and O'Donnell, and by means of English State Papers illustrates the infamous methods made use of to dispossess the Irish of their land. Mr. Battersby supports all his positions with unimpeachable authority, and his pamphlet, which is full of interesting facts and statistics of Irish history, having to do both with the destruction of Irish manufactures by England and the confiscation of Irish land, is worth the attention of all concerned in the future of the Green Isle.

PRAXIS SYNODALIS. Manuale Synodi Diocesane ac Provincialis Celebrandæ. Neo-Eboraci, Cincinnati, S. Ludovici, Einsidlæ: Benziger Fratres, Summi Pontificis Typographi. 1883. Imprimatur, Joannes Cardinalis McCloskey, Archiep. Neo-Eboracensis.

This manual is the first of its kind which has been published. There is one by Gavanti for diocesan synods. The compiler of the present manual has made use of this and followed it so far as it goes. In completing Gavanti's work by adding everything which properly belongs to provincial councils, he has followed all the instructions given by Benedict XIV., and the precedents set by three celebrated councils of a recent date—viz., those of Vienna, Prague, and Cologne. The compiler is a priest of this province, and a preface, which contains a summary analysis and a strong recommendation of the volume, has been prefixed to it, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Petra. All those who have to take part in synods will find this *Praxis* most convenient.

TOPICS OF THE TIME. Social Problems. Edited by Titus Munson Coan.

TOPICS OF THE TIME. Studies in Biography. Edited by Titus Munson Coan.

TOPICS OF THE TIME. Studies in Literature. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

These three little volumes in paper covers, evidently intended for summer reading, contain, each according to its special subject, a selection of articles chiefly from English reviews. The editor apparently aims in his choice of writers to give two sides of the disputed social or political questions taken up, though, as there is generally a third and a fourth side, there is something left to be said. Among the articles found in the first of the series is a rather Malthusian sort of article on "World-Crowding," one on "Secret Societies in France," and an article by the English Radical journalist Labouchère on the "Coming Democracy" of England. The second series includes among the rest an article of no value on the late Gambetta, and a very interesting study of the life of Dean Swift from *Blackwood's*

Magazine. The third series contains another paper from *Blackwood*, and an instructive and suggestive one too, on "American Literature in England," and an article—from the *Contemporary Review*—on the work of the Bollandists, which, though telling scarcely anything that is new to well-read Catholics, is yet an exceedingly just and appreciative account of the methods pursued in the compilation of that wonderful encyclopædia of the saints, the *Acta Sanctorum*.

THE STORY OF IDA. By Francesca. Edited, with Preface, by John Ruskin. D.C.L. 18mo, pp. 84. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Company. 1883.

A sentimental little story, told by an American lady, an artist, of a young Florentine girl who had been made the victim of a fraudulent marriage. The story of the young girl's life and happy death is interesting for that artistic simplicity characteristic of Italy. There is no plot, there are no striking situations, merely a pretty record of the decline of a life redolent of purity and devoutness. The heroine is a Catholic, the writer a Protestant, yet the artless piety of the Florentine is sympathetically, though, it must be confessed, rather sentimentally, met by the Protestant lady. Outside of whatever æsthetic suggestions Mr. Ruskin may find in it, the little book illustrates, though unintentionally perhaps, some of the evil results of the civil marriage as now enforced in Italy.

AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Justin H. McCarthy. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1883.;

In the one hundred and thirty-four pages of this book Mr. McCarthy, who is a son of the well-known writer and Home-Rule member of the British Parliament, draws a very distinct and correct outline of the long tragedy that goes by the name of Irish history. The first chapter, dealing with "The Legends," a presentation of some of the principal myths of Erin, is excellent and so is the final chapter, on the Land League.

DYNAMIC SOCIOLOGY, or applied social science, as based upon statical sociology and the less complex sciences. By Lester F. Ward, A.M. In two volumes. D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

A notice of this work will be given next month.

AN UGLY HEROINE. A Novel of Domestic Life. By Christine Faber. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

ANNALS OF FORT MACKINAC. By Dwight H. Kelton, Lieutenant United States Army. Chicago: Fergus Printing Company. 1882.

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Burns & Oates. 1883. (New York: For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

EDITH. A Tale of the Present Day. By Lady Herbert. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1881. (New York: For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

LES SOCIÉTÉS SECRÈTES ET LA SOCIÉTÉ; ou, Philosophie de l'Histoire Contemporaine. Par N. Deschamps. Tome Troisième. Notes et Documents recueillis par M. Claudio Jannet. Avignon: Seguin frères. 1883.

THE IRISH QUESTION. An address delivered by Wm. Cabell Bruce, of Baltimore, on the 24th of June, 1883, before the Norwood Literary Society of Norwood High-School and College, Nelson County, Va. Baltimore: Printed by King Bros. 1883.

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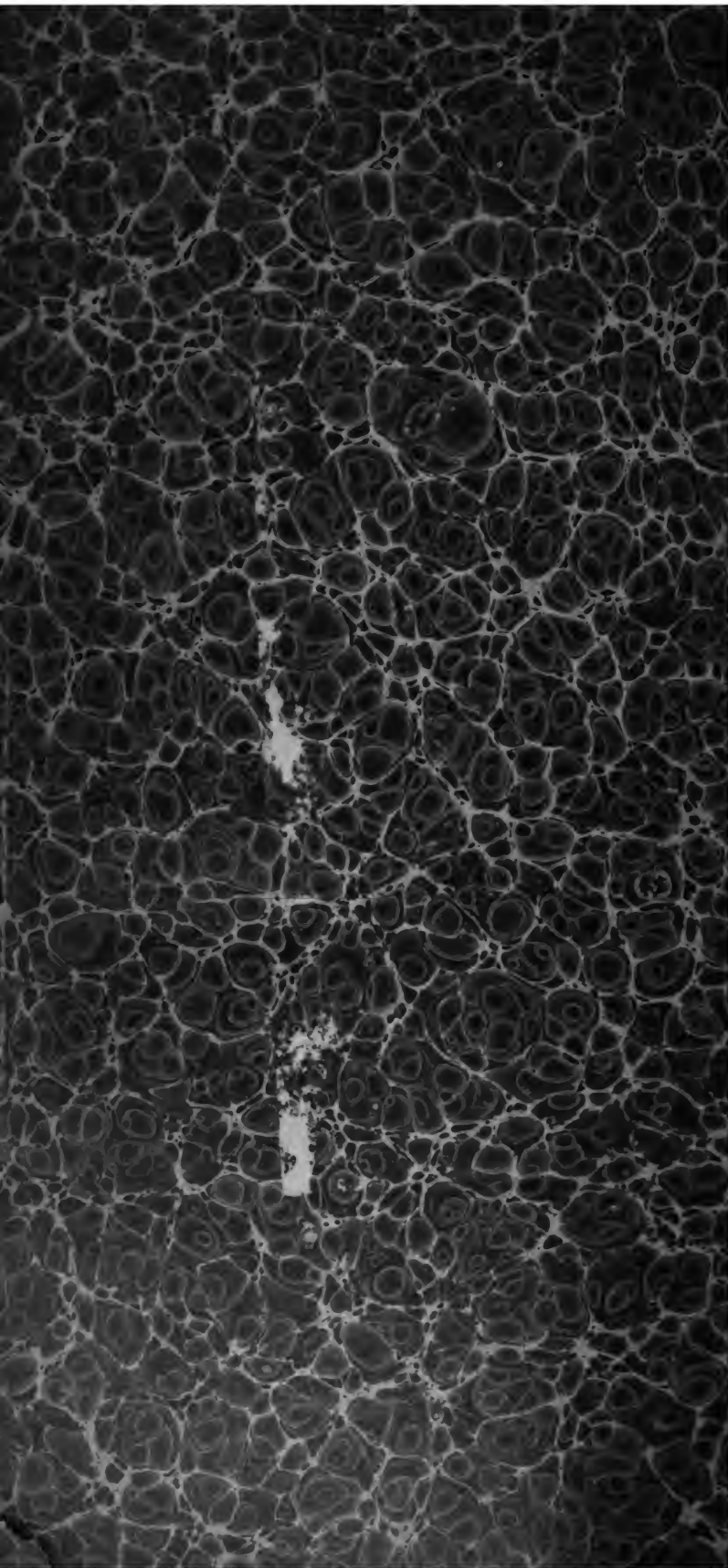
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